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Tros Tyrtusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

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INDEX

TO THE

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OF THE

North American Review

Accidents, Industrial, 1030.
 Alchemists, The Renaissance of the, 82.
 ALEXANDER, LUCIEN HUGH. James Wilson, Patriot, and the Wilson Doctrine, 971.
 American Divorce Law, 70.
 American Foreign Missions, A Century of, 745.
 American Schools and Japanese Pupils, 1225.
 American Securities—Selling American Securities Abroad, 508.
 America's Greatest Prison, In, 660.
 ANDREWS, EDWARD L. Why the United States Obstructs International Arbitration, 862.
 Antarctic Exploration; *see* South Polar.
 ANTI-FEDERALIST. The United States Can Enforce Its Law, 1239.
 Anti-Trust Law, Why it failed, 189.
 Arbitration, Why the United States Obstructs International, 862.
 Army—The Army as a Career, 870;
 The Color Line in the Army, 1285.
 Australian Women and the Ballot, 1272.
 Austria's Rôle in European Politics, 1229.
 Autobiography, Chapters from Mark Twain's, 321, 449, 577, 705, 833, 961, 1089, 1217.
 Awakening of China, The, 647.
 Baltimore, 250.
 BARKER, WHARTON. Capitalization of Railroad Corporations, 717.
 BARNABY, H. C. G. The Permanence of American Railroad Prosperity, 384.
 BARRETT, JOHN. The United States and Latin America, 474.
 BARTON, Rev. J. L. A Century of American Foreign Missions, 745.
 BATCHELLER, GEORGE S. Relative Property Rights of Women in Mohammedan Countries, 34.
 BEACH, CHARLES F., JR. Educational Reciprocity, 611.
 BISLAND, ELIZABETH. The Harmless Necessary Truth, 207.
 BLIND, KARL. An Unexpected War-Cry Against Germany, 1019.

BOULGER, DEMETRIUS. Austria's Rôle in European Politics, 1229.
 BOWLES, SAMUEL. The Independent Press: Its Opportunities and Duties, 40.
 BRISBANE, ARTHUR. William Randolph Hearst, 519.
 British Empire in India, 338.
 BRUCE, H. ADDINGTON. New Light on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, 47; Book Review, 920.
 Business Outlook, Our, 639.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Hutton's "Brief Literary Criticism," 404; Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton," 407; Paulsen's "German Universities," 410; Gilman's "Launching of a University," 410; Churchill's "Coniston," 415; Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men," 541; Meredith's Works, 544; Mrs. Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie," 547; Kennard's "Italian Romance Writers," 664; Nevins's "The Dawn in Russia," 668; Saltsbury's "A History of English Prosody," 671; Swinburne's Lyrical Poems, 792; Wells's "Kipps," 795; Kelly's "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever," 798; Atlay's "The Victorian Chancellors," 801; Georg Brandes's Reminiscences, 917; Fuller's "The Purchase of Florida," 920; Hichens's "The Call of the Blood," 923; Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," 926; Chesterton's "Charles Dickens," 1047; Young's "Sands of Pleasure," 1051; Howard's "Kate: A Comedy in Four Acts," 1055; Miss Mears's "The Breath of the Runners," 1058; Noyes's "Poems," 1179; Wendell's "Liberty, Union and Democracy," 1182; Lodge's "A Frontier Town, and Other Essays," 1182; De Morgan's "Joseph Vance," 1187; "Lew Wallace; an Autobiography," 1294; Mrs. Pennell's "Leland: Scholar and Mystic," 1299; Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer," 1303; Jameson's "The Northmen, Columbus and Cabot," 1289.

INDEX.

- Canada—The Canadian Manufacturers' Tariff Campaign, 195; The Newfoundland Fishery Dispute, 1134.
- Capitalization of Railroad Corporations, 717.
- CARNEGIE, ANDREW. The Gospel of Wealth, I, 526; II, 1096.
- CARTER, Brig.-Genl. W. H. The Army as a Career, 870.
- Celtic Revival—Is the Celtic Revival Really Irish? 771.
- China—Reasons for Continued Chinese Exclusion, 15; The Awakening of China, 647.
- Christianity, The Trial of, 169.
- Clark, Chief Justice; *see* Constitution.
- Claude Debussy; *see* Debussy.
- CLEMENS, SAMUEL L.; *see* Autobiography and TWAIN, MARK.
- COATES, JOSEPH HORNOR. The Renaissance of the Alchemists, 82.
- College Students as Thinkers, 62.
- Colonization—Is Colonization a Crime? 737.
- COLQUHOUN, ARCHIBALD R. Pan-Mania, 852.
- CONANT, CHARLES A. Selling American Securities Abroad, 508.
- Constitution, Chief-Justice Clark on the Defects of the American, 845.
- COOK, FRANK GAYLORD. Lawyers and the Trusts, 110.
- COTTON, Sir HENRY. The New Spirit in India, 990.
- Craigie, Mrs. Pearl; *see* Hobbes, John Oliver.
- Credit Currency, 1171.
- CROSBY, ERNEST. A Precedent for Disarmament, 776.
- Cuba—Causes of the Cuban Insurrection, 538; The Future in Cuba, 1037.
- Currency, Credit, 1171.
- DARLINGTON, Dr. THOMAS. Aspects of the Immigration Problem, 1262.
- DAWES, CHARLES G. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, 189.
- Debussy, Claude, Poet and Dreamer, 877.
- Defects of the Constitution, 845.
- Disarmament, A Precedent for, 776.
- Divorce Law, American, 70.
- Drago Doctrine, International Law and the, 602.
- Editor's Diary, The, 433, 561, 689, 817, 945, 1073, 1201, 1321.
- Education, Germany's System of Technical and Commercial, 376.
- Educational Reciprocity, 611.
- ELKIND, Dr. LOUIS. The Law of Heredity, 272.
- England—British Empire in India, 338; Oxford, 620; How London Loses by Municipal Ownership, 729; Oxford and Other World-Universities, 905; Political Corruption in England, 995; Would England Aid Japan Against America, 1280; World Politics, 139, 297, 418, 677, 931, 1191.
- Esperanto—The Case of Esperanto, 1144; Aspirations of the Founder of Esperanto, 1153; A Primer of Esperanto, Part I., Supplement to No. 605.
- Essays, Some Recent, 780.
- Federal Government—Is the United States a World Power? 1107; The United States Can Enforce its Law, 1239.
- Fogazzaro, Antonio, and his Masterpiece, 178.
- FORD, MARY K. Is the Celtic Revival Really Irish? 771.
- Foreign Missions, One Hundred Years of American, 745.
- Fortunes, Great, and the Community, 349.
- France—The Next French Revolution, 499; Selling American Securities Abroad, 508; An Unexpected French War-Cry Against Germany, 1019; World Politics, 150, 551, 1196.
- French Revolution, The Next, 499.
- FULTON, Senator C. W. American Schools and Japanese Pupils, 1225.
- Germany—Germany's System of Technical and Commercial Education, 376; An Unexpected French War-Cry against Germany, 1019; World Politics, 310, 1062.
- GILMAN, LAWRENCE. The Art of Fiona Macleod, 674; Claude Debussy, Poet and Dreamer, 877.
- GOHIER, URBAIN. The Next French Revolution, 499.
- Gorky, Maxime, 1159.
- Gospel of Wealth, The, I, 526; II, 1096.
- Great Fortunes and the Community, 349.
- GRIFFIN, WATSON. The Canadian Manufacturers' Tariff Campaign, 195.
- GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOT. Rembrandt: Interpreter of the Twentieth Century, 98.
- Guerra, Pino; *see* Puente.
- Hague Conference and Palestine, The, 372.
- Harmless Necessary Truth, The, 207.
- HARPER, IDA HUSTED. Woman Suffrage—A Right, 484.
- HAZELTINE, M. W. Would England Aid Japan Against America? 1280.
- Hearst, William Randolph, 519, 569.
- HENRY, ALICE. Australian Women and the Ballot, 1272.
- HEPBURN, A. B. Credit Currency, 1171.
- Heredity, The Law of, 272.
- Hobbes, John Oliver, 1251.
- HOWELLS, W. D. Henrik Ibsen, 1; Oxford, 620; John Oliver Hobbes, 1251; Book Reviews, 404, 795.
- Hughes, Charles Evans, and the Contest in New York State, 897.
- Hypnotism; *see* Transliminal, The.
- Ibsen, Henrik, 1.
- IGNOTUS—Is the United States a World Power? 1107.
- Immigration—Pending Immigration Bills, 1120; Aspects of the Immigration Problem, 1262.
- Impending Conflict, The, 24.
- Imperialism—Is Colonization a Crime? 737.
- Independent Press, The: Its Opportunities and Duties, 40.
- India—British Empire in India, 338; The New Spirit in India, 990.
- Industrial Juggernaut, Our, 1030.

- INGLIS, WILLIAM. The Future in Cuba, 1037.
International Arbitration; *see* Arbitration.
International Law and the Drago Doctrine, 602.
Issues in the New York Campaign, 897.
Italy—World Politics, 806.
- JAMES, HENRY. Baltimore, 250.
Japan—Japan After the War, 161;
American Schools and Japanese Pupils, 1225; Would England Aid Japan Against America? 1280.
- JOHNSTON, CHARLES. Charles Evans Hughes, 897.
- KARAM, ASAAD KALARJI. A Moroccan View of the Morocco Question, 1041.
- KAWAKAMI, K. K. The Awakening of China, 647.
- LARREMORE, WILBUR. American Divorce Law, 70.
Latin America, The United States and, 474.
Law of Heredity, The, 272.
Lawyers and the Trusts, 110.
- LISSNER, E. Disruption of the Republican Party in the Middle West, 365.
London's Loss by Municipal Ownership, 729.
- MacDonald, George, A Neglected Novelist, 394.
- Macleod, Fiona, The Art of, 674.
- MACLOSKIE, GEORGE. The Case of Esperanto, 1144.
- MAC VEAGH, WAYNE. The Great Reforms Secured in Pennsylvania, 590.
- MALLOCK, W. H. Great Fortunes and the Community, 349.
- MATTHEWS, BRANDER. Reform and Reformers, 461; Book Review, 671.
- MCGRATH, P. T. The Newfoundland Fishery Dispute, 1134.
- Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, New Light on the, 47.
- MENDES, Rev. Dr. H. P. The Hague Conference and Palestine, 372.
Missions; *see* Foreign Missions.
- MITCHELL, EDMUND. The Salton Sea, 224.
- Mohammedan Countries, Relative Property Rights of Women in, 34.
- MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN. The Poems of Trumbull Stickney, 1005.
- Morocco—A Moroccan View of the Morocco Question, 1041.
- MOSBY, THOMAS S. In America's Greatest Prison, 660.
- MOXOM, Rev. PHILIP S. The Trial of Christianity, 169.
- Municipal Ownership, How London Loses by, 729.
- Neglected Novelist, A, 394.
- Newfoundland Fishery Dispute, The, 1134.
- New York Campaign, Issues in the, 897.
- NORDENSKJÖLD, OTTO. The New Era in South-Polar Exploration, 758.
- Obstruction to Arbitration, An, 862.
Outdoor Books, 116.
Output, The Restriction of, 887.
Oxford—Oxford, 620; Oxford and Other World-Universities, 906.
- Pan-Mania, 852.
- Pennsylvania, The Great Reforms Secured in, 590.
- PERKINS, GEORGE C. Reasons for Continued Chinese Exclusion, 15.
Permanence of American Railroad Prosperity, The, 384.
- Poems of Trumbull Stickney, The, 1005.
- Political Corruption in England, 995.
- PORRITT, EDWARD. Political Corruption in England, 995.
- Press, The Independent: Its Opportunities and Duties, 40.
- Prison, In America's Greatest, 660.
- PUENTE, Genl. FAUSTINO GUERRA. Causes of the Cuban Insurrection, 538.
- Q. Mr. Roosevelt's Moral Right to Become a Candidate for Reelection, 331.
- QUACKENBOS, JOHN D. The Transliminal, 237.
- Railroad Corporations, Capitalization of, 717.
- Railroad Prosperity, The Permanence of American, 384.
- Reform and Reformers, 461.
- Reforms Secured in Pennsylvania, The Great, 590.
- Rembrandt: Interpreter of the Twentieth Century, 98.
- Renaissance of the Alchemists, The, 82.
- Republican Party in the Middle West, Disruption of, 365.
- Restriction of Output, The, 887.
- Roosevelt's (Mr.) Moral Right to Become a Candidate for Reelection, 331.
- Russia—World-Politics, 143, 303, 424, 682, 937, 1307.
- "Saint, The" — Antonio Fogazzaro and his Masterpiece, 178.
- Salton Sea, The, 224.
- Scandinavian-American, The: His Status, 213.
- Schlierbrand; *see* von Schlierbrand.
- SCHIEFF, JACOB H. Japan After the War, 161.
- SCOTT, GEORGE WINFIELD. International Law and the Drago Doctrine, 602.
- SCRUTATOR. Our Business Outlook, 639.
- Securities; *see* American Securities.
- Sherman Anti-Trust Law, The, 189.
- SMITH, GOLDWIN. British Empire in India, 338; Chief-Justice Clark on the Defects of the American Constitution, 845.
- Social Ideals—II, 125.
- South-Polar Exploration, The New Era in, 758.
- STEELE, Capt. M. F. The Color Line in the Army, 1285.
- Stickney, Trumbull, The Poems of, 1005.
- STRONG, Dr. JOSIAH. Our Industrial Juggernaut, 1030.
- Suffrage—A Right, 484.
- Tariff Campaign, The Canadian Manufacturers', 195.
- TAYLOR, HANNIS. The Impending Conflict, 24; Is Colonization a Crime? 737.

INDEX.

- Technical and Commercial Education, Germany's System of, 376.
- THAYER, WILLIAM R. Antonio Fogazzaro and his Masterpiece, 178.
- Third Term—Mr. Roosevelt's Moral Right to Become a Candidate for Reelection, 331.
- THWING, Pres. CHARLES F. College Students as Thinkers, 62; Oxford and Other World-Universities, 906.
- Transliminal, The, 237.
- Trial of Christianity, The, 169.
- Trusts, Lawyers and the, 110.
- TWAIN, MARK. His Autobiography, 321, 449, 577, 705, 833, 961, 1089, 1217.
- United States and Latin America, The, 474.
- United States a World Power, Is the, 1107.
- United States Can Enforce its Law, 1239.
- United States—Reasons for Continued Chinese Exclusion, 15; The Impending Conflict, 24; The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, 47; The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, 189; The Canadian Manufacturers' Tariff Campaign, 195; The Scandinavian-American: His Status, 213; Baltimore, 250; Mr. Roosevelt's Moral Right to Become a Candidate for Reelection, 331; Great Fortunes and the Community, 349; The United States and Latin America, 474; The Great Reforms Secured in Pennsylvania, 590; Our Business Outlook, 639; Capitalization of Railroad Corporations, 717; Is Colonization a Crime? 737; Is the United States a World Power? 1107; Would England Aid Japan Against America? 1280; The United States Can Enforce its Law, 1239; World-Politics, 156, 316, 556, 812, 1069, 1317.
- Universities—Oxford, 620; Oxford and Other World-Universities, 906.
- VON SCHIERBRAND, WOLF. Germany's System of Technical and Commercial Education, 366.
- WALDSTEIN, CHARLES. Social Ideals—II. 125.
- Walt Whitman, 281.
- WARD, ROBERT DEC. Pending Immigration Bills, 1120.
- Wealth, The Gospel of—I, 526; II, 1096.
- WILCOX, LOUISE COLLIER. Outdoor Books, 116; Walt Whitman, 281; A Neglected Novelist, 394; Some Recent Essays, 780; Maxime Gorky, 1159; Books Reviewed, 547, 1058.
- WILLIAMS, ERNEST E. How London Loses by Municipal Ownership, 729.
- Wilson—James Wilson, Patriot, and the Wilson Doctrine, 971.
- WISBY, HROLF. The Scandinavian-American: His Status, 213.
- Women—Relative Property Rights of Women in Mohammedan Countries, 34; Woman Suffrage—A Right, 484; Australian Women and the Ballot, 1272; The Necessity of Woman Suffrage, 689; Of Woman's "Inherent Right" to Vote, 830; For Woman Suffrage, 956; Woman Suffrage in Colorado, 1203.
- World-Politics—London, 137, 297, 418, 677, 931, 1191; St. Petersburg, 143, 303, 424, 682, 937, 1307; Paris, 150, 551, 1196; Washington, 156, 316, 556, 812, 1069, 1317; Berlin, 310, 1062; Rome, 806.
- WRIGHT, CARROLL D. The Restriction of Output, 887.
- ZAMENHOF, Dr. Aspirations of the Founder of Esperanto, 1153.
- Zionism; see Mendes.

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JULY, 1906.

HENRIK IBSEN.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

IT is within the memory of people still young that a change has come over the mood of the world concerning great men who die. The time was, before this time, that the commemoration of a great man began with his death. In ceasing to be an activity he became an increasingly important interest. But in the recent change of the world's mood this seems to be no longer so. A great man in dying, nowadays, goes out of the minds of the living much more rapidly than he once went. His passing is still a human event, and for a day, a week, a month, a year, his name reverberates in the newspapers and the magazines; his biography revives the fading curiosity; and then, according to the convention, which we still respect, his place in history is supposed to be ascertained. But in fact a subtle neglect steals upon his fame almost with the publication of the fact that he is dead, and this deepens and deepens into forgetfulness with a swiftness quite in keeping with the pace of all things in our hurried age.

It is probably because our age is hurried, and not because we have so many great men, that we forget them with increasing ease when they die. In any case, it seems certain that the renown of few or none is destined to widen with the lapse of years. After

all, there has been but one Shakespeare in literary history, and the attempts of historians to rehabilitate the fame of other sorts of great men who have passed out of remembrance, or to vindicate the right of any to the interest which they inspired while living, have not been of a success encouraging to great men in the enjoyment of an actual obscurity. The rewards of writing for posterity are more and more uncertain; if one is not a classic in one's own day, it is not probable that he will become so later.

I.

Whether Henrik Ibsen has been and is a classic is a question which the generation passing with him could not answer dispassionately, and one would not wish to kindle the fires of controversy from his funeral pyre. I will merely note that, if having the praise of the first minds in all countries is to the effect of being a classic, then Ibsen is and has been a classic; for there can be no doubt that the highest criticism has everywhere recognized his greatness as a dramatist. With this criticism in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, England and these States, there could hardly be any longer a misgiving as to his primacy, there could hardly be a hesitation. There is no one whom it would put beside him, and few whom it would put near him, in a time when there has been a universal revival of the dramatic art, and when, among every civilized people, the theatre has been of a performance, and not a promise merely, unsurpassed except in the supreme moment incarnated in Shakespeare. Yet with this universal recognition by the highest criticism, which ought to have the power of classicizing, it must be owned that there is wanting to Ibsen's towering repute that breadth of base which apparently gives security and perpetuity. It is no

"star y-pointing pyramid,"

with foundations spreading as far as its upward reach, but a lonely column climbing the skies from a pedestal almost as narrow as itself. In every country, where the first intelligences have given him their unanimous acclaim, the second intelligences have as unanimously refused him theirs; and these intelligences, though second, are still of a quality which commands respect. In their refusal they hold by tradition, by convention, by what may be called the vested ideals, those collaterals by which men enjoy a mental increment without the labor of original

thinking. Such intelligences will always have the regard of the majority, and a vast influence. They stand between the majority and the first intelligences, who mostly fail to reach the popular mind; and perhaps they usefully protect it from the shock of innovation until it is able to bear a novel truth. At any rate, Ibsen, whom the highest criticism of our time regards as the greatest dramatist of our time, is altogether without popular standing. His name, indeed, is almost as widely known to the multitude as that of Tolstoy himself, and in much the same sort; but his work is almost quite unknown to it. The multitude has heard of his name, and it has a derivative from it, and uses the word "Ibsenism" convertibly with "pessimism"; it is not impossible that, if a strong appeal were made by the second intelligences, the multitude would approve the exclusion of his works from the mails. If we trusted to the popular knowledge of the nature and intention of "Ghosts," it would then be as useless to order a copy of it through the post as it would once have been to order a copy of "The Kreutzer Sonata."

This is the anomalous situation one must face; these are the distracting contradictions one must recognize, before hoping to impart any just conception of Ibsen. The difficulty is very great; perhaps it is insuperable; and yet Ibsen is always a problem of such interest that one cannot turn from him in despair, without a sense of intolerable loss to one's self and to others. One cannot quite hope to make him clear, but there is a cloudy significance in all his work that charms and edifies; the light breaks through in flashes, but though it is resumed again in the stormy sky, it is a precious light, and one's vision is forever purified of certain mists by it.

II.

What this cloudy significance is, however, I do not find myself much helped to say by any of those prime critics who have joined in declaring Ibsen's importance to the modern drama, to the modern life. Unaided, I should say what I have already said elsewhere, and reaffirm that the great and dreadful delight of Ibsen is from his power of dispersing the conventional acceptations by which men live on easy terms with themselves, and obliging them to examine the grounds of their social and moral opinions. This cruel joy, this "*höchst angenehmer Schmerz*," as Heine would call it, is not welcome to all; it is welcome to so very few that the

vast majority will shrink from the mere rumor of it, and it is with no hope of winning favor or following for him that I suggest it as the prevailing effect of his peculiar talent. But I believe that this effect is the sum of all his other excellencies, and of a value higher than that of any one of them.

To my experience he is a dramatist of such perfection, he is a poet of such absolute simplicity and veracity, that when I read him or see him I feel nothing wanting in the æsthetic scheme. I know that there are graces and beauties abounding in other authors which are absent from him, but I do not miss them; and I perceive that he abundantly fulfils his purpose without them. I am sensible of being moved, of being made to think and feel as no other has made me think and feel, and I think that sufficient; I do not care what is left out of the means to the end. For illustration, we will say, what I believe, that "Macbeth" is the supreme play of conscience, of that spirit in us that censures conduct. The means to its end are of an opulence which renders "Ghosts," in the contrast, bare and poverty-stricken. Yet I do not miss in "Ghosts" any of the means that richly edified me in "Macbeth," and I am aware of a spirit in it that censures conscience itself. Shakespeare in Macbeth and in Lady Macbeth has made me shudder for their guilt; Ibsen in Manders and Mrs. Alving makes me tremble for their innocence. The difference measures the advance from the mediæval to the modern man, and accounts for the hardihood of those who have declared that Ibsen says more to them now than Shakespeare says. They are right if they mean that Shakespeare makes them question the evil, while Ibsen makes them also question the good. The time has come, apparently, when we are to ask ourselves not of the justice of our motives, so much as of the wisdom of our motives. It will no longer suffice that we have had the best motive in this or that; we must have the wisest motive, and we must examine anew the springs of action, the grounds of conviction.

That is what Ibsen invites us to do, not in "Ghosts" alone, but in most of the plays which may be called his most realistic. Some of his dramas deal typically with human, with Norwegian, life—as "Brand," as "Peer Gynt," as "The Lady from the Sea"; others deal personally with Norwegian, with human, life—as "Ghosts," as "Pillars of Society," as "The Wild Duck," as "Hedda Gabler," as "Little Eyolf," and it is these last which

Ibsen valued himself most upon, and which, I think, form the richest part of his legacy to literature. It has been conjectured that when they have had their full ethical effect, and the world has come more or less to the ground where they challenge conscience for its reasons, they will be of less interest and less significance than the more idealistic dramas; but if the representation of character, and the study of personality, form the highest office of art, as I believe they do, I think Ibsen will not be finally found mistaken in his preference. I am quite willing to own that I agree with him, perhaps because I like the real better than the ideal, though I find abundant reality in his idealistic dramas.

III.

As to the ethical effect of the plays which I permit myself, in the company of their author, to like best, I have my doubts whether it is so directly and explicitly his intention as some of the highest critical intelligences have imagined. He is, first of all, not a moralist, and far less a polemicist, but an artist, and he works through instruments, as the creative force always works, in which he is himself intangible, and, as it were, absent. His instruments are of course the characters of the drama in hand, and it is not to be inferred that the end to which any of these comes is Ibsen's conclusion, any more than it is to be inferred that what any one of them says is Ibsen's opinion. You are not to take this thing or that as the point of the moral, but to consider the whole result left with you, and to use your reason, not your logic, upon it. In "Ghosts," Mrs. Alving upbraids her old lover for not letting her stay when she took refuge with him from the horror of her marriage, and for making her go back to her husband; she upbraids herself for not having sympathized with the life-lust in her husband, which mainly manifested itself in love-lust outside of their marriage; she seems willing, rather than make the same mistake again, that her son shall have his half-sister for wife, or even for mistress. But in her case, as in every other, Ibsen does not wish to teach so much as he wishes to move, to strike with that exalted terror of tragedy which has never hesitated at its means; which in Shakespeare confronts us with a son forced to bring his mother to shame for her incestuous union with his uncle, and to study the best moment for the murder to which his father's revengeful

spirit urges him, and from which his own faltering temperament withholds him, though the spectator is made to feel it is his sacred duty, and shares the truculent impatience of the spectre at his delay. It would be no sillier to suppose that Shakespeare meant to inculcate such bloody deeds as that which Hamlet shrinks from doing, than to suppose that Ibsen means in Mrs. Alving's distraction to teach libertinage, or that complicity with suicide in which the play apparently ends. The moral is far back of all this, and involved by her violation of duty in marrying for the worldly ends of her family a man she does not love, for this is the wrong-doing which no after duteousness in her mismarriage can catch up. Here is the source of all the sorrow that ensues; and the lesson, so far as the play is lessoned, is that you must be true from the start, if you would not be false in the truth itself afterwards. But probably Ibsen meant nothing so explicit as that. He was writing a play, not a sermon. He was offering a bitter and poisonous flower of life as he had found it growing; not a botanical medicine that he had dried and pressed for the ethicist's herbarium.

"Ghosts" is the most tragical of Ibsen's plays, and it is none the less tragical because it is a tremendous effect of the author's peculiar humor. He is a humorist in the presence of its dreadful facts not because he is a hard-hearted cynic, but because he sees that the world which a wise and merciful and perfect God has created seems full of stupidity and cruelty and out of joint to utter deformity, and he shows it as he sees it. If he is apparently inconsistent, it is because the world is really inconsistent; and if we hold him to any hard and fast rule of logic, we may indeed *have* him, but his best meaning will escape us. In "Pillars of Society," that tragedy of his which comes nearest being a satirical comedy, or for the most part is so, the misery comes because Bernick will be a hypocrite and a liar; and the inference is, that any sort of truth, or anybody's, would be better than the falsehood in which he lives. In "The Wild Duck," the truth is brought home from the outside to a wretched creature unable to bear it, who has existed through the lie become vital to him, and who goes to pieces at the touch of the truth, and drags those around him to ruin and death in his fall; and the inference is that the truth is not for every one always, but may sometimes be a real mischief. The two plays seem to contradict each other,

but they do not; they are both true to different predicaments and situations of life, and can no more be blamed for inconsistency than God's world which they faithfully mirror. There is in fact a divine consistency running through them and through "Ghosts," where you shall learn, if you will pay due heed, that the truth once denied avenges itself in the dire necessity of falsehood, and renders all after-truth mechanical and of the effect of a lie. When Mrs. Alving had once been false to herself in marrying for money and position a man she did not love, while she loved another man, she never could again be true to herself without doing him harm. She lent herself to his evil as long as she could bear it, and when she could bear it no longer the worst had been done. She had borne a son on whom his father's sins must be visited, and had pledged herself to falsehood against which she revolted in vain and forever too late. If she had revolted earlier, and made known the facts of her life to all the world, still it would not have availed. People who saw in "Ghosts" merely a heredity play, based upon a questionable assumption of science, never saw it whole, and they who saw in it merely a destiny play, in which fate relentlessly brooded as in Greek tragedy, as little fathomed its meaning. This, as I think we have found, is very simple, and is not discordant with any dictate of religion or reason, and it is always Ibsen's meaning. Do not be a hypocrite, do not be a liar, do not be a humbug; but be very careful how and when you are sincere and true and single, lest being virtuous out of time you play the fool and work destruction.

This is what he is always saying, but this is not the effect to which he is always working. It is his prime business and his main business to show things as they are so that you shall not only be edified, but also stirred and charmed in such sort as you never were before, and in the measure that you are capable of emotion. But when I say that the representation of life is his prime business and his main business, I do not mean that he works always in the same way, or that he convinces us of the reality of what he shows us by the same methods. Some of his plays are more allegorical than others, and in these he finds the reality far below the surface ideality which we see; and he makes us find it if we are capable of so much; if we are not capable of so much he must leave us to the obvious facts. This will account for a very

general supposition that in "A Doll's House" he teaches that a wife who finds her husband a priggish fraud ought to abandon her home and go away, somewhere or anywhere, so only that she may be freed from her false relation to him. The moral in that play, and in every other play of Ibsen's, is that certain actions result in certain tendencies, and that from these tendencies certain things happen. If the actions are selfish, they eventuate in misery; if they are false, they hold the doer in a bondage to falsehood from which no truth can avail to free him later. It might appear that Ibsen believes with the Preacher that the heart is above all things deceitful and desperately wicked, but in showing this, he cannot justly be accused of inculcating its immoralities and iniquities, as they follow in an endless train of evil from the first evil. Yet I can quite understand how people who feel so intensely the tragic effect of his plays, accept the catastrophe as if it were a solution which the dramatist offered. Never was human nature shown so nakedly as in his tremendous scene; it is stripped as bare of all its disguises as it could be at the Judgment Day; yet the dramatist does not deliver judgment. He leaves every wretched being, whether before or behind the footlights, to pronounce sentence upon himself. His homily is acted on the stage, not preached from the pulpit, and its applications are made by the people who go home and think it over.

IV.

In the awful moment of Hawthorne's romance, when Dimmesdale stands with his paramour and their child on the scaffold, and declares his guilt before the people, he hopes for mercy only through the fulness of his public ignominy; and in the closing chapter, where the author gathers up the threads of his story, and tries to make his meaning clear, he bids his reader "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely your worst to the world or some trait by which the worst may be known." Yet, in spite of this sublime and, as it seems to a later art, only too obvious simplicity of motive, "The Scarlet Letter" was in its time fiercely denounced as an attack on the character of the Puritan clergy of New England, made with the satirical motive of bringing them into contempt. It is not very strange, then, that Ibsen should have been as widely and wildly mistaken, and should have been honestly believed a malignant cynic, with no higher motive than

mockery, and no aim but to pervert and to corrupt. As an artist, he could not say what ought to be plain to every one who reads him or sees him played, that his increasing purpose, from first to last, has been to confront selfishness and conceit and falsehood with themselves. His view of human nature is the humorist's; but it amuses him sorrowfully, and his view of human life is far above the satirist's. It is the realist's view, the view of the honest man, the only honest man; and in this view he sees that selfishness, conceit and falsehood form that sin of hypocrisy on which modern civilization is founded. It is this which he is always allowing to expose itself on his scene, and he has no other agency in the affair than to let it. He does not praise this action or blame that one; he has nothing to do with any inference which the wrong-headed or weak-minded may draw from any fact or trait represented. His sole business is to make us feel that the basis of society, as we now have it, is hypocrisy, though an hypocrisy now grown almost involuntary and helpless, and it is not his business to do this by precept, but by example. You may say that he is right, or you may say that he is wrong, but you cannot say that he does not believe in what he is doing, or that he is trying to do something else, or that he is not trying to do anything, but is only diabolically delighting in the spectacle of human weakness. If he takes the world as he finds it, certainly he does not leave it so, as each witness will own who feels himself unmasked in the presence of those terrible sufferings and shames. With Hawthorne he says, "Be true, be true, be true!" but he adds, "Be true in time, be true from the beginning; for later you shall be true in vain, and your very truth shall become part of that great lie, that world-hypocrisy, in which civilization lives and moves and has its being."

I do not pretend that Ibsen is a comfortable companion, or that a play of his is something to take up and while away a pleasant hour with, or that if seen upon the stage it will take a tired business man's mind off himself, or help a society woman forget the manifold vexations of the day. His plays were probably never intended to do anything of the kind, and probably they were as little meant to be seen by the inexperienced young people who go to the theatre in pairs, with or without a chaperon. But neither of these probabilities has anything to do with the question of their literary value, or their effect, though both of

them have everything to do with the question of their popularity in all Anglo-Saxon countries. They will never have a great or a small popularity with our race, in any of the seven seas; and yet, for all the reasons against them, however furiously urged, we should be the better for their wide acceptance, honester and cleaner.

It is one of the conventions of our hypocritical civilization that young people are ignorant of certain matters because they do not speak of them to their elders, and that their minds will be tainted or corrupted by others' open recognition of them. Ibsen's recognition of the fact is not, indeed, as open as it might be, but it is unmistakable, and its purport is wholly sanative. He addresses himself most terribly to those who have committed the mistakes or the misdeeds which he puts before them; but, if the hopes of reform are always with the young, he more usefully addresses himself to those who are no longer ignorant but are still innocent. I say this, not because I see any chance of his being presently suffered to do so, on the popular scale, but because I think it a pity that art should not be allowed to enforce the precepts of religion, in regard to matters of which the young drink in knowledge from the very fountain of our religion.

Such a play as "Little Eyolf" is awful, no one can deny that. It wrings the heart with grief and shame, but any one who refuses to see the hope which it holds out, that if you will do right you are safe from wrong, must be wilfully blind. It proclaims, in terms that humiliate and that almost disgrace, the truth which Tolstoy preaches in other terms when he declares that there is and can be no such thing as personal happiness. Both of these just men perceive that, in the scheme of a just God, there is no room for such happiness; and that, wherever it tries to force itself in, it pushes aside or crushes under it the happiness of some other human creature. In "Little Eyolf," where the wife and mother vainly hopes to perpetuate the passion of her first married years, and wishes to sacrifice to that idolatry herself, her husband and her child, we have something intolerably revolting; but the lesson is, alike from Ibsen and from Tolstoy, that you must not and you cannot be happy except through the welfare of others, and that to seek your bliss outside of this is to sin against reason and righteousness both.

As for the fact involved, and put in words so plain that it can

scarcely be called hinting, it is one of those things which they who shrink from such wicked and filthy things as the drama has commonly dealt with may shrink from having handled, and these will be shocked quite as much by the diabolism of Hedda Gabler as by the animalism of Rita Allmers. Obsession is an easy name for the state of such women, but if it is the true name then it is time men should study the old formulas of exorcism anew.

V.

I do not say that this is what Ibsen means men to do, or that he finally thinks some of them better than such women. Upon the whole he holds the balance between the sexes pretty evenly in portraying the actions in which their not so very different natures eventuate. In fact, they seem in his handling rather different temperaments than different natures. We see women-natured men, and we see men-natured women, and the first are no better than the last. Both are obviously included in human nature, and their variations of temperament are not more convincing of good in men of feminine temperament than of evil in women of masculine temperament. We distinguish there the quality of their sins, by our common, thumb-fingered morality; but, to the more delicate touch of Ibsen's ethics there is no distinction in the quality of the sinners.

He does not affirm this more strenuously than some other things, and it is not his habit to affirm anything very strenuously. Georg Brandes sums up his attitude toward life in a saying of Ibsen's own: "My calling is to question, not to answer," and this is what all of those who have tried to divine him have paraphrased in one way or another. It is the essence of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism," a fascinating but by no means always convincing book; it is the effect of the several admirable things that Mr. William Archer has written about Ibsen; it is the somewhat desperate and faltering conclusion of Brandes; it was substantially the mind of one of his best critics, the too early dead Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen. We are instinctively dissatisfied with this attitude of Ibsen's; we demand something more of the only partially, or not at all, developed. It is because we are still creatures of instinct, or still children with reasoning powers only partially developed, or not at all. It is because we are irreverent of the divine mystery in which we are posited here,

the whole mystery of life. If we took thought in making our foolish demand, we should realize that nothing is answered here; not one of the things that are worth knowing is answered. Not one passion explains itself; not one principle will be traced back to the source where it gets its name as principle. In the mean time, there are abundant explanations and researches.

In some sort Ibsen can be personally and even intellectually accounted for, and I commend to those whom his death has interested in his life a very interesting critical biography of him by Henrik Jaeger, which Mr. William Morton Payne has translated better than I know, for I do not know Norwegian, with all my airs of knowing Ibsen. But he seems an author very little dependent on his native vehicle in his prose dramas; he gets there, as far as concerns the effect with the reader or spectator, as well in English as in his mother-speech; and from Mr. Payne's Jaeger-biography my equally little Norsed reader can learn fully enough how Ibsen found his way to mastery while continuing singularly aloof from circumstance. With fair beginnings early blighted by adversity, he grew strong by standing alone in a small Scandinavian seaport, where to have been first could not have been much, and to be last was to be the sort of outcast that Ibsen afterwards rather chose being. The son of the broken merchant became an apothecary's apprentice, and then, by steps inevitable, if not natural, a poet, a journalist, and a playwright; but we need not trace the steps. It is enough that he arrived in Norway at the position he held in Skien, an eminence of unpopularity and misunderstanding accorded to few but the greatest. All this and more is apparent from the recently published letters of Ibsen, in which we hear him speaking replylessly, as one through a telephone, for there are no answers printed with his letters. They confirm the impression of the biographies that he was the victim of his disadvantages, and from being forced to stand too much alone became too conscious of the claim of his genius, too much devoted to its development as the prime, if not the sole, interest of his being. As the world is now built, a man can no more live to himself than he can live to others exclusively; one is bound selfishly as well as unselfishly to one's fellows in the competitive conditions which are so far from final, and Ibsen's life has not the grandeur of his gift, one of the rarest and finest bestowed upon mortal, though not the most definite in effect.

In a sort he was ultimately reconciled to Norway; but it would not be strange if he kept a grudge to the end. The citizen of a small country must suffer at short range the wounds dealt afar to high spirits in wider lands; and, doubtless, there was something peculiarly embittering to Ibsen in his close acquaintance with his misunderstanders and maligners. But, after all, his hardships were not very different from the hardships of most literary men; and his dislike of Norway was founded upon public as well as private grounds. The grief between them was that Norway was provincial and Ibsen was not, though some of the more ignorant of the Anglo-Saxonry have supposed him provincial because he always put the scenes of his realistic dramas among the people he knew best. He went from these early enough, and stayed away long enough to learn the great world as it is known in the chief German, French and Italian cities, and he returned to them only after he was high above their control. He was then fairly enough a cosmopolitan, such as it is difficult to be in London or even New York, and spiritually he seems to have been pretty much always the same Ibsen.

That is to say, he lived as he has died, "a very imperial anarchy," for, more even than agnosticism, the note of this mighty solitary, hermited in the midst of men, was anarchism. Solidarities of any sort he would not have. The community was nothing to him, and, if not quite so despicable as the majority, was still a contemptible substitute for the individuality. That was alone precious, and it was like some medicines, in doing good in proportion as it disagreed with the taste of the patient, of the fellow man. Ibsen had really a dread of being acceptable, for in the popular favor he feared the end of his usefulness. In some way or other he was often saying that, both directly and dramatically; and he lived it as nearly as civility would let him. He had not differenced himself so much from the generality of his kind as not to have married; he had become a husband and father, and his domestic life was of a physiognomy undistinguished by the experiences which stimulate the conjectures of criticism as to the personal sources of an author's most impersonal inspirations.

Since his early allegories and romances, there has been a wonderful unity in his work. It has been constantly a challenge to thought from the instances of life. His very last drama is the

most mystical of these challenges; but never has any literary man looked life so squarely in the face, except perhaps Flaubert or Tolstoy, though he has confronted her on such very different terms that he cannot very well be compared with these widely parted masters. If he found her countenance full of terrible and insoluble mysteries, and rendered her likeness so as to impart the most piercing sense of tragedy, it can scarcely be imputed to him for a fault. It is at worst his characteristic, his habit, his business. He was, if not born to it, trained to it; and it seems very much as if he were born to it. In a way, he is himself the greatest proof, if any besides common experience were needed, of the truth of what he tells. Faculties like his were given him to be employed, and they could not be employed if there were not facts to use them upon. Let us suppose him created for some wise purpose, and keep on trying to make him out.

As to how long we shall keep on, now he is dead, I have already hinted my doubt. As I have said, he has always been as he is now, more known than read, and more read than seen. Even in his own country, even in Germany, in France, his pieces have been comparatively seldom played, though the plays that he has inspired others to write have been very much played. If we can call him a force, we can still better call him an influence. It can be said, quite short of exaggeration, that but for him we should hardly have had, just as they are, Sudermann, Hauptmann and others in Germany, Echegaray in Spain, D'Annunzio in Italy, and Pinero, or that unhappy Oscar Wilde, in England; perhaps not Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. He is one of those masters, by no means surprisingly rare, who are more accepted through those they have influenced than in themselves. The public knows the name of Ibsen in an ignorance of his work in really stupendous measure. It would not be altogether impossible that the future should know him on some such terms, just as it would not be altogether impossible that some in the future should know him with the passionate joy with which a few in the present have had the courage to know him.

W. D. HOWELLS.

REASONS FOR CONTINUED CHINESE EXCLUSION.

BY GEORGE C. PERKINS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

THE question of the unrestricted admission into the United States of undesirable immigrants is becoming more pressing from year to year, and is more and more attracting public attention. Not many years ago, the Chinese problem was the only one which demanded solution, and the people of the Eastern States had scant sympathy with the inhabitants of California, Oregon and Washington who demanded that immigration from China should cease. But, as time has given better opportunities for learning what the Chinese are who come here as contract-laborers, and what effect their presence in large numbers would have in this country, the greater is the proportion of Americans who believe in restrictive measures and the more rigorous they believe those restrictions should be. And it is fast becoming evident that it is not the Chinese peons alone that should be prevented from overrunning our country at their own sweet will. There are other Asiatic nations whose people would be as great a menace to Americans and their institutions as are the subjects of the great Empress who rules the four hundred million inhabitants of China from the secluded imperial palace in Peking. It cannot be denied that from some parts of Europe it is possible to receive a class of immigrants that are little more desirable than those from Asiatic countries, though there is not between them and us that vast abyss which separates us from the Oriental. The latter we have been able through sad experience to study very closely and to ascertain what his presence among us means. Of necessity the Chinese, because of the large colony which has grown up in California, have been the principal objects of this study; but it has

also been learned that what has been found true of them is true in all essential particulars of all the other peoples of the Orient.

The opposition to the Chinese is not an unthinking, unreasoning prejudice. In the early days of the Pacific Coast they were gladly welcomed. There was work for them to do in building railroads, in reclaiming waste-lands, in caring for and harvesting crops; and, even now, it would be a boon to all agriculturists and horticulturists of California if Chinese laborers could be freely admitted without danger to interests far greater than the successful management of a ranch. Yet our experience has created an intelligent public opinion which is unalterably opposed to the immigration of Chinese peon labor. The reasons are not far to seek. They are fundamental—racial—and are bound to make themselves felt in spite of theories as to moral obligations or the assumed needs of foreign trade. They bring to the front again that pitiless truth of the survival of the fittest. In the question of life or death which is involved, the moral theories of the pro-Chinese advocates can scarcely have that weight which would be theirs were the future of our institutions and our race on this continent in no danger. When two races so radically different as Chinese and Americans freely intermingle in large numbers, there must be assimilation or the subjection of one to the other.

The experience of the United States for fifty years, and of other countries for far longer periods, proves conclusively that the Chinese are not assimilative. Witness the Chinese colonies in San Francisco, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, Penang and Malacca. Their racial tendency is more strongly opposed to amalgamation with other races than that of the Hindoo or the Parsee. Far into future history they will be what they now are, and they will remain aloof from all other peoples. If they are not assimilative, they can be only a foreign body within our borders, and must either suppress or be suppressed.

In the contest for survival between the American and the Chinese, the latter has an overpowering advantage. Centuries before there was an Anglo-Saxon, the Chinese had gained their present characteristics. Thousands of years of exclusion of all other peoples had made them unassimilative. Their country, walled against the external world, which they regarded with contempt, became crowded to the limit of support, and universal poverty was the result. For thousands of years, the people of

China have been compelled to live on the scantiest of means; and the result is a race—the fittest only surviving—which is probably capable of sustaining more hardships, of living on cheaper food, of needing less clothing and shelter, of having fewer wants, and a lower estimate of life, as a whole, than any other civilized people. They are capable of entering into competition with any race on earth, with the chances in favor of their ultimate supremacy. To attempt to meet the Chinese on their own ground would mean decimation at once. No other civilized people could endure were it to adopt the Chinese standard, and that standard they would have to adopt were they to compete at all.

Such competitors with men and women of our own race do not come to us even as free agents. It is well known that they are in practical slavery, more harsh and exacting than that suffered by the victims of the *padrone* system who come to us from Southern Italy to earn as slaves, in the land of liberty, fortunes for harsh taskmasters here or abroad. This slavery is not an accident of Chinese communities in America. It is one of the institutions of China. There the practice of buying and selling men and women is nearly as common as the buying and selling cattle among us. It is a system recognized by Chinese law and has been in vogue for thousands of years. It is a feature of Chinese civilization which is more firmly rooted than the principle of industrial liberty is with us. This is the system which is imported into the United States with coolie labor and which would supplant free labor in field and workshop were the opportunity given. Coolie laborers are hired out in gangs by a “boss” who collects their wages, giving them a part and turning over to some Chinese “Company” the remainder; and they are compelled to endure this servitude because the members of their families in China are hostages for them, and are guarantees that they will return to China and will maintain their allegiance to the country of their birth. As an American Consul-General has pointed out, the horrible punishment that may lawfully be inflicted on these hostages is sufficient to account for the rarity of instances of naturalization which have occurred in the history of Chinese immigration to the United States. Even when a coolie dies here, his bones, under terms of the contract, are sent home for burial.

When men are held in slavery, it is not to be expected that women will be exempt, and they are not. In China they are law-

fully held as household slaves, as concubines or for immoral purposes. In fact, women are looked upon as legitimate objects of barter. The real wife, even, has only a semblance of freedom, and she is surrounded by actual slaves—girls bought for so much cash. But these wives, except in a few isolated instances, never accompany their husbands abroad. They are left at home as hostages, and it is to see them and to conform to the requirements of their religious belief that Chinamen make their periodical visits home. Such women as are found in the domestic establishments of Chinese in America are to be classified with those slaves recognized by Chinese law as concubines. The true family life of the Chinaman is not found here; but, if it were, the conditions would not be changed—they would simply be intensified. The American ideal of a home has never arisen in the Chinese mind, and there is no evidence that it ever will. The teachings and practices of thousands of years can be overcome only by other thousands of years of education along other lines. In order to embrace Christian civilization, the entire mental and moral make-up of the Oriental must be changed. He cannot be made an American in a day.

There is still another danger that unrestricted immigration from the Orient would bring upon us. This is particularly conspicuous in the case of the Chinese. If they were firmly entrenched here, there would be introduced a trades-union system compared with which the American system is child's play. China is a nation in which the guild principle is a necessary part of the industrial system. It exists also among the mercantile class, as well as among the members of the handicrafts. What it is capable of doing, and how silently and irresistibly it works, we have had good reason to learn from the boycott on American goods which it has made so effective.

In addition to the mercantile and handicraft guilds, there are the guilds which are formed by the people from the same town or province when living in other than the place of their birth. Such guilds follow the Chinaman everywhere; and, when a considerable number of Chinese from the same district are gathered together, there is founded a guild which binds them in a homogeneous whole for self-protection and aggressive action against those by whom they are surrounded, if such action can in any way promote their own interests. Consul Fowler says that, in dealing with such

guilds in China, "consuls and diplomats have a very grave matter on their hands." So would the United States Government also have a grave matter on its hands, were there permitted among us a large Chinese population, which would surely come were the bars of restriction lowered.

What has been said will give some idea of the character of the immigrants that we desire to exclude from our shores. It is easy to infer, from the facts given, something of the nature of the communities that would be formed were immigration unrestricted. Bringing with them slavery, concubinage, prostitution, the opium vice, the disease of leprosy, the offensive and defensive organization of clans and guilds, the lowest standard of living known, and a detestation of the people among whom they live and with whom they will not even leave their bones when dead, they form a community within a community, and there live the Chinese life.

They have their terrorists' societies, their laws and customs, enforced with the barbarity which characterizes such enforcement in China, and they yield only outward obedience to the law of the land. They make use of our courts, by means of false witnesses, to reach with punishment some offender against themselves, and by the same means they prevent justice from being done in cases in which they are a party. They are rigidly organized to evade all laws bearing hard upon them, and the organization is so perfect that evasion is not difficult. They herd together by thousands in small space, caring nothing for shelter beyond the four walls and roof, and creating a district of dirt and filth where once were cleanliness and beauty. Within the dark and smoky rookeries where they dwell, they open dens for the demoralization of the white youths who surround them. They neither build nor repair, beautify nor cleanse, and their quarter reverts to the conditions found in the densely crowded cities of China. In such a sink, is it to be wondered at that nothing American can have a place; that no idea born of our civilization can find a lodgment; that the most prominent result is crime?

Looking to the more material aspect of the case, it is found that practically none of the earnings of Chinese in this country are invested here. All the savings of these shrewd money-makers go eventually to China, and no benefit accrues to our own country from the capital amassed by Chinese merchants. In San Francisco, the official figures for 1899 showed that one-quarter of the

duties on imports were paid by Chinese merchants. This is evidence of the great volume of trade in the hands of these Orientals. But in spite of the vast sums made, one would have looked in vain for any evidences of public spirit among them. They built no stores, no houses; they expended no money in any of the hundreds of ways in which prosperous Americans are wont to make their presence felt to the benefit of the community in which they live. On the contrary, the quarters that they inhabited were the most dilapidated, dirty and uninviting in the whole city—so noxious that, since the great fire, an effort is being made to prevent the reestablishment in the heart of the town of a foreign settlement that was offensive to the eye, the ear, the nose, and often to the touch. The Chinese merchant, rich, educated and refined in accordance with Chinese ideals, lived within these quarters and there maintained his domestic establishment; and yet between the genuine Chinese merchant or scholar and the coolie there is a gulf which the latter can never cross. The educated and cultivated Chinamen in America are comparatively few in number, but when one of them is met he is recognized readily. He is a man keen and intelligent, and when he can escape from his habitual distrust of Americans he is most pleasant to meet. But this distrust is hard to overcome, because it results from the hereditary and ineradicable social and moral ideals and manner of thought by which he is differentiated from Americans and Europeans through centuries of teaching and practice. The educated Oriental is a superior man, and it is not against him that objection is raised, but against the coolie who finds in this country a field for competition so vast and so profitable that, without restrictions, it would be filled to overflowing with Asiatic labor, bringing with it standards of life and morals which can tend only to drag down the American workman from the high level he has attained.

Personal freedom, the home, education, Christian ideals, respect for law and order are found on one side, and on the other the traffic in human flesh, domestic life which renders a home impossible, a desire for only that knowledge which may be at once coined into dollars, a contempt for our religion as new, novel, and without substantial basis, and no idea of the meaning of law other than as a regulation to be evaded by cunning or by bribery. The attack of the coolie laborer is not alone on wages, but on the

very foundation of the American workman's prosperity and well-being. The contest is between two social systems utterly opposed to each other. Customs and ideas that are the growth of three or four thousand years, which have made the Chinese a people of the strongest vitality, of fewest wants, and least aspiration for improvement, will inevitably conquer, as they have always conquered, in a strife with a civilization of a high plane. A scale of wages like that given by Consul-General Jernigan at Shanghai—blacksmith, 13 cents a day; brass-worker, 16 cents; barber, 3 cents; bootmaker, 10 cents; bricklayer, 10 cents; cabinet-maker, 11 cents; tailor, 10 cents; cotton-mill machinist, 11 to 22 cents; and cotton-factory hands, 18 cents—shows the margin which the coolie laborer has in a competition with American labor. With such a margin and such a heredity as he has, there can be no doubt as to his ability to overwhelm the laborer of any nation having modern civilization.

The immigration from China presents the most serious question in regard to emigration from the Orient, for the reason that China contains from 400,000,000 to 450,000,000 people, the mass of whom are of the class that are so objectionable here. But there are other Asiatics against whom similar objections are urged, and who would form here colonies that would forever remain distinct. Among these are the Japanese and Coreans, the former 50,000,000 in number, and already forming too large a population for the limited area of the Empire. Chances to expand have for a long time been sought, and the domination of Korea by Japan is one of the results of the great pressure of population in the Japanese islands. To relieve this pressure, longing eyes were once cast towards Hawaii, and it is probable that in the near future the Philippines will be the object of desire. These two Asiatic nations, while differing from the Chinese in many important respects, are alike with them in their lack of assimilative power, and for similar reasons. The Japanese will be always a Japanese, and will never become an American. He will maintain here intact all the characteristics of the civilization which is a thousand or more years older than our own, and between these two forms of progress there are irreconcilable differences. The competition of such a people with our own artisans can have only one result—the lowering of the standard of life among our own people, who must relinquish some of the best results of Christian

progress in order to compete at all. But such objection, as in the case of the Chinese, applies solely to the immigrants who come here to enter fields of industrial labor which are now filled with a prosperous and progressive population of our own blood, animated by the high ideals of the Anglo-Saxon. One of those ideals is the home, which is unknown to the Oriental. On the home, as a unit, is built up the system under which we live. The family, the family life and all its interests, is the firm basis on which rests all that is best in our present stage of advancement. With it the Church and the free schools are inextricably blended; and whatever affects one affects the other two elements of our civilization. Sweep them all away, and we should revert to the semi-civilized condition of the Orientals who have not developed the ideas which are embodied in the home, the Church and the schools. Admit among us a large population lacking those ideas and incapable of developing them, and there would be introduced a powerful force constantly opposing advancement along Christian lines and tending to drag down society to the Asiatic level.

Although from some parts of Europe and Asia Minor there come to us many immigrants who, like the bulk of the Chinese, are peons, there cannot be urged against them the same objection that is brought against the Chinese coolie. Natives of Southern Italy, Syria and Greece come here under the *padrone* system, some of them receiving only \$100 per year for the work they do, their earnings going to their masters. But these, perhaps the most objectionable of the immigrants from the other side of the Atlantic, are of our own civilization, and if given a chance eventually fit into our system without difficulty. In any event, the second generation, educated in our public schools, becomes American in the best sense of the term. What becomes of the average immigrant from Ireland, England, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Austria and Italy is readily ascertained by a glance at any community which has received such accessions. One will find them in all walks of life, industrial and professional, and their children among the most ardent of young Americans.

Mr. Z. F. McSweeney, formerly Assistant Commissioner of Immigration, in an article published not long ago, reviewed the course of immigration past and present, pointing out its characteristics, its advantages and the dangers which threaten from the unrestricted admission of people of criminal instincts, the men-

tally unsound, and those who are unable to make a living by honest means. He says:

"When we consider this question it compels us to pause in wonder as to what its effect will be on the future of the American people. If, in spite of our institutions and forms of government, the alien races that have already come and are still coming can succeed in undermining our religious, political, and economic foundations, it will be because we willingly succumb, through inertia, to their influences. Rome, Babylon, and all the nations of the world that have fallen have done so because they abandoned their moral, religious, and social ideals, their decline in most cases being contemporaneous with the introduction of alien races. If such is to be the result in this country, it will simply be history repeating itself; but I have confidence enough in the morals and character of the American people to believe that the races introduced among us will take from us only that which is good, and through education we will give them stability and the power to become thoroughly assimilated."

I, too, have confidence that the morals and character of the American people will leaven the mass of our population, if we take care to exclude the inert elements of inbred criminality, degeneracy and Orientalism.

GEORGE C. PERKINS.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT.

BY HANNIS TAYLOR, LL.D.

IN the last number of this REVIEW appeared, side by side, two articles of far-reaching and portentous importance: the one entitled "An Appeal to Our Millionaires," by X, who is said to be "the most profound philosopher living in the United States"; the other entitled "The Graduated Taxation of Incomes and Inheritances," by the Hon. Wayne Mac Veagh, justly distinguished as one of the foremost of our jurists and statesmen. By these coincident declarations, emanating from the highest and most conservative sources, the American people have been warned, in no uncertain terms, that they are in the presence of an irrepressible conflict by whose side "all the other questions under public discussion are of little or no importance." X, in his "appeal to our millionaires," fearlessly states the ultimate question, when he reminds them that the title to their "surplus wealth" rests upon nothing more substantial than the legislative will of the American people. He admonishes them, therefore, to abstain from such vulgar and cruel ostentation as is likely to bring upon them the growing wrath of an all-powerful electorate. To use his own language:

"These considerations naturally bring us to the *cruz* of the situation, which is, as has been stated, the popular estimation of the absence of any moral title of our millionaires to the billions of money they have either themselves succeeded in abstracting from the common store or have inherited from ancestors who had so abstracted it."

His argument is that, under a popular government, all property rights rest solely upon laws made by the people themselves, whose moral convictions are the ultimate bases of everything. In view of that fact, he thinks it well for the millionaires to be reminded of the words of Daniel Webster, who said:

"In the nature of things, those who have not property and see their neighbors possessed of much more than they think them to need cannot be favorable to laws made for the protection of such property. When this class becomes numerous, it grows clamorous. It looks on property as its prey and plunder, and is naturally ready at all times for violence and revolution. It would seem, then, to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property, but to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the support of the government."

Mr. Webster's sagacious suggestion is then supported by the declaration of the late Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, who, in discussing the rules by which the practical enjoyment of property is regulated, said:

"Now, what is the right of property? The end of property is subsistence, by which end nature has bounded our pretensions to it; hence, in a state of nature, we cannot take more than we use, nor hold it longer than we live and are capable of using it. . . . The right of inheritance, a purely artificial right, has been at different times and in different countries very variously dealt with. The same power which prescribes rules for the possession and descent of property can of course alter them, for plain absurdities would follow if this were not so; and the consent of nations and the practices of ages have long since established this simple truth."

Stating the same principle in his own language, X says:

"Now, what are the bulwarks of private property in the imperial commonwealth of New York, where so much of it is situated? As to incomes, nobody will have the effrontery to deny that, if the majority of the voters choose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking and a majority in both houses of the Legislature, they can readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which will limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters consider sufficient for him. It is, if possible, even less likely that anybody will deny that, in order to effectually turn every dollar of the property of every decedent into the public treasury at his death, no affirmative legislation is necessary. It is only necessary to repeal the statutes now authorizing the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent. It is perfectly apparent, therefore, that there is no ultimate security for a single dollar of private property in New York, and precisely the same statement is true of all other American States, except such as a majority of the voters may decide to be just and wise, both to the possessors of such property and to the community at large."

X impresses upon his readers the fact that such principles were proclaimed as elementary by Webster, speaking to an assemblage of conservative citizens of New England met to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims, and by Chief-Justice Coleridge, addressing an assemblage of conservative lawyers in conservative Scotland.

After stating the contentions involved in the discussion of "the graduated taxation of incomes and inheritances," Mr. Mac Veagh asks this question:

"Ought there to be a limit fixed beyond which, for the public welfare, the further accumulation of surplus wealth should be discouraged? If so, where should the limit be placed and the discouragement begin, and at what ratio should the discouragement proceed? And if there is to be such discouragement, is a system of graduated taxation the most effective and least objectionable method of applying it? The suggestions formerly made in reference to such a system were concerned with apportioning the inevitable burdens of taxation. These latter suggestions relate themselves to the welfare of society, and raise the question whether gigantic fortunes are in themselves, or in the methods of their acquisition, such serious obstacles to the contentment, the peace, and the healthy growth of the community as to call for their abatement. We are to-day face to face with these grave and far-reaching problems. It is impossible either to avoid them or to postpone them. All that is left for us is to discuss them and to endeavor to settle them upon some sane and rational basis. It is equally futile and cowardly to pretend that they do not exist or that we need not bother ourselves about them."

Two weeks before the foregoing saw the light, the President of the United States, in a thoughtful and weighty speech made at the laying of the corner-stone of the office-building of the House of Representatives, said:

"It is important to this people to grapple with the problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes, and the use of such fortunes, both corporate and individual, in business. We should discriminate in the sharpest way between fortunes well won and fortunes ill won; between those gained as an incident to performing great services to the community as a whole, and those gained in evil fashion by keeping just within the limits of mere law-honesty. Of course, no amount of charity in spending such fortunes in any way compensates for misconduct in making them. As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a

certain amount, either given in life, or devised or bequeathed upon death, to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of these enormous fortunes to hand out more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the National and not the State Government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes beyond all healthy limits.”

The mighty problems thus solemnly propounded by leaders of American thought are pending for solution throughout the English-speaking world. They are no less serious at Westminster than at Washington. As X points out, within a fortnight after President Roosevelt had declared in favor of the graduated taxation of inheritances, Mr. Asquith, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, admonished the House of Commons that “the time has arrived for an inquiry into the practicability of a graduated tax upon incomes.” The supreme power in the hereditary republic of England is vested in a representative chamber, whose members are chosen by an electorate resting practically upon manhood suffrage, an electorate which has grown from about 400,000 voters in 1832 to nearly 7,000,000 at the present time. The sudden appearance in the British House of Commons of more than fifty Labor members is conclusive evidence of the fact that this growing element of political power is resolved to take a hand in the solution of problems in which they feel they are deeply concerned. As the English constitutional system is far more democratic than our own, any revolution may there be wrought under the forms of law the moment the majority of the popular chamber passes under the control of those who have resolved to bring it about. Such majority is entirely unrestrained by any constitutional limitations on the legislative power. The omnipotent Parliament knows nothing of vested interests or vested rights. Above all, it knows no such thing as a charter of a private corporation as an inviolable contract beyond legislative control. For that reason, it is impossible for a trust or monopoly to live a moment in the British Empire in opposition to the legislative will. When the monopolies granted by Elizabeth were attacked, she at once sent a message to the Commons with the promise that, as to such patents as were “grievous to her subjects, some should be presently repealed, some superseded, and none put in execution but such as should first have a trial, according to law, for the good

of the people." In the Parliament of 1621, the power of impeachment which had lain dormant for a hundred and sixty-two years was revived, in order to punish two monopolists for fraud and oppression committed by them as patentees for the exclusive manufacture of gold and silver thread, for the inspection of inns and hostelries, and for the licensing of ale-houses. By an act which could be printed on a page of note-paper, the British Parliament could cut the roots of all such trusts and monopolies as now vex the national life of the United States, without any review whatever by the judicial power. In the same way, it could rearrange the entire system of property rights, and tax incomes and inheritances in any form it saw fit to adopt. Nothing is more barren than Austin's ethical theory that an act of Parliament which violates fundamental rights, though legal and binding, is still unconstitutional.* No English jurist will for a moment deny that the omnipotent Parliament, if it sees fit, may seize and sell the estates of any landowner in the realm and distribute the proceeds among the poor of London. The only restraint which protects the holders of property against such a possibility is the conservatism and sense of natural justice of a people who, for a thousand years, have lived under the reign of law. As the English people have always been willing to trust themselves, they have not hesitated to leave the supreme legislative power untrammelled, so that, at critical moments, great offenders or combinations of offenders against the state may be made to feel the stroke of "that two-handed engine at the door," ever "ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Our system of constitutional limitations on legislative power is purely an American invention, and its most important outcome is the term "vested rights,"—rights protected against legislative interference forbidden in fundamental laws, and against judicial interference contrary to "the law of the land." Thus the founders of this republic, unwilling to commit untrammelled legislative power either to State or Federal Legislatures, vested a supreme revising power in the judiciary, State and Federal. The cardinal purpose of this system of checks and balances was to prevent, in the course of our political evolution, any sudden or radical changes as the result of popular wrath or fanaticism; it being most

* "Province of Jurisprudence," Sect. vi. See also Leslie Stephen, "Science of Ethics," p. 143.

desirable that all such changes should be worked out gradually, under the forms of law. In the earlier stages of our growth, the harness did not chafe very much, as there was room enough for expansion within the lines which our paper constitutions defined. But, now that the national life has become vast and complex, and abnormal accumulations of wealth have resulted mainly through such protection and privileges to private corporations as are granted in no other country, we are confronted with a situation in which the question of questions is this: How can a readjustment be brought about, under the existing system of constitutional limitations, without a revolutionary change in the organism as a whole? All conservative statesmen and jurists should seek such a solution, with the fact clearly before their eyes that, if it cannot be found, the readjustment will force itself through revolutionary channels. As X has stated the case:

“The American people, like most other peoples of which we have knowledge, may be roughly divided into three classes—those who have much more money than is good for them, those who have perhaps as much money as is good for them, and those who have less money than would be good for them. The first class is numerically small; the second class is larger but still small; and the third class is vastly larger than both the others together. As each voter in this country at this time has exactly the same voice in the government as every other voter, the laws regulating the acquisition and descent of property must sooner or later conform to the views of the voters of the third class.”

The ranks of that third class are being rapidly recruited from Teutonic, Slavonic and Latin lands, where the growth of Socialism and Anarchism is rampant among the laboring classes. Here the American Federation of Labor has announced its purpose to enter the field of practical politics, in order to give political effect to its demands. It is, therefore, equally futile and cowardly to pretend that the problem of problems is not before us for solution. The simple question now is as to the capacity of the existing constitutional machinery to provide the means through which certain inevitable changes can be brought about without a sudden wrench. That machinery must be so operated as to produce two results: first, the organized and consolidated power of corporate wealth must be subjected, as never before, to State control; second, the abnormal accumulations of surplus wealth, largely the product of corporate agency, must be gradually redistributed and

made impossible for the future, through a graduated tax on inheritances and incomes, on the bases outlined by President Roosevelt and Mr. Mac Veagh.

As all the world knows, the peculiar vantage-ground occupied by corporations in the United States is the outcome of the judge-made law laid down in the Dartmouth College case, wherein it was held, contrary to English ideas, that the charter of a private corporation is a contract, within the meaning of that clause of the Constitution of the United States which declares that no State shall make any law impairing the obligation of contracts. For a long time, the effects of that decision were salutary, as the national wealth was vastly increased through the confidence which it imparted to corporate enterprise. But, since the corporate power and wealth thus nourished have become a menace to the commonwealth, the Supreme Court has been doing all in its power to narrow the scope of the decision, by widening the declaration that the obligation clause does not restrain States in the regulation of their civil governmental institutions. While the Bar would justly regard the entire overruling of the case in question as revolutionary, it may be well for all who are interested in its authority to remember the fact that the power that made can unmake, the power that created can destroy. If Marshall and his associates had only interpolated the word "not" at a certain place in their opinion, private corporations in the United States would have stood upon the only basis ever provided for them in the law of England. If that basis had been adopted, while we would have less corporate wealth, we would not be confronted with the gigantic evils arising out of the control of interstate commerce through combinations between common carriers, and through discriminating methods employed by individual carriers. The struggle of Congress with the \$14,000,000,000 invested in railroads is progressing hopefully, under the valiant leadership of President Roosevelt. That struggle, which began with the ineffectual Interstate Commerce Act of 1887, halted for many a year, until the popular impetus came whose outcome is the Hepburn Bill, by which power is given to the Commission, not only to declare old practices and rates unreasonable, but to formulate and prescribe new, just and reasonable practices and rates, and to put them in force with the aid of the Federal courts, subject to a broad and immediate court review. That

bill, however, terminates only the first stage in the conflict, as the advocates of still greater state control contend that, in fixing the amount the railroads may earn, the Commission must take into account the actual value of the railroads, estimated in round numbers at \$6,000,000,000, and not their nominal capitalization, estimated in the same way at \$14,000,000,000. The ultimate question thus presented is this: Shall \$8,000,000,000, claimed by the railroads as property, be annihilated through a further exercise of Federal control? That question must find its ultimate solution at the ballot-box, because the Supreme Court has held that, if a railroad corporation has bonded its property for an amount that exceeds its fair value, or if its capitalization is largely fictitious, it cannot impose upon the public the burden of such increased rates as may be required for realizing profits upon such excessive valuation or fictitious capitalization. In his recent discussion of the question in the Senate of the United States, Senator La Follette said: "The public contends that the capitalization is grossly in excess of the fair value, and not a lawful basis for taxing transportation. . . . This session of Congress will be but the preliminary skirmish of the great contest to follow." When we consider the number of innocent, and often helpless, holders of railroad securities, the need is certainly manifest for the arbitrating power of a just and conservative public opinion.

As stated already, the Chancellor of the English Exchequer has very recently said to the House of Commons that "the time has arrived for an inquiry into the practicability of a graduated tax upon incomes." Certainly, such a proposal should not startle a country in which the graduated taxation of inheritances, during the last twelve years, has become fixed as a matter of permanent financial policy. While Adam Smith said long ago that "the subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of its government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities," the Supreme Court, in the case of *Thomas vs. Gay* (169 U. S., 283), held that the law-making power is to determine all questions of discretion or policy in ordering or apportioning taxes, and all necessary rules and regulations for their collection; such questions are not for the courts, unless the legislature transcends its functions. And the same court, when it was called upon to determine the constitutionality of that part of the War Revenue Act of 1898 which imposed taxes on inherit-

ances by steadily increasing the rate to be levied as the amount of the inheritance increased, said that:

"Taxes imposed with reference to the ability of the person on whom the burden is placed to bear the same have been levied since the foundation of the Government. So, also, some authoritative thinkers and a number of economic writers contend that a progressive tax is more just and equal than a proportional one. In the absence of constitutional limitation, the question whether it is or not is legislative, not judicial. *The grave consequences which, it is asserted, must arise in the future, if the right to lay a progressive tax be recognized, involves in its ultimate aspect the mere assertion that free and representative government is a failure.*"

Because, by a single vote, the Supreme Court decided some time ago against the validity of a proportional income tax levied in a certain form, there is no reason to believe, in the light of the foregoing declaration, that the Court, as it is now, or as it will be constituted in the near future, will attempt to annul acts, drafted in the proper form, imposing graduated taxes upon both incomes and inheritances. When public opinion becomes so emphatic upon this all-important measure as to drive both political parties to unite in its support, as in the case of the rate bill, the outcome will be, no doubt, an act upon which the Supreme Court will put the stamp of its approval. When a calm survey is thus made of all the pending problems involved in the gradual redistribution of the abnormal masses of surplus wealth accumulated in the hands of a few individuals, mainly through the appropriation of state powers which are common property of all, it is probable that all necessary reforms can be worked out through the agencies which our complicated constitutional machinery provides. The driving power must be an aggressive public opinion, which will treat with equal severity the bloated monopolist, who is striving to retain more than his share, and the lazy Socialist, who is striving to appropriate a share produced by the sweat of some other man's brow. The individual freeman seeking an honest return for honest labor must be carefully protected against both, while the imported anarchist, who looks on with a scowl, must be given to understand that, if he lives here, he must live according to law, and that, if he attempts to assail that law with the bomb and the torch, he must die according to law.

If this republic is to stand forth distinctively for anything, it

should be for the principle of Individualism, as opposed to Socialism and Anarchy on the one hand, and to the tyranny of consolidated corporate wealth on the other. It should be the great missionary field in which the apostles of Individualism should preach its gospel to the rest of the world, less by precept than example. Those of its founders who fled from the intolerable restrictions of a political and ecclesiastical system dominated by the Star Chamber and High Commissions, attempted to establish here a new state system, in which the individual Christian man, guided by his own conscience and responsible spiritually only to his private judgment, could be restricted as little as possible by the intrusion of state power into the domain of individual activity. With that end in view, the state powers, local and national, were incased in a system of constitutional limitations, without a precedent in the world's history. An entirely unforeseen outcome of that system of restrictions has been an immunity from state control in favor of private corporations never guaranteed to them by English law, or by Roman law as administered in the Continental nations. Thus a vitalized monster like unto Frankenstein's has developed within the palisades, which, through immunity from state control, has drawn into its hands an almost inconceivable aggregate corporate wealth, estimated at many billions of dollars. The dominating impulse of those who direct this mighty force is so to organize and consolidate it that the will and identity of the individual toiler, in every department of life, shall be obliterated and lost in aggregations which swallow up all minor competitors. Thus the inevitable mission of the monster born of corporate exemption from state control is to cut the tap-root of the national life, by eliminating Individualism as its foundation. Who can doubt that that consummation is inevitable, unless there still remains in the American people, manacled as they are by fetters of their own forging, enough unrestrained legislative power in the State and Federal Legislatures to remove the menace to Individualism which is more uncompromising and deadly in its tendency even than that embodied in the state system of the Mother Land at the time of the migration.

HANNIS TAYLOR.

RELATIVE PROPERTY RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN MOHAMMEDAN COUNTRIES.

BY GEORGE S. BATCHELLER, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF APPEALS (MIXED COURTS) OF EGYPT.

THE institution of Woman's Rights is of comparatively recent establishment. Until within about sixty years the rights of married women were classed in America and England with those of "lunatics." In the legal formulas of England and until about 1850 in America, the classification was "Infants, Lunatics and Married Women." In about the year 1848 the legislature of the State of New York overthrew the common-law distinction, and enacted the statute emancipating married women from these barbaric disabilities, and placed her on the same plane with men in regard to property rights and privileges.

Throughout Europe, the old repressive system continued; and, in most countries, is in force to-day, with these unreasonable disabilities as to the exercise of property rights. Only in 1882 did England emancipate women from these humiliating restrictions, by adopting almost literally the New York statute in the "Married Woman's Property Act"; while on the Continent, with the exception of Hungary, the "Germanic system" of disabilities still prevails.* The Hungarian law is quite unique, giving to all women, married or single, full control of their property, and going so far as to declare of full age and contracting capacity all married women, no matter how young they may be on entering into the marriage relation.

In France, as in all other Continental countries, married women remain under the tutelage of their husbands, and can exercise no independent powers over their personal estates; but their *rights*

* The German Emperor recently defined the vocation of woman as follows: "*Kirche, Kinder, Küche*"—Church, Children and Cooking.

may be assured and regulated by the Contract of Marriage, which in France and most European countries must be passed in the presence of some Government functionary with subscribing witnesses. In this document they stipulate as to the "*dot*" or dowry, and as to their separate estates; and determine whether they will join their property with that of their husband under the "Community of Goods," or, under the "*régime dotal*," keep it separate; but it must always be under the supervision of a guardian, who may or may not be the husband. There is a judicial adage which declares: "*Le mari est maître et seigneur de la communauté.*" The most frequent contract is what is termed "*régime dotal avec limitations*," wherein the original estate of the parties is kept separate, but whatever is acquired after the marriage is owned jointly by the husband and wife. This is a considerable advance on the ancient system; still, the wife is not free to control her estate, and is considered for all practical purposes as an "infant" or minor as to ownership or control. While single, the women of France are now practically free.

The situation of women in Mohammedan countries presents many interesting conditions very little understood among so-called "civilized" people.

The prevalent notion that Mohammedan women are very materially restricted in their property relations—that, in fact, they are little better than slaves, possessed of few rights which man is bound to respect—is quite erroneous.

In general terms, "woman's rights" in respect to property and material possessions of pecuniary value exist in the largest sense among Mohammedan people, and have so prevailed for many centuries. In fact, Mohammedan women, whether single or married, are absolutely free in respect to property relations. They may inherit, buy and sell and acquire by all the methods of legitimate business, the same as men; and they may carry on any trade or profession, and manage their business affairs, without the participation of husbands, parents, brothers, or other persons than those designated by themselves, should they prefer not to act personally, as their agent or representative.

The "*Wakil*," or business attorney of a woman, is a very frequent personage in business affairs; and he is often called into Court to answer for his administration, cited by the woman proprietor, who is not required, if she be of full age, to have the

consent of her husband or guardian, as in Europe, to sue and be sued and perform all the acts incident to her estate. Property rights, it will be noted, are entirely independent of sex or marital relation.

The only disability attending these women's property relations is in acquirement by inheritance. Their sex and social condition throw about them certain restraints, but solely as to succession and inheritance. There are no restrictions as to purchase and sale and general administration. In the sale of land, the husband remains an entire stranger; he does not join in the deed of conveyance nor participate in the price. But, in respect of inheritance, the rights of women are relatively inferior to those of men.

Sons inherit one-half, daughters one-quarter, wives only one-eighth; but if the wife has no children, she takes one-quarter. Where there are more than one wife (and the Mohammedan law allows of four), the eighth, or quarter, as the case may be, must be distributed *pro rata* among them all. The wife is allowed but one-eighth when there *are* children, because the mother will share to a degree in the minor child's inheritance; and, again, children are bound, as soon as capable, to contribute to the support of the mother. Furthermore, there is invariably a "*dot*" or dowry provided by the husband at the time of marriage, which remains inviolate to the wife; and, if it has not all been paid over to her in advance, or if it has been used by the husband even for family necessities, it remains a debt against the estate, and must be paid before distribution to the other heirs. The wife is not obliged to contribute from her separate estate for the maintenance of the family; and, if the husband has used any part of the wife's property for such purpose, she may maintain a suit against him for its restitution. As for the daughters, it is presumed that they require less than the sons, and they may remain under the protection of the male members of the family even after the breaking up of the "home." Furthermore, should they marry (and marriage is universal, there are no "*old maids*"), they receive a "*dot*" from their husband.

A Mohammedan can only dispose of a third of his estate by will and testament to the prejudice of his legal heirs, nor can he prefer one member of his family to another. The succession of estate is a Koranic canon, and may not be altered or modified by

individual act or governmental legislation. But there are certain fixed inhibitions as to inheritance: for instance, the person must be free. "He is prohibited if he has ever attempted the life, with or without premeditation, of his parent;" but he may inherit "if he has slain his parent" in legitimate self-defence, or if he was the indirect cause of his parent's death, or if he was insane.

The difference of religion excludes a Christian from all rights of inheritance from a Mohammedan, and *vice versa*. A Mussulman may inherit the goods of his apostate parent, acquired before the abjuration of his faith; but goods acquired after the abjuration go to the "*Beit-el-Mal*," the Treasury.

While a Mohammedan may not by testament dispose of more than one-third of his estate to the prejudice of his legal heirs, there is a very extraordinary exception to this rule which is not unfrequently followed by the devout Mussulman, or by a married woman for some less pious motive. "While in perfect health and sound mind," he may constitute a "*Wakf*" (trust) of all or a part of his estate, the revenues to be paid in whole or in part to his family; or the revenues may be devoted to other "moral purposes" to the exclusion of the family, provided always that the "remainder," after the expiration of the special trust, shall go to some "pious object"—the maintenance of mosques, hospitals, or other charitable institutions. But if the "*Wakf*" be constituted "during the last illness" of its creator, he may only "*wakfieh*" (or trustee) one-third of his estate. The same right of *wakf* is enjoyed by women, and they not unfrequently by its exercise exclude the husband, or other members of their family, from motives entirely their own.

Egypt may be said to be the country of trust estates. There are so many, both public and private, that there is an Administration of *Wakfs*, with a Minister at its head, and this Institution holds some of the most valuable property in Egypt, and exercises extensive powers in the management of estates. A private *wakf* passes to this Administration after the extinction of the family or other object for which it was created. These private *wakfs* are usually administered by a private trustee, or "*Nozeer*," who may be called to an account by any beneficiary and replaced for sufficient cause. This "*Nozeer*" is usually some member of the family, but not necessarily so; and women are often heard in court on

allegations of maladministration of their interests. Their rights are maintained with scrupulous exactitude, whether the "*No-zeer*" be a member of their family or a "stranger." It may not be inappropriate to cite a couple of instances, from thousands of cases, of the independent exercise of "woman's rights," under this institution.

The wife of a prominent Pacha of Cairo, who had received a large dowry on her marriage from the Khedive Ismaïl, had permitted her rather gay lord to employ her fortune as suited his peculiar methods of enjoyment, thinking there was sufficient to last out. But, discovering that he was intrenching upon the principal, his wife revoked his power of attorney, and placed a large portion of her remaining fortune in trust with the *Wakfs* Administration, providing that the income should be paid to herself and her husband during their lifetime, and, as there are no children, the remainder to charitable objects.

The other instance is where an emancipated slave claimed in the Mixed Courts the revenues of a large portion of the immense fortune of Prince Halim. The Princess Zenab Hanem, the sister of Prince Halim, inherited this large estate from her father, Mehemet Ali; and, having quarrelled with her brother (who had been banished from Egypt by the Khedive Ismaïl), sought to cut him off by the constitution of a *Wakf* of all her estate for the benefit of her husband and children, the remainder of revenue, in the absence of children, to go to her enfranchised slaves, and finally to the *Wakfs* Administration. Unhappily, her husband died, and there were no children. Later, she became reconciled with her brother, and sought to revoke the trust for the enfranchised slaves, and bestow her "succession" upon her brother, Prince Halim. In fact, on the death of the Princess, Halim took possession of the estates and enjoyed for fifteen years their vast revenues, consisting of the rentals of the new Shepheard's Hotel, the fine blocks of buildings ranging to the south, and also vast tracts of agricultural lands. After this long delay, the sole survivor of the enfranchised slaves, a negress, came forward to claim the revenues, maintaining that the act revoking the trust was illegal; that consequently the trust should be administered for her benefit; and that Halim or his heirs should account to her for the fifteen years' wrongful enjoyment. Owing to the interest of Halim's associate, a Greek subject, jurisdiction in this case

came to the Mixed Courts. This case, involving several millions of pounds sterling, serves to illustrate the fact that there are judges in Egypt who take cognizance of the rights of women, even of an enfranchised negress.

The division of property is such as to greatly facilitate its distribution among heirs, and especially to women of the poorer classes, whose inheritance is often exceedingly small. The unit of distribution is the "*Kierat*," or twenty-fourth part, and the "*Kierat*" has also its twenty-fourth part, or "*Sem*." For instance a "*Feddán*" of land (about an acre) is twenty-four "*Kierats*," and so with a house, or any other specified property. An intestate leaves a farm of twenty-four *Feddans*, and five heirs—two sons, two daughters and a widow. The widow would first receive her eighth, being three *Kierats*, leaving twenty-one *Kierats*; of this the sons would receive two-thirds, or seven *Kierats* each; and the remaining third, seven *Kierats*, would be equally divided between the two daughters.

It is not the policy or general practice for heirs to sell their heritage; and, as the patriarchal system prevails, the oldest capable male member of the family is usually authorized to administer the succession and distribute the revenues according to the legal proportions. It frequently happens that by a partition—and any heir may demand the setting apart of his or her inheritance—a single room in a house will fall to an heir, who thereby acquires an absolute title, with right of access, although the remainder of the house may eventually be owned by strangers; or a single *Kierat* of land, situated in a large tract belonging to others, may be owned by a poor woman who has the right of way and irrigation privileges the same as the greater proprietor. Many legal actions are brought by women for the maintenance of their rights often violated by the larger adjoining proprietors. Quite recently, an action was maintained in the Mixed Courts by a woman, whose single room, on the third floor, was damaged by the giving way of a supporting wall in a store on the ground floor, through the fault of the owner, a foreigner.

And thus, since the foundation of the Mohammedan religion, over sixteen centuries ago, these "rights" of Mohammedan women have been recognized and held as inviolate as those of the "sterner sex."

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS: ITS OPPORTUNITIES AND DUTIES.*

BY SAMUEL BOWLES, EDITOR OF "THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN."

"Here shall the Press the People's cause maintain,
Unawed by Influence and unbribed by Gain."

SUCH was the noble motto which a famous Massachusetts judge wrote for a newspaper in Salem many years ago. Does the average man, or even the exceptionally informed and intelligent man, realize how difficult it is for the press under modern conditions to fulfil its highest and most important function thus admirably expressed? The development of the news service of the great American newspapers has, of itself, made them at last politically independent. It has come to pass that a party organ of the old-fashioned type cannot now be successfully maintained; but the political thralldom of the press has been succeeded by a commercial thralldom more insidious and more dangerous to the welfare of society. The cheap newspaper of many pages, selling often at wholesale for less than the cost of the paper on which it is printed, is dominated by the advertiser, who pays all of the other heavy expenses and the profit. Nevertheless, in spite of the obstacles and the limitations which attend its service, speaking broadly, the press does still stand for the rights and interests of the people. In fact, it represents them, on the whole, more efficiently than ever before. It does this, not so much by its editorial opposition or advocacy, as by its publication of news, its daily presentation of each day's history of the whole world, the record not merely of events but of thought, opinion, discovery. The marvel of this achievement is not less because we no longer think of it. Even the corrupt and dependent press is compelled to

* This article formed a part of an address delivered before the State University at Columbia, Missouri, May 4, 1906.

publish the news. It cannot hope to exist if it fails to do so. The possession of the news, the knowledge of the world's daily life, thought, movement, constitutes the most effective weapon for the protection of society. Justice and truth flourish in the light of publicity. Iniquity and wrong dread it and are ultimately cured by the influences which flow from its illuminating rays.

It is often lightly remarked that the newspapers have lost their influence, that nobody cares what they have to say, that the great editors whose utterances commanded respect and guided the political actions of large and loyal constituencies are all dead and have no successors. It is true that the commanding personalities who dominated certain editorial pages have disappeared, that the character of the newspaper has changed, but the ability of the press to affect public sentiment through its news columns has made it a greater power than ever. The modern editorial page, moreover, is a most important part of the news-giving mechanism of the press. Its function is to illuminate, to suggest, to inform, to expose, rather than to persuade or denounce. The annual oration before the Phi Beta Kappa society at Harvard University in 1904 dealt ably and justly with the newspaper, and in opening it the speaker, Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, said: "We tax ourselves enormously to support schools and colleges, and carefully discuss systems of education, and yet the press as a practical educating force for good or evil is hardly second to any other agency." No candid, informed and observant man will deny the truth of that statement.

Recognizing clearly, then, the tremendous power in a free state of the modern, news-giving press, throwing its search-light fearlessly and vigorously in all directions, consider its inspiring opportunities and sobering responsibilities, and also the responsibilities of society in relation to the press. Think for a moment of the conditions of our lives as citizens of the great American republic. The new achievements in the manufacture of power and the application of power, the engineers tell us, have developed a new epoch, a period distinguished by its marvellous material advancement, its increase in human comforts and conveniences, its expansion of human interests and pleasures. There are two significant features of this new life which command our attention and with increasingly insistent force will command our ac-

tion for the sake of self-protection. One is our growing dependence upon each other, not merely for our welfare, but for existence itself. In our modern closely interrelated society the failure of any class, even of the individual under many circumstances, to perform their or his part in the social economy involves disorder, discomfort, suffering, aye perhaps even death itself to hundreds, thousands,—it may be, as in the case of a great coal strike, to millions—of innocent and more or less helpless persons. The growth of population, the increasing disposition of people to gather into towns and cities, the new methods of co-operation and specialization which have been introduced into our domestic affairs, the intimate relations of mutual service which now exist between individuals, industrial classes, communities, sections, nations, all emphasize the lesson of our universal dependence upon others, the duty of consideration for our fellows, the vital importance of social harmony.

The other impressive and portentous feature of our American economic system thus far is the substantial control of our great lines of transportation and communication, upon which the welfare of the nation depends, by private capital, for private profit. Influenced by our inherited love for individual freedom and respect for individual enterprise and leadership, incited also by our thirst for personal gain and our eager demand for quick achievement, we have given over to groups of individuals, organized in corporate form and strongly led, great privileges and opportunities inhering in the people themselves, without adequate public control or recompense. The result has been the development of a combined private property interest which dominates, if it does not control, the government, and threatens to make a hollow sham of our democratic institutions,—an interest avowedly created and conducted for the public service, but administered, broadly speaking, with notorious injustice and partiality, promoting the acquirement of enormous private fortunes which are in themselves a menace to the nation. We have allowed our tariff laws, theoretically designed for the sustainment of the people's government and the development and enrichment of the entire nation, to be perverted to the advantage of individuals and the production of private wealth so fabulous that its possession is a depressing burden to its owners, and its distribution by gift is attended with a pauperizing and debilitating influence

upon the communities and institutions which seek to be its beneficiaries. We have permitted capitalists and laboring men, respectively, to combine among themselves for a common selfish advantage with a practically free hand, but whenever there has been a movement on the part of the citizens of any community or state to combine to serve themselves, to do their own business as it were, the cry has been raised that such undertakings were impracticable, undemocratic and an improper encroachment upon a field that should be reserved for individual enterprise.

But a new light is breaking, a new spirit of democracy is having birth, a new consciousness of power is coming to the people, a new determination to assert and maintain their liberty. And the fundamental principle at the bottom of this movement is the human brotherhood taught by the Divine Master, which is, after all, the basis of just, true, honest democratic government and which must be more and more realized if our great experiment in democracy is to stand the test of time. In spite of the marked materialistic tendencies of the age, the common striving for wealth and the worship of wealth, there has never been a period in the history of the world when the social conscience was so active, so sensitive, as it is to-day, when the forces making for righteousness were so numerous and so potential. It is the self-protecting obligation and opportunity of our democratic society to unify and utilize these forces in procuring a greater measure of justice in the distribution of wealth, in promoting a deeper sense of social solidarity, in spiritualizing, as it were, for the common good, the common advancement, the material gains and powers that science and engineering are achieving. Art and beauty are no longer to be reserved for a favored class, but are more and more to be coupled with practical utility in public works and in private construction under public regulation, and are to be exemplified in countless ways for the enjoyment and elevation of all mankind. The essence of such a revitalized, modernized democracy is the civic spirit, the common readiness to serve and cooperate. Our present political and social ills are due in the last analysis to our own neglect, our own short-sighted, narrow selfishness as citizens. We are to cultivate a broader view, an enlightened selfishness, if you please, an understanding that democratic government is what we make it, and that it will not be clean and honest and just until we put those qualities into it

with incessant interest and watchfulness and service. We are to realize, too, that the responsibilities of citizenship in a democratic state are far greater in these days than ever before, that they comprehend our obligations to our families and transcend our duties to any particular class or order of society. The principle of competition, or individual action, is still to play its vital part in the progress of humanity, but recognition that the individual and class interests are to bend when the common interest is at stake is now an essential element in a happy social order.

Under such conditions and demands of our professedly democratic society, how important the agency of the press, how vital to progress its honest and intelligent service! Is it not clear that the first principle of such service is an absolute devotion to the public interests? When the individual citizen neglects his civic duties, the community and state suffer; but when the newspaper, with its exceptional facilities for influence, is derelict or prostitutes its powers, the effect is far-reaching and momentous. It is obviously the pretence of every newspaper, seeking public support, that it stands for the public enlightenment and welfare. Even though it have no editorial opinions to express, and be simply an organ of information, it professes to publish things that are true and to be so far an honest servant of those who buy it. It is, then, a national misfortune that so large a section of the American press, under the operation of commercial influences, has been led into the adoption of methods and practices which are essentially dishonest. I refer especially to the exaggerations and misrepresentations which characterize the so-called "yellow press." The predominant tone of this class of journal is a painful and distressing scream which manifests itself in dreadful typographical effects, and to which the advertisers are encouraged to add their discordant notes.

Such newspapers are a disgrace to modern civilization. Nevertheless, they have an influence and following, not, as I believe, because of these methods, but in spite of them. They particularly appeal to the poor and lowly, and exhibit, often with skill, a real or pretended sympathy with the causes of the masses, whom they are able to reach through their low-selling price. It is not, however, necessary that a newspaper should be ugly and repulsive in physical appearance, or dishonest in its manner of

presenting the news, in order to attain large circulation and financial prosperity. On the contrary, there are happily in this country examples of low-priced and thoroughly popular journals which are clean and attractive in their make-up, and honest and honorable in their service of their readers.

A first essential to the adequate fulfilment of its avowed function in the news-giving press is honest art and genuine proportion in its construction. It is the work poorly done that retards the world. The newspapers slovenly, dishonestly, crudely made, are those that conspicuously fail in their pretended public service and tend to become degrading and harmful influences. Whatever principles he may advocate on his editorial page, the newspaper-maker is bound in honor and by every just consideration of his calling to treat his readers in good faith and with respect. He certainly cannot afford to disregard the interests of his advertisers; but, when the rights of the readers are subordinated or submerged to meet the short-sighted demands of the advertisers, the newspaper becomes so far simply a lie. Such a policy persisted in defeats itself, and the newspaper produced simply or principally to carry advertising, ultimately becomes of very little value to its commercial patrons. So in respect to the unrestrained, intemperate use of scare head-lines and the faking of sensational news; these practices may win temporarily in the game; but, in the long run, they are poor business investments, and of course they are shamelessly dishonest.

The true policy for the newspaper-maker, as indeed for every other manufacturer, is to produce a good and attractive article by honest, open methods, to harness brains, incessant energy, human sympathy, art, trained judgment, knowledge, patience to his honest purpose, and he may then safely await the issue in public confidence and support. If it is the duty of every live man to do good work in the world, that responsibility rests especially on the journalist because of his exceptional opportunities, powers, and professions. He should seek to make his daily output interesting, individual, helpful, stimulating, productive of better living and saner, sounder thinking by his readers. If his business is in one sense that of a manufacturer, in another and higher and broader sense it is like unto that of the learned professions, law, medicine, the ministry; and it should be conducted in conformity to the standards which are supposed to rule in those callings.

The journalist has one client, one patient, one flock—that is to say, the whole community; and nothing should stand in the way of his single-minded and devoted service of that one common interest. He should beware of all entangling alliances—political, social, commercial—which may limit or embarrass such service. He should let the honors and emoluments of public office go to other people. His own office, if properly administered, is more important and powerful than any that his fellow citizens are likely to confer upon him. The independent newspaper may be and should be the most vital and effective instrument that democratic society can produce for its own advancement and protection; and its true business welfare, in the long view, lies in a complete, intelligent, sympathetic devotion to public interests.

It is but just to remark, however, that society has its own grave responsibilities toward the press. The newspaper and its human environment inevitably act and react upon each other; and, in large measure, it is true that the press is but an expression of the society which it undertakes to serve. How important, then, that educated men and women in free America should sustain the independent, honest press and help to make it better by their intelligent criticisms, sympathetic cooperation, responsive service and just demands!

At the beautiful opening service of the International Peace Congress of 1904, held in Symphony Hall, Boston, an inspiring address was made by the Bishop of Hereford, England, which contained this passage:

“Such is that spirit of commercial militarism which has spread through a great part of the political life of Europe like some dangerous epidemic disease. If it should threaten to invade your country, my prayer is that you may escape the danger and be true to your destiny as a great democracy inspired and ruled by the spirit of industrious and generous peace.”

The phrase “industrious peace” caught my fancy and stirred my imagination. Think of what it means, of what it implies in its full and far significance. It is my hope, my ambition, that the independent newspapers of the United States shall become, as the years roll on, more and more truly apostles of an industrious peace, not only for the sake of the highest and best development of this nation, both spiritually and materially, but for the advancement of liberty, justice and enlightened democratic government throughout the world.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NEW LIGHT ON THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

AMONG the various problems of American history, none has proved more perplexing or productive of acrimonious controversy than the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. For close upon one hundred years, the question whether or no the national Declaration of Independence was anticipated by the action of an assemblage of North-Carolinians has been a thorn in the flesh of historians. To-day the consensus of critical opinion is adverse to the claims of those who would give the "Old North State" priority in this bold and important step, and the conviction is wide-spread that the Mecklenburg Declaration is of the stuff of which myths are made. But, within the past few months, hitherto inaccessible evidence has been secured by its supporters, and it has again become a live issue requiring more rigid scrutiny than at any other time in its stormy career. This necessary sifting and weighing the present writer would leave to others, contenting himself with stating the problem as presented in the light of the new evidence and, since it is essential to appreciation of the significance of the recent discoveries, with taking a preliminary survey of the occurrences at the Mecklenburg meeting as variously viewed by the advocates and critics of the Mecklenburg Declaration.

The entire problem hinges on what took place at this meeting, which was held in the town of Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, some time during May, 1775. According to the believers in the authenticity of the Declaration, the meeting was the outcome of sundry earlier and informal gatherings, at which the leading men of the county of Mecklenburg sought to ascertain the prevailing sentiment of the county with

respect to the claims of Parliament to impose taxes and regulate the internal affairs of the colonies. It was ultimately determined that Thomas Polk, then Colonel commandant of the county, should request each militia captain to call a company meeting to elect two delegates from his company to assemble in convention at Charlotte on the 19th day of May, in order to take such measures "as to them should seem best calculated to promote the common cause of defending the rights of the colony, and aiding their brethren in Massachusetts." Meantime, certain resolutions were prepared for submission to the convention, which, the Mecklenburg claimants aver, met on the day appointed. It so happened, however, that, while the convention was in session, the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charlotte, and, intensely inflamed by the demands of the onlookers, the convention decided to substitute for the prepared resolutions a formal Declaration of Independence, to which the delegates subscribed amidst popular approval, and which ran as follows:*

"I. *Resolved*, That whosoever directly or indirectly abets, or in any way, form or manner countenances, the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America and to the rights of man.

"II. *Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connection with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.

"III. *Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual cooperation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

"IV. *Resolved*, That we hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct all and each of our former laws, and that the Crown of Great Britain cannot be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges or immunities amongst us.

"V. *Resolved*, That all officers, both civil and military, in this county,

* This is the version first made generally known by Francis Xavier Martin's "History of North Carolina," issued in 1829, but, according to the author's preface, written before 1809 and published from the unrevised manuscript. The Mecklenburg claimants contend that it is a true copy of the original Declaration.

be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of country until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

“VI. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body.”

After these resolutions had been adopted, Martin's History tells us:

“James Jack, then of Charlotte, but now residing in the State of Georgia,* was engaged to be the bearer of the resolutions to the President of Congress, and directed to deliver copies of them to the delegates in Congress from North Carolina. The President returned a polite answer to the address which accompanied the resolutions, in which he highly approved of the measures adopted by the delegates of Mecklenburg, but deemed the subject of the resolutions premature to be laid before Congress. Messrs. Caswell, Hooper and Hewes [the North Carolina delegates to Congress] forwarded a joint letter, in which they complimented the people of Mecklenburg for their zeal in the common cause, and recommended to them the strict observance of good order; that the time would soon come when the whole continent would follow their example.”

The opposition, which include an overwhelming majority of historians, do not deny that a meeting was held at Charlotte in May, 1775. But they contend (1) that the convention assembled not on May 19-20, but on May 31, and (2) that the resolutions adopted were twenty in number, and of quite another character than the Declaration quoted above. These resolutions, first discovered by Colonel Peter Force, of Washington, and announced by him through the “National Intelligencer” in December, 1838, merely provided a temporary form of government for the county of Mecklenburg, “until instructions from the Provincial Congress regulating the jurisprudence of the province

* Captain Jack died in 1822, seven years before Martin's work went to press. This fact is cited by Dr. George W. Graham, of Charlotte, the son of the late Governor William A. Graham, and now the most prominent advocate of the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration, as a reason for accepting Martin's statement that his History was published without revision of the manuscript as prepared by him before 1809. The importance of this point will develop as the narrative of the controversy proceeds.

shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America." They breathed an independent spirit, to be sure, but they did not in so many words declare for independence, and they fell far short of the defiant and bellicose expressions of the Martin version. They were originally published, it later appeared, in the "South Carolina Gazette and County Journal," of June 13, 1775, and they were republished in the "New York Journal," of June 29, 1775, and in the "Massachusetts Spy," of July 12, 1775. To the argument based on these resolutions, known from their date as the "Thirty-first Resolves," the Mecklenburg claimants reply (1) that the date ascribed to them is erroneous; (2) that they are the resolutions which it was originally intended to submit to the convention; (3) that measures embodying the same powers as the Thirty-first Resolves were enacted by the delegates immediately after adopting the Declaration; and (4) that if all that was done by the convention was the adoption of the Thirty-first Resolves, there would have been no reason for transmitting copies post-haste to the Continental Congress, nor would the Thirty-first Resolves, with their comparatively tame resolutions, have elicited from the President of Congress and the North Carolina delegates to Congress the comments ascribed to them by Martin. In explanation of the fact that the Thirty-first Resolves found their way into print, it is suggested by the present leader of the Mecklenburg claimants, Dr. George W. Graham,* that doubtless copies of the proposed resolutions were sent to the delegates-elect, so that they might make themselves acquainted with the details of the intended action, and that one of these copies fell into the hands of the editor of the "South Carolina Gazette and County Journal," who printed it in the mistaken belief that the resolutions had actually been adopted, and supplied the date which has been the source of such additional controversy.

These, briefly, are the opposing views.† And now it is neces-

* In a conversation with the writer, April 14, 1906.

† For the best exposition of the case against the Mecklenburg Declaration, the reader is referred to the late Rev. Dr. J. C. Welling's article on the subject in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, April, 1874; while the case for the Declaration is ably presented in Dr. George W. Graham's "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," 1905. The new evidence to be presented in these pages has, however, been discovered since Dr. Graham's work was published.

sary to indicate rapidly the successive stages in the long-enduring dispute. Whatever the reason, it was almost forty-five years before the occurrences at Charlotte became a matter of general knowledge. In 1819, John McKnitt Alexander, son of the secretary of the convention, writing under the name of "John McKnitt," contributed to the "Raleigh Register" an account of the proceedings, including a copy of the resolutions adopted. This copy was essentially similar to the subsequently published Martin copy, but differed from the latter in phraseology, in being partially written in the past tense, and in omitting the sixth resolution. It was certified:

"The foregoing is a true copy of the papers on the above subject left in my hands by John McKnitt Alexander, deceased. I find it mentioned on file that the original book was burned, April, 1800; that a copy of the proceedings was sent to Hugh Williamson, then writing a history of North Carolina, and that a copy was sent to General W. R. Davie."

This publication reappeared in the "Essex Register" and came to the notice of John Adams, who, impressed with the resemblance between certain phrases in the Mecklenburg Declaration and the Fourth of July Declaration, and being at the time in unfriendly relations with Jefferson, hastened to call the latter's attention to "John McKnitt's" statement. Jefferson, smarting under the imputation of plagiarism,* wrote to Adams in reply: "You seem to think it genuine. I believe it spurious. I deem it to be a very unjustifiable quiz." From that moment the controversy was under way.

On the one hand, it was asserted that the great Virginian had freely borrowed from the Mecklenburg in drafting the Fourth of July Declaration; on the other, that the latter was the basis of the former, which was denounced as a cruel hoax. The seeming attempt on the part of "John McKnitt" to conceal his identity,† the long interval of silence between event and an-

* At this day it seems peculiar that, so far as concerns Jefferson, the accusation of plagiarism should have been a factor in the controversy. As was pointed out by Dr. Welling, the fact is that, with one exception, the parallel phrases in the Fourth of July Declaration were written, not by Jefferson, but by Richard Henry Lee.

† It was otherwise contended, however, and not without force, that Mr. Alexander frequently dropped his surname, the better to *disclose* his identity, on account of the commonness of the name "Alexander" in that section of the country. The writer is informed that there are to-day several hundred "Alexanders" in the Mecklenburg region.

nouncement, the absence of documentary evidence—all this conspired to create an atmosphere of suspicion. Charges and countercharges were freely made by both parties, theories advanced which are still operating to cloud perception of the real points at issue. Then came the publication of Martin's History with its variant version, declared by some to be a reproduction of the actual resolutions, by others to be merely the "John McKnitt" copy polished and refined. There seemed to be no way of terminating what was rapidly developing into a sectional quarrel, and the State of North Carolina decided upon official intervention. During the winter of 1830-31, the General Assembly appointed a Committee to take evidence on the subject. Depositions were obtained from witnesses then living, who had personal knowledge of the meeting at Charlotte. Their testimony was uniformly, but vaguely, to the effect that independence had been declared, and the Committee rendered a favorable report, affirming the evidence to be satisfactory and directing the Government to cause to be published a pamphlet containing the Mecklenburg Declaration, the names of the delegates subscribing thereto, and the certificates of the witnesses testifying to the attendant circumstances.

This merely added fuel to the fire already burning so briskly. The dependence thus placed upon the known fallibility of human memory was alone sufficient to excite the derision of the critical. Nor was it long before a new turn was given to the controversy by a statement contained in a criticism of Tucker's "Life of Jefferson," written by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks for the "New York Review," of March, 1837. In his paper, Dr. Hawks revived against Jefferson the old charge of plagiarism, and asserted that the Mecklenburg Declaration would be found in a June, 1775, issue of the "Cape Fear Mercury," a copy of which, it was stated, was on file in the British State Paper Office, where it had been placed by Lord Dartmouth, who had received it from Governor Martin of North Carolina, the chief executive at the time of the Charlotte convention. Soon after the publication of this statement, according to Lyman Draper, application for the loan of this copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury" was made by United States Minister Stevenson, who, receiving it in August, 1837, failed to return it, and died twenty years later without divulging its contents. The natural suppo-

sition would seem to be that he was erroneously credited with borrowing the copy, but the advocates of the Mecklenburg Declaration hold that he secured it, found in it evidence supporting their case, and, from a desire to shield Jefferson's reputation, resolved to maintain silence. Color is given to the claim that Minister Stevenson did receive the missing "Mercury" by the fact that in 1863 the historian Wheeler, after a fruitless search in London, made application to Mr. Stevenson's son (the diplomat being dead), and was informed that, although the paper could not be found among his father's effects, memoranda had been discovered indicating that it had once been in the minister's possession. In any event, the copy is still missing from the British archives, and, as no other copy of that particular issue has come to light, its contents remain unknown.*

The necessity for examining it was emphasized within little more than a year from the time attention was first drawn to it. In December, 1838, Colonel Force announced his discovery of the Thirty-first Resolves, and it was immediately said by the opponents of the Declaration that in the "Cape Fear Mercury"

* In "Collier's Weekly," of July 1, 1905, there appeared an article on the Mecklenburg Declaration written by Dr. S. Millington Miller, and including a facsimile reproduction of what purported to be the lost copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury." A note stated that it had been discovered among Mr. Stevenson's effects. The announcement created considerable surprise, and was received with wide-spread scepticism on the part of the advocates as well as the opponents of the Declaration. It was noticed that, as printed in facsimile, the Declaration contained but three articles, and corresponded with neither the Martin nor the "John McKnitt" copy, but with a "broadside" issued after the publication of "John McKnitt's" letter in the "Raleigh Register." Late in 1905, Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., of South Carolina, issued a pamphlet attacking Dr. Miller's copy of the "Mercury" as a forgery, and adducing evidence to show that in the production of the alleged forgery aid was had from a genuine copy of a November, 1769, issue of the "Mercury," now in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass. Meanwhile, Dr. Miller had invited a committee from Charlotte to examine his copy, which he appraised at \$5,000. On December 30, 1905, this committee, consisting of Dr. George W. Graham, Professor Alexander Graham and Mr. R. O. Alexander, met Dr. Miller in Baltimore, and after seeing the copy agreed to buy it, provided he secured from Mr. Worthington C. Ford, the old document expert, a certificate warranting it genuine. To this Dr. Miller consented. The committee returned home, and in the "Charlotte Observer," of January 1, 1906, published a report in which they gave sundry reasons for believing that they had not seen in Dr. Miller's possession a genuine copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury." In this belief they were confirmed by Mr. Ford, who, January 9, sent them a long report on the subject. Mr. Ford has since written (in the April issue of the "American Historical Review") a comprehensive statement of his findings.

would be found not the Declaration but the Resolves. These, it was jubilantly claimed, formed the true Declaration, or rather the fabric out of which had been composed, by the faulty memory of the participants, the defiance said to have been hurled at the home authorities by the blunt, outspoken patriots of Mecklenburg. For the moment the friends of the Declaration were too dazed to attempt a reply; but, rallying, they assailed their adversaries with a fusillade of queries, not the least pertinent of which was: If the action taken were simply that described by the Thirty-first Resolves, why should Governor Martin, in his address to the Executive Council on June 25, 1775,* speak of "the late most treasonable publication of a committee in the county of Mecklenburg, explicitly renouncing obedience to His Majesty's Government," and in a subsequent proclamation† declare: "Whereas I have also seen a most infamous publication in the 'Cape Fear Mercury' importing to be Resolves of a set of people stiling themselves a committee for the county of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution of this country"? But it was easier to propound awkward questions than to answer the questions with which they themselves were confronted, and the Mecklenburg claimants were gradually driven to rest their case upon evidence inadmissible in the court of history. For the time being, it seemed as though they must be utterly discredited, their discomfiture being increased by the discovery, first announced in 1853,‡ that the Davie copy, referred to by "John McKnitt," bore a certificate in the well-known handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, Sr., setting forth that it was merely a transcript from memory. The Davie and "John McKnitt" versions being identical, added strength was given to the belief that the Thirty-first Resolves were the basis for both, as well as for the Martin version. This belief has steadily gained adherents, until to-day the Declaration commands the assent of few outside of North Carolina, and not of all within the borders of that State itself.

* "Colonial Records of North Carolina," Vol. X, pp. 38-39.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. X, pp. 144-145.

‡ By Professor Charles Phillips, in the "North Carolina University Magazine," May, 1853.

Time, however, brings about strange changes, and the possibility of historians being compelled to reverse their verdict on the Mecklenburg Declaration would now seem to be imminent. One of the strongest points hitherto advanced against the Declaration has been the alleged fact that it was never heard of prior to "John McKnitt's" publication in the "Raleigh Register" in 1819. In vain did the friends of the Declaration call attention to the traditions of the countryside, to the testimony of the witnesses in the legislative inquiry of 1830-31, to the statement of Dr. Hawks that the historian Martin had assured him that he had utilized for his version of the Declaration a copy procured "in the western part of the State, prior to 1800," and to the statement of Governor Stokes that, in the year 1793, the historian Williamson had shown to him, in Fayetteville, N. C., a copy of the Declaration in the handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, Sr. They were invariably, and properly, met by the objection that in all this there entered the untrustworthy element of memory, and that they could establish their case only by producing documentary proof. It was pointed out that, if the people of Mecklenburg County actually did declare themselves independent of Great Britain, the fact would surely be mentioned in contemporary documents, letters, newspapers. The reasonableness of this is obvious, but not until recent years do the defenders of the Declaration seem to have appreciated the necessity of discarding tradition, hearsay and assumption. Indeed, their latest plea, Dr. Graham's book, is in large measure a reploughing of this barren field. On the other hand, Dr. Graham summons to his aid more documentary evidence than did any of his predecessors. He cites, for instance, the fact that numerous deeds executed during and immediately after the Revolutionary War, and now on file in the court-house at Charlotte, contain what he regards as explicit references to the Mecklenburg Declaration. Among such, he quotes: "This indenture made this 13th day of February, 1779, and in the fourth year of our independence"; "This indenture made this 28th day of January, in the fifth year of our independence and the year of our Lord Christ 1780"; "This indenture made on the 19th day of May, and in the year of our Lord 1783, and in the eighth year of our independence." He also adduces documentary evidence in support of the authenticity of the poem "The Meck-

lenburg Censor," said to have been written in 1777. This poem speaks of the day

"When Mecklenburg's fantastic rabble,
Renowned for censure, scold and gabble,
In Charlotte met in giddy council,
To lay the constitution's ground-sill,"

and avers that

"First to withdraw from British trust,
In Congress, they, the very first,
Their Independence did declare."

Again, Dr. Graham quotes from a schoolboy's declamation on the Charlotte convention, printed in the "Catawba Journal," of July 11, 1826, and by that paper credited to the "Raleigh Minerva," of August 10, 1809, or ten years before the publication of the storm-provoking "John McKnitt" statement.

It is to this schoolhouse speech that special attention must first be called. When Dr. Graham wrote, he was obliged to quote from the secondary, *post* "John McKnitt" source, the "Catawba Journal," and was under the impression that no copy remained of the August 10, 1809, issue of the "Raleigh Minerva." One has since been discovered through the efforts of Mr. M. De Lancey Haywood, who, early in the present year, found it in Raleigh. It is now in the possession of a family descended from its publisher, William Boylan. A photographic facsimile, forwarded to the writer by Professor Alexander Graham, school superintendent of Charlotte and long a student of the Mecklenburg problem, discloses some slight variations from the "Catawba Journal" reprint, and one discrepancy—in the matter of the year of the convention—which might at first glance seem important, but is doubtless either a misprint in the "Minerva" or a slip of the speaker's memory. The following is the reference to the Declaration as published in the "Minerva":

"On the 19th day of May, 1776, a day sacredly exulting to every Mecklenburg bosom, two delegates duly authorized from every militia company in this county met in Charlotte. . . . After a cool and deliberate investigation of the causes and extent of our differences with G. Britain, and taking a view of the probable result; pledging their all in support of their rights and liberties; they solemnly entered into and

published a full and determined *declaration* [the italics are the "Minerva's"] of Independence, renouncing forever all allegiance, dependence on or connection with Great Britain; dissolved all judicial and military establishments emanating from the British crown; established others on principles correspondent with their declaration, which went into immediate operation: All which were transmitted to Congress by express, and probably expedited the general Declaration of Independence. May we ever act worthy of such predecessors."

From this publication it seems manifest that the schoolboy orator had the assistance of something other than tradition in preparing his address; and that, whatever the source of his statements, they corroborate alike the "John McKnitt" and Martin accounts in naming the 19th, not the 31st, of May as the day of the meeting, in averring the adoption of an explicit Declaration of Independence, and in relating the transmission of copies of the Declaration to the Continental Congress. The boy's address, it must be kept clearly in mind, was delivered and printed in 1809, ten years before the date when, the opponents of the Declaration urge, it was made known for the first time. In this connection, Mr. Haywood has discovered another, though less important, bit of evidence. Searching through the old documents and newspapers preserved in the State Library at Raleigh, he found a copy of the "Raleigh Register," of July 28, 1808, containing an account of that year's Fourth of July celebration at Charlotte. The festivities, it appears, included a banquet, in the course of which one Joseph Pearson offered as a toast: "The patriots of Mecklenburg; the first to declare Independence. . . . May their sons be the last to acknowledge themselves slaves." This adds nothing to our knowledge of the details of the gathering at Charlotte, but it is significant as a pointed reference antedating by more than a year the schoolboy's address published in the "Raleigh Minerva," and by almost eleven years the "John McKnitt" contribution to the "Raleigh Register."

Still more valuable than either of these additional items of evidence, at least in the eyes of the friends of the Declaration, is a discovery made within the past few months by Mr. O. J. Lehman, of Bethania, N. C., a town which was first settled in 1759 by a number of Moravian Brethren, who moved thither from their original North Carolina home of Bethabara. It is the custom of the Moravians to keep a journal of contempo-

aneous events, and in their archives at Bethania are records covering the period 1755 to 1905, written in German script by the most learned men of the Brotherhood. In examining these, Mr. Lehman came upon a forty-page manuscript, in the form of a pamphlet, entitled: "Fragment. Record of the Events during the Revolutionary War which had a Reference to Wachovia, to the end of 1779." This record, Mr. Lehman found, opened with the events of the year 1775, and in the chronicle for that year was a passage which, translated, reads:

"At the end of the year 1775, I cannot omit to mention that in the summer of this same year, that is to say, in May, June or July, the county of Mecklenburg in North Carolina declared itself free and independent of England, and for itself made such arrangements for the administration of law as the Continental Congress later made for all. But this Congress considered these proceedings premature."

Impressed with his discovery, Mr. Lehman communicated it to the "Charlotte Observer," and efforts were begun to ascertain when and by whom the record was written. From the reference to the subsequent action of Congress, it was evident that the Mecklenburg paragraph was penned some time after 1775, and the question immediately rose—At what time? The first attempt at an answer, so far as the writer is aware, is contained in an article published in the "Charlotte Observer," of April 15, 1906, and contributed by Adelaide L. Fries, of Winston-Salem, N. C., who believes she has shown that the record was written at Salem in the autumn of 1783 by one Traugott Bagge. Her reasons for so believing deserve to be quoted, in part, at any rate, for their general as well as historical interest:

"The 'Fragment' is neither a diary, nor a mechanical compilation from a diary. It is a historical sketch, well written, clear cut, showing keen insight into the affairs of the State and nation, as well as the most intimate acquaintance with events in Wachovia. While for convenience the author divides his account into years, he frequently runs forward to link some result to its cause. For example, in reciting some of the events early in 1775, he states that the sailors on the English merchant-ships in Charleston harbor, being unable to secure permission to land their cargoes, simply threw them overboard so that they could load with rice and sail for home. Salt was one of the articles so destroyed, and he comments on the great scarcity of this prime necessity later on, and the suffering that the saving of this salt might have averted. Paper money claims his attention in each year's history; but,

in speaking of the first year's issue without royal authority, in 1775, he notes its utter loss of value late in the war; and, again, in 1777, he mentions the statement by the Assembly of 1783 that the depreciation began in '77. The introduction of later developments in the Mecklenburg paragraph is, therefore, quite in keeping with the rest of the paper, and its form is also paralleled by similar additions at the close of other years, where items which had been omitted in the current account were added at the close. This paragraph is plainly a part of the original document, and entitled to all the credence that may be given to any part thereof.

"Although found in Bethania, this paper was most certainly written by a man who lived in Salem during the Revolutionary War. Not only does the whole story centre about Salem, then already the principal town of Wachovia, but events transpiring there are given with a certain intimate knowledge that can have no other explanation. The paper must have been taken to Bethania at some later date, perhaps in comparatively recent years.

"The handwriting of the 'Fragment' differs from that found in the Church Diaries of those years, and certain features in the paper itself suggested Traugott Bagge as its author. This was confirmed beyond a question by finding in the Land Office in Salem several annual statements of the store, written, dated and signed by Traugott Bagge. The script, though small, is unusually firm and distinct, and it is possible to compare two specimens letter by letter. When this test is applied to the 'Fragment,' with these annual statements as the standard, the writing of the 'Fragment' is found to be Bagge's throughout. Moreover, in the body of the 'Fragment' there is given a list of the men who signed a certain paper explaining the position of the Moravians in regard to the War, and their neutrality, and in this list appears the name of Traugott Bagge. Laid by the side of the signed statements already alluded to, it becomes evident that this name is a genuine signature, and by the fortunate insertion of the list the signature of the author is contained in the body of the paper, although it does not appear at the end.

"This not only proves the author, but guarantees the accuracy of statements in the 'Fragment,' for Bagge was the most able man of affairs in Wachovia during the War. At that time, the store was the centre of trade for all the country round, and under Bagge's skilful management the necessities of life were never entirely lacking for those who depended on his store to supply them. . . . As merchant, financier, politician, as a sturdy, conscientious man, Traugott Bagge ranks among the first in the history of the State.

"The question of date presents the most difficulty, but by a process of elimination it has become possible to decide on the month and year in which it was written, and the occasion for it. . . . The latest date in the 'Fragment' is contained in the reference to the Assembly of 1783, already mentioned. This Assembly met in the spring, so the paper could not have been written before April, 1783. . . . On December

30, the Altesten Conference fixed the programme for New Year's eve: 'The children shall have their closing meeting at three o'clock; the adult congregation shall have a love-feast at eight in the evening; at ten o'clock the Memorabilia for this year and for the War shall be read, and the closing meeting shall follow at half past eleven.' This is confirmed by the diary for December 31, which says of the ten-o'clock service that they 'remembered the many mercies which the Lord had showed them not only during the year, but throughout the eight years' war.' It will be noted that Bagge's name does not appear, and the War Memorabilia, under the title of '*Lob und Dankopfer*,' read in the service and filed with the diary, is in the handwriting of John Frederick Peter, then minister in Salem. But Peter did not come to Wachovia until 1780, would therefore have no knowledge of events prior to that time, and it seems evident that, when he began to collect the memoranda which he presented to the Altesten Conference early in October, he turned to Bagge, who at his request wrote the 'Fragment' under discussion. This explains why Bagge ended his account with December, 1779, for from that time on Peter knew all the circumstances, and the closing then is otherwise explicable, for he stops just short of the time when Wachovia came directly in contact with the opposing forces, and passed the most perilous and exciting days of her history. The paper was far too long to read in a one-hour service, but the '*Lob und Dankopfer*' is strikingly like a résumé of Bagge's sketch, and the supposition that it is such is strengthened by the fact that in the archives of Bethlehem, Pa., there are two copies of the '*Lob und Dankopfer*,' one of which, evidently the rough copy, is in Peter's handwriting, while additional notes pasted on the margin, and slipped loose between the leaves, are in Bagge's handwriting. The other, incorporating many of these notes, is entirely in Peter's handwriting. That Bagge, having helped Peter prepare his paper, should later, without any apparent reason, take the trouble to amplify the sketch to the limits of the 'Fragment' seems most improbable. . . . Traugott Bagge died in April, 1800, but a close scrutiny of the diary from January, 1784, on, fails to give a single reason for the writing of such a paper. . . ."

Here seems to be a sound chain of reasoning to establish the authenticity, authorship and date of the pamphlet. Once admitting that it was written in 1783, or thereabouts, it must be conceded that the friends of the Mecklenburg Declaration have recovered a striking piece of evidence in support of their case. Taken together, the Graham-Haywood-Lehman discoveries point unmistakably to recognition of the existence of a Mecklenburg Declaration long before "John McKnitt's" letter precipitated the century-old dispute. Historians can no longer afford to treat the problem with the superstition of incredulity. They have now to deal, not with nebulous theories nor with hypotheses

sustained by little more than the enthusiasm of local pride and patriotism; but with concrete data which must be accepted or explained away. Decidedly the time has arrived for a thorough review of all the evidence, new and old, tending to prove or disprove the claim that in North Carolina independence of the authority of Great Britain was first formally articulated by her children across the seas.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

COLLEGE STUDENTS AS THINKERS.

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IN February, 1905, the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW published an article entitled "Should College Students Study?" In this number I wish to consider another side of the intellectual relation of collegians: *thinking*.

Thinking and studying are intimately related. All studying represents, or should represent, thinking; but thinking may not represent studying. Thinking is far more subjective than studying. Thinking is the application of the mind to a problem, a condition, a situation. Reasoning, judging, weighing evidence, comparing, relating, inferring, are its products. It stands for intellectual initiative. Among its rules or principles are accuracy, thoroughness, and comprehensiveness. It represents mental investigation, searching, and sometimes discovery. It is the assessing of truth and fact at a just valuation. It is philosophy spinning out of the bowels of its brain an intellectual life. It is science finding a law in the observation and comparison of phenomena. It is analysis, the separation of complex and perplexing conditions. It is synthesis, putting together things which are related and putting them together as they are related. It is intellectual creativeness.

Thinking is work. It is hard work, if it be hard thinking. The hardness of the work bears a direct proportion to the hardness of the thinking. To such work the college man is summoned. The knowledge which the student gains, the facts which he acquires, the scholarship of which he becomes the master, rich as the results are, and advantageous as they may be, are of slight value in comparison with the worth of the power of thinking. Knowledge represents acquisitiveness; thinking, inquisi-

tiveness. Knowledge represents the storehouse; thinking, the engine. Knowledge stands for accumulation; thinking, for efficiency. Knowledge may, or may not, be power; thinking is, and always is, power. The man who knows represents the receiving, the piling up, and the hoarding of truths. The man who thinks represents intellectual activity, alertness, responsiveness.

There is some reason to believe that college men are becoming, as a class, less eager to undertake and to carry forward constantly and earnestly the labor of thinking. In undertaking any such interpretation of one's observations among college men of the present day, it is true, lies a peril of becoming a mere *laudator temporis acti*. But, after making proper deductions for such personal limitations, there does exist a feeling that students are not so willing to think as once they were. Such a belief is certainly wide-spread, and is held by some creditable witnesses.

In a paper recently read before the Schoolmasters' Association of New York and Vicinity on "The Mind of the Undergraduate," Professor George P. Baker, of Harvard, said:

"As I work with these undergraduates I am more and more surprised to find, not that they do not know how to think accurately, cogently (I suppose they would not be in classes in argumentation if they knew how to think well), but that many of them have no real interest in knowing how to think well. Many of them mean to enter the Law School and therefore wish training in debate. Many suspect that some day they will have to speak often in public and wish the requisite training. Far too many of both groups desire the end but care nothing for the means, the process by which it may best be attained. It is only by forcing, coaxing, that one can develop in these youths any interest in thinking for thinking's own sake, can make them appreciate the fact that there is a delicate pleasure in the process of thinking. . . . Clad in intellectual oilskins, he [the student] is almost blithesome in his absolute imperviousness to the ideas for which he is supposed to be taking the course."*

The testimony of Professor Baker is specially significant, both because of personal elements, and because of his rich opportunities of observation. About one hundred and fifty Harvard undergraduates come before him each year in the various courses on argumentation and public address.

But similar testimony is offered from other colleges than Harvard.

* "Educational Review," September, 1905, page 189.

A distinguished teacher at one of the more conspicuous historic institutions writes me, saying:

"I believe that the thinking power of students and their willingness to undertake hard tasks have distinctly lessened in the last ten years. The food the student now gets is poured into him 'predigested.' He no longer tears off, chews, masticates, and deglutinates his food,—he simply bolts it. It is often administered in sugar-coated pills, or gelatinous capsules. That is what the average student prefers, and therefore that is what he gets, since he must get what he wants. When, therefore, he is called upon for any of the sturdy old processes of mastery, he is apt to bolt or balk,—even the best of him. All this is just as true in Germany, as my friends there assured me, as in America. But there the '*Staatsexamen*' serves to moderate the evil."

Another teacher, also in an historic college, expresses the same conviction, and adds: "I have often spoken of this to my colleagues, and many, perhaps most of them, agree with me."

A teacher who, for thirty years, has been a beloved and efficient member of one of the smaller denominational, but efficient, colleges of the Central West, and who, in this time, has served as librarian, says:

"I have been librarian for thirty years and have had to do with the whole college. I have of necessity observed somewhat their [students'] mental habits. My opinion is that in library consultations an increasing number of students use library helps more and more, and do as little thinking as possible. They are frank in saying, 'I don't like this subject; there is so little reading upon it.' Again and again I say to them, 'It is a good theme. You can do your own thinking.' I am confirmed in this view by one of my colleagues of the Faculty, who has served on a committee to select questions for prize debates in one of our societies. He says the committee have chosen questions purposely that required thinking rather than reading, and have been criticised by the speakers for so doing.

"Their condition is fostered by two obvious things. The lecture system requires note-books and note-taking. In library work it has degenerated into literal copying from the open book. That process is constantly going on under the eyes of the librarian. Again, library helps have greatly multiplied in the last twenty-five years. They unlock everything and make the work easy for the searcher. They are invaluable to the advanced scholar who has learned to do his own thinking. But, like all sharp-edged tools, they are dangerous in the hands of the novice."

Conferences which I hold with college men in all parts, commonly, although not universally, lead to a similar conclusion.

Occasionally I hear the remark made that there is no deterioration in the intellectual power or work of students. Another expresses the conviction that any judgment touching any apparent deterioration arises from the change in the point of view of the one judging. A teacher of philosophy in a small but good college says: "I have never had better students than last year. I believe I require as much now as I ever did, and get as much done." Yet, such judgments are rather exceptional. The trend of conviction is that students are less inclined to think and less willing to undertake hard tasks than they formerly were. This conclusion is not by any means proved; but the evidence for the conclusion is such as to cause any one interested in American life or American education to become somewhat solicitous.

An inquiry into the causes of this condition,—if it exists,—bears one into both general and academic relations. The cause may reach back into the fitting school. But this cause also has relations to demands made by the college upon the fitting school. Most colleges build a high gateway of entrance. To open this gate represents a knowledge and a kind of knowledge which, in many respects, does not promote the gaining of thinking power. As Professor Baker has said:

"I sometimes wonder . . . whether it is possible that the colleges have set such rigid standards for the various entrance examinations that the schools must give all their time to cramming the boys for them, and cannot teach them to see the relation or bearing of one subject upon another. If, instead, the boy came up to college with fewer facts, but an interest in thinking for its own sake, respect for learning and literature, and some responsibility in citizenship, would not the gain be great? The schools now send him up with his mind like a desk with pigeonholes, some of them perhaps a trifle dusty, but undoubtedly with contents, yet not as a human being who has a relation to learning, literature and the facts of existence, and who is able and eager to make for himself applications of the ideas he has learned."*

Are not the colleges in peril of sacrificing the intellectual power of thinking to the intellectual power of gaining facts for the passing of examinations? There are, there have been, masters of fitting schools who made their boys thinkers. Samuel H. Taylor, of Andover, was of this type. He did not have a high place as fitting boys to pass well the examinations for admission to the Freshman class of Harvard College; but the train-

* "Educational Review," September, 1905, pages 198-9.

ing in thinking which he fostered did emerge in the exceptional intellectual power of men when they had entered the Junior or Senior year.

One cause, too, may be found in the increasing luxuriousness of academic life. The luxuriousness of academic life increases with the luxuriousness of life without college walls. Of the fact of the increase of luxury of both types there can be no manner of questioning. This condition is not to be anathematized, but for the present purpose only interpreted. A luxurious life is certainly, in many respects, to be preferred to a life bare and becoming barren. If bareness and limitation are in peril of producing cynicism, or moral ruthlessness, contempt of the civilities,—as they are,—so luxuriousness is in peril of producing in the student softness of intellectual and ethical fibre, flabbiness, indolence, and a preference of the passive graces to the active virtues. The use and enjoyment of material elegancies, the habit of luxuriousness, are consumptive of intellectual force which otherwise might be devoted to scholastic affairs.

It is not, moreover, for one instant to be questioned that the great interest of the undergraduates in athletic concerns does tend to draw away their interest from concerns directly intellectual. College talk is not, on the whole, intellectually stimulating, and the talk which prevails in the first two months of each academic year is very remote from intellectual stimulation. This talk concerns the great American football game. Professionalism,—if not of money, at least of method,—has come to prevail. For, as a conspicuous professor in a conspicuous college has written me:

“An athletic ‘career’ at one of our great universities now is essentially a professional career. A ‘husky’ young fellow may go through — on the strength of his athletic prowess, then come to Yale or Harvard and be carried through his University course on the strength of the same prowess, accumulating money as he goes, and then find some choice instructorship awaiting him in a great preparatory school,— . . . ,—and then the vicious circle is complete, and he trains up other ‘husky’ fellows to come to the Universities and to do just what he has done. But such men are not amateurs, they are professionals, as I hold, reaping pecuniary reward all the time for their athletic proficiency, and reaching a proficiency far beyond the reach of any one who is not ready to make a profession out of his athletics. They get a

magnificent training, I do not for a moment doubt that, a training which our other professional schools may well envy for its minute thoroughness and its fine perfection of the best traditions, but the training is not along scholarly lines. I believe that Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and other large universities, now furnish and maintain, with the assistance of a paying public, large and thorough professional schools of athletics."

Under such a condition, intellectual fires burn low on the altars of scholarship and of thoughtfulness.

Another cause may lie in the use, amounting to an abuse, made of the elective system of studies. The advantages offered through the elective system are very great. The introduction of this system was inevitable. The inevitableness of its introduction arose from the vast enlargement of the field of knowledge. But, despite its inevitableness and its great advantages, disadvantages do accompany its use. Among the advantages, be it said, is the promotion of scholarship. It has lifted scholastic standards. It has permitted the development of departments of study beyond the elements of a subject. It has promoted the growth of individuality in personal character, as well as in scholarship. But, under this very condition, it has also allowed the development of character through less strenuous subjects and methods unto less worthy results. It has suffered the student to make for himself a curriculum through which he is not obliged to run, but may dawdle and amble. If, for certain men, it has promoted strenuousness, in others it has promoted softness. If it has allowed not a few men to make the most of themselves, and far more than they could under any other system, it has also allowed a few, at least, to make the less of themselves. Yet it might be affirmed that it is better for a man to select for himself a soft course, rather than to suffer the imposition of a hard course against which he would rebel. For, as a great English bishop said, "It is better for every man in England to go home drunk to-night, than for any man in England to have the right taken away of going home drunk." Intellectual rebellion is intellectual suicide. But this, at least, is clear, that for some men the effect of an easy-going system results in a neglect of the intellectual severities and virilities.

A fifth cause of the condition emerges. The entering into the college of men who propose, upon leaving college, to go into

business has been the occasion of congratulation for both the commercial and the academic world. The reflex action, however, of the presence in the college of many men who propose to follow commercial or industrial pursuits needs to be considered well. Such men usually go to college for general reasons. Such men, also, represent a high social type and are also of more than average financial ability. They go to college because of their desire for the touch of college life. Specific reasons sometimes also influence. Associations formed in college, they are inclined to believe, may open good business opportunities. Domestic or social conditions frequently prompt to the entering into academic relations. But it is clear that the scholastic impulse, or the scholarly motive, is not primary. Intellectual purposes do not dominate. Executive functions, undergraduate undertakings,—athletic, literary, social,—are regarded as securing the purpose of going to college quite as completely as hard reading or hard thinking. "It is too bad to ask these men to study Greek," said one of my friends, a distinguished professor of Greek in an historic college, "they have too much to do." The conclusion is necessary. Such men are not naturally or usually interested in hard and high thinking.

I am also inclined to believe that the transfer of interest on the part of the teacher from the personality of the student to truth may promote the result of the student's neglecting the duty of thinking. The teachers of the earlier time were feeble enough in all respects. They knew little of truth. They were not scholars. Their regard for the student, also, was certainly not too great, great as in many instances it was. The teachers of the present time possess an equipment in knowledge far superior to that possessed by the teacher of the earlier period. But their interest in the students is, on the whole, not so constant, not so definite. They are more inclined to regard their work as finished at the close of the recitation or of the lecture. They are in peril of neglecting what some regard as a duty,—the aiding of the individual student. For such a result they are not to be blamed. The increasing size of classes, the elaborateness of living, the augmentation of executive work, the opportunity of research, represent functions which, not a few of them worthily hold, are more important than the concern for the individual man. But, at all events, the individual student,

as a thinking and moral being, is in peril of suffering. He does not grow. In many instances, he does suffer.

One may ask the question, What is to be done? It is something to know that a peril exists. The knowledge of its existence is the first condition for its removal. The Anglo-Saxon man, too,—even if he be the college man,—has the primary power of self-correction.

It is important, moreover, for college teachers to promote the pursuit on the part of their students of such subjects as, in their inherent character, demand thinking, and also to promote such a pursuit of these subjects as does promote thinking. Mathematics is a subject which demands thinking. It is thinking; it is nothing else. History may be presented as a matter of acquisition; it also may be presented as a matter of weighing evidence, as a study of cause and effect. Economics is a subject which specially offers opportunities for such study as develops thinking. Its phenomena are complex, and the causes which prevail in its field are often obscure. These studies, and similar ones, offer a special advantage in creating and nourishing the power of thinking.

It also should be borne in mind that, in the loyalty for the elective system of studies, there is to be loyalty to a system of *study*. Studies may be elective; study is not. If the student will not study, he is to be excluded from the place of study. The community is demanding that the college man shall "make good." The community suffers a sense of disgust at academic laziness. The community is becoming impatient, not only of tomfoolery, of horse-play and of nonsense, but also of inefficiency. The community demands that the college man shall work at his job, and the community realizes that the most important part of his job is to think. Can college officers do better than to seek to meet the righteous demand of the community that students shall attend to the great business of thinking?

CHARLES F. THWING.

AMERICAN DIVORCE LAW.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

A SECULAR writer may be pardoned for expressing regret that one of the great churches of America has recently assumed a reactionary policy on the subject of divorce, frowning upon the right of an innocent, as well as the guilty, party to remarry. From a temporal standpoint it is to be deplored that ecclesiastical influence cannot unite, to an extent at least, with that of the civil law in establishing a general standard of sexual morals. At the same time, the American spirit is to accord, not only liberty of conscience, but absolute personal respect, to one living up to his religious convictions. Reciprocally, our brethren in the church, whatever their personal scruples, should aid in, and not impede, the adoption of a workable basis of marriage and divorce for the government of the community at large. There is no subject which at the present time more imperatively calls for consistent application of the American theory of separation of church and state. Churchmen who are opposed to divorce on religious grounds will join too often in defeating any movement to liberalize divorce laws, even though communicants are left entirely free to observe their particular rules.

The writer believes that it would be a comparatively simple task to frame a divorce law for operation throughout the United States, which would conserve public morality and general happiness and be acceptable to average sentiment. We need look no farther than Massachusetts for its model, if not, indeed, for its final form. Bagehot and other foreign observers have singled out that State as offering the most successful example of popular government in America. It is safe to say that, in the estimation of Americans themselves, no other State would be ranked above it as a well-governed, law-abiding community; certainly

no one would venture to regard the Bay State as a land of easy morals. Yet its statutes prescribe, in addition to adultery, many other grounds for divorce—as, for example, cruel and abusive treatment; utter desertion for three consecutive years next before the filing of the libel; gross and confirmed habits of intoxication caused by voluntary and excessive use of intoxicating liquor, opium or other drugs; on libel of the wife, that the husband, being able, grossly or wantonly and cruelly refuses or neglects to provide suitable maintenance for her; sentence to confinement at hard labor for life, or for five years or more. After a divorce for the last cause no pardon restores conjugal rights. All divorces are absolute; either party may marry again, but the guilty party not within two years from the entry of the final decree.

The general distinction between the Massachusetts and New York policies is that the former State grants absolute divorces for what may be termed the secondary causes—cruelty, desertion, etc.—while as to them New York authorizes a limited divorce or separation. (Both States provide for absolute annulment or divorce for certain grounds affecting the marriage in its inception, such as impotency.) A recent decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts emphasizes its attitude towards the most important of the social relations. In *Franklin vs. Franklin* (February, 1906, 77 N. E., 48), it appeared that the plaintiff, a skilful mechanic, emigrated to this country from England “to better his condition in life,” leaving behind him in England his wife and children. Having concluded to remain, and some of his children having joined him here, he endeavored to induce his wife also to come and resume their matrimonial life. She refused to do so, although provided with the means, for no other reason than disinclination to leave her native land and the friends of her youth. On this state of facts the Massachusetts Court held the wife guilty of desertion, entitling the husband to a divorce. A portion of the opinion may well be quoted:

“The fundamental fact to be considered is that the husband, as head of the family, legally responsible for its support, has a right to choose and establish a domicile for himself and his wife and children. A refusal of the wife to stay with him in that domicile, without a sufficient reason for her refusal, is desertion. This right of the husband is not limited to the state or country in which the parties live at the time of

their marriage, but in these days of easy communication between different countries, and different parts of the same country, he may exercise it reasonably, in a way which will change his citizenship and allegiance. So far as he personally is concerned, if his duties to his wife are left out of consideration, this right is doubtless absolute. But in reference to the rights, duties, and liabilities of the parties in their marital relations it is not absolute. It should be exercised with some reference to the welfare of the wife. We can conceive of a choice of a domicile so plainly unreasonable and improper, in reference to the health and welfare of the wife, that the selection of it, and an attempted enforcement of his general marital right to have her share it with him, would be extreme cruelty, such as would justify her in declining to accompany him or follow him to such a place of abode. His wife's marital right and his duty as a husband would come in conflict with the exercise of his general right to choose his own domicile, if he attempted to exercise the right in such a way as would be utterly and grossly unreasonable because of the peril to her life and health, and perhaps because of her deprivation of other things essential to her welfare. But the determination of such matters must, in the first instance and ordinarily, be left to the husband, upon whom rests the legal duty to provide for his family, as well as for himself. The wife cannot legally refuse to accompany him in a change of domicile unless such a change is plainly unreasonable."

It is of interest to the State that the average citizen be monogamous and subjected to the responsibilities and restraints of domestic life. Which conduces more strongly to that end, the law of Massachusetts, or the civic sacramentalism of New York that condemns thousands of persons, whose legal spouses are impossible partners, to practical celibacy or sexual outlawry? Of course, divorce laws, whether liberal or strict, are subject to abuse; but this is no justification of purblind adherence to a system which ignores human nature and the very ends of civil matrimony. Let the State first set itself theoretically right, and it may then trust its courts to frustrate attempts to set aside or evade its laws.

Viewing the comparative legislation of the country, it will be found that the majority of the States approximate more or less closely to the Massachusetts policy. Very few of them restrict the causes of divorce to a single one, and not very many, on the other hand, sanction trifling or frivolous reasons. In the undeveloped civilization of mining camps prematurely created sovereign States, crudities, vagaries and venalities of legislation are only to be expected. Many years ago, the State of

Illinois enjoyed the notoriety of a free-and-easy divorce emporium, to which in recent times South Dakota has succeeded. No doubt the latter State has deliberately catered to the divorce trade from the same mercenary motives with which West Virginia, by adopting laws of lax responsibility for directors, has catered to the corporation trade. Popular sentiment long ago shamed Illinois out of its extreme complaisance to divorce, and the cure for any such local and temporary aberration lies in focusing public attention on the abuse. Without adverting specifically to change in statute law, it would seem particularly apt, as illustrating a generally reformed attitude, to quote a few words from a judicial opinion rendered in an appellate court of Illinois in 1891:

"The conviction is forced upon us from a consideration of these circumstances that he [appellee] is a mere sojourner here, till his divorce might be obtained. The statute requiring a residence in this State should have a strict construction, for the sake of the good name of the State if nothing more, and no encouragement should be held out to such as come here away from their homes and the domicile of the defendants to trouble our courts with their marital infelicities. The residence of this defendant (in error) is not *bona fide*, and on the merits he has made out no case." (Albee vs. Albee, 45 Ill., App., 370-377.)

Even in South Dakota, the law was amended a few years since by changing the requirement of a residence of ninety days, in order to apply for a divorce, to one of six months, with the further provision that no divorce shall be granted against a non-resident unless the plaintiff shall have resided a year in South Dakota, or the defendant shall have been personally served with process either within or without the State. In view of the Dreyfus case, in which the force of opinion of the outside world compelled a great nation, sorely against its will and much to the mortification of its pride, to right a wrong against a very ordinary individual, Americans may well be confident of the power of public sentiment to correct sporadic eccentricities and immoralities of government. A more serious drawback than the legislative antics of any raw community is the incorrigible Bourbonism of a mature State, like New York, in permitting dissolution of a marriage, whose inception is unassailable, with right to remarry, only for adultery or if one of the spouses has been sentenced to life imprisonment. That policy inevitably

drives its own citizens into other forums to obtain the relief which justice and the average moral sense sanction their seeking. It also indirectly encourages newer States in setting up as divorce Gretna Greens. It is quite significant that, in a large majority of notorious interstate divorce suits, citizens of New York have been interested parties. The record is supplemented by a long list of divorce scandals in the domestic courts of the State. Considering its great population, wealth and general influence, it is not too much to say that New York's obstinate disregard of the preponderance of American sentiment is the principal disturbing factor in the divorce problem.

A uniform law—founded, say, on the existing law of Massachusetts—is a great desideratum, and to procure it is the dream of most divorce reformers. The project is called a dream because of the vast difficulty, both of inertia and positive opposition, in the way of its realization. The late Abram S. Hewitt used to lament that it took at least ten years to accomplish any substantial political improvement in New York City. The writer fears that it will require more than ten years to obtain absolute uniformity of divorce; nevertheless, it is an ideal possible of attainment, and striving after it will at the least achieve incidental benefits. The two rival methods by which the end is aimed at are (1) cooperative State legislation, and (2) the adoption of an amendment of the Constitution of the United States authorizing Congress to pass a general law.

Under the first method the legislatures of all, or practically all, the States would have to be induced independently to enact a statute, identical or substantially similar in terms, prescribing grounds for divorce and procedure for obtaining it. About a dozen years ago, a movement for cooperative State legislation, comprehending marriage and divorce, commercial paper and other subjects, was started and it has continued, though somewhat fitfully, down to the present time. It has accomplished one tangible result of real importance—the adoption of a common Negotiable Instruments Law for twenty-nine States and Territories, including the District of Columbia. On this branch of law there are the most obvious reasons for uniformity, and practically no differences of opinion. Yet action by about three-fifths of the American commonwealths is the sum total of achievement. We are not aware that a single State has adopted

a divorce law framed or suggested in pursuance of the original plan. A national Congress of Divorce met in Pennsylvania a few months ago, at the invitation of Governor Pennypacker, for the single purpose of promoting cooperative legislative uniformity. As far as can be gathered from the reports of its first session, nothing transpired to afford hope of the success of the scheme within any reasonable period of time. A cooperative divorce measure would encounter not only the ordinary inertia, which thus far has withheld two-fifths of the States and Territories from adopting the Commercial Instruments Law, but also the positive opposition of States whose policy was to be changed. Furthermore, it would have to receive universal ratification in order to be of any service. The Negotiable Instruments Law differs in this respect, because, as it is passed in each State, a new increment is added to a uniformity that is always advantageous as far as it goes. If a divorce law were submitted, it would be most readily taken up by those States whose systems it least affected, that is, by the States whose law is now substantially uniform, leaving the States that principally cause embarrassment—those whose law is most strict and most lax—precisely where they are. If one-quarter of the States should hold aloof, the interstate situation would continue materially as it exists. Of course, the increasing sentiment from without would be felt by all States; but, nevertheless, the complete consummation of the movement, in any event, would be an affair of many years and of unremitting, laborious agitation.

Without attempting to minimize the difficulties in the way of the counter-project of Federal Constitutional Amendment, I believe it, on the whole, the more feasible one. There would be a special factor of opposition here from State-rights purists. According to the historical conception of State sovereignty, the function of regulating marriage and divorce belongs more properly to the States than the General Government. Experience has shown, however, that the conflict of laws entails varying personal status and legitimacy of children on different sides of domestic geographical lines. Common sense and the moral sense suggest that these matters in themselves, and, further, as they affect interstate property rights of dower and inheritance, are even more appropriately matters of national cognizance than bankruptcy, for example, over which Congress already has juris-

diction by a clause in the original Constitution. State-rights scruples are by no means as rigorously held as they were a half-century ago, and probably any hostility developing on this score could be overcome. I believe the Constitutional Amendment plan more promising of success chiefly for the reason that the opposition of one-fourth of the States would be futile. All that would be required for Federal legislation would be the adoption by three-fourths of the State legislatures of an Amendment conferring power on Congress to act. Any number of States up to one-quarter, although they refused to acquiesce, would nevertheless be bound by the action of the others. Moreover, as the Amendment itself would be in general terms, no conflict would be aroused as to particular phases of divorce policy, but the issue would be merely on the abstract question whether the subject should be transferred from State to Federal jurisdiction. Congressional legislation, prescribing procedure in the Federal courts, would have the advantage over cooperative State law, in that, according to the usual Federal practice, a plaintiff would probably be compelled to sue a defendant in the latter's residential district, and not compel him to go to a remote State in order to make his defence.

However distant the prospect of systematic and universal reform, the energetic advocacy of either or both of the designs above explained will tend to the awakening of public opinion, and, therefore, probably to the improvement of the present situation by amendments, from time to time, of State laws. In this view, reformers of both schools, in addition to presenting the arguments for their definite scheme, may well strive broadly to educate the sentiment of the people. A general law, however secured, will of necessity embody a compromise between the extreme theories now prevailing. Devout churchmen must be convinced of their duty, as citizens, not to impede the adoption of a more liberal code than their own as the secular law of the land. The legislatures of strict States, like New York, must be impressed with the prevalence of more lenient views in other communities, and importuned to ponder whether the part of essential morality, as well as of practical wisdom, may not lie in treating the civil contract of marriage as one which, while not to be repudiated lightly, or from caprice, still should be dissolvable if either spouse has been guilty of conduct that,

although short of actual adultery, renders continued cohabitation unsafe or reasonably unendurable. States whose statutes afford subterfuges for throwing off the matrimonial yoke, merely because it has become wearisome or distasteful, should, through the ordinary agencies of opinion, be held up to the righteous scorn of the outside world. For a long time to come, the United States will have to get along as best it can under diverse State laws. It may be that, by the time the adoption of a uniform law becomes possible, its actual passage will be largely superfluous, because of the changes in State enactments during the course of the agitation. It is certainly probable that very considerable modifications of State provisions will precede any statute of universal scope resulting from cooperative legislation.

The presumption that independent State authority will hold sway through a long future period gives especial interest to the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Haddock vs. Haddock*, which has called forth extensive comment in the press. For an understanding of its scope and effect, certain abstract legal principles must be briefly summarized. Before a court can obtain jurisdiction to entertain a controversy and grant relief, it is necessary that its process, or mandate—variously known as the “summons,” the “subpoena,” etc.—be served upon the defendant. Judgments are divided into two classes—those *in personam* and those *in rem*. A judgment of the former kind is a general adjudication against the defendant, becomes a lien upon his real property and enforceable by execution against his personal property within the territorial jurisdiction of the court, and may be sued on in other jurisdictions, like a personal note, or bond. A judgment *in rem*, on the other hand, binds only the specific property sought to be affected, as, for example, where a mortgage upon real estate is foreclosed, or an admiralty lien is declared against a particular vessel. It is a general rule that, to obtain judgment *in personam*, the defendant must be physically served with the court’s process within the limit of its geographical purview. Judgments *in rem* may be procured through what is known as substituted, or constructive, service—that is, the publication of the process in newspapers, the mailing of copies to the defendant at his last known address, posting in conspicuous places, etc. An important legal controversy concerning divorce is over the

question whether the action is *in personam* or *in rem*. Many courts have laid down a justifiable classification in pronouncing the proceeding one *quasi in rem*. This in plain language means that a suit for divorce is one of special and peculiar character, partaking of the features of both the general divisions. It is contemplated, of course, that the decree shall bind the defendant personally, but it also affects the *rem*, or status of the marriage, thereby incidentally determining dower rights and the legitimacy of children of a subsequent marriage. Nearly all the States, including New York, practically recognize the *quasi in rem* nature of divorces, by providing that they may be obtained by service of process by publication on a non-resident defendant. The interstate *cruz* arises as to the authority of a divorce so obtained outside the State where it was granted. Most of the States treat divorces granted in other States on merely constructive service as valid. In his dissenting opinion in *Haddock vs. Haddock*, Mr. Justice Brown shows that the "only States in which it is held that a party domiciled in another State may not obtain a divorce there by constructive service are New York, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina." South Carolina has always occupied a unique position, having no statute on the subject of divorce whatsoever. North Carolina has very recently taken itself out of the list of recalcitrant States by the decision of its Supreme Court in *Bidwell vs. Bidwell* (52 S. E. Rep., 55). Apparently, therefore, there remain, with the exception of South Carolina, only New York and Pennsylvania, which States, nevertheless, anomalously authorize divorces on constructive service in their own courts.

The various States have proceeded on different theories. Probably the majority of them have upheld divorce judgments of sister States on the ground of comity, reinforced by the consideration of consistency because of their own statutes for constructive service. Other States—notably Rhode Island, in a very forcible opinion by its Supreme Court—have held that a foreign divorce, although on substituted service, is required to be universally recognized under section 1, article iv, of the Constitution of the United States, prescribing that "full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State."

New York, with its characteristic attitude of separatism and

obstruction, has systematically refused to treat foreign divorces as binding, and here again its peculiar position has made the Empire State a storm-centre of litigation. The leading case is one in which a man residing in New York, whose wife had obtained a divorce from him in Ohio, upon service by publication, remarried in New York, and the Ohio judgment was so completely ignored that the husband's conviction of bigamy was sustained by the New York Court of Appeals (*People vs. Baker*, 76 N. Y., 78).

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was on appeal from a New York judgment granting a wife a separation, with alimony. The husband had previously procured an absolute divorce in Connecticut, the service of process being merely constructive. The question was whether New York would be compelled to recognize the Connecticut judgment under the "Full Faith and Credit" clause, and the Supreme Court of the United States has determined, by a bare majority vote of five to four, that the constitutional provision does not apply and that New York is free to continue its peculiar system. The opinions of the Supreme Court are very voluminous and the convictions of the four judges who dissented very vigorously expressed. Mr. Justice Brown regrets "that the court in this case has taken what seems to me a step backward in American jurisprudence, and has virtually returned to the old doctrine of comity, which it was the very object of the 'Full Faith and Credit' clause of the Constitution to supersede." Mr. Justice Holmes is almost equally strong in his deprecation of the decision. The main argument of Mr. Justice White, who wrote for the majority, on the applicability of the "Full Faith and Credit" clause is summarized by Mr. Justice Brown in this language:

"That if one government, by virtue of its authority over marriage, may dissolve the tie as to citizens of another government, that other government would have a similar power, and hence the right of every government over its own citizens might be rendered nugatory by the exercise of the power which every other government possesses."

Mr. Justice Brown answers such position as follows:

"The opinion, however, fails to state the logical result of this proposition, viz., that no divorce would be possible in either State without

a personal service upon the other within the State. If the husband, having his domicile in Connecticut, could not obtain a divorce against his wife domiciled in New York without a personal service, it follows that the wife domiciled in New York could not obtain a divorce against her husband in that State without a personal service there."

In addition, and following out the same idea, it may be suggested, in reply to Mr. Justice White's contention, that, as practically all the States provide for the granting of divorces by substituted service, and as it would be monstrous to presume that each State contemplated the dissolution of the marriage within its own borders only, and, therefore, interstate polygamy, the application of the "Full Faith and Credit" clause in a broad and statesmanlike way would only compel each State to accept for itself what it impliedly assumes to impose upon other States.

As to the future outlook, a few suggestions may be offered. It seems not improbable that this determination by a bare majority vote, the result of which is contrary to the strong preponderance of State court authority, may be overruled after a change in the *personnel* of the bench. Apparently, the probability is greater than it was as to the Income Tax Decision, and fully as great as with regard to the Legal Tender Cases.

The prevailing opinion expressly concedes the right of State courts to recognize foreign divorces through comity, and Mr. Justice Brown calls attention to the fact that the courts of New Jersey, in *Felt vs. Felt* (59 N. J. Eq., 600), have reversed the former attitude of that State, which agreed with that of New York, and now treat as valid a foreign divorce on substituted service, under the doctrine of comity. More recently still, the Supreme Court of North Carolina, as above shown, has made a similar change, not, however, on the ground of comity, but following what it supposed to be the essential doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States in the earlier decision of *Atherton vs. Atherton* (181 U. S., 155). Mr. Justice Holmes, in his dissenting opinion, concurs with the Supreme Court of North Carolina, believing that the only distinction between *Atherton vs. Atherton* and *Haddock vs. Haddock* rests upon a mere fiction, and, therefore, should not be entertained in a matter of such grave importance.

It may be accepted as settled law that, in the absence of fraud,

any State would be required to recognize a divorce obtained in another State, although for a cause not recognized by the former, if there had been personal service of the process of the Court within the territorial jurisdiction of the forum. It is also settled that, when there has been an actual matrimonial domicile in a State and the wife has abandoned her husband and that State, he may procure a divorce in its courts, on merely substituted service of process, which will be extraterritorially and nationally valid, under the "Full Faith and Credit" clause (*Atherton vs. Atherton*, *supra*). Furthermore, it does not seem likely that the decision in the *Haddock* case will make any substantial change in legal policies; its main purport is to sanction the continuation of their own policies by New York and other eccentric States. Of course, those States that have proceeded under the Federal Constitution in recognizing foreign divorces are now released from that position, but it seems not improbable that they will incline toward adhering to the former result through comity, especially as the majority opinion itself pointedly leaves the way open on that ground.

In New York and Pennsylvania, pending an agitation to bring them into reciprocal and harmonious relations with other States, it is advisable to advocate legislation on the special subject of legitimacy. However settled the notions of their citizens and courts may be against divorces themselves and the parties to them, it might be feasible to procure the passage of laws declaring that all children shall be legitimate, where their parents have contracted marriage after a divorce of one or both of them, pronounced in any court having jurisdiction of the subject-matter and jurisdiction of the parties according to the local law. We have been glad to notice that, in the discussion of *Haddock vs. Haddock*, the plight of innocent children, whose illegitimacy it has sealed, has been universally commiserated. Their position, at least, should everywhere be set right.

WILBUR LARREMORE.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

BY JOSEPH HORNOR COATES.

"E pur si muove." And as the planet in its forward march through space makes its progress in a series of diurnal revolutions with alternating periods of light and darkness, and in a never-ending circling around its central sun never traverses exactly the same track but comes almost back to the same places only always a little further on through the infinite expanse, so there often seems to be a corresponding system of progress in the world of thought and knowledge. We leave behind us in the darkness the worn-out knowledge of the past, we bask in the light of the superior acquirements of our own age, and suddenly we come back again, as if in a circle, upon something that is so curiously like what we had supposed was abandoned in by-gone ages that it almost seems our progress has been but a phantasm and we have gone back again upon the same old track. But there is a difference; we have revolved in a circle but we have gone forward too; we have made a genuine advance in knowledge of the truth.

There has periodically been, there is perhaps now, a notable recurrence to the mysticism which alternates with rationalism in a perennial appeal to the human intellect and the human impulse to penetrate and to account for the mysteries of existence, to make plain the conditions of life and the material world upon which it is dependent. Only a few years ago, we seemed fairly committed, at least so far as physical science was concerned, to a materialistic standpoint from which to march forward in pursuit of knowledge. Perhaps it is so yet; perhaps, however, our view of materialism is to be modified and expanded by what has heretofore seemed mystical, with a resulting broadened and truer insight. At all events, recent dis-

coveries in physics and chemistry would, a short time ago, have been classed with the fantastic chimeras of the alchemists whose transcendental enthusiasm was the actual generative power in the birth of modern chemistry and physical science. We seem to get back again, from time to time, to the exploded theories of the past, with a little difference in theory that makes an enormous difference in the validity of the acquirement. And, as the alchemist Paracelsus, the progenitor of modern medical experimental science, says in his *Philosophia Occulta*, "things that are considered now to be impossible will be accomplished; that which is unexpected will in future prove to be true, and that which is looked upon as superstition in one century will be the basis for the approved science of the next."

No doubt, much of the mystical phraseology in which the alchemical philosophers appear to sink rational thinking may have been used to preserve the strictly esoteric character of the physical science they were engaged in developing, and as a necessary precaution against the inconveniences, to say nothing of the dangers, to which an open avowal of knowledge often subjected its possessor, as Galileo and many another searcher after truth found to his cost. But however that may be, there is an unquestionable basis of genuine mysticism underlying their doctrines, as the inspiration of their labors and the sustaining power by which work was carried on under unfavorable and disheartening conditions and with crude and meagre appliances; and hand in hand with the mystic vision prying into the secrets of nature goes a truly scientific concept of the natural causes of all things. Thus Paracelsus, in the midst of his philosophy of the "elemental spirits" which dwell in the four "elements" of earth, air, fire and water, does not hesitate to say:

"The evil spirits are, so to speak, the bailiffs and executioners of God (the Law). They have been called into existence by the influences of evil, and they work out their destiny. But the vulgar have a too high estimate of their powers, especially of the power of the devil. The devil has not enough power to mend broken old pots, much less to enrich a man. He—or it—is the poorest thing that can be thought of, and poorer than any being that can be found in the four elements. There are a great many inventions, sciences, and arts that are ascribed to the agency of the devil; but, before the world grows much older, it will be found that the devil has nothing to do with such things, that the devil is nothing and knows nothing, and that such things are the result of natural

causes. True science can accomplish a great deal; the Eternal Wisdom of the existence of all things is without a time, without a beginning, and without an end."

Truly, that may have been heresy, scientific as well as theologic, in the sixteenth century and later; but in the twentieth we can have no serious quarrel with it. Firmly believing in the inherent evil that lies in ignorance of natural law, and that disease germs are almost literally "evil spirits called into existence by the influences of evil," and "executioners" of the sanitary law, the law of God, when we violate it, the statement might have been written yesterday.

So, too, of the alchemist Roger Bacon, six hundred years and more ago and three centuries before Paracelsus, it can be said:

"Having undertaken to demonstrate that, by the help of natural science, it is possible to actually perform the pretended prodigies of magic, he further assures us that machines may be constructed for navigation without the aid of rowers, in such a manner that vessels will be borne through the waters with extraordinary velocity, under the direction of a single man. 'It is equally possible to construct cars which may be set in motion with marvellous rapidity, independently of horses or other animals. Flying-machines may also be made, the man seated in the centre, and by means of certain contrivances beating the air with artificial wings.' In the same way Bacon anticipated the invention of the crane, diving apparatus, suspension-bridges, etc. These things, he declares, were known to the ancients, and may still be recovered."

Considering that Friar Bacon was imprisoned, in the year 1298, "and forced to confess his repentance of his pains in the arts and sciences," considering how many of his successors were visited with even worse pains as punishment for their acquisition of knowledge, it can scarcely be wondered at that an esoteric doctrine was for them much safer than one open and confessed. It is quite beside the mark—in this era of unlimited freedom of opinion and belief—to condemn those who possessed knowledge, in an age of almost universal ignorance, on the simple ground that they chose to clothe it in mystery, to erect their science into a secret philosophy and to express it in a jargon intelligible only to the initiated. Whether or not their possession of the secret processes of the *magnum opus* was a mere delusion, or even an imposture, the fact that—like the famous Scotch alchemist,

Alexander Seton, or Sethonius, who was imprisoned by the Elector Christian II of Saxony and tortured to force a revelation of his secrets—those who avowed knowledge beyond the ordinary walked in constant danger, is quite sufficient justification of a concealment that now we are apt to look upon as at the least suspicious, at the best a mildly contemptible puerility. Genuine mysticism, of course, plays its part, as well. Mystics are apt to have a hard time of it in contact with the rugged materialism of a cold workaday world. The inevitable tendency is to seek companionship with kindred spirits apart from the unappreciative or hostile world, to guard jealously the convictions that make life valuable, and to speak in parables. In those times, holding secret the possession of knowledge seems to have been a cardinal point of faith, as well as a precaution. Seton was pierced with pointed iron, scorched with molten lead, burnt by fire, beaten with rods, racked from head to foot, yet his constancy never forsook him. Even Sendivogius, who rescued him from all this and sought to be his disciple, he refused to teach, saying, "You see what I have endured. My nerves are shrunk, my limbs dislocated; I am emaciated to the last extremity, and my body is almost corrupted; even to avoid all this I did not disclose the secrets of philosophy." It is not a satisfactory explanation of this to say that he revealed nothing because he knew nothing. A confession of imposture would certainly not have increased his torments, and probably would even have relieved him. He thought he knew, but would not tell. And Seton's case is but one out of many.

So that it is quite conceivable, it is even quite probable, that these mystical, pertinacious and secret investigators of the mysteries of medicine and chemistry really discovered more than ever was told, and which the modern chemist and the medical investigator of a freer age are to find out anew. Arnold de Villanova, in the thirteenth century, is accused of "attempting to create a man by means of certain drugs deposited in a pumpkin"; and here in America a short time ago a distinguished scientist of Chicago announced that he had found the origin of life in certain chemical combinations. Yet he is not derided; his results are respectfully considered, and they are rejected not because they are impossible, but because they are not yet proved. Indeed, the possibility is conceded, and that concession carries

with it the possibility of what Arnold is said to have attempted and the possibility of the "*homunculus*" of Paracelsus, however improbable either may really be. So, too, the modern doctrine of the indestructibility of matter is not really new; it is found in the writings of Paracelsus, and I suppose ages before him. And the alchemistic theory of "Universal Development"—no doubt in itself a very ancient concept—seems to bear a distinct generic relation to the doctrine of evolution, whose formulation by Charles Darwin revolutionized, or perhaps it would be fair to say created, modern thought. Really, when Paracelsus speaks of the "*Limbus*," the "*Mysterium magnum*" or "*Primordial Matter*," the *mucilage* "containing the germs of life, out of which, by *generatio æquivoca*, first the lower and afterwards the higher organisms are formed," it sounds very like a modern scientist talking about protoplasm; and when he says, "Separation is the cause of existence, the birth of things from the *Mysterium magnum*,"—is that very different from a literal statement of growth by separation of protoplasmic cells?

In this recent acceptance of ancient thought in a new form, it may not be difficult to trace a direct transmission of the concept through the ages from one mind to another; but in the discovery of microbes and the general acceptance of the quite recent theories of germ diseases there is a very curious and independent verification of much that makes up the mystic, poetic and fantastic pneumatology of the alchemistical philosophers. Their concepts as to the invisible denizens of the alchemistic "four elements of fire, water, air and earth," have been in recent years strikingly realized by the discovery of actual fact as to three of the elements, leaving fire out of the account, although if I am not mistaken there are organisms that even a very considerable degree of heat does not destroy. They conceived the existence of "elemental spirits," salamanders in fire, undines or nymphs in water, sylphs in the atmosphere, gnomes in earth, all living organisms invisible because transparent and impalpable; we may know of no salamanders, but as to the rest, we know that these living organisms do exist and are invisible only because of their microscopic size, a condition of invisibility which, apparently, did not impress itself upon the mind of the ancient mystic. Instead of the more poetic names, we call them all microbes, or spores, or microzoa, or, in general,

micro-organisms; but, after all, the essential conditions of microscopic life seem to have been fairly well conceived by the alchemists, and other still more ancient Hermetic philosophers, in a mystic way; and it is hard to tell how far their concepts are purely mystical or are hard materialism of belief hidden under a mystic phraseology. What they speak of as elemental spirits, the microscope practically reveals to us as living, material beings.

And as the microscope has revealed, and is still revealing, forms of life before unknown if not unsuspected, so the invention of instruments vastly higher in magnifying power would unquestionably reveal forms of life that are now beyond our reach. And it is very possible that our condition and the springs of our action from day to day may be much more under the influence of these myriads of living organisms that closely environ us than we should dare to imagine in our present state of knowledge—or of ignorance. The belief of a few centuries ago that this crowd of living beings, invisible and impalpable under ordinary conditions, some of them actively malignant, ravening to do us injury, others as actively benevolent and guarding us against their ravages, others still merely impassive and indifferent,—this speculation of those old and discredited philosophers, which has been looked upon as a crazy fancy, the microscope shows to be almost literally true. Instead of spiritual beings, demons and guardian attendants, we call them microzoa. Some are bitterly dangerous; some are protective, antagonizing and preying upon those hostile to us; and some are simply harmless. If the alchemist, or Hermetic philosopher, could have been equipped with a pair of spectacles of very high microscopic power, he might have actually seen very much what he did see by the eye of his spiritual vision. Indeed, it is conceivable that a condition of the eye, the optic nerve, and the apprehensive power of the brain—a state of supreme exaltation—might be brought about that would vastly magnify the power of eyesight temporarily, and would actually make these micro-organisms visible to the unaided eye. As it is, every minute object, not even larger than a blood corpuscle, which comes within the field of vision, does actually impress its image on the retina, and it is due to the limited power of the nerve to transmit the impression, and of the brain to apprehend it, that it fails to

reach our consciousness. As Sherlock Holmes says to Dr. Watson, "You see, but you do not observe." The smallest object that will make a visual impression on the retina—that is, whose image will touch two retinal cells at once—is in size about four micro-millimetres or microns, approximately the sixty-five hundredth part of an inch. You really see it, but you do not know you see it; the brain does not record the impression. The various germs and spores floating in the air vary from a much greater size than that to a much less, so that many of them are really seen by the naked eye, although the brain is not conscious of it; and perhaps it is not impossible that, under conditions of great excitement, or hypersthénia the retinal cells might contract and shrink together so that the image of an object still smaller than four microns would cover two cells at once and so become visible. It is also conceivable that, in such a conjectural hypersthénic state, the lenses of the eye might temporarily undergo such functional and structural modifications as would give them more or less microscopic power and so deepen the range of vision, bringing still smaller objects into its field. Yet further, bearing in mind that we commonly judge of the size of what we see by the distance at which it is supposed to be and that an object which is in reality close by, but which is thought to be at a distance, appears of much greater proportions than it really is, it is readily conceivable that very minute objects, made suddenly visible in the manner suggested, if close to the eye or floating on its surface and imagined to be at a distance, would attain formidable apparent dimensions; and some forms of microzoa might well appear as frightful monsters, especially when we take into consideration the tricks that effects of light and shade often play, with which the microscopist is familiar.

To carry the thought a little further, the elixirs, the ceremonies and incantations that were supposed to be the means by which the initiate attained the temporary power of seeing these ordinarily invisible beings, and of which Bulwer gives so graphic a picture in his novel, "*Zanoni*," may certainly be conceived as being causes producing an abnormal exaltation of the nervous system and of visual power. The ordeal of entrance into these occult mysteries was spoken of as very dangerous to the neophyte, and not to be entered upon without long and rigorous bodily and spiritual preparation; which is entirely consistent with the spec-

ulation that is here suggested, since high nervous excitement is often more or less dangerous, and the elixirs may have been powerful nerve excitants, highly poisonous in overdoses.* It was a time when much attention was given to the concoction of subtle poisons; and, no doubt, some were discovered the knowledge of which has been lost, a natural result of treating scientific research as esoteric doctrine.

But, whatever their vagaries, these Hermetic philosophers appear to have been often close to the truth, and to have missed it only by narrow margins. The theory that we are surrounded by living invisible beings, who exercise a powerful influence on us, was long supposed to be one of their wildest dreams, yet it is now known to be substantially true. The invisibility they appear to have attributed to mysterious occult conditions is really due simply to smallness of size; and that is the essential difference between their concept and the actual truth. The celebrated English alchemist, Doctor Robert Fludd, who published a defence of the Rosicrucian philosophy in 1616, and who has come down to us in history simply as a charlatan, held that "every disease had its peculiar demon who produced it, which demon could only be combated by the aid of the demon whose place was directly opposite to his"; but really if "demon" is translated into "microbe" on one side and "antitoxin" on the other, the majority of the medical profession to-day would come close to saying the same thing.

The doctrine, indeed, is a very ancient one. Dr. Meryon, in his "History of Medicine," speaking of the Gnostics of the early Christian centuries, says:

"In medicine they launched out into the wildest speculations, and delivered themselves over to the guidance of disordered imagination. They believed in the mysterious hierarchy of the invisible world; and

* It is said of Paracelsus that he held "there are some poisons by which the organic activity of the body may be suppressed for a time, and the consciousness of the inner man rendered more active, and which may therefore enable us to see the things on the astral plane. But such poisons are destructive of reason, and very injurious to the health." And another authority says: "One of the most effective fumigations for the purpose of causing apparitions was made of the following substances: hemlock, henbane, saffron, aloe, opium, mandrake, solanum, poppy-seed, assafoetida and parsley." Of course, "apparitions" raised by so poisonous a concoction quite probably were merely the illusions of an opium dream; but, at the same time, it is conceivable that an exaltation of the optic nerve and brain may have been produced in some such manner as that suggested.

were led to the doctrine of demons as the authors of all bodily infirmities."

Make allowance for mystical expression of ideas, substitute "microzoa" for "demons," and Gnostic doctrine does not seem as wild as it did when Dr. Meryon wrote his history, not so long ago. The modern scientist believes firmly in the influence of the "invisible world" which the microscope reveals.

So too when Paracelsus, speaking of a certain physical product, says, "It may decompose and become a strong poison, furnishing life to innumerable invisible existences, by which epidemics and plagues may be caused," he seems working quite on the same lines as the modern physician, and to be quite close to the germ theory of disease. And the fact that "fumigations to drive away evil spirits were made of sulphur, assafoetida, castoreum, and more especially of hypericum and vinegar," shows the strongest relation to modern methods of combating germ disease by precisely the same method of fumigation, although doubtless we have a better choice of disinfectants.

Many of the sayings of Paracelsus, which seemed mere quackery to the orthodox physician of his day and generation, are in what we are wont to plume ourselves is a distinctly modern vein. As, for instance:

"The physician should be an alchemist; that is to say, he should understand the chemistry of life. Medicine is not merely a science, but an art; it does not consist merely in compounding pills and plasters and drugs of all kinds, but it deals with the processes of life which must be understood before they are guided. . . . A powerful will may cure where doubt will end in a failure."

"The physician should be well versed in physical science. He should know the action of medicines and learn by his own experience and by the experience of others. He should know how to regulate the diet of the patient, and neither overfeed nor starve him. He should know the ordinary course of disease, and the premonitory symptoms; for a disease is like a plant, which may grow to be a big tree if it is not rooted out when it is young. A child may cut down an oak when it first comes out of an acorn; but in time it will require a strong man and an axe to cut it down."

"He who can cure disease is a physician. To cure disease is an art which cannot be acquired by the mere reading of books, but which must be learned by experience."

"In many cases of lost vitality the weakened organs may recover their strength after a time of rest and cessation of abuse. Nature is a

patient mother that often forgives the sins committed against her, although she cannot forget them. We may therefore often trust to her recuperative powers, and Nature may be able to restore that which has not been irrevocably lost; for Nature is a great physician."

All this sounds like a series of extracts from the opening address of some professor to a class in a modern school of medicine, instead of the heresy of the sixteenth century. If this be alchemy in medicine, we have come round to it again. Paracelsus's doctrine, no doubt not original with him but much older, that an "evilily disposed mind" may originate a plague epidemic is almost literally realized in the modern medical knowledge that an "evilily disposed" body may do exactly this thing—whether it be an epidemic of smallpox or of typhoid. The radiation of virulent—dæmoniac, if you will—seeds of infection which he conceives of, or at least expresses, in a mystical and transcendental sense, we know as a strictly physical phenomenon; and we possibly ignore now, to be recognized in the future, some actual psychic force in the same direction—electrical or radioactive, it may be—which complements and energizes the contaminating physical infection that our science has proved and so acknowledges.

One of the gravest indictments against the alchemists has been their belief in the possibility of the transmutation of metals—that, by chemical means, base metals could be transformed into gold—and their claims to the actual practice of the art. In the first volume of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," one of the contributors to that monument of exact information says:

"Alchemy was, we may say, the sickly but imaginative infancy through which modern chemistry had to pass before it attained its majority, or in other words became a positive science. The search for gold was only one crisis in this infancy. There is no longer any need to exhort adventurous spirits, who hope to find Golconda at the bottom of their crucibles, to leave such visions and turn to the safer paths of science or industry. The battle has been fought and won, the problem of the unity of chemical elements or simple bodies belongs rather to the province of metaphysics than to that of experimental science. If here and there an honest student of the black art still survives, he is regarded as a mad but harmless enthusiast; and as for the pretended searchers for the philosopher's stone, they are, if possible, less interesting objects than the dupes they still continue to cheat."

This was written little more than thirty years ago; yet, in that short space of time, the complacent conviction as to the fixed and final knowledge of the nature of chemical elements or "simple

bodies" has given place again to doubt and further investigation. The problem of their unity, it may be fairly said, has been taken out of the "province of metaphysics" and again relegated to "that of experimental science." The battle appeared to be fought and won; but, like the Russians and Japanese at Liaoyang, the victory somehow does not seem to preclude the speedy reopening of the conflict. It is well not to be too sure that we have ever attained the sum and substance of final knowledge in matters of scientific attainment. If we do not agree with Paracelsus that the superstition of one century may be the science of the next, we at least know that the converse has often proved true. And we are continually harking back to the failures of the past for the solid basis of some brilliant achievement of the present. The invention of breech-loading firearms, for instance, is one of the great successes of the nineteenth century and quite revolutionized the art of war; yet this was one of the earliest forms of those weapons of civilization with which we enforce upon inferior peoples the knowledge of better things. It was cast aside as a failure, to be afterwards taken up again as a great success.

So, too, with the exact and apparently final knowledge of chemical elements of a few years since. It is not so surely exact, and now by no means admitted to be final. The possibility of very different knowledge is admitted by all. The discovery of radium and radioactive bodies has opened a new vista in chemical science which may stretch out to undreamed-of fields, in which we may find some of the discarded concepts of the past. On his recent visit to America to attend the convention of the Society of Chemical Industry, the eminent British chemist, Sir William Ramsay, after speaking of having recently stumbled upon a "new substance which might possibly be the key of new discoveries," is reported to have said: "It seems to me that we may be on the eve of the discovery of the origin of the ordinary elements, which may be the breaking down of radioactive elements of high atomic weight." This statement was received with enthusiastic acclaim by the assembled chemists to whom it was addressed, and who represent the accepted thought in their branch of knowledge. It seems impossible not to recognize that it points directly to the ultimate "unity of chemical elements" as a distinct scientific possibility, and perhaps more directly to the possible chemical identity of the metals in a common origin; and, if this be

so, then the transmutation of metals is established as a scientific possibility, and the practice of the *magnum opus*, or the artificial manufacture of gold, becomes again a legitimate aim of scientific research—if it should be worth while.

Indeed, at a later date, Sir William Ramsay, in his paper called "Radium and Its Products," published in "Harper's Magazine" for December, 1904, commits himself definitely to this view. He says:

"If, as looks probable, the action of β -rays, themselves the conveyors of enormous energy, on such matter as glass, is to build up atoms which are radioactive, and consequently of high atomic weight; and if it be found that the particular matter produced depends on the element on which the β -rays fall, and to which they impart their energy:—if these hypotheses are just, then the transmutation of elements no longer appears an idle dream. The philosopher's stone will have been discovered, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to that other goal of the philosophers of the dark ages—the *elixir vitæ*. For the action of living cells is also dependent on the nature and direction of the energy which they contain; and who can say that it will be impossible to control their action, when the means of imparting and controlling energy shall have been investigated?"

This is pure alchemy and brings the speculations of the alchemists—and their achievements, if they attained any—distinctly within the purview of modern science.

Then too, the theory of Professor J. J. Thomson, based on the researches of Professor Crookes and other physicists, casts aside the old theories of the separate and individual atom or chemical unit of each different chemical element—whether it be the unbreakable solid of the old Greeks, the mere centre of force of Boscovich, or the vortex ring of Lord Kelvin—and holds that the basic element of all atoms, of every substance, is one and the same, a congeries of "electrons," or corpuseles in a high degree of motion; the atoms of various chemical elements differing in weight according to the number of electrons they may severally contain. If, therefore, in the ultimate analysis, it proves true that all forms of matter are reducible to an identical primary electron, it is certainly theoretically possible to reverse the process by which any chemical element has assumed its present form; and having reached the point where it branched off from other forms of matter, to reconstruct it along new lines until it is built up into the special form desired. And while there is no theoretic difficulty about this process, it is certainly true either that the

practical difficulties may be found insuperable, or on the other hand that some simple short cut may be discovered that will make the process of conversion an easy one. Should this come about, it is but reasonable to suppose that a group of closely related substances, like the metals, might afford the earliest and easiest field for the demonstration of such a converting process. All of which is also apparently pure alchemy but not repugnant to modern science as well.

One of the more recent historians of alchemy and the alchemists, writing about twenty years ago, says:

"The physical theory of transmutation is based on the composite character of metals, on their generation in the bowels of the earth, and on the existence in nature of a pure and penetrating matter which, applied to any substance, exalts and perfects it after its own kind. This matter is called 'The Light' by Eugenius Philalethes and by numerous other writers. . . . All the elements which enter into the composition of metals are identical, but they differ in proportion and in purity. In the metallic kingdom, the object of nature is invariably to create gold. The production of the baser metals is an accident of the process, or the result of an unfavorable environment."

If, therefore, what Eugenius calls "The Light" is what is now called radioactivity, and there is a certain kinship between the expressions, the alchemistical theory of transmutation and Sir William Ramsay's statement have possibly a close relation.*

Of Heraclitus of Ephesus, in the fifth century before the Christian era, it is said: "Maintaining that fire alone was the principle of all things, he regarded generation as an ascending road, *i. e.*, a volatilization, and decomposition as a descending road, *i. e.*, a fixation." If we consider, here, fire and radioactivity to be equivalent terms, as they may well be in the sense of Heraclitus's thought, Sir William Ramsay may yet prove that the ancient philosopher's concept was near to the truth. At all events, the two statements of the old and the new thought bear

* About the year 1710, Schmolz de Dierbach, a lieutenant-colonel in the Polish army, is said to have obtained from Lascaris, a Greek alchemist, some "powder of projection" by which it is claimed he produced gold a number of times. This powder, it is said, "was of a red color, and a microscopic examination revealed its crystalline nature. It increased the weight of the metals, which it was supposed to transmute, to an extent which chemical authorities declare to be physically impossible." The report of an increase in weight is curious, and possibly significant in view of Ramsay's speculation that metals and other ordinary chemical elements may be the product of the breaking down of "elements of high atomic weight."

a certain curious resemblance. It may be that, among those ancient and almost forgotten investigators into the secrets of nature, there was some knowledge of what we now call radioactivity and radioactive bodies, and that this was the foundation of their philosophy. It may well be, too, that the practice of treating their attainments in physical research as an esoteric doctrine, to be communicated only to the initiate and to be expressed only in fantastic forms—a necessity imposed either by the exigencies of the times or by their own mystical temperament—has been responsible for a loss to the world of definite scientific results that are now being rediscovered in an age when they are welcomed as practical attainments instead of dreams and chimeras. And so, perhaps, the renaissance of alchemy, the rebirth of the alchemists, is taking place on a higher and better plane in the chemistry and the chemists of to-day.

As in organic life the doctrine of evolution upset the old theories of the independent creation of every species, reducing them all to one common original progenitor, the primordial protoplasmic cell; so, in the inorganic kingdom, instead of, as at present, basing the whole creation upon some scores—I do not know just how many there may be at present—of individual irreducible chemical elements or simple bodies, the chemistry of the future may push its ultimate analysis to a point where it finds but one element, the progenitor of all the rest whose variations have been created by radioactivity or something to which that leads. Indeed, it may possibly be found that the force which is or lies behind radioactivity is the creative force, the generating cause, of all living things, including the primordial protoplasmic cell itself—that it is the essence of life. Then comes the thought that if, after all, radioactivity, or that of which it is the manifestation, should prove to be the formative force of creation, the spirit of things, we seem really quite close to the position of alchemical philosophy that there is a spirit, or life, in everything, which determines its form and characteristics. And it is possible that there may have actually been the discovery of some radioactive body which was the mysterious “quint-essence,” or fifth essence or element, the most important element of the “philosopher’s stone” which was supposed to be the effective agent in the transmutation of metals. This quint-essence, or *prima materia*,

is spoken of by alchemical writers as "the chief key to chemistry," which certainly has an interest in connection with Sir William Ramsay's statement. It is also said "to be a substance found everywhere and continually seen and possessed by those who are ignorant of its virtues." Indeed, if the philosopher's stone actually existed, it was apparently composed of very common substances. One writer says, "tenpence is more than sufficient to purchase the Matter of the Stone"; so that, when Sir William Ramsay discovers the secret of its composition, it is a satisfaction to know that it may be within the reach of all, since, if dissolved in alcohol, it is fabled to possess remarkable efficacy as a medicine in the cure of disease and in the prolongation of life.

It must be remembered that the great aim and object of the alchemistical philosophy was the elevation and exaltation of the human being to his ideal place, the development of the potentialities that lie in the organism of man, the cultivation of what we call "the soul" as the great source of growth and power. This philosophy seeks, as a minor object, to find the secret of making gold, simply because it is conceived to be the perfection, the final achievement, in the metallic kingdom, in which "the object of nature is invariably to create gold"; but, when the secret is found, its practical use is discouraged as dangerous to the one who has attained it and "useless in the end."

The discovery of which Sir William Ramsay thinks we may be on the eve may then, conceivably, bring with it the justification of those pertinacious and long-suffering investigators who wasted life and energy, who endured pains and torments, who were flouted and berated, in the vain search for the philosopher's stone and the means of transmuting metals; or it may prove that they were utterly astray. It would, however, probably justify them, in either event, as sincere and patient investigators into the secrets of nature even if unsuccessful seekers. One other thing it would do, if that has not already been done,—it would prove that those scientists who, thirty years ago and less, were writing of chemistry as then an exact science, based on final fixed knowledge of the nature of chemical elements as simple bodies, were almost as far in the wrong as the alchemists whom they flouted with amused derision.

The truth seems to be that the actual accomplishment of the

transmuting of metals in the past is supported by a body of evidence quite as strong as that upon which we accept many historic facts. The evidence has been rejected because we seemed to have sufficient proof that the thing itself is impossible. If now or in the future that proof fails us, if it is admitted that the thing we believed incredible may, after all, be possible, then the historic evidence is to be accorded its proper weight, whatever that may be, and is to be treated as any other evidence.

Meantime, it may profit us to turn to the words of the Preacher, written thousands of years ago:

“One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever.

“The thing that has been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us.”

JOSEPH HORNOR COATES.

REMBRANDT: INTERPRETER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D., L.H.D., AUTHOR OF
"BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND," "THE AMERICAN IN HOL-
LAND," "THE STUDENT'S MOTLEY," ETC.

IN Leyden and Amsterdam in July, 1906, the world will do honor to Rembrandt. The first seat of learning in the Northern Netherlands was the place of his birth. In Europe's primate city of tolerance he wrought his mighty works.

Rembrandt harnessed to his genius the elemental forces of light and shadow. With little or no pigment, he made deathless pictures; but, when he would, his color was beyond the brilliancy of Venetians. Legend even covered his canvas with gold-leaf, so rich were his golden browns. Yet, amazing as was his technique, to fascinating generations of artists who would win his secrets, he was even greater as the interpreter of his own and the coming centuries. Above all, he was master of ideas, and his message was in the language of ideas. He was the mightiest of "post-exilic" prophets. Cryptic to popular taste and defiant to exasperated patrons, he summed up the old and opened the new testament of art. After much misunderstanding yet with steadily increasing appreciation, he has come unto his own. Critical biography has already ploughed under the luxuriant weeds of lying legend. The square inches of his canvas now call for equivalents in guineas, or gold pieces. Where his funeral cost twelve florins, myriads of guilders will be spent upon festal celebrations in his honor. The house, Saskia's home, once sold over his head, now restored to honor, and the property of the municipality, is a Mecca for pilgrims and admirers. An annex to the National Museum, especially built to be the treasure-house of his masterpieces, will be solemnly installed. His etchings will be published

in sumptuous reproduction. In both the artist's vernacular and in the Vulgate will be issued those parts, that is, the greater part, of the Deathless Book, which the master illustrated with needle-point or brush. These enterprises of permanent commemoration, with popular celebrations, show how grandly the Dutch people can build the tombs of their prophets,—especially when the world crowns their memories as truth-tellers.

In spite of Lautner, the destructive German critic, who assigns most of Rembrandt's triumphs to Ferdinand Bol, nearly seven hundred works of the Dutch master, according to his Old Mortality, Bode, remain. At antipodes of Lautner, is the anonymous "Deutshen," from whose sixty-fourth edition of "*Rembrandt als Erzieher*," now before us, we learn that the man of Leyden is a "universal reformer," "symbol and personification of all those elements at present wanting in Germany."

During the three centuries since the miller's son saw light, three stages of fame, two of them forms of detraction and measured each by a century, may be noted.

The apogee of the painter's prosperity was covered by the period of his love, courtship and marriage with Saskia. After her death, in 1642, the artist of the so-called "Night Watch" was, like his own great picture, misunderstood. From the point of view of fat prosperity, such as would count even the career of Calvary a foolish one, Rembrandt's was a failure. Ahead of his age, he paid the usual penalty of the prophet who sees timeless truth too clearly for present emolument. The members of Captain Frans Banning Cock's company were to be pictured. Exactly like a present-day subscriber to a county "history," who wants at least a page for his fame, with half-tones of self, wife and stock, each musketeer of Amsterdam paid to have his face and clothes put on canvas for immediate effect. Life is short. Happy are we that art is long. Rembrandt painted a panorama for all time. Disappointing personal vanity, he set forth Martial Netherlands in undying tints. The militant republic is before our eyes. Here the glory of life, the splendor of patriotism, the secret of brave, little Holland show themselves. It is a national picture.

What is the story of the "Night Watch"? The answer is that its experience explains the odd title first given seriously by a renowned English painter, notwithstanding that it is a transcript of a scene in broad daylight, with sun-shadows, and with data

marking the very hour of the day. The French followed, in the "*Ronde de Nuit*," but pragmatic knowledge knocks to flinders whole folios of criticism concocted when Rembrandt's March of the Civic Guard lay, like a caricature of itself in first freshness, under cakes of dirt and strata of pipe and peat-stove smoke.

Furious at the painter, who had buried their conceit and parochial fame (not even limning their names on a shield—added later by some other hand) these Amsterdammers damned the canvas by making it the target, on their armory walls, alike for volleys of oaths and for their tobacco fumes.

The second century saw even greater humiliation to the masterpiece. When removed to the City Hall, a foot and a half was snipped off to fit the canvas between two windows.

When Reynolds first saw it under layers of grime and smear, and successive deposits of smoke, soot and cakes of dirt, it seemed a Night Watch, indeed.

But how beautiful is old truth when rearranged in the fresh robes of the virtue which is next to godliness! Happily for Rembrandt's fame and the world's enjoyment, the curator of the Rijks Museum went in one day at the work of restoration. Laid flat over slow fumes of unheated alcohol the black dirt was flattered as if it were part of the gold and glory of the original, and the grime fell off and away. With "travel-stained garments all laid down," Rembrandt's masterpiece rose to golden resurrection. The picture of Martial Holland once more carried critics to Paradise on the stairways of surprise, by the splendor of its tints and the glory of its form.

The picture in its history forms a parable of the artist's life, and the history of criticism concerning him. The first period of his popularity ended with the death of his beloved Saskia. Private sorrows made him a man of grief. Adverse change of popular taste left him stranded in fortune. Unmerciful disasters followed fast and faster. His house, collections, private belongings—even to his linen at the laundry—were sold under the auctioneer's hammer. His sun of life set amid clouds of poverty, obscurity and gloom. Yet never for a moment did he lower his standard. Before the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune he reared the white shield of a high art ideal. He may have been painting his memory of Saskia, in "*The Jewish Bride*," when Death palsied his arm.

In the second century, the unheroic eighteenth, what with ignorance of Dutch history and detail, the craving for apocryphal anecdote and gossip, and the wormlike industry of Houbraken—the Weems of the period—Rembrandt's name, like a Roman pavement of mosaic, sank under the growth of wind-wafted soil and brambles. Thickets of tradition sprang up. History was written by guesswork. "Rembrandt was born in a mill"—because he pictured one. The "Repose in Egypt" became a "Gypsy Camp." "The Jewish Bride" and "Rembrandt's Concubine" are specimens of traditional and catalogue names. On the baseless fabric of conjecture, Rembrandt was described as a traveller in England and Italy, besides doing uncounted other things, very wonderful, indeed, but unknown to the records. In that era of dogma-making, and the golden age of legend, tradition stood in militant and defiant attitude, locked up like a giant warrior in riveted brass.

In the third century, science came forth with the smooth stones of the brook. In the warfare of truth, successors of Spinoza, Grotius, Bekker, Coccejus, show that long, as well as old, is Holland's list of leaders of thought; albeit Motley, like a Lafayette, led the hosts in truth's van of research. Fruin in history, Huet in literature, Kuenen in scholarship, Vosmaer in art criticism, to be followed by Michel and Bode, made plain the age and land of Rembrandt and his place in them. "History is a resurrection."

Of the phenomenal side of the first half of the seventeenth century, its battles and sieges, the Dutch struggle and victory, the Thirty Years' War, all the world knows. Has not everybody read the American historian of the Netherlands—though he may have misread, or not wholly seen aright, the long duel between Union and Secession, incarnated in the persons of Maurice and Barneveldt? The whole people asked: Are we a nation, or only a confederacy? But what of the unphenomenal world—of mind and thought? Who has written, who has pictured, this theme, which awaits its Lecky?

At victorious Leyden, in 1606, when the siege was still thrilling the memory of living men, Rembrandt was born, and his was a new world. The triumphant Dutch Republic had shattered the old world of papal supremacy, the Inquisition, divine right, feudalism, chivalry, monopoly of trade, closing of the seas, the

prerogative of church rulers to divide and apportion the earth, to fetter the conscience, to torture and burn the body for opinion's sake. The brain and hand of William of Orange had unriveted that medieval shackle of conscience—*cujus regio, ejus religio*.

This German and his Dutchmen ushered in the dawn of world-wide tolerance, vernacular scriptures, freedom for mind and spirit, government based on voluntary taxation and representation, the new world in which right of kings and popes had no place except by consent, whence witchcraft was banished, wherein humanity was more than theology, and Divine immanence, as well as ineffable transcendence, fed faith. Anabaptist so-called, Lutheran, Calvinist, Arminius, Menno Simons, Spinoza; and, later, Descartes, Coccejus, Balthazar Bekker—all had a part in holding the ploughshare of truth, beam deep, to turn under the old and to open the elemental and eternal to receive new seeds. The time had come for reality in light and shadow. Rembrandt was the prophet in art of the new world of thought and vision. He read deeply the works of God and the soul of man. He perused humanity's greatest book. The States-General version of the Bible, which, in its honest literalness, has at so many points anticipated modern scholarship, was this Dutch artist's study, and in its truths and law he meditated day and night. Yet ever, for interpretation of the text, he sat with the pupil's mind at the feet of the Hebrew rabbi, the Mennonite preacher, and the plain man, as well as the officially orthodox teacher. He had that subtle sympathy and profound faith in man, as object of the Divine love, which marked men like Lincoln. He searched long and deep after whatever of Orientalism was then accessible in books or in objects brought by the ships from afar. His joy was to read aright those narratives which, be their form Hebraic, Aramaic or Hellenic, belong to humanity's unlocalized and undated poetry.

Herein are the glory and the immortality of Rembrandt. He kept aloof from all petrifying dogma, from wasteful definition of doctrine, from the ever-murky atmosphere of controversy. Reactionary Holland mummified truth in symbols of logic. After snapping the bands of Roman imperialism which had long masqueraded in the name of the lowly Galilean, it reentered the prison of Grecian dialectics, Latin logic and medieval symbols. Rembrandt loved truth without mythology or emblem. He made reality lovely. He broke the tradition that mingled fairy-tales

with Holy Scripture. He was under no illusion as to scholastic names, or cathedral millinery. He was proof against the fascination of processions, vestments and incense, on the one hand, and against creed and catechism, the edifices of logic and clerical subtlety, on the other. It was to the Master Himself, and not to Augustine or Calvin, that he went to learn the Divine love and wisdom. He pierced to the heart and inner meaning of all things phenomenal. His intense sympathy with humanity made his gaze as penetrating and revealing as an X-ray. Without going into camp, or visiting battle-fields, he was the best interpreter of heroic Holland. Ignoring contemporary strife in Church and State, he yet painted man's noblest spirit in struggle. He brought art down from the skies, out of metaphysic and mythology, out of cathedral and prince's palace, and gave it to the people.

Rembrandt set the vision splendid, of man's Divine inheritance of beauty, on the solid earth, owned and enjoyed by men who can be happy without pope, king or bishop. He glorified brotherhood more than celibacy, and motherhood more than nunnery and denial of life. In Rembrandt's mind, even though he painted the Holy Family and Mary the Mother of Jesus, there was none of that aversion to the God-ordained method of making a family and a home of which mythology and dogma, made by the imitation of paganism, are so full. To the Rembrandt-like mind, a man may be godlike, without being suspected of being the son of Apollo. The archaic Japanese way of accounting for divine children, by a god's crunching jewels and spitting them out to form offspring, is only one of a thousand variants of a human desire to exalt those supremely beloved. Yet such a form of well-meant honor is opposed alike to nature, law and the whole trend of inspired prophecy in the Old Testament. In Rembrandt's treatment of holy themes, the traditional and ecclesiastical are but mere detail. The human, the God-ordained, that which the Son of Man emphasized, is in his foreground and set in fullest light.

Yet Rembrandt, who flattered not those poets who are silent about him, lacked literary allies, nor had he a successor. Safe, rich, orthodox Holland of the eighteenth century, gorged with wealth and the spoils of the East, forgot him. A great famine of taste set in, so that though the work of "an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver," a Rembrandt canvas was disposed of for a stiver.

Yet the artist was not alone in oblivion. Did the Dutch know or care for their own history? Night fell also on the giants' books. Who, until Motley awoke the slumbering Dutch scholars, read Hooft, Bor, Wagenaar, Baudart, van Meteren? Did even Leyden, or any Dutch university, hold a professorship of *Vaderlandsche Historie*, until within the memory of young men now living? Holland paid the penalty of sudden wealth and Oriental spoil in the price of political oblivion.

Now, rereading, the Dutch appreciate their heroic age, and their giants of thought and art. Rembrandt is seen, not as the interpreter of the unappreciative eighteenth, or early nineteenth, but of their own heroic age, and of our own twentieth century, grandest of all the ages. Rembrandt is the painter of democracy, of reality, of what lies in the shadow—though those who are gorged with power see it not. In art, in religion, in organized life—call we it the Nation, the State, the City, the Church, or with whatever symbol or abstraction men put truth in the sheath, or under the label—Rembrandt is interpreter, emancipator, and re-creator. He teaches us obedience to higher, even to eternal, law.

In that wonderful power which Rembrandt had of being satisfied with God and nature, without the wrappings of the dogmatist and traditionalist, how many twentieth-century men of serious mind resemble the Dutch painter! They find spiritual sustenance in studying God's ways among men and in the universe, more than (alas!) within church walls. Yet the work of this heretic in art was not in denial, or destruction, but rather in stronger affirmation and more genuine reconstruction. In place of plaster and stucco, he built the city of art and truth, steel-braced and earthquake-proof, against the shocks of time and doubt.

Rembrandt personified science and faith. In his environment, he found and realized the universe. Delivering himself from the bondage of the local and the present, he lived in the unseen and eternal, while yet beholding with sympathy man's struggle on the solid earth. He shared in his nation's sense of joyous achievement and in the right of man to have his own, despite the lust of power in Church and State. His interpretation in art of humanity is wonderfully like that of another son of man, who came not to the privileged few, but to the common many. Jesus gave an interpretation of the law which was very unsatisfactory

to those who sat in Moses' seat. Rembrandt displeased the painters and their patrons who wanted the twelve apostles to be represented as senators and courtiers.

When we in our day ask, "Who have been the best interpreters of the Divine in man, and noblest exemplars of the Christ-life?" do we go to the churchmen, or theologians? Do we inquire of those who have heard sermons, and read "lesson helps" all their lives? Is it not rather in such men, as, whether in high office or humble life, are like the silent, the real Washington, the actual Lincoln—men whose "orthodoxy" was uncertain—that we find what Christianity is and means? Instinctively, the common people accept these men of like mind and life with the Nazarene, as the Master's real disciples.

In this our century, the rise of Japan on the world's horizon, like Holland's in the seventeenth, compels the same inquiry that then agitated the seat of Church Power in Southern Europe—"What is Christianity?" It was thought, and it was orthodoxy to think, that this question had been settled by Rome and Madrid. When, in 1619, the Holland politicians manipulated the Synod of Dordrecht, locked up its Canons under "the five heads of doctrine" in an iron-bound chest, it was believed that finality had been attained. If to-day Russian orthodoxy, for example, incarnated in Tsar, Holy Synod, State Church, bureaucracy, or ikon-worship, be Christianity, then some of us would prefer to be saved by Bushido. Yet what Delilahs even in the Church nearer home! "The Word of God is not bound." Those who most closely study Jesus, in His life and word, believe less in the Christianity of the heresy-hunters, and more in Him and those who follow Him, though they eschew Greek dialectics in order to do so.

Rembrandt is teacher. He would have us break "the letter's unprolific sheath" for the *veritas* that lurks within. He pits science against tradition, and unwraps truth from the mummy cerements which those who lust for the succession of power would still keep on. So in religion, the Rembrandt mind works mischief to the dogma-worshippers. What is the meaning of the ever-increasing host of serious, godly, devout, reverent and religious men outside the Church? What is the supreme purpose of those unquailing scholars who search, of writers who tell their thoughts, and of pastors, restless against outworn shells of

truth, who defy their accusers? With hearts warm to their fellow men, they are cold to the corporations that monopolize religion for personal advantage, even while they cry out to the living God. These men, walking very close to the Master, are as eager for truth as was Spinoza when excommunicated. They despise the medieval traditions that repel, and the dogmas, born in the atmosphere of paganism, that insult intelligence. They feel that the more they know the real Jesus the less can they believe what the church symbols teach.

Parents are increasingly perplexed in finding out where to send their sons and daughters, that their "faith" may be nourished. Yet fathers and mothers must learn that the world of the average church atmosphere is not the world of the modern college or the university. What, for argument in one field, may be heaviest artillery, is, on another, most distressing *impedimenta*. To bind Nature and the Bible into second, ninth, or seventeenth century formulas, is too great a task even for the colossal intellect of the twentieth century.

"The soul of man," as truly now as when Montgomery wrote his lay, still "keeps two worlds at strife"; but the worlds are not now Heaven and Hell; they are the Church and the University. Much of the life and influence of the Church has passed out into the class-room. The teacher moulds thought and opinion more than the traditionalist in the pulpit. The average preacher is afraid of science, and does not dare to trust his Master, even to walking on stormy waves, as against the voice of the silver-haired deacon or the middle-aisle pew. Not for him to throw away the pretty paganisms that are parasitic on the religion of Jesus, and trust to the elemental light and shade of simple truth. Happy for the Christian teacher of to-day if he can put on the Rembrandt mind, and in the spirit of his own age and of all the ages, put difference between the alleged "conflict" of religion and science and the so-called "warfare of science and dogmatic theology." The "wise householder, instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven," sees nothing of the sort; but only the struggle between the men hungry for power, who cloak their ambitious schemes and lust of pelf or potency under one name or both. There is as much "conflict" between religion and science as there is between chemistry and science, or between bacteriology and medicine; no more, no less. Theology, which is the adjustment of man's faith and his

knowledge, will always be queen of the sciences. Yet there will ever be an everlasting difference between theology and religion. What was Rembrandt's theology, what Washington's, Lincoln's? Who knows? Yet of their religion, all feel sure. It is quite certain that, if Jesus were again with the doctors in the modern Temple, His answers would hardly be esteemed orthodox. He would find much taught in His name of which He knew nothing. He has Himself declared that to many who did wonderful works in His name He will say, "I never knew you."

When, furthermore, Science calls History to her aid, the old church-world will pass away like a dream; yes, even now is vanishing. Worse yet for the medieval fabric, that seems so fair to gentlemen of the cassock, the prayer-book, the canons of Dort and the catechisms of Westminster, is the testimony of the gospels and the witness of Jesus Himself. Neither physical science nor history has done, nor can do, that work of destruction that Jesus' own life and words are yet to accomplish. Theological libraries will become punk and junk, but His words will never pass away. Criticism, as yet, has hardly thrown the ecclesiastical crockery off the shelves. The truth of the Christ of God, when realized in human life, will come as a cosmic lurch. A real knowledge, of what Jesus taught and lived and died for, shall turn most of the Greek, Latin, Anglican, and Yankee accretions of churchmen into rubbish, and the fire will consume the tall structures of metaphysicians and doctors. Men are increasingly under the idea of law, under the conviction that this universe is a garden, not a factory; that the story of the race is an evolution in the method of the Divine working; that man is under education by One who still walks in the cool of the day, and calls His creatures to account, to chastisement, and to loving reward.

Increasingly does the thinking man, especially he who sinks a shaft under the scholastic débris of the ages, believe in and heartily accept the deeper, yes, the deepest truths of the Bible. He can enjoy the Bethlehem story in as simple a form as did Mark or Paul. He no more worries over the results to "faith" of the occultation of the legendary features, than did evangelist or apostle. He is satisfied that neither man nor woman can improve on the divinely ordained method of the propagation of children, and the formation of the family. Before the mystery of life, the reverent man is mute; and, like the hero of the world's

greatest naval battle, ascribes his blessings to the grace of Heaven. To see in the life of Jesus, not an abnormal, but a greater, human experience of One who had in Him all of divinity that flesh and blood can hold, is neither danger nor denial, but only deeper faith in the one name "given among men whereby we must be saved."

Study the books of the supposed "enemies" of orthodox Christianity, and what is their dominant note? In the eyes of those who, thinking to do God's service, must preserve intact the matchless manual of Occidental devotion "from cover to cover," of those to whom the traditional mass of European dogma is identical with Christ's own words, the books of such men, Americans, for example, as Briggs, Schmidt, Foster, Crapsey, are as Shinosé bombs. It is alleged that they can have but one result—that of overthrowing "faith," shattering ideals, destroying the Christian religion. Yet a reader with the Rembrandt-like mind sees in these books, rather, history made sure, and the greater truth that absorbs and fulfils the lesser statements of it. One certain result, hateful to lawn and gown and traditional power, is that Hebrew and Christian are drawn into closer fellowship, seeing eye to eye their Friend, who in earthly lineage was of the Jews. It is said that when the Russian idolaters of the ikon find out that Jesus was a Jew, there will be revolution against the Holy Synod as well as against the Tsar-pope. Possibly, when some Protestants discover the real prophet of Nazareth, they will be shocked to learn that, should He come to worship in many churches of His name, He would not recognize Himself or His teachings. It is certain that right knowledge of Him, of His leading ideas, of His favorite texts, of the burden of His message, and of His emphasis upon Old Testament and eternal truths will vastly alter the proportions of dogma.

For the odd and curious thing is that when pastor or evangelist talks most earnestly, and dogmatician most vociferously, about "the pure gospel," "the plain, evangelical truth," "sound doctrine," etc., he means, even as he often specifies, what Jesus knew nothing about, pagan, ethnic, or Occidental infusions. He inventories a mass of Greek dialectic, or dogma whose date of medieval birth is known. Not only is emphasis laid on what formed no part of the teaching of Jesus, but on what is never referred to by Him or about which the New Testament is silent.

As Rembrandt refused to believe that art had but a single

tradition and but one stereotyped form, so does the man who knows his Bible well refuse to accept the churchman's limitations. As the painter went out into nature to question the great Original, so the man of Rembrandt mind, who would know the real Jesus and "be found in Him" goes directly to his Lord. To learn a saving measure of truth, he inquires of the Father. He is less anxious to be a member of the Salvation Trust, or the corporation that builds tariff walls around its monopoly, or to be of the elect, than to be a helper of the human race. He refuses to believe that the only tradition which our Occidental orthodoxy, our theological schools, our vociferous prelates, or our unethical revivalists know—the European tradition—is the only one. He knows for himself, and he is sure for his thinking neighbor at home and his trans-Pacific brother in Asia, that there is a yet purer form of Christianity—in Jesus Himself. To compel the nascent Christianity of Japan, for example, to stagger under the load of the Græco-Latin-Teutonic mass of accretions upon the simple gospel of Jesus, is to take the place of the Jerusalem schoolmen, scribes and Pharisees, whom Jesus denounced.

Sure success awaits all who patiently adopt the Jesus Spirit and the Jesus Way. In direct antipodes to our methods, Jesus never appealed to the discursive intellect, but to the heart, and to man's divinely given intuitions. He was the Way, the Truth, the Life, not by argument but by manifestation. To His wise followers, the secret of Jesus' peace and joy is open. His victory will be theirs. The works that He did will we do and greater than these. Daily are His promises fulfilled. The average apostle never achieved the mighty works that Christian missionaries, and other men who take Jesus seriously, are doing to-day. To attribute the success of advancing Christianity to its *impedimenta*, instead of to its Author, its weapons, and the hearts behind them, is to commit the mistake of those who invoked the mythology of Beelzebub to explain the reality of the spiritual power of Jesus.

Those who compare the ecclesiastical and sectarian apparatus for binding truth, and its own sentence of doom written as a frontlet on the forehead of the Undying Book, "The Word of God is not bound," foresee an endless struggle, as of light and darkness, yet with a lessening prospect of heresy trials, and the dawning of a long, bright day.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

LAWYERS AND THE TRUSTS.

BY FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his address at the Harvard Commencement last year, made a grave charge against members of the legal profession. "We all know that, as things actually are, many of the most influential and most highly remunerated members of the Bar in every centre of wealth," he declared, "make it their special task to work out bold and ingenious schemes by which their wealthy clients, individual or corporate, can evade the laws which were made to regulate, in the interests of the public, the uses of great wealth."

Coming, as it does, from such a conspicuous source, on such a prominent occasion and with such earnest emphasis, this charge should receive the serious attention of the community and of the Bar. It deeply concerns the community, because, if true, it points to a combination of wealth and legal skill—little short of a conspiracy—against the public welfare, a scheme to defraud and despoil the public for private gain, and in defiance and contempt of the law. And it vitally concerns the Bar, because such employment by its members compromises its honor, reputation and usefulness.

In making this charge, the President, of course, does not overlook, but would freely acknowledge the great—if not indispensable—service rendered by members of the legal profession in the modern industrial development. To their foresight and counsel much credit is due for the recent rapid development of cooperation in business, resulting in great saving in the cost of production, administration and distribution. Few great enterprises and few important changes in business methods are undertaken without legal advice; and the office of legal counsel is as essential to corporations as is the office of director or president.

It would be readily admitted, also, that when, as is often the case, a statute is ambiguous or capable of different interpretations, a lawyer may properly base his advice on the interpretation most favorable to his client's interest. The President may have had in mind cases in which lawyers have deliberately aided or abetted breaches or evasions by their clients of laws which either are unequivocal or have been explicitly interpreted by competent tribunals; and it may well be with the relation to competitors and consumers of certain forms and practices of modern industrial development that the charge has to do. Thus applied, it arraigns those lawyers who, by lending their legal knowledge and skill, enable individuals and corporations, through secret agreements and other schemes, to prey on the public with impunity and contrary to law, by exacting unequal or exclusive rebates and other advantages, by suppressing freedom of trade, or by enhancing prices. And it at once raises the question whether such conduct of members of the legal profession is consistent with their duty to the public, to the courts, and to their associates at the Bar.

An answer to this question may be reached through a brief examination of the nature and purpose of the legal profession. The practice of law is not simply a business, to be followed solely for personal gain. It is, first of all, a public service. The law is mainly a body of principles, developed from human experience running back far into the past, which have been applied, and are capable of being applied, to a great variety of circumstances; and the practice of law involves the nice and delicate adjustment, in orderly, customary forms, of those principles to human relations, for the settlement of disputes and the attainment of justice. Not every man is permitted by society to undertake this service. Only such are admitted to practice as, being citizens of full age and of good moral character, reveal, upon examination by public authorities, a sufficient knowledge of the history and meaning of legal principles, and a sufficient capacity to apply those principles to the circumstances of life and business. The practice of law has other marks of a public office. Before it can be undertaken, the sanction of an oath is required of the candidate, and a certificate under the seal of the State is issued to him granting him a license to practise.

Thus qualified and commissioned, the lawyer is, first of all,

an agent and servant of civil government, and, as such, his office is as distinct and important as are those of the judge and the jury. His first duty is to assist them in the administration of the law, in the support of the civil government and in the dispensation of justice, by a truthful and accurate presentation of the evidence and the law. Indeed, his public duties are the ones first embraced in the oath he takes, upon assuming his office of attorney. He swears to support the Constitutions of the United States and the State, and to conduct himself "with all good fidelity, as well to the courts," as to his clients.

If, then, a lawyer knowingly aids the evasion or defeat of the law, is he not false to his oath and to his trust? A judge or jurymen who is found guilty of such conduct is held in contempt, visited with punishment, and ejected from his office. Why is the lawyer treated with less severity, or held to a lower standard?

One reason is that the lawyer's duty to the State is often deferred or overlooked in his devotion to his client, and this attitude is too often approved or encouraged, not only by the thoughtless public, but also by his professional brethren, and even by the courts. It has been openly favored by distinguished judges.

"An advocate, in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client. To save that client, by all means and expedients, and at all hazards and costs to other persons, is his first and only duty; and, in performing this duty, he must not regard the alarm, the torments, the destruction he may bring upon others. Separating the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, he must go on reckless of consequences, though it should be his unhappy lot to involve his country in confusion."

This statement, imputed to Lord Brougham, may have had some qualification, either in the mind of its author or in the circumstances under which it was uttered. But, as stated, it leaves an impression of the lawyer's function which is entirely unwarranted in legal principle.

This one-sided view, that a lawyer is first an advocate, is encouraged by the indulgence of the courts. If he be faithless to his client by withholding or misappropriating the latter's money, he is likely to be disbarred. But if, as counsel for a great corporation, he advises or devises methods for evading the laws or defeating judicial process, he is not, as a rule, held to answer for this treachery, to the State and the court.

Likewise, the public demand and applaud, first of all, his fidelity to his clients. Popular sentiment imputes to the men of wealth and power, who nominally fill the principal offices of a great corporation, its grinding exactions and illusive, intangible policy; while it overlooks or excuses the corporation counsel, who, trained in the law, fertile in resources and bold in execution, inspires and guides the policy that leads to extortion, oppression and lawlessness.

Another reason for the neglect or disregard of the lawyer's duty to the State and the courts is found in the deficiencies of legal education. Our Law Schools and our official examinations for the Bar do not properly inculcate the nature and duties of the profession. The subject of legal ethics receives scant, if any, attention. In the Yale Law School, it receives but five lectures during the whole course of three years. In the Law School of Michigan University, it merely shares with the subjects, "Preparation, Trial and Arguments of Cases," one lecture a week for a single term. In the Law School of Chicago University, it is placed among the "Non-credit Courses." While, in the Law Schools of Harvard and Columbia Universities, it has no place whatever in the curriculum. "The design of this School," reads the prospectus of the Harvard Law School, "is to afford such a training in the fundamental principles of English and American law as will constitute the best preparation for the practice of the profession"; and yet this school—one of the largest and otherwise one of the most exacting Law Schools in the United States,—in its curriculum wholly overlooks or disregards instruction in the ideals, the limitations and the obligations of professional conduct. In the examinations for the Bar, this subject is often either slighted or ignored.

From such a training, and from such an attitude in the public and the courts, the inference is easy that the practice of law is a business, to be followed on the same principles and with the same aims as are other business pursuits. Indeed, such was the argument of a distinguished lawyer, formerly a judge of a high court, before the graduating class of one of our prominent Law Schools. And the further inference may be made that the lawyer owes no duty to the State or to the courts that is not expressly embodied in law, especially when it conflicts with his client's immediate personal or pecuniary interest. Finally,

the conclusion may be reached that the lawyer may employ his special training and skill in law, and his privileged position before the courts, to aid a great aggregation of capital, not only in devising and executing its secret, devious schemes for appropriating without adequate return the wealth of the people, but even in avoiding the laws and in escaping the process of the courts.

In this view, the lawyer is merely a professional expert—no more responsible for the results of a course he has devised or advised than is a chemist for the misuse of a poison he has compounded. Nevertheless, his compensation,—direct in the way of fees and retainers, and indirect in the way of incidental opportunities for gain,—is often large in proportion to the success and the risk with which his advice has been followed.

In this contact,—often partnership, as it were,—with modern industrial combinations, the practice of law has suffered loss in its moral stamina and in the public respect. Too often has the pursuit of wealth become the chief—even the avowed—aim of conspicuous, brilliant members of the Bar. And yet, according to the early theory and traditions of the profession, such an aim was improper, if not unlawful. Under the strictest practice of the early Roman, French and English law, it was an honor or privilege of the lawyer to serve his client, and for such service was received no obligatory fee or compensation, but only an “*honorarium*” or voluntary gift or recognition. This uncommercial, unmercenary view of the legal profession is not unknown in modern times. In England to-day, it defines the relation of the Barrister to the client.

In an address before the Yale Law School, the late Senator Hoar said:

“If you will walk these high paths, you must abandon the pursuit of wealth as a principal or considerable object. Of course, the lawyer must have his ‘*quiddam honorarium*.’ He must have his ample library. He must provide for his wife and children a comfortable home, lay up something for old age, and start his children in life with a good education, and the stimulant of his own good example. That is pretty much all. I hope to see our profession everywhere return to its ancient and healthy abhorrence of everything that savors of speculation in justice. When you are once known to the people, not as masters of the law, but as traders and traffickers seeking your own gain, the virtue has gone out of you.”

In these words of Senator Hoar are well expressed what should be the ideals in the practice of law to-day. The lawyer, like the physician, should receive for his service such compensation as may be reasonable in view of the expenditure he has made in his preparation, the knowledge and skill he displays in his work, and the dignity and responsibility with which he has been clothed. When, beyond this, he grasps and aims at wealth, prostituting his special knowledge, skill, position and opportunities at the call of any capitalist or corporation and for any service in his power, even to the evasion of the law and the defiance of the courts, he not only loses sight of the ideals and obligations of his profession and degrades and disgraces its practice, but he becomes a peculiarly dangerous menace to the community, and should be held strictly accountable for a neglect of his duty and for a breach of his trust.

For such malpractice his restraint and punishment are easy. He is a sworn officer of the State and of the courts; and his official character as such should be inculcated and emphasized to-day in legal education, in public sentiment, and in the attitude of the courts. If a lawyer be convicted of knowingly and wilfully advising or devising for an individual or a corporation a breach of the law or a defeat of legal process, not only should he be debarred from further practice, but he should also be punished as a principal with his client for the offence he may thus have advised or committed.

Above all, at the present time there is need of the cultivation among lawyers themselves of the high ideals that distinguish and dignify their profession. As President Roosevelt declared in his address to the Harvard Alumni, already referred to: "This nation never stood in greater need than now of having among its leaders men of lofty ideals, which they try to live up to and not merely talk of."

FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

OUTDOOR BOOKS.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

THE depravity of doors has been proven finally by the present generation. Half the ills that flesh and spirit are heirs to are the results of going inside and closing the doors behind us. Since the introduction of forks and feather beds, man has been accumulating *things*, heating, lighting, beautifying and complicating cut-off spaces, with the natural result of a partial development, dwindling strength, and sapping of vigor; an indoors civilization has burdened humanity with new sets of accomplishments, diseases and sins. Probably there has always been more or less of a return to nature going on in the world, even before Rousseau invented the cry and the Lake School voiced it in a new and compelling poetry; but at last the thought of it has penetrated and impregnated the world with its healing power, first men, and then women, till at last the average bank clerk has learned the value of a side-issue resource that binds him to the great sphere twirling underfoot, and the busiest of mothers has stretched her sense of duty beyond the bounds of a sewing-machine and has learned that she gives as much to her sons when she camps with them in the open as when she makes them a dozen shirts, and that large ideas and sweet wholesomeness will stand her daughters in as good stead as hand embroidery and piano-playing. The doors are flung wide again, and the sweet temper and tolerance, the vigor and endurance that go hand in hand with space and fresh air, have rushed in.

There are great healing powers in nature for the worn and stunted body; exertion teaches the stagnant blood to circulate, exposure offers us endurance; but, more than this, the mind and spirit wax large and patient and far-seeing in "the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the sea and the sky." It is difficult

to fret and fume, to give way to greed and to small, impatient desires under the slow, vast wheeling of the ordered stars, to make inordinate haste over the stretch of grassy leagues of prairie, to be vociferous and angry where the sea swings singing, forever unsilenced, or to bear a grudge across the smiling brown fields of a farm. It would be difficult to carry small envy and acrimonious theological disputes into the sunshine of a garden.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose-plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not!
Not God? in gardens? when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

Yes; the bigness of fate and of destiny is present in the outdoor world. Who says that God is not and sees the orderly marshalling of cause and effect through the Milky Way, or watches the sand hills slowly burying the forests, or the sea yearning after the moon, or the continuous accretion of virtue in the human spirit? Who that has watched the May-fly's moulting, as it sheds its grosser, worn-out body and pulls free, preening its new, ethereal self before it wings its many-colored flight beyond the carry of the human vision, will assert that there is no invisible, unified glory that escapes into the further, unseen open when we give back our dust to dust? This is the great power of nature, that, living in and with it, we are relieved of fear and desire; we know that the care that fashions the locust's leg with such intricate cunning that he saws out music with it through the long summer night, is the same care that is guiding our sun and its planets slowly, through numberless ages, toward a far-away star in Hercules. We know that this peace at the heart of nature, which is performing these tiny tasks of microscopic delicacy and these vast enterprises of unthinkable daring, in silence, needing no help, demanding no understanding, serene, complete in itself, larger than we have learned to dream, more vast than we dare conceive without dizziness, and as merciful as inviolable law, is the goal toward which we are journeying. However faltering we be,

veriest stragglers on the march, deserters, failures, sin-soiled to the core, lame and utterly broken, still, with every other atom of dust, "we are in the proud and calm procession of eternal things," and to realize this, to let it grow into our bodies and our souls, the wonder of it lighten our eyes and sweeten our smiles, the glory of it rid us of diseases and of sins, this is enough to teach us in winter and summer to open wide the doors, clip the bands that tie our attention to frills and furnishings, and claim the earth with its outlook and heaven with its peace for heritage.

There is a twofold benefit to be derived from thus living with nature; it augments and it clarifies the personality. One is frequently dull by reason of the deadness from which one is just emerging, but the Universe is as alive as electricity. A human being may accept his little circle of experience, and stare around and around a little nest of limited interests, but this is a deadening process that kills the sense of wonder and worship, augments our too natural inertia, and ends in narrowing us down to a smaller point than the lusty blossoming of youth predicted. This is failure in life, to let old age have power to shrink us. Yet nature is ever ready to let us shift our circle, to give us wider and wider visions, offering, for the enlarging of consciousness; all the wonderful sky-paths of the birds, the infinitely minute life beneath the upper ripple of the brook, the domesticity that fills the forks of trees, the intricate civilizations in ant-hills, and beehives, the habits of ferns and the tremendous family connections of the flowers. But these are not its sole services; on the other hand, when the mind is given over to lazy and vague diffusions, when instead of thinking out the infinite distinctions of things it loses itself in yearnings into the dim inane, nature draws lines and presents objects to bind us more and more to the concrete and the real. It gives solidity and body upon which to found feeling and speculation.

There are many ways of knitting ourselves to our heritage, the earth; above all, there is the way of the poet, which is the path of pure love; and there are the many and the devious ways of the naturalist, paths of knowledge and of discovery; and there is the way of the painter, who sees earth as a vision, and of the seer, who knows it as prophecy and promise; and the way of the every-day man and woman who, only half conscious of it, yet

love it and live in it and grow strong through it. This, perhaps, was the way of the world before the progress of civilization began to house man more and more, and to stifle him with treasures and things, till there had to be a revival, a definite call "back to nature," and artificial means thereto sprung up, sports and landscape-gardening, voyages of discovery, Arctic expeditions, and nature poetry and nature study, a hundred or more magazines of outdoor life, and countless books to remind us of the delights of living in the open, and loving the closest, most obvious, and most blessed gifts of heaven.

So, as print is the easiest means of communication nowadays, a literature of information and incitement has grown up. For the mere feel of joyous living, of breathing glad air in the lungs and getting a sense of space, perhaps poetry, the tale, and the untechnical essay are best. And there are certain old books always ready on the shelf to be taken down when the first warm breaths of March are wafted in, for spurring us on and making us ready. Of the poets, Wordsworth, Whitman, Swinburne and Emerson are best; but one must be careful to avoid Wordsworth in his ecclesiastical mood, Whitman when he is too vast and too rampant, Swinburne when he is world-weary and passion-worn, and Emerson when he is too elliptical and Sphinx-like. If the pages be rightly turned to "The Prelude," the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," the "Lines Above Tintern Abbey," "The Song of the Open Road," "The Song of the Broad Axe," "American Feuillage," Swinburne's "Sea Soliloquy in Tristram," "The Songs of Four Seasons," and Emerson's "Wood-notes," we shall be fortified and in tune for April.

There are, for the same stimulation, too, certain untechnical essays, such as Jefferies's "Pageant of Summer," and the deliciously gay garden books of the misanthropic, scoffing Elizabeth, who loved flowers and animals out of all proportion to her charity for human beings; and, above and beyond all, the incomparable "Idle Days in Patagonia." Thoreau's "Walden" has been known to cool the air and sweeten and brighten the shut-in darkness of a fever-patient's room, and take the tired nurse off to the very edge of the pond where the fishes answered at call. It is difficult to replace in the new output the supreme and original utterance of a mood, but the books of the day awaken echoes and bring their greater forebears to mind. Among the stories

of outdoor life published this year have come "Freckles"* and "Cattle Brands."†

"Freckles" is a pleasant book, full of wind and sunshine and growing things, illustrating well that heaven is, wherever any life is lived with zeal, interest and courage. It is a simply told tale, in which trust and affection rightly placed and rightly guarded lead to happiness and success. Nature works her cure in the heart and the body of the lonely, neglected boy who guarded the Limberlost, learning, in the daily living with the sights and sounds and silences of nature, her healing and enlarging power. His life with the birds, his room—where the walls on three sides were of fine, big bushes of wild roses, with the trees at their back and alder and thorn and dogwood in front, with solid masses of pale pink sheep-laurel and yellow St.-John's-wort below, and on the fourth side, cattails bordering the swamp, in front of them a row of water-hyacinths, and back of them a row of fox-fire—with his cathedral beyond and his acquisition of books and a naturalist's outfit made the best parts of the book, and one could readily resent the changed atmosphere when the conventional plot is introduced with a long-lost uncle, who is an English Lord, and anxious relatives, and a great fortune and career are ushered in to cap the climax. This gives the primitive touch to the story without which it would have been, perhaps, less saleable, but certainly more charming. It is the task ahead of the modern story-teller to realize that the happenings *inside* the soul are quite sufficiently exciting. The near, the real, the commonplace finely touched are important issues, without marshalling in the conventional incidents of the invented tale. In our land, we are somewhat enslaved to the conventional idea of story-building, of forcing an external plot and giving the reader a thrill of surprise at some unexpected turn of external events at the end of the tale. This is a cheap and easy *tour-de-force*, and appeals only to an elementary intelligence, and many books would grow in real value by eliminating it. The adventures of Freckles in the swamp, with birds and reptiles, even if the somewhat worn "love-interest" is necessary with his "Angel," would have made a charming book. The conventional plot and the surprise at the end definitely lower its level of achievement.

* "Freckles," Gene-Stratton-Porter. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906.

† "Cattle Brands," Andy Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906.

"Cattle Brands" is a collection of short stories of Western ranch life. There is a theory afloat nowadays which has won popularity and some influential support, that, the less a man knows how to write, the better he does it. Oddly enough, the theory that, the less a man knows about machinery, the better machinist he is, or the less he knows about nature, the keener naturalist, has not yet found its supporters; but, odd as the statement sounds, it is distinctly upheld by some, in positions to wield authority, that, the less a man *can* write, the better he can. "Cattle Brands" is evidently one of the cases in point. Everything that makes a good story is lacking—good English, decoration, structure, sequence are non-existent. As a matter of fact, the short story bears to prose narrative the relation that the sonnet bears to poetry. It is the small, highly finished, delicately wrought, perfected gem, chiselled like a fine cameo. For illustration, we may turn to Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill," and Mr. James's "Altar of the Dead." Either the short story is this, or it is nothing at all but a straggling and broken-off narrative. To this class the tales in "Cattle Brands" belong. The glamour of the subject is their only excuse for being.

On the other hand, "Sporting Sketches"* and "The Log of a Sea Angler"† present in the form of sketches, style, valuable information, atmosphere and keen observation. To such books the sportsman may turn for detailed knowledge, for inspiration and incitement, and the amateur for the mere sense of space and freedom, for alien skies and a care-free life.

"The Seasons in a Flower Garden"‡ is a handy manual of gardening information, adorned by delightful introductory scraps of poetry and charming pictures. The chapter entitled "Don'ts" is invaluable to the amateur gardener. The list of flowering plants for each month in the year is helpful, and the whole book very skilfully put together for the uninstructed. It is a book to make one set to work at once with digging and planting and watching.

Mrs. St. Maur's "A Self-Supporting Home"§ is apt to urge

* "Sporting Sketches," Edwyn Sandys. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

† "The Log of a Sea Angler," Charles Frederick Holder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906.

‡ "The Seasons in a Flower Garden," Louise Shelton. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906.

§ "A Self-Supporting Home," Kate V. St. Maur. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

one to overexertion. Who did all the work in Mrs. St. Maur's Self-Supporting Home? Apparently there was work enough there for three women and four men, but their wages are not mentioned. If the author did the work of her home, she can at least be no example for others; the average human being would have died under the strain. It is unquestionably becoming one of the necessary luxuries of modern life to have a little space about one to live and breathe in. If Mrs. St. Maur can only persuade us that we can learn to live on small farms for as little as we can rent an apartment for in a crowded city, she will be a benefactor to the race. If expenses had been a little more carefully entered into, the amount of labor required stated, as many of us might have been set at managing small farms as were started a-gardening by Elizabeth's first book. The book is full of valuable information, hearty encouragement and that delight and zeal in effort which mean real success in life. For to succeed is to do work joyfully and with never-failing interest, and with such a measure of success as teaches us to believe that the universe is still plastic to effort. To be a cause and to see effects grow under one's hand is the keenest of stimulants; and, apparently, Mrs. St. Maur had more than the usual share of this delight.

Marvellous as fairy-tales, and interesting as only solid fact can be, are W. S. Harwood's two books on recent horticultural progress. The experiments of Luther Burbank,* in his home at Santa Rosa, California, with the improvement of species, with the actual invention or creation of entirely new plants and vegetables are unparalleled in the annals of human intervention with so-called Providence. To remove the thorns of the cactus and force it to grow a blossom and an edible fruit; to coax the prune-tree to do in nine months that which in the usual course of events it took from two and a half to three years to accomplish; to invent a new vegetable out of a tomato and a potato; to teach a walnut-tree to grow eighty feet in fourteen years instead of fifteen feet in twenty-eight years; to unite the raspberry and blackberry, the dewberry, and raspberry, into new and finer varieties; to graft a plum upon an apricot, and again a plum upon a Bartlett pear, for finer fruits, take the tannin out of the walnut and thin out its shell; to infinitely improve

* "New Productions in Plant Life," W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

and strengthen the daisy, gladiolus, dahlia; to give the lily the fragrance of a Parma violet, and to add the fragrance of the trailing arbutus to the scentless verbena; to make chestnuts appear on a tree eighteen months after seed-planting; to increase the size of the poppy till it is ten inches across its bloom and the calla till it measures ten to twelve inches in breadth—are a few of the wonders worked by this Western wizard.

In "The New Earth,"* Mr. Harwood ranges beyond the experiments of the great wonder-worker Burbank, to the progress made all over the United States in breeding, plant development, exterminating of weeds, modern forestry, modern improved methods of dairying, animal husbandry, and reclaiming waste-lands.

It has been said that the blood of cities has to be reinforced every few years from the country or the human family itself would deteriorate in strength and intelligence. If we realize this, how many people will be willing to bring up children in crowded cities? Not only is country living necessary for health, but what a help to intelligence it is, to learn in the beginning from the visible fact instead of mere memorizing and theory. Those who live in the unwavering hope of a more beautiful and a more plastic life for posterity than their own has to offer, should welcome and meditate upon these books that give us the progress and the possibilities of man's life with and from the soil.

Two books less technical and full of interest to the amateur are "The Brook Book"† and "Nature and the Camera."‡ "The Brook Book" is a set of wanderings throughout the year by a little brook. Is not a brook, as the author says, "a type of the best kind of human life?—the steep hillside of youth, the wild dash, the splashing through and under and between difficulties, the firm, steady flow down the gradual slope of middle age—finally, the safe and tranquil passing into the unknown?" A brook is a very possible acquaintance from start to finish, and certainly "The Brook Book" shows one which is a most fascinating companion, winter and summer. In January, it offered mysterious stillness and wonder under its white veil of snow; the bordering sumachs were lifting their naked arms in amaze, the holly-

* "The New Earth," W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

† "The Brook Book," Mary Rogers Miller. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906.

‡ "Nature and the Camera," A. R. Dugmore. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906.

bush brightened the willow copse, and gray pussy-willows danced under their brown hoods. In March, the willow catkins had pushed their scales off and showed their soft gray beauty beneath. April was marshalled in, in gold of marsh-marigolds and bright green clumps of foliage clinging to the earth, here and there; in May, the oak-trees opened their catkins, and June brought wild roses, long grass and mosses of shaded green. In August, the bed of the brook was given up to burdocks, pitchforks and bitter-sweet, asters and goldenrod; briars and bushes choked its passage. In midwinter again, there were orioles' nests, barberry-bushes with red berries, cocoons to watch, and icicles hanging in the gorge. But the book offers us much more than this with its fullness of insect life, its close observation of the triangular spider, the ant-lion, the bees and butterflies, bobolinks and blackbirds, and of teasel and mullein and jewel-weed. The world is never dead if a man be alive; life is never dull if human beings are alert and the data of happiness and interest are inexhaustible and everywhere.

"Nature and the Camera" is a delightful guide to bird, plant and fish photography. Perhaps the birds make the most effective posers, and there are many less delightful employments than still-hunting for photographs.

In the end, whatever binds the universe together in sympathy, whatever helps us to cohere and to escape incoherence, whatever shows us the plasticity of matter in the grip of mind and spirit, whatever sets us at peace with God and nature and gives us the humility of the atom and the pride of the universe, whatever endows us with a sense of the Quiet and the Unity at the back of the rhythmic swing of mutability and multiplicity of appearances, whatever reassures us about disease, decay and death and endows us with the largeness, the tolerance, the freedom from preferences which belong to nature, whatever quickens love, perception and interest and keeps us alert and alive, whatever helps to accomplish these ends, serves a noble purpose. And so to learn to live with nature, with the soil itself, not dully nor heavily, but with the naturalist's perceptions, the experimenter's hope and patience, the poet's vision, the seer's certitude, is to have pressed the juice from the grape, to have drunken the wine of life, to have lived in very deed before we go on to the unfathomable Beyond.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

SOCIAL IDEALS.—II.

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN, PROFESSOR IN CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY
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WHAT, however strikes us most in reading this story of New York fashionable life is the lowness of ideals, or, rather, the complete absence of ideals, in the collective existence of these people and even in the life of every one of the characters. An exception is Gerty Farish. Yet throughout she has rather a shadow existence, and is drawn without convincing reality and vitality, more as a type than a living representative of a type, and as a foil to the heroine herself. Even Seldon himself, the one man in the book whom we can like, and whom we do like, and who no doubt comes purified through the *catharsis* of the tragedy which makes him worthy of the love of the heroine when she rises through her suffering—even his ideals are not high. The highest state he can aspire to is one of independence to lead his life; and the most we can say for this life is that it is that of a rather refined amateur who at best confesses that he likes his law work. I must here suggest a comparison between Mrs. Wharton's novel and George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda." They have great points of similarity and instructive points of difference. Gwendolen Harless is presented to us at the beginning very much like Lily Bart. Her "ideals," or, at least her aspirations, make for comfort and elegance, and no more. With her, also, her better nature is awakened and developed through suffering, and she realizes an existence with truer, higher and nobler ideals. But this is effected in that she learns to love Daniel Deronda the Jew; while Lily Bart is raised by her affection for Seldon. But Daniel Deronda the Jew devotes his life to a great idea which to most people appeared a dream:

the uplifting and nationalization of the Jewish people. There was, by the way, no occasion for Mrs. Wharton to obtrude her vulgarly superficial ethnological generalization in attributing the characteristics of the New York financier, Rosendale—which were the outcome of *that* occupation in *those* surroundings—to his racial inheritance. In loving the man, and in suffering through her love, Gwendolen Harless is made to realize, not only in her mind but in her heart and in her whole nature, the reality of a great idea. That such ideas exist, that people live for them, and that they are worth living and dying for, is impressed upon her the more forcibly by the contrast between the man she learns to love and her husband Grancourt, who, in heartless selfishness, follows the thoughtless pursuits and conventions of the fashionable class to which he belongs. Seldon lives for no great idea, no idealism beyond the Epicurean motto “ἔχω οὐκ ἔχομαι,” “I hold and am not held.” Perhaps the difference lies in the social development of England as compared with America. Yet it is hard to believe this of a country that produced the first great modern republic and the abolition of slavery, and now holds countless individuals and families of highest intellectual and moral sanity and refinement. If it be so, we can appreciate the difficulties of the novelist who has such unedifying stuff out of which to form heroes in fiction.

It is this flatness of moral perspective which often pulls us up while reading the book: when we find ourselves moved to deeper emotions of interest and sympathy, and we feel doubtful whether this is true tragedy, whether it can or ought to evoke pity and fear leading to purification, instead of irritation, at most anger, aroused by the absurd contrast between things great and things small—that things so small, illusory and trivial should destroy a thing so great, a human soul. We even doubt at times whether we ought to weep; whether we ought not rather to laugh. I think these doubts are justified; and I should therefore like to modify my statement that “The House of Mirth” is a pure tragedy and call it a tragic satire. There are comic satires and tragic satires. Though in “Don Quixote” our laughter is near to tears, still the dead forces of maleficent chivalry are here laughed to scorn. Yet in Mrs. Wharton’s story, and with Mr. Henry James (the great master of the tragic satire of modern social life), the absurd contrast produces in-

dignation at the tyranny of bad conventions, that are so weak in their flimsy and flaunted pervasiveness, and are none the less productive of tragic results. We experience a reaction after we have found ourselves feeling the life depicted so deeply in spite of its flatness, and we are annoyed that it should have that effect at all, we are even dissatisfied in feeling deeply for the beautiful heroine herself. It is only at the end of the story, when we see her in her suffering, elevated to great heights by it, that she makes herself worthy of deeper feelings in us. Even then we cannot feel convinced that the depth manifested is that of her true nature; from what we knew of her before, we should not feel sure whether the higher level will be maintained thereafter, whether the true reformation has been effected. None of the women in the book, not even Lily, excepting at the end, shows that she is possessed of a heart, still less that she is possessed of true passion. Only when—and this is an extremely delicate and artistic touch of the authoress—the maternal instinct is suggested as Lily dreams of holding the baby in her arms, is there any indication of heart, of unselfish devotion, of passion that makes for great things and for heroism.* Herein the women of Mr. Henry James are very different. The heroine of "The Golden Bowl"—so similar in her physical qualities and in some of the conditions of her life to Lily Bart, that the two portraits might be placed as *pendants*—is a girl capable of great things, thrilling with a passion which the strong will of the woman holds in control. So also the complex, and somewhat sinister, figure of Kate Croy in the "Wings of the Dove" is placed in supremely effective contrast in every respect to Milly, the pure and gentle yet deeply feeling child of wealth.

Yet we feel that she is a product of the pressure of early want and the longing for financial ease and peace and cleanness. She is, however, a woman with truly deep human feelings, which her strong will controls by the hard and calculating mind of the child of our times and of social financial struggle. This hard calculation drives her near to criminality; yet she is a woman who can love greatly and deeply. She is a splendid

* Perhaps, herein I am unjust to Mrs. Wharton, the artist. The absence of passion may form part of the drawing of the world and the characters she is depicting. Still, I miss certain touches which would impress upon the reader that blood is coursing in the veins of her women—though it be the blood of the "anæmic."

product of the modern art of fiction. In her, as in many of the women of Mr. Henry James, there is something of Shakespearian calibre. In spite of all change of time and the absolute contrast of social setting, we feel that such women are akin to the characters of Shakespeare; that, with the shifting of the social scene, they could make Lady Macbeths or Juliets or Ophelias. We cannot possibly feel that with any of the women of "The House of Mirth"; though, perhaps, Mrs. Fisher might find her place in a Shakespearian comedy transferred to our own times.*

* Even in Mr. Henry James we feel that the exaggerated importance given to "social" considerations acts in a desiccating, devitalizing manner upon his drawing of life and character. After all, is the Prince in "The Golden Bowl" worthy of even the minimum of serious sympathy necessary to make him a principal actor in an almost tragic situation? We are sorry to find the author himself carried away by his artistic self-detachment into social sympathy with the type, until he draws him not without an implied glow of approval or admiration. Is the Prince worthy of any sympathy? He is an idle, unchivalrous *fainéant*—not even a sportsman—barely escaping shabby gentility, though he is copiously bedizened in the faded rags of the mediæval robes of an Italian grandee, just saved by American money from the old-rag-stand on the Piazza della Cancelleria. He idly lives on the money of his American father-in-law, and slavishly fashions his life to follow the very unheroic and selfishly exaggerated, uneventful life of these people of wealth who have removed the centre of universal interest to the relations between a rich father and daughter! Does the moral atmosphere in which the drama is enacted *artistically* (I will not touch upon the specifically moral aspect) "justify" the passion, approaching tragedy so nearly, of the beautiful heroine and her rival? Are not the conceptions which the two women have of the hero and the chivalrous glamour cast about him by the author, as well as the seriousness and intricacy with which the action is depicted, rather *opera-bouffesque*? Can the reader take it all as seriously as the author, with strenuous labor, strives to induce him to take it? We almost feel like exclaiming rudely at the end of the book, "*Tant de bruit pour une omelette*!" Perhaps the whole work is artistically out of proportion, out of drawing, because the whole of life is focussed from the "social" point of view, which does not correspond to real life on a large scale. The author has probably been carried too far by his artistic self-detachment into misleading the reader in his estimate of the values in the picture. Even if we admit that these "social" motives *actually* have such supreme power in the life of a great portion of modern communities (which I have claimed for them in this essay), we require by clear implication, if not by the *ipsissima verba* of the author, to be assured that at least he, the author, recognizes the moral inferiority of all the actors and of their view of life. Then such a work becomes the true and great satire which it almost attains to being. If I am wrong in this point of criticism and Mr. James is artistically justified in thus giving the results of his penetrating and delicate insight into the actual life of the society he chooses to present, I should at least demand for the artistic *form* of such matter that it be presented with a more manifest tone of *persiflage*. And were even this not to be admitted, then I at least claim that the whole work ought to be shorter, lighter, with less elaborate preparation and marshalling of forces for a battle which is really only a social skirmish.

Another general impression we carry away after living in the atmosphere of "The House of Mirth" is that neither the men nor the women (always with the exception of Gerty Farish) have any conception of duty. The Hebraic sense of duty is a negative quantity as regards the inmates of that House of Mirth, and Mrs. Wharton has no doubt meant to show this. From the social point of view this means the duty to our neighbors: Charity and the lighter manifestations of it, in our smaller regards for the simple happiness of those about us. It also means the duty to ourselves: to bring out all the capabilities that are within us. From the highest or religious point of view it concerns our relations to, and our harmony with, the world as a whole, not in its chaotic disjointed multiplicity, but the cosmos, the highest apprehensible form of the infinite, which is most directly suggested to us in art, in harmony, in beauty. But, leaving this highest point of view, which we attain to in moments of deeper contemplation, the sense of duty drives us to do, to act, to accomplish something, which can ultimately be brought into harmony with the higher and more abstract conception of our relation to ourselves, to other human beings and to the world. It is a test which can be applied to the humblest action and make it right or wrong: whether it makes the people about us happier and nobler, whether it adds to the welfare of the community or the nation or humanity as a whole, whether it brings us a little nearer to what we can conceive our perfect self to be. And this applies to the simple note written, to the making of a chair, to the pursuit of abstract research, to industry advanced or commerce extended, or even to hunting hounds as well as they can be hunted. Whatever is thus done as well as we can do it can ultimately be harmonized with our highest religious conception of duty.

This, of course, is the highest, the cosmical or religious foundation of the sense of duty, which it may be difficult to bring into constant and active bearing upon our every-day existence and our every act. We cannot and need not be at all moments conscious of it. If we attempt this, we may neutralize the energy and directness, as well as the spontaneity of our actions, and end by being unproductive dreamers or at least pretentious prigs. But, as such considerations form the groundwork of our sense of duty, so we can, if called upon to do so, test every action

and every feeling by their relation to them, by their harmony with them.

Yet the full realization of such religious and cosmical conceptions of life and thought demands—and herein lies its immediate touch with the actual life of our times—the most perfect knowledge and understanding of the best and the highest achievements and thoughts of our own times. We are modern, Western peoples, neither savage, mediæval nor ancient. We must be properly *educated*. This means that we should take cognizance of, at least possess intellectual sympathy with, the great achievements of the past and of the present day in Science and Art, in Creation, Thought and Action; and, standing on the highest point of our civilization, we should look up with aspiring eyes towards infinity. This, again, demands progress in religious beliefs, as well as in material, intellectual and artistic life. To be the highest and most truly religious man or community, it is necessary to be the most highly educated. A nation, in order to be highly moral, must have a high average of general education. Herein lie the importance, the necessity and the responsibilities of an adequate system of general national education.

Still, we must not forget that there is also a lighter and a more remote aspect and result of the moral foundations to a nation's conduct and manners. It is the directly and immediately social aspect of life, in which the relation between human beings, not in work or competition, nor in productiveness, nor in higher thought or action, is itself the object of central interest and effort. The very nature of this form of social intercourse, being free from labor or interest, is that it should be light and graceful and gracious. Out of this grow the social virtues, and amenities: tact and friendliness, tempered by personal dignity and reserve. It will be found that these again can be led back ultimately to the deeper virtues upon which we have just dwelt, but there is no need for doing this; in fact, it would destroy their graceful spontaneity and artistic brightness to obtrude this relation. There are such specifically social virtues and qualities which can be developed and which ought to find appreciation and reward in their proper sphere and their proper proportion. Yet even these are absent in the House of Mirth—not only in New York, but in most worldly centres. It is upon other, more

specious and fortuitous advantages that the scale of merit and consideration in these spheres is based. The qualities are those that glitter and are taken in mass, selfishly followed and worshipped without any consciousness of, or demand for, nobler qualities. It is disheartening, it is *écœurant*. But if it be a consolation, we must recognize that this absurd contradiction or denial of truly social qualities and their true moral essence existed to a greater or a lesser degree in nearly every period of history.

No doubt the Levites, among the Jews of old, as a class, developed their outwardly manifest life of the streets for the benefit of the admiring mass, until their distinctive dress or tricks of manner and bearing became the objects of admiration and covetousness, killing the spirit of inner worth and real superiority; and the mob of Jerusalem would every day have preferred their station to that of the deepest and greatest of Jewish prophets and reformers. The same applies to the priests and the court officials of the Pharaohs in Egypt. Even in the most ancient days of China we have such evidence. From the sayings of Confucius we learn that "a man of the village of Ta-hiang said: 'Great indeed is the philosopher K'ung. His learning is extensive, and yet he does not render his name famous in anything.' The Master heard the observation and said to his disciples: 'What shall I take up? Shall I take up charioteering, or shall I take up archery? I will take up charioteering!'" In ancient Greece, even in the golden age of Athenian supremacy, the false god of the vulgar market-place held his specious reign. The Athenian public, we may feel sure, valued more highly the fashionable Alcibiades than they did his master Socrates, or Plato, or Pheidias or Sophocles. The dreams of Pheidippides, at the beginning of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes are those of any member of the *jeunesse dorée* in our days. The attribute *εὐπάρυφος* (well dressed) still was the highest ambition of those in Athens who correspond to the readers of society papers with us. In Rome, the brainless patrician youth who wore his toga in the approved style (though it is wholly right that he should do so and should have approbation in *due* proportion for so doing) stood higher in the estimation of the multitude than Virgil or Horace, Cicero or Livy. The satires of Juvenal lay bare the social decease of Rome in this respect.

In the Middle Ages, of course, chivalry and class restrictions had actual grounds in life to give more substance to outer distinction. Dante's position in his own lifetime was far from that of the men whose names he rescued from oblivion. The same applies to the golden age of Shakespeare, the whole of the Elizabethan period. But even after the French Revolution broke down feudal barriers, the Directoire soon produced the "man about town" and a *beau monde* of its own.

Recognizing how adventitious are these social estimates, especially when we have past history before us and can thus see human values in their true perspective and harmonious relation, how they are bound to ephemeral and local traditions and prejudices, we must be struck with the fact that their influence should have been so powerful and universal. On the one hand we realize that they are bound down to a definite local environment in a definite period. We cannot admit for ourselves the validity of past standards in other places, which raise an ordinary wealthy Athenian and Florentine, whose names are forgotten, above Plato and Dante. We also realize that in every period they are most potent with those who have not travelled in body or in mind, who know not other peoples and countries, and who have not travelled in thought over the vast tracts of man's past and man's spiritual kingdom of art and science. On the other hand, we must be struck by their persistent sway in the past and their power and influence in the present. To recognize the reason for this we must go deeper into the origin and essence of this "social" estimate, and we shall find that their strength lies in that they arise out of elements in man's nature which are fundamental to human life and in so far are justifiable.

After man had developed beyond the savage, prehistoric stage, when fight for possession meant security of life, the satisfying of hunger and of the elementary instincts, he rose higher until the moral laws were more and more established and recognized in their universal validity. Besides the religious and inner foundation of these laws upon which we dwelt above, as a *ζῶον πολιτικόν*, a social being, he naturally, as such, craves for love, admiration, approval; and he craves for power because it engenders and commands these. According to the forces of natural or "unnatural" selection in human society, it also wins woman. As regards the community as a whole, this "power,"

which commands admiration and approval and attracts love, is identified with the qualities which the community needs most for its preservation and advancement, according to the ruling consciousness of the people in that stage of its civilization. In early theocratic states or among savages, where everything, even things most material, are directly under the influence of divine or mysterious supranatural powers, descent from god or hero constitutes the highest human power and hence prestige. This is soon transferred to the caste of priests, where a more definite theocratic government is organized. When circumstances have made the community above all things warlike, physical strength and all that this means in outer appearance and bearing, suggesting skill at arms, courage, power of leading, constitute the claim to social prestige. Wealth soon comes in to enforce, if not to replace, these qualities, when it is found to give the power of procuring good arms, offensive and defensive, which the poorer people cannot procure, and the erection of fortified dwellings and castles which give security and baffle the foe. With higher political civilization the powers which go to the making of a statesman are recognized as of greatest advantage to the community. In free cities and commercial centres, the long and old standing of integrity, commanding universal faith and credit, come to confer the highest prestige—on those connected with such commerce. Nay, in such civic organizations, the heads and leading members of guilds of trade and craft receive their due prominence. When, finally, the rudimentary forms of life have been provided for and civilization as such, in contradistinction to more barbarous and savage life, is recognized as a force in itself, the highest and most distinctive manifestations of such civilization in intellectual and artistic attainments—humanities—become a chief badge of distinction. The would-be lover in Rostand's play has to call in the help of Cyrano to appeal to the lady he wishes to win, and her standards are laid down by the "precious" court of the *hôtel* Rambouillet.

All these standards of social recognition and esteem are based upon actual and fundamental qualities conducive to the advancement and welfare of the community. Very soon, at an early stage, however, these qualities, subtle as regards their immediate recognition by the stranger or the mass of the people, are classified. The outer characteristics as such become devel-

oped and defined, and lead to a general and grosser social classification, and, with the tendency to cling to those once associated with their possession, they become fixed and stereotyped, thereby losing their moral and spiritual vitality and meaning. At last the outer characteristics, or mere symbols of the underlying qualities, become dominant. And when then the life of a community becomes too wide to search for and test the presence of the inner qualities, mere outer manners or customs, outward appearances and casual association by birth or physical propinquity take their place. The individual is submerged in the class or caste, and the class in the stereotyped symbolism of attributes which take the place of the essence. And this does not only apply to the weightier moral qualities, but to the lighter graces of refined society.

Still more noticeable and noteworthy is the historical process—amounting almost to an historical “law”—that the needs of the community, which led to “power,” have developed further or changed in condition, while the emblems of power in social classes and for individuals have remained. This is the universal symptom of social disease from which communities occasionally suffer and which undermines their very life, appearing in more virulent or acute forms or in slow and insidious chronic paralysis. It is then that such power, instead of being social—as by its origin it was—becomes unsocial, a solvent of healthy society, a disintegrating force in national life. It is from such a disease that we are suffering now, when our Houses of Mirth are setting the tone of our social life.

The remedy is to be sought from within, and from without in the action of public opinion itself, and those who rule, and are directly responsible for, the life of the community. These are the Church, the State and the heads of state. It is hopeless to look to the press for help in such matters; its avowed function is to cater for, not to lead, public opinion. But all those who are in any way capable of influencing public opinion, directly or indirectly, and every right-minded individual, however humble (since, after all, he forms an integral part of this public), can do much by ignoring the false gods and by worshipping the true One in every act of his life: by never in any way admitting the false standards, and by acting up to the true ones in the estimate of our fellow men and in our dealings with

them; by the repudiation of all public acts and pronouncements which confirm or establish false social values, and by the scrupulous and active discouragement of all literature, journalistic or otherwise, which caters to these low social idolatries.

But herein we have a right to look to the leaders of thought and of action for guidance and support. The rulers of religion and the rulers of state here have a sphere of gravest responsibility. It cannot be the only domain of the Church to discuss and confirm dogmas and to insist upon their universal acceptance. Of all bodies it has the high vocation of watching over man's relation to his ideals, his ideal world. And it is the Church which must establish this harmony between man's life and man's ideals; not only in demanding that life should conform to ideals, but also—and perhaps even more so—that ideals should harmonize with life and respond to the growth, expansion and elevation of this life in the progress of man's history.

As the managers of newspapers may smile with patronizing dissent when it is suggested that it is one of their chief functions to educate and elevate public opinion, so the practical politician would consider with benevolent scepticism the assertion that it is one of his chief functions not to follow, but to lead, the public; and not to lead only in questions of fiscal or foreign policy; in matters of security of property, and in the mechanism of representative government, but in seeing that all these functions culminate beyond national wealth and security, in the raising of national ideals affecting the social life of the community.

The diseased periods of history are chiefly those in which the leaders of religion and the leaders of politics have lagged behind in presenting the people with national ideals responding to the life of the times. In fact, progress in history may be recognized in the degree of readiness and directness with which the ideals have been advanced as the new needs have grown up. The truly great men in history have been those who have accomplished this. They are the true world reformers; though, like Erasmus and the Humanists, they may in their own time have appeared to be conservatives. The religions of the day have been wanting in that they still concern themselves too exclusively with the inner spiritual salvation of individual man, the echo of the monastic ideal, and in that they have not developed their conceptions of desirable life and its laws with the development

of civilized society. The material prosperity of our times, the growth of commerce and industry, the increase and distribution of wealth have been recognized by the State as great forces in modern times. It is right that the State should encourage commercial expansion, it is right that the State should give its seal of approbation to those who thus advance commercial and industrial life, and thereby confer social distinction upon them. But there are developments in this material growth of our commercialism which the moral consciousness of the people recognize as evil. The mere manipulation of other people's capital in finance, the doubtful practices to which it leads, the demoralizing effect upon him who rapidly gains great wealth by those means and upon the community at large, by the example it gives and the ambitions it stimulates,—these are elements which it is the duty of the State to counteract. The seal of public recognition, which does, and ought to, confer social prestige, should be withheld from those who rapidly acquire great wealth by the skilful manipulation of capital; while the inaugurators of new departures in true industry and commerce, who benefit and elevate their employees by considerations beyond the mere immediate acquisition of wealth, while increasing the prosperity of the nation by their useful productiveness—they are to receive the stamp of national approbation, together with the leaders of thought, the leaders of mind and the creators of things beautiful.

And if the statesmen fail in this, then we must look to the heads of state, whose vocation it has ever been, and will be, to influence directly the social life, the social tone, of the nation. Whether kings or presidents, it remains with them, by their encouragement and by their example, to strike the right keynote, so that the symphony of social forces should ring true in harmonious order, and not false in the dissonance of worldly ambitions run riot. President Roosevelt, in his arduous efforts, by fighting the demoralizing influences of monopolies, has set his face against the forces which make for the vitiation of American social life. Should he be victorious, he will not only confer a blessing upon the community and the nation in counteracting economic evils, but in shattering to its foundations the gaudy and truly vicious structure of the American House of Mirth.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG: PARIS: WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *June, 1906.*

I WRITE in the lull of the Whitsuntide recess, and just before the reassembling of Parliament. This is perhaps as good a time as any in which to review the achievements of the Government. They have been varied and valuable. No Government within my recollection has ever done so much in so short a time, and I am wholly out of my reckoning if its record of performance is to be ascribed merely to the energy of the new broom. The present House of Commons emphatically means business. It has buckled down to work with a very real determination to obtain results; and that determination, so far from being a passing impulse, will, I believe, endure, may even gather, as time goes on, a fresh momentum, and will undoubtedly leave a deep and abiding mark upon the social, industrial and political structure of this country before it is exhausted. The House showed its mettle at the start by working through the formal debate on the Address in record time. It went on to endorse certain far-reaching principles that in a few years will probably be embodied in legislation—the feeding at public expense of necessitous school-children, the payment of Members of Parliament, Old-age Pensions, and a sweeping reform of land tenure. It appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the canals and inland navigation of the kingdom. It has passed through its second reading a Bill to compel foreign vessels engaged in the British trade to conform to the rules adopted for the safety of the British merchant navy. It has also passed through its second reading a Bill making further provision in regard to workmen's compensation for injury. This Bill extends the right to compensation to all workmen other than police constables, clerks, domestic servants, and members of an employer's family dwelling in his house. Certain industrial

diseases, such as anthrax, are henceforward to be classed as accidents, and the Home Secretary has power to enlarge the schedule. Compensation may be claimed after a week's disablement, instead of a fortnight's, and elaborate provisions are made for assessing damages in the case of non-continuous employment, and for settling differences as to the nature of disablement by means of medical referees.

With the Trades Disputes Bill I have already dealt at length in these letters, and here I need only remind the American reader that it practically guarantees to the funds of Trades Unions a total immunity from actions at law. Besides this, the Government has radically altered and improved the Rules of Procedure. The House now meets at a quarter to three instead of two o'clock, and sits continuously until eleven, the interval for dinner from seven-thirty to nine having been abolished. It is not unlikely that further changes will soon be forthcoming. Thus, the Select Committee on Procedure has just reported in favor of referring practically all non-financial measures, after their second reading, to one of four Standing Committees. On these Standing Committees thirty members are to constitute a quorum, and the distribution of Bills among them is to rest with the Speaker. I do not know whether the Government intends to adopt these recommendations. They clearly make for the quicker despatch of public business, but they will not less certainly produce at Westminster the same results that have flowed from almost identical devices at Paris and at Washington, and convert government by Parliament into government by Parliamentary Committees. But it is quite open to the Government to reform the procedure of the House of Commons, and increase its efficiency, without attempting anything heroic. If it were enacted that Bills might be carried on from session to session of the same Parliament at the stage they have reached, and if the Speaker were empowered to declare the result of a division without compelling the House to waste twenty minutes by walking needlessly through the lobbies, two long steps would have been taken towards making Parliament a businesslike assembly. At present under normal circumstances Members spend five per cent. of their time tramping through the lobbies to record their votes; and, when a contentious measure, such as the Education Bill, is before them, the percentage of wasted time is doubled. Mr. Lewis Harcourt, the First Commissioner of

Public Works, has indeed proposed a scheme by which the average time of each division will be reduced from twenty to some six minutes.

But to go on with the list of Ministerial achievements. The President of the Board of Trade some three weeks ago introduced a useful Bill to provide for taking a census of the output and production of British manufactures. It will interest Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Garfield and the Supreme Court to know that the census is to be compulsory, but that, as in the case of the income tax, full security is given against the divulgence of private information. The House has yet to determine whether the census shall be taken every two or every five years. A day or two after its introduction, the Plural Voting Bill was read a second time. This is a measure for doing away with a minor anomaly, and not, I think, a very serious one, in the British electoral system. Hitherto, men have been allowed to vote in every constituency in which they hold property, and as the voting at a General Election in Great Britain spreads over a period of several weeks and is not compressed, as in America, into a single day, it has been possible for a loyal and energetic "pluralist" to vote for a dozen different candidates in a dozen different constituencies. For the future, if the Bill passes, as in the House of Commons it undoubtedly will, he will be called upon to select the constituency in which he intends to vote and to confine his party enthusiasm within its boundaries. It is also worth noting that the House of Commons towards the middle of May unanimously passed a Bill, introduced by one of the Labor members, prohibiting the importation of alien labor under contract to take the place of British workmen during a strike. There is nothing very remarkable in a House of Commons, dominated as this is by Labor influences, passing such a measure; but it met with an unexpected and significant fate. The House of Lords contemptuously, and to the intense indignation of the Labor members, threw it out. If the Bill had been a Government measure, the conflict between the two Houses, which is one of the certainties of British politics, might have been precipitated at once. As it was, the Lower House with many angry mutterings bided its time. Its time will come.

If not over the Trades Disputes Bill, then over the Education Bill, and possibly over both, a fierce struggle between the

Government majority in the House of Commons and the anti-Government majority in the House of Lords is inevitable. When it breaks out, it may be in a form and with a virulence that will swallow up all minor issues and turn the attention of the country exclusively upon grave questions of constitutional forms. The difficulty with the House of Lords is that, while a Conservative Government is in power, it sinks into the position of a mere annex to the Carlton Club, and that, directly a Liberal Ministry comes into office, it begins to assert at once and to the full its constitutional power of revision, amendment and rejection.

There has, perhaps, never been an English House of Commons less inclined than the present one to sit down under the domination of the House of Lords, or more thoroughly bent upon making its will supreme. If it finds itself seriously thwarted by the Upper Chamber, there will be many to recall that, in the last speech he ever delivered in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone pointed to the House of Lords as the final fortress of privilege which Liberalism would one day be bound to storm.

In addition to all this, the Government has brought in and passed through the initial stages about twenty other Bills of minor significance. But its greatest measure is, of course, the Education Bill, which will occupy the time of the House for some weeks yet, and may lead, as I have hinted, to something more than a passing quarrel between the two Chambers. Mr. Birrell is not finding it any easier than did his predecessors to reconcile the principle of popular support and control of the schools with the needs of the theologians. The Church of England bitterly, the Catholics and Jews with warmth and sincerity, denounce the compromise he has proposed and embodied in his Bill; and the signs of a lasting solution have not yet shown themselves.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the House a few days ago rejected, by 477 to 63, one amendment that would have frankly secularized the schools, and by 367 to 172 another amendment that, while relieving the State of all direct concern with religious teaching, would have provided equal facilities for all sects to enter the schools at stated times and teach their distinctive doctrines. My impression is that the feeling in favor of a complete secularization of national education is greater outside the

House of Commons than inside it. "It is a painful fact," writes a shrewd observer of politics, "that, during all the debates in the House of Commons, and in all the multitudinous discussions of the Education Bill in the press, as in every one of the innumerable tracts and pamphlets being printed and circulated, there is hardly a single word about the education of the children. Their present schooling, and the fitting of them for their future struggles in the keen competition of life, furnish simply the battle-ground for disputing creeds. Beyond question, each day a larger number of persons deeply interested in the educational welfare of the coming generation are growing more and more impatient of all these unworthy religious quarrels, and approaching the view that the only method of dealing with them is for the State to wash its hands of them altogether." The English people have a good deal of sectarianism in their composition, but more common sense; and, if they become convinced that a final settlement of the religious question is made impossible by the rivalries and animosities of the theologians, they will be tempted to settle it themselves along purely secular lines. It may come to that in the end—whether sooner or later will be largely determined by the action of the Established Church and the House of Lords in regard to Mr. Birrell's Bill.

Another matter that the House has had before it and is now free from is the discussion of the Budget. Mr. Asquith's first essay in the art of national account-keeping is that of a cautious rather than of a great financier. With a surplus of three millions sterling to dispose of, he repealed the export tax on coal, remitted a penny of the tea duty, devoted half a million to the reduction of the debt, and set aside two sums of a little over a hundred thousand pounds apiece for the relief of schools in necessitous areas and for the purpose of effecting some small changes in postal rates. Nothing could well be flatter or more uninspiring. The Bill, however, passed the Committee without amendment, and for another year, at any rate, the income-tax payer will have to get along without relief. There were two passages in Mr. Asquith's speech that deserved and received attention. In the first of them, he showed that while during the past ten years population has increased only ten per cent., expenditure has gone up thirty-nine per cent. and the national debt twenty-one per cent. In the second, he laid stress on the steadily diminishing yield of

all the duties on alcoholic drinks. In 1900 just over 17,000,000 gallons of wine were consumed, and in 1906 only 11,800,000. The consumption of foreign and colonial spirits, mainly rum and brandy, has fallen from 9,350,000 gallons in 1900 to 6,780,000 gallons in 1906. In home-made spirits, chiefly whiskey and gin, there has been a drop from 38,700,000 gallons in 1900 to 32,500,000 gallons in 1906, while in the same period the consumption of beer has fallen off by precisely three million gallons. Altogether, the English people are drinking to-day about seventeen million gallons less than they were drinking six years ago. In spite of increased duties, the exchequer receives nearly two and a half million sterling a year less than it received in 1900 from alcoholic drinks. That is a plain cause of lamentation to the Chancellor. Whether it is an equal cause of rejoicing to the social reformer is another question.

I have already in previous letters touched on the somewhat unhappy tale of the Government's dealings with South Africa, and on the vote of censure upon Lord Milner that it indirectly helped to pass. Its foreign policy shows no such weaknesses. On the contrary, Sir Edward Grey's handling of the Algeciras Conference and of the trouble with Turkey over the Egyptian frontier was as far-sighted, as flexible and as firm as Lord Lansdowne's could possibly have been. The nation implicitly trusts Sir Edward Grey, and even his party opponents separate him from the rest of the Government in an isolation of confidence and good-will. Sir Edward is believed to appreciate more clearly than some of his colleagues the value of the Anglo-French *entente* as one of the buttresses of European peace. It is the pivot of his European policy, and may be utilized by him not only as a means of clearing off such outstanding questions as still remain unsettled between England and France—in Siam, for instance, in Abyssinia, and in the New Hebrides—but also as a stepping-stone towards an Anglo-Russian understanding. The common sense of England does not quite comprehend a friendship with France that leaves the ally of France out in the cold; and it may be taken for granted that every advance that Sir Edward finds it practicable to make towards an all-round settlement of Anglo-Russian difficulties will be warmly approved by the nation. That does not, however, imply any hostility, latent or otherwise, towards Germany. The Liberal Government, on the contrary, will

probably do all it can to remove the impression that war between England and Germany is "inevitable," or that the antagonism which undoubtedly separates them has any root in reason. Sir Edward Grey is the last man to think of abandoning France for the sake of conciliating Germany, but that will not prevent him from being the first to attempt to formulate Anglo-German relations on a basis of common sense, if not of cordiality. With all other countries, with the United States and Japan in particular, the national policy is to maintain and strengthen the present bonds of friendship and alliance, and to that policy the Liberals subscribe without a single reservation.

If the Colonial policy of the Government stood as high as its foreign and domestic policies, all opposition except on the Education Bill would have practically died out. Even as it is, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has won for himself and his colleagues in a remarkably short time an assured position of mastery and trust.

ST. PETERSBURG, *June, 1906.*

ONE of the most eventful months of the Russian revolutionary period has just come to an end. It was the month which, so to say, restored to their true shape many things and persons that for a time had seemed bewitched, and it invested with reality several schemes which Liberal politicians deemed chimerical. The Duma, for instance, which not long ago was thought to be a chimera, is now a working institution; the Tsar, who was written about as though he were a Socialist and a Republican, has made a solemn profession of his faith in monarchic principles and of his respect for property and life; the revolutionists have given another superfluous proof that they are unable to cooperate with any established government. None of these occurrences, however, will have surprised the readers of the REVIEW, whom my last letter prepared for Count Witte's resignation; for M. Goremykin's accession to power; for the conservative, not to say reactionary, tendency of the new Cabinet; for the outward good behavior of the Democratic party in the Duma and the difficulty it would encounter in cooperating with the extreme Left. All these changes were predicted in my forecast, and their accomplishment has imparted to the situation the configuration which it will probably keep until the revolution has entered upon a new phase.

Since the Duma has assembled and shown the stuff of which it is made, the feeling in Court circles has become more intense against democratic government. For, as I ventured to surmise, the deputies have made short work of the paper barriers. The fundamental laws forbade them to touch this question or tackle that problem, but they brushed all these prohibitions aside and made straight for the goal. They decreed that a free pardon should be granted to all political prisoners, no matter how heinous their crime, and that capital punishment should be abolished once and forever. The land should be taken from those that have it and given to those who lack and desire it. The Second Chamber should be abolished and all power delivered over to the Duma, without whose approval no Cabinet should subsist. In a word, there should be no gradation in the process of reform and no bounds to its thoroughness. The most democratic countries in the world should be outdone by the reformed Autocracy. What was black yesterday should be white to-morrow. To those who object that the bulk of the Russian nation is characterized by crass ignorance, by grovelling superstition, by rude manners, by most of the qualities proper to enslaved peoples, the answer of the Democrats is, "If they cannot govern themselves, they can authorize others to govern in their stead, and we shall certainly discharge the task much better than the bureaucrats who have well-nigh ruined the nation." This may be true or it may be exaggerated, but it is the plea of a fraction, not the decree of the nation.

The Tsar's case is this. He granted certain concessions to his people and loyally means to abide by them. But the politicians who have come to speak in the name of the nation are not contented with these. They want not merely more power, but all power. They do not even ask for it, but act as though they might take as much as they wanted without anybody's leave. They demanded a Constitutional Assembly. It was refused. And now they themselves usurp the functions of a Constitutional Assembly by throwing existing governmental institutions into the melting-pot and moulding new ones. Now, this is a breach of compact. Either, then, the Duma will abide by the terms of the contract, or else the contract will be annulled. It seems most probable that the Duma will not be satisfied with the modest rôle assigned to it by the Emperor. For it already attempts to wield full legisla-

tive powers and claims other rights besides. It began by distributing their functions to each section of the new political machine; itself took the lion's share; the Council of the Empire got nothing at all, while the Tsar was degraded to the rank of a figurehead, a waiter at the banquet he gave to his subjects.

"Reign, but rule not!" were the stage instructions given to the Tsar. He was not permitted to exercise even such prerogatives as are jealously preserved by the most constitutional of rulers. He was commanded to pardon criminals, including murderers who had taken human lives *en masse* without ruth, with calm deliberation. He heard it publicly proclaimed that those men were not criminals but heroes, that their release was an act not of mercy, but of justice, that it was not requested, but demanded, and that it must be done at once. His Ministers, who according to the terms of the compact were to be responsible to him alone, were condemned by the Duma to lose their seats, his former Ministers were excluded by the Labor party from the benefit of the amnesty, and an amendment was laid before the Duma to have them impeached for obeying the Tsar's orders at a time when the Tsar's authority was unrestricted. Agrarian reform was demanded on lines which, in the opinion of many liberal-minded politicians, would shake the foundations of private property, open the door to state Socialism, and bring about national bankruptcy within a twelvemonth.

To the Court party all this smacks of Jack Cadeism, not of parliamentary government. In a Swiss canton, they urge, doubtful experiments of that kind might perhaps be made without entailing serious harm; but among a people of 140 millions they would be fraught with danger which might ultimately culminate in foreign intervention, to say nothing of the sanguinary deeds which would fill up the interval between the proclamation of party government and the inauguration of a democratic republic. "I am willing," the Tsar says, "to entertain any measure that may be laid before me in the name of the people's weal. But I will persistently refuse to consider any social reforms which tend obviously to ruin the community. And that is the tendency of the agrarian scheme, the amnesty and the proposed abolition of capital punishment. Therefore I withhold my sanction." That is the Emperor's position, and if the Duma deputies keep theirs, as they seem determined to do, a conflict is inevitable.

Neither the Court party nor the Tsar can prevail upon themselves to see heroes in the men who murdered their unarmed fellows, and to do away with the death penalty altogether. They maintain that murderers, incendiaries, robbers, are vulgar criminals and should be punished as such. They admit that there may occasionally be a political criminal deserving of forgiveness, just as there may be a dying man whose sufferings are so atrocious that it would be a mercy to put him out of pain. But they argue that in either case it would be a fatal mistake to generalize from a few exceptional cases and construct a universal principle upon them. Set free, the Russian murderers and "fire-bugs," many of whom are scoundrels, who merely tinge the color of their crime with politics, and you have introduced the thin edge of the wedge of lawlessness. Life will no longer be safe; law will be set at naught; order will give place to anarchy, well-being to misery, and it may well be that in their own interests foreign states may interfere.

The partisans of the Monarchy draw attention to the kind of criminals who are now being held up as heroes. They are often ruffians, whose real object is plunder, but who sail under the flag of revolution to save their skins. The same trick used to be practised in Paris during the last years of the Empire. I remember how a thief, having stolen a purse, a watch and a diamond pin near the Tuileries, was followed by a policeman in a crowd, when he suddenly shouted "*Vive la République!*" was arrested on a political charge and released two days later. Here in Russia on May 23rd nine brigands were arrested by the Libau police. Revolvers, cartridges and a book accounting for the distribution of the booty were found in their possession. The book, which was kept by the chief of the band, is most interesting. It is said to have proved that the members of this gang committed most of the murders and robberies which terrorized the population for several weeks. They called themselves Socialists, but in all probability even the most revolutionary of Socialists would disown them. Plunder was their aim and object, and the account-book shows how it was divided when secured. But they sometimes "worked" for almost nothing, like the hungry highwayman who, having struggled long with a well-dressed traveller and at last overpowered him, found in his victim's pocket only a bottle with instructions to take five drops after meals, "to remove the

feeling of fulness." Thus the Libau "Socialists" killed one man and found that he had only two dollars and a half in his purse.

To kill representatives of the Government may perhaps be defended or palliated on the ground that it is natural, but to slaughter fellow citizens is surely a crime. And that is what these terrorists are doing every day. If a man gives evidence in a court of justice, refuses to join the revolutionary circle, disagrees with one of the leaders or declines to pay large sums of money for anti-governmental purposes, he is generally condemned to death. And there is no appeal. Hence nobody dares to budge without the permission of the terrorists. Occasionally, indeed, some daring individual insists on exercising his personal liberty, but not for long. A typical case was that of a man named Welz-kabnin, whose father says: "My son was dragged out of the house one evening by unknown persons. He never appeared since then. A couple of days ago, his body was found in the river Dvina."

Another illustration is offered by the case of the schoolmaster Sanke. He was present at a teachers' congress, where certain revolutionary resolutions were passed which he was unable to accept. That is all. He was told that "those who are not with us are against us," but he answered that he hoped they would respect his personal freedom. Soon afterwards, as he was in his room, two revolver shots were fired at him through the window, but by an extraordinary chance they merely grazed him. Some weeks later, however, the "executioners" tried again, and this time with success. His life was snuffed out in a twinkling. To-day his widow and his little children are adrift in the world, not knowing to whom to turn for help. It was also in the Baltic provinces that a man named Herzan was shot by an individual who fired through the window. Before dying he gave the name of his murderer. Near the same place a man entered the house of a peasant, named Yurash, and asked "Are you Yurash?" "Yes." "Then take that and that." And as he spoke he fired a bullet into the peasant's chest and another into his abdomen. In the same district a coachman, named Wonaga, was taken into the woods and shot dead. Not far from the scene of these murders, the wife of M. Mendian, a schoolmaster, was shot dead. On May 20th two men wearing false beards entered the house of the

peasant Rupshe, and, meeting the head of the house, they blew his brains out without any more ado. His wife threw herself at the feet of the murderers, but they shot her dead and wounded her six-year-old girl. The child, however, was only wounded, not killed. Then these political reformers set fire to the house and escaped to the forest. An hour later, there was a mound of ashes where there had been a house and a family. The crime of the victims was that the peasant had obeyed a legal summons calling him to give evidence in a law court.

Members of the Court party ask whether it is wise or human to encourage men of that kind to commit acts like those.

Passenger trains are being fired at or derailed in various parts of the Empire. In Warsaw, a few days ago, in broad daylight, a bomb was thrown at Police Officer Constantinoff by a Jewish terrorist. The victim's body was blown to shreds, and some fifteen people, among them two ladies, were wounded. In Sebastopol, bombs were cast at the commander of the fortress, wounding over one hundred bystanders and killing eight, but leaving the destined victim unhurt. A telegram was thereupon sent to the President of the Duma by representatives of various sections of the population, protesting against giving an amnesty to criminals who thus squandered human life. But the Duma voted the amnesty unanimously, and on May 31st published a resolution decreeing the abolition of capital punishment.

The Tsar and his advisers agree with the senders of that telegram. They claim to be in favor of mercy, while opposed to the encouragement of assassination. In like manner, they are able to help the peasants by selling the land cheaply and on easy conditions, while they refuse to rob Peter in order to pay Paul. Crown lands, arable and wood lands, amounting in all to about 6,500,000 acres, and 3,500,000 acres offered for sale by private estate owners, are to be distributed among the neediest peasants on easy terms. This and whatever else may seem possible shall be done. But the line must be drawn at expropriation.

Those measures, however, will not solve the problem, nor even bring about an understanding between the Duma and the Government. In truth, the parliament and the Tsar's advisers are on opposite sides of a wide chasm, spanned by no bridge. Count Witte himself could not reconcile them now. The truth is that cooperation between the two is impossible. Hence at present there

is a deadlock in government, the Tsar being kept from legislating by his own self-denying ordinance, while the Duma has been compared to a mere debating club.

It is not clear what issue will be found out of this no-thoroughfare. Many politicians are inclined to look for a Liberal Cabinet as a practical settlement of the difficulty. I cannot share that view. If I may venture on a forecast, I should conjecture that the Tsar will wait until vacation-time has come, say, June 23rd or 30th, dismiss the deputies to their homes for the long summer holidays, and then leave them there. During the recess, his Ministers will make ready for a new parliament to be chosen in accordance either with a restrictive electoral law or with that of August last year. That is one alternative. Another is that the Upper Chamber, known as the Council of the Empire, will be transformed into a Duma.

In this the Tsar's councillors may be wise or foolish. I am not concerned to attack or defend them. What they urge in their own defence is certainly a strange plea, but at least it is intelligible. The Duma as at present composed is not, they hold, representative of the country. If it were, it would contain several parties, whereas it has only one, and is for that reason unanimous on all cardinal questions. It is an Opposition and nothing more, being devoid of reactionaries, of conservatives, of moderate Liberals. Are there none, then, in all Russia? Who are the people who are daily pouring in hundreds of telegrams from the provinces beseeching the Emperor to preserve all his rights intact, to grant no amnesty, and to rule as well as reign? Surely they are Russians. Those documents are signed by peasants, by priests, by noblemen. How is it that the priests and the peasants and the noblemen in the Duma are one and all democratic? It is because the mass of the Russians are listless, ignorant, inert, while the peoples of foreign extraction are alert, well informed, active. Hence the latter won the elections, while the former are devoid of a single spokesman. It is preposterous, the conservatives add, to think that a hundred and forty millions of Russians should be represented by democrats only, who are bent upon making the Tsar a mere figurehead. And if it is preposterous, it is a national grievance and should be redressed. Even the Council of the Empire is more representative than the Duma, because it contains men of every party.

That being the view adopted by the Tsar and his influential friends, it is but natural to anticipate the dissolution of the Duma during the long recess, and the creation of another assembly more faithfully reflecting the conflicting views of the nation. Meanwhile, terror continues to reign in vast districts of the Empire. Men are being condemned to death by secret tribunals and being killed by wandering bands. Trains are being fired at, derailed, held up. Travellers are robbed on the Tsar's highway, the imperial post is frequently seized, railway stations and government alcohol-shops are openly attacked and their takings carried off. Governors of provinces, military officers, prefects of police, soldiers, members of industrial firms, are being blown to pieces. Churches are being blown open by means of dynamite and plundered, prisoners are being rescued from gaol, banks attacked, country mansions, factories and mills are being burned to ashes. Fire-insurance companies are raising the premium on insurances, the price of land is falling, thousands of Russians are fugitives from their country, members of the Liberal party are transferring their money to foreign banks and the stock-market registers a serious fall in prices. Such are some of the signs of the times. Whither is Russia drifting? The Duma may be quietly dissolved whilst its members are enjoying their holidays, but this measure will only postpone the great sanguinary struggle which is now inevitable.

PARIS, *June, 1906.*

THE few strangers who had not deserted Paris on May 1st will never forget the very unusual aspect of the city on that long-dreaded day. The streets seemed to have undergone some mysterious enlarging operation, they were so still and empty. No cabs, no promenaders. The tram-cars ran as usual, but there were no passengers in them, and it seemed as if they were all bound for some unknown destination in quest of the runaway Parisians. Most of the shops were closed. The windows of private houses were shut, and one wondered what might be going on inside: were the inmates at a meal of Argentine mutton or wistfully inspecting a shoal of unconscious fish in the bath-room? Very few police were visible, but every now and then you would see a horse poking his head out of a coach entrance, and on his back a dragoon, and behind this sentry a dozen more horses and

soldiers squeezed into the narrow court and ready for emergencies that were not to come. For, if there were 120,000 workmen on strike in Paris, there were also 60,000 soldiers on duty, and who would dream of starting a revolution when no four people are allowed to linger in conversation on the sidewalk?

The universal terror on May 1st was the result of many combined anxieties. Nobody viewed the general election coming the Sunday after with entire confidence. The upper classes, manufacturers, and even small tradespeople, were afraid of the Socialists and of possible renewed attempts to bring on a revolution; the Socialists were afraid of M. Clémenceau, and hinted that he would carry into the polls the violent methods by which he crushes riots before they are born; the Radicals, and generally the old Republican party, were afraid of the popular movement created by the church inventories, which Royalists in disguise were only too ready to turn to account. At a dinner two days before the election, the Premier, M. Sarrien, praising the political stability of England to a fair neighbor, added with a sigh that no one in France could prophesy the results of the election.

Yet a feeling of relief has been noticeable after the eventful date of May 1st had been tided over, and, to a clear-sighted people, this return of confidence could not but appear as a happy symptom. The results of the election, which were made public on the morning of May 7th, showed that the electorate had recovered from its transient flutter and would not have any reaction whatever.

Never, since the establishment of the Republic, has a government been so completely, undeniably and overwhelmingly successful as the Clémenceau cabinet. The Socialists were gainers, it is true,—rising to seventy-two; but the Socialists were republicans, after all, and the Opposition was utterly and irretrievably defeated. The older Conservatives, known as “reactionaries,” were reduced to seventy-nine, and the Nationalists, who have been so busy during the last eight years undermining every government in succession, were deprived of all their chiefs without a single exception, and the whole group dwindled down to thirty. So, out of 590 deputies, hardly 110 were antirepublicans. No coalition of these with the Extreme Left was henceforward to bring about the fall of a cabinet, as had been seen quite lately in the case of M. Rouvier. Even the group of moderates, known as Progressists

and headed by M. Ribot, was not to be taken into consideration any longer. It numbers only sixty-six, and even should these, every now and then, vote with the Right, their interference cannot be felt. Practically, the Radicals have all the game in their hands.

So, at least for four years, the destinies of France are entirely trusted to the men who kept M. Combes in office such a long time, and the old *Bloc* is more formidable than ever. One cannot help rejoicing at a state of affairs which precludes every possibility of internal disturbance. The stupid blindness of the old parties to the conditions of new times does not deserve any sympathy; and, when they put forward the pretext of religious liberty to promote their dead theories, the language they use betrays them as hopelessly belated. It is the misfortune of the very few real Catholics of France—are there two millions altogether?—to have been championed by men who were monarchists or theocrats first and Catholics afterwards. Cardinal Gibbons wrote the other day to the Archbishop of Paris contrasting the freedom which Catholics enjoy in America with the persecutions they undergo in this country. A great deal of the difference arises from the fact that the Catholics of the United States are marked off from the rest of their countrymen merely by attending a particular church on Sunday, whereas French Catholics have only just begun to untrammel themselves from numbing political ties. As long as the English Catholics were constrained to further a Spanish policy, they were persecuted, and the habit of persecuting them survived its causes for many years. At present they shock nobody by opposing—on a legal ground—a Bill they deem inconsistent with their rights as citizens. Consequently, one must welcome whatever tends to create political unity in France. When it is established, old wrongs will get gradually and imperceptibly redressed.

Are we to expect the palmy days of unity and freedom in the near future? I am afraid not. I have repeatedly pointed out the tension which prevails in all political spheres and carries away even minds of a naturally moderate stamp. Nothing invites us to anticipate a relaxation. Only the ground of battle will be changed. The contest had been so far between the men, or the sons of the men, who have established the Republic, and those who still hold that France cannot thrive without a monarch. This battle has been fought, and a dictatorial power will not be

reinstated in Paris without some catastrophe,—a war or another Commune; and, if ever it is thus unexpectedly and unnaturally brought into existence, it will be for a short time. The march of progress will now be in the direction of social reforms, and the conflicting elements will be a gradually developing ideal of justice, and the antagonistic selfishness of those who possess and will not give, and those who do not possess and will not wait.

Practically, the only champions of social reform are the Socialists. A not inconsiderable fraction of Catholics, represented in Parliament by the Abbé Lemire, and grouped in a growing association known as "*Le Sillon*" ("The Furrow"), also have an almost exclusively social programme. But these young men are as yet more a hope than a force, and it may take twenty years more to dissociate them from the dead mass of Monarchist Catholicism. The Socialists consequently have the field of social improvement all to themselves.

They are in this country the lineal descendants of the well-known Utopists of the beginning of the nineteenth century, St. Simon, Enfantin, Leroux, etc.; and, when they reappeared about 1888, it was with the Marxist theories summed up under the general designation of "collectivism." The State was to appropriate all means of productivity and work them so as to reduce the obligation of daily labor to eight, six, three hours, or even less. The prophet of the doctrine was M. Guesde, the son-in-law of Karl Marx, and he has just been returned for Roubaix on the same lines.

The evidently fantastic character of this programme for a long time discredited M. Guesde, and the Chamber elected in 1893 counted little more than half a dozen Socialists.

During that parliament, M. Jaurès, a professor of philosophy, who had been elected as a moderate Republican, suddenly went over to the little group of Socialists, and gave them a new programme which was destined to improve their situation to an incredible degree. M. Jaurès gave up all hopes of the scheme of Marxist reconstruction, for which he substituted a programme of industrial reforms, such as laws of public hygiene, insurance against accidents, creation of an old-age pension fund, etc. At the same time, he was laying the foundations of a vast organization of Labor through trades-unions, syndicates and Labor Exchanges. The advisability and the matter-of-fact character of those reforms

speedily gained them supporters, and the presence of one of their champions, M. Millerand, in the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet helped to carry some of them into execution, and gave them a look of reality which they had never worn before. In 1902, the Socialist group numbered fifty-two and had become, even in Parliament, a power without whose concurrence no government could last.

This political influence was nothing compared to the moral influence which M. Jaurès and his friends exercised. Nobody could be blind to the fact that they alone possessed a clear and complete programme, of manifest justice in some of its features, and preeminently popular. The Nationalist group also embodied a great and noble ideal, the patriotic idea, but they had strong Monarchist and militarist tendencies, and soon lost ground. On the Republican side, which in the present Chamber means five-sixths of the representation, the Socialists alone can propose something else than the purely negative anticlerical programme of the old *Bloc*.

The consequence has been that a great many Radicals have had to borrow from their trenchant neighbors, and no less than a hundred and twenty-eight have been elected on the Radical-Socialist ticket, thanks to declarations strongly tinged with Socialism.

Of course, many of these semi-Socialists have little faith in the policy they pretend to advocate, and will bring it but faint-hearted support, but it will be with them as with so many shilly-shally anticlericals, whom fear of their wives would have caused to vote for the Church, if the watchful eye of their Committees and parliamentary chiefs had not compelled them to vote against her. It is a law which has never been found at fault, in the last thirty years, that the minority in the Extreme Left leads the majority. Besides, it should be known that, in spite of resolutions passed by the Socialists at the congress of Châlons, M. Jaurès has supported Radicals even against his own followers when the latter had no chance in the final contest, and this politic self-denial must have its reward in the form of votes.

The Socialists, therefore, will be strong in numbers and predominant in influence. The question now arises how likely they are to effect their designs, from an income tax to the nationalization of railways and mines, and eventually the appropriation by the Treasury of legacies outside the direct line of inheritance.

Judging by the tone of the papers, especially of the "*Humanité*,"—the very well-written organ of Jaurès,—they are determined to give a strong pull without much delay. The Radicals, they say, are sickening with their anticlericalism. If they do not rally round Jaurès, when he comes forward with the first reforms on his and also *their* programme, they will be nothing but pretenders who make fools of their electors. These first reforms are the buying back by the State of two railways—the Western and the Orléans—the least profitable of all. This would be a first step towards the nationalization of all railways and mines. The Socialists do not intend to take, but to buy back, these large businesses. This means an immense sum of money. Where is the Chamber to find it when the Minister of Finance, M. Poincaré, owns to a deficit of 250,000,000 francs (\$50,000,000), and when the Old-Age Pension Fund is an already yawning abyss? The Socialists know very well that the income tax they propose will not yield the necessary resources. But they are prepared with a method for raising considerable sums without any trouble, viz., the reduction of naval and military expenditure. Now, the nationalization of the larger industries does not essentially belong to the Socialist programme, but the curtailing of the Army and Navy budget does, and the inevitable gap between the Radicals and Socialists will appear when they come to this crucial experiment. The budget of the present year devotes 200,000,000 francs (\$40,000,000) to fresh military items, and, in the "*Humanité*" of May 31st, M. Jaurès says plainly that this sum shall not be granted if the Socialists make up their minds to resort to parliamentary obstruction.

Even now, the respective attitudes of the Socialists and Radicals are anything but friendly. Clearly there will be on one side M. Pelletan, who already talks of a reconstruction of the Cabinet and a return of M. Combes to office, and, on the other, M. Jaurès. Meanwhile M. Clémenceau has power in his hands and lays down schemes for governing without the Socialists. But he is as much hated by the old friends of M. Combes as by M. Jaurès, and, in spite of his rare and well-known abilities, and of the flexibility he very unexpectedly gave proof of in his first tenure of office, his situation appears exceedingly unstable.

The probabilities seem to be that the Radicals will try to gain time by carrying on the anticlerical campaign, which pleases the

Socialists and keeps dangerous questions in abeyance. But this feint cannot last long, and, when it proves no longer available, the Socialists must inevitably take the lead.

WASHINGTON, June, 1906.

THE interest with which the progress of the bill empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to make rates for railways had been watched from the outset of the present session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, has been entirely eclipsed during the last few weeks by the dismay and apprehension caused on both sides of the Atlantic by the President's peremptory demand for the immediate extirpation of nauseous and dangerous abuses declared by him to exist in the packing-houses of Chicago. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's attention was first directed to the subject by a book called "The Jungle," the author of which, Mr. Upton Sinclair, professed to have seen with his own eyes the odious and alarming conditions therein depicted. Naturally unwilling to rely on *ex parte* and sensational testimony, not officially verified, the President deputed two agents, whom he had reason to regard as trustworthy, Commissioner Charles P. Neill and Mr. James B. Reynolds, to make an independent and careful investigation of the Chicago packing-plants, and to report what they discovered. With their startling revelations before him, the President, reluctant to cripple, perhaps irremediably, an important branch of American industry, informed representatives of the packers that the damaging report would be withheld from publication, provided no resistance should be offered to the summary passage through Congress of a bill calculated to ensure a prompt and drastic reform of the existing conditions. Had the packers been fully alive to their own interests, they would have grasped the offer with avidity, and would not have confirmed the truth of the adage, "*Quem vult Deus perdere, prius dementat.*" At first, indeed, they did exhibit some foresight and common sense. They permitted a remedial bill introduced by Senator Beveridge to pass the Senate in five days, without amendment or delay. To their misfortune, however, they regained self-possession, and assumed a defiant attitude, when the bill reached the House of Representatives, of which a son of Illinois was Speaker, while Mr. Wadsworth, of New York, himself a cattle-raiser, was Chair-

man of the committee to which the measure was referred. The vehement and angry opposition which the bill encountered in the House committee provoked inevitably the very consequences which enlightened self-interest, nay, even ordinary caution, would have striven to avert. It constrained the President to publish the Neill-Reynolds report, in order to make known the grounds on which he had demanded legislative purgation of the packing-houses, and to fortify that arraignment with additional official evidence. The effect of the two messages, with which the cumulative proofs of abuses were transmitted, was electrifying, not only in the United States, but also in those foreign countries which, hitherto, have been large consumers of American canned products. In a day, not only our interstate traffic, but also the export trade in those commodities, was paralyzed. At home and abroad all attempts at denial, explanation or palliation on the part of the Chicago packers proved futile in the teeth of the President's proclaimed conviction. Outside of a committee-room of the House of Representatives, the incriminated parties could hardly get a hearing. Without listening to the pleas put forward by the defenders of the accused persons, without heeding even the admission of the Neill-Reynolds report that the slaughter-houses were wholly or mainly free from the abuses detected in the packing establishments, American and European customers, almost with one accord, refused to buy, not only the canned products, but even the fresh meats emanating from Chicago. It seemed for a moment as if the national meat industry in all its forms had received a death-blow.

Of course, the desire for animal food is too deep-rooted and too nearly universal for such an attitude of abstinence to be long maintained. For fresh meat, at all events, provided, of course, reasonable assurance of sanitary treatment be forthcoming, the demand will soon revive. Even by canned goods the American market will be to a large extent regained, as soon as the native consumers, henceforth vigilant and suspicious, are enabled to discriminate between the methods followed by this and that packing establishment. It is to be feared, on the other hand, that many a year will elapse before the exportation of those products to European countries shall recover its former proportions, for there the native competitors of American packers will not suffer their fellow countrymen to forget the recent revolting disclosures. Once more

the export trade in our canned products must be built up laboriously and warily, almost from the ground. Nor will American consumers fail to profit by the rigor with which sanitary regulations and precautions will henceforth be enforced in every department of the packing industry. There is no doubt that, even heretofore, canned goods intended for a foreign market have been prepared with relative care, in view of the searching inspection to which they were certain to be subjected abroad. All that Mr. Roosevelt originally asked for was that food sold to our fellow citizens should be as sound and wholesome as that intended for transmission to European countries. It is now notorious that hitherto such was not, and could not have been, the case, because the former commodities were exempt from the inspection applied to the latter by our Department of Agriculture. Unfortunately for the retention of the foreign markets, Europeans cannot easily be made to believe that the meat-packers of Chicago would systematically discriminate in their favor against the citizens of the United States.

All's well that ends well. Although, at first, Chairman Wadsworth and some other members of the House committee betrayed, by the sharpness, not to say harshness, of their cross-examination of Messrs. Neill and Reynolds, a disposition to favor the packers at the expense of the consumers, and went so far as to intimate that, in their opinion, the scandal ought to have been "hushed up," and that it did not behoove Americans to "foul their own nest," they yielded ultimately to the fierce and constantly increasing stress of public opinion, and reported a bill which, although objectionable in some particulars to the President and the minority of the committee, is calculated, on the whole, to bring about the reforms contemplated in the Beveridge measure. On the face of it, the substitute provides for inspection as rigorous as that sanctioned by the Senate. For example, the first section makes optional in the discretion of the Secretary of Agriculture an *ante-mortem* scrutiny of animals destined for interstate commerce, or intended for slaughter in any one of the United States. A like *ante-mortem* scrutiny is made *compulsory* in the case of live-stock meant for export. Moreover, in the case of all carcasses and parts of carcasses, whether intended for export or for interstate commerce, a *post-mortem* inspection must be made immediately after slaughter, under rules and regulations promulgated by the Sec-

retary of Agriculture. Compulsory *post-mortem* inspection is also prescribed for all carcasses and parts of carcasses which have been killed outright, and which are conveyed to packing establishments to be used in the preparation of food products. Nor do the precautions taken for the purpose of ensuring the purity of canned goods end here. It is further provided that the Government label, affixed to a given can, shall not be issued until after the inspector has convinced himself that the contents of that particular can are pure, wholesome, and fit for human food. In a word, the meats used in food products are to be supervised all the way from the hoof to the can. Neither, hereafter, must the labels be misleading in description. The names must clearly indicate the contents, except in the case of certain trade designations, which may be used only with the permission of the Secretary of Agriculture. That is to say, the label is to serve virtually as the passport of the product in interstate commerce, for, without the label, the canned commodity may not be transported from one State to another. This prohibition is enforced by the imposition of heavy penalties, including both fine and imprisonment, on packers who offer for interstate transportation, and also on carriers who receive for that purpose, any meats or meat-food products not bearing the Government inspection label, containing the words "inspected and passed." Neither shall clearance be given to any vessel bearing meats to a foreign country unless the ship can show a certificate that the meats have been duly inspected and passed—in addition to the labels borne by the meat and canned goods. We observe, finally, that the substitute proposed for the Beveridge bill makes provision for the immediate and total destruction, so far as food purposes are concerned, of condemned meats. We repeat that Government inspectors, working day and night, must follow a carcass from the hoof to the can.

The two features of the substitute, reported by the majority of the House committee for the Beveridge bill, which are expected to meet with disapproval in the minority report, and at the hands of President Roosevelt, are, first, the imposition of the cost of inspection on the Federal Government, instead of on the packers (as the President desired); and, secondly, the exemption of the inspectors and stock-examiners, to be appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, from the civil-service rules. The force of the former objection is lessened materially by the fact that the sub-

stitute allots three million dollars annually for the expenses of inspection, thus rendering it impossible for Congress, at a time when public interest in the matter might have abated, to cut down the appropriation, without the President's cooperation. If this provision is amended at all in the House, or in conference, it will probably be by the adoption of a suggestion made to the House committee by Judge Cowan, representing the Texas Cattle-Growers' Association, that if at any time the fixed appropriation of three million dollars should prove inadequate, the Secretary of Agriculture should be authorized to pay for extra service by levying a small fee upon the packers. Strenuous opposition seems likely to be made also to the provision exempting inspectors appointed under the substitute from the civil-service regulations. It appears that many members of the House do not repose absolute confidence in the Secretary of Agriculture, and there is some doubt as to whether Mr. Wilson will long continue to occupy that post.

It was to be expected that those who are doomed to suffer more or less seriously by the President's exposure of deplorable facts would dispute the expediency of washing our dirty linen in public. The conclusive reply to the complaint is that, if we had not washed it in public, it would never have got washed at all. In the long run, it will turn out that here, as in everything else, honesty is the best policy. When, hereafter, European consumers of canned products compare the frankness of our disclosures, and the trenchant character of the remedies forthwith applied, with the indifference to purity evinced in some competitive countries—Argentina and Australia, for instance—where there is no government inspection at all, we may feel assured that American canned products will then command the preference in the foreign markets which they will undoubtedly deserve. Meanwhile, undoubtedly, our packers will have to bear much loss, much odium and much tribulation; but, thanks to the thoroughness of the reforms demanded by President Roosevelt, and sure to be compelled by Congress, they will triumph in the end.

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JAPAN AFTER THE WAR.

BY JACOB H. SCHIFF.

NEARLY a year has passed since the momentous struggle between the Northern Goliath and the Far-Eastern David came to an end, and the world still stands amazed at the surprising result—hardly equalled in the history of great wars—which has come about.

In the opening days of 1904, the writer, with a number of friends, was discussing the position of Russia, the outrageous oppression it practised against its non-Orthodox subjects, especially against its Jewish population, and the standing menace it formed to the peace of the world. As if by inspiration, the writer then advanced his belief, not only that Russia, then on the eve of the struggle with Japan, would be beaten and humiliated, but that the result of such a war would lead to the breaking up of the Russian autocracy.

What followed is a matter of record and has already passed into history. Not very generally is it realized, however, what Anglo-American friendship and support, moral and financial, meant to the Island Empire; how without these, the gallantry of its people, their readiness to sacrifice their all to maintain the supremacy of their country against the aggression of the Northern

Colossus, would have been of no avail. Had America not willingly joined hands with England in the spring of 1904, when Japan made the first attempt to secure foreign loans for the purposes of the war—an appeal which, until America showed its willingness, even eagerness, to cooperate, was met in England not over-enthusiastically; and had the two nations not so readily opened their money-markets to every succeeding Japanese war loan, nothing could have averted the financial and economic ruin of Japan at a comparatively early stage of the struggle. The abandonment of the gold standard would, of necessity, have immediately followed a failure of the Japanese Loan Commissioner to secure foreign loans; nor would it have been possible to continue the war for any length of time with a depreciated or forced currency, which Japan could not have absorbed to a sufficient extent to enable her Government to maintain its ability to procure sufficient war material, and to sustain its armies in foreign lands where irredeemable paper money would not have been accepted. But Japan was fighting, not only her own cause, but the cause of the entire civilized world; and it was right, therefore, that England and the United States should assume a position which, if for a time it involved a certain financial risk, prevented consequences, too serious to contemplate, which would have supervened if Japan had been compelled to succumb in the life-and-death struggle Russia had forced upon her.

To understand a people, their national aims and purposes, one needs to go amongst them, and this consideration induced the writer, in the early months of this year, to visit Japan and to travel extensively through the Islands and in Korea. The latter country, as a consequence of the war, has become, for all practical purposes, a vassal state of the Island Empire, the Korean Emperor being permitted to retain only a nominal suzerainty. No longer has Korea any direct diplomatic relations with foreign countries; its finances have passed under Japanese control, as have the post, the telegraph, the railway and every other important branch of administration. It is well that this should be so. Korea for decades had become the theatre for foreign intrigue of every kind, its natural resources were being exploited by adventurers of every nationality, corruption held high carnival, security to property did not exist, law there was none, or such only as could be purchased by the highest bidder.

That these conditions, which were fostered by Russia in every possible manner—in order to permit her to appear finally as the savior of the country—were the primary cause of the war is now very generally understood, as is the fact that Japan had to risk all to drive Russia, once and forever, out of Korea, if she was to continue in future to exist as an independent nation. Now that Japan has succeeded in forcing the aggressor back into his own domain, her first care has been to safeguard permanently her control over Korea. She has begun this work by cutting off Korea's diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, and, as already stated, she has with a firm hand taken under her own control the administration of the country. It speaks volumes for the earnestness of Japan's purpose that she has sent the Marquis Ito, her foremost statesman, and himself one of the builders of New Japan, as Resident-General to Seoul, assisted by men like Megatta, Tsuruhara and Stevens (the last named being the well-known American adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office), not alone to establish orderly government throughout Korea, but hereby to make Korea, to all intents and purposes, a tributary to Japan. It is a situation such as England had to face in Egypt, and there can be little doubt that most beneficial results will accrue to Japan and Korea from the new condition of affairs, similar to those which have come to England and Egypt from the former's guidance of the destinies of the land of the Pharaohs. The dormant resources of Korea are still great; the agricultural possibilities of the southern half of the country can, with proper irrigation and transportation facilities—now assured through the Fusan-Seoul Railway—be considerably developed; the lumber reserves of the north are of immense value, while the country all over abounds in minerals, especially gold, which, with modern methods, are said to be capable of lucrative development. Thus, with law and order established, the Koreans are certain before long to know a prosperity of which heretofore they have had little conception, while Japan herself will have assured to her commerce and industry new markets, which, notwithstanding the "open door," must primarily, for obvious reasons, yield to her their richest fruits.

It is in this development of the fresh markets of Korea and Manchuria in particular, and of China in general, that Japan has begun to seek, and will find, compensation for the tremendous

sacrifices the nation made during the recent war. Of the war nothing is any longer heard in Japan; and, while the Military Party still wields a potent influence in the councils of the Government, as is but natural, the men who have been the founders of New Japan—men like Marquis Ito, Count Okuma, Count Matsukata, Count Inamori and others—are thoroughly alive to the dangers which lie behind the glitter of a strong military administration, and are using every influence to prevent the burdening of the country with a policy which would seek to place strategical and military considerations above those of commercial and industrial progress. The first struggle between these two tendencies was precipitated by a bill introduced at the last session of Parliament, providing that the principal private railways should pass into Government ownership. This measure was strongly supported by the Military Party; and notwithstanding the determined, even bitter, opposition which it encountered among those who, for economic reasons, did not favor it, the bill was passed under the strong pressure of Marquis Sôma's Cabinet and the influence of the representative of the Military Party, Marquis Yamagata. The belief seems justified, however, that this victory of the Military, in the adoption of a measure upon which much can be said *pro* and *con* from an economic standpoint, need not create alarm, and that, in the main, prudent and sound counsel will prevail among those who are called upon to direct the course of the nation. That there is a governing class in Japan cannot be denied; but it recruits itself constantly from the best elements among the people, who are rapidly growing ripe in political experience and are generally taking an active interest in the national affairs. Indeed, the whole system of popular education tends toward such a condition. Among no other people can be found a greater thirst for learning; public schools are many and of every grade; attendance is compulsory and education is entirely free. Tokio University, Waseda University, Kyoto University and other advanced seats of learning compare favorably with the best American Colleges and Universities, as to first apparatus as well as to quality of the faculties.

If one were to characterize the people of Japan, a people generally believed, and no doubt properly so, to be full of sentiment, one would have to say that they are a sober people. Except under high pressure, such as existed at the time when peace

was concluded at Portsmouth, the Japanese people are not easily carried away; the actions of the nation's leaders are, as a rule, the result of mature consideration and careful calculation. Neither the statesman nor the merchant reaches conclusions in haste; anything finally determined upon and done generally attains the result aimed at. It is amazing how readily and rapidly the Japanese understands how to adapt himself to any new conditions he finds to be to his advantage; and in this, no doubt, must be sought the secret of the wonderful progress the country has made during the past fifty years. Men of advanced age, who are among the most conspicuous leaders in education, in finance and in trade, will frankly tell you that, fifty years ago, when Perry came and demanded admittance, they stoutly opposed the taking down of the bars to let the foreigner in; but, having found out their mistake, these very men became the foremost creators of Modern Japan; and even to-day—notwithstanding the great age these men have now reached—they are still in the front rank of those who make for modern progress and civilization. The spirit, however, which leads is the Throne itself. Upon it sits a Monarch, whose dynasty has been in possession of the Government for upward of two thousand years; who has himself been educated in the theory that his sovereignty is heaven-born, that the people are his by divine right, that his power is absolute; and who, nevertheless, without revolution or outside pressure, has divested himself of all autocratic power, has freely inaugurated the most advanced constitutional government, and has come to be recognized as animating every movement which is likely to promote the progress of the nation. One cannot be surprised, therefore, at the great loyalty which the Japanese show to their Sovereign, and which goes so far in maintaining pure patriotism. Their loyalty to their country and to each other was the determining factor in the recent war; it secured victory to the Japanese army and navy; and it will, in the new era upon which the country has entered, be certain to assure to Japan commercial and industrial supremacy and success in every peaceful enterprise.

Indeed, though not a year has yet passed since the Russo-Japanese War ended—one of the most sanguinary conflicts in history, which has torn Russia asunder, politically, commercially and industrially—Japan has already repatriated her armies, has ceased even to discuss what happened during the titanic conflict,

and her people are now occupied in a united mighty effort to secure compensation in the avocations of peace for the great sacrifices which they were called upon to make. In Japan everybody appears to do work of some sort, and while the remuneration of labor of every kind is low, so is the cost of living; the common people appear to be happy and satisfied, considerably more so than the same class of people in Europe or America, with their much higher standard of earning. In Old Japan, such a thing as saving was entirely unknown. It is only since the Restoration and the entry of Japan into the family of modern nations that the accumulation of wealth has begun. The people appear, however, to be quite desirous of making up for lost time. The new era finds banks established throughout the country, competing keenly for deposits, for which they offer a high rate of interest. Then, too, these rapidly learning people appear to have adopted every approved method which practical experience in economic and fiscal science has taught. Under Count Matsukata's wise and prudent administration of the Treasury, the gold standard was introduced and it has become a fixed fact; it was jealously guarded and maintained at great cost, even during the late war, with its enormous strain upon the resources of the nation. These resources, as far as natural wealth is concerned, do not appear to be great. Especially is the absence of iron ore a considerable drawback to a people who, for their development and material upbuilding, must, in the first instance, rely upon their creative power as an industrial nation. But, while natural resources are limited, the intelligence and productive energy of the Japanese are so great that these qualities make up, to a considerable extent, for the want of different kinds of raw material, which in many instances has to be brought in from other countries and is turned into manufactured goods, at a low cost, both for home consumption and for export. Only when the new markets now being opened in Korea and Manchuria have become more fully established, is the true strength of Japan, as an industrial nation of great producing capacity, likely to show itself and to become appreciated by the other nations, who base such high hopes upon the promise of the "open door"—hopes which are likely to be doomed to considerable disappointment, because of the industrial possibilities of Japan and the advantage of her position in legitimate competition with her rivals.

What Japan still needs is more and better transportation facilities. It is hardly conceivable that five or six thousand miles of narrow-gauge railroad can suffice for a highly civilized industrial and agricultural nation of forty million people. It is true that the location and formation of the Islands permit of superior water transportation, but a large part of the interior is as yet difficult of access. This, it is expected, now that the Government is about to assume ownership of practically the entire existing railroad system, will be remedied before long, though the heavy debt the country is shouldering, as a legacy of the war, should, and no doubt will, make the Government cautious in assuming new financial responsibilities.

Japan's national debt, including about four hundred million yen of Internal Bonds to be issued during the next ten years in payment for the railways, amounts in round numbers to twenty-five hundred million yen (\$1,250,000,000)—a considerable burden for a country comparatively small in area and of limited natural wealth. The great productive ability, however, of its numerous population, the people's great frugality and high intelligence, go far to offset the heaviness of the burden which the national debt would otherwise doubtless form; and, indeed, taxes are borne, apparently, with entire willingness by all classes. Moreover, the ownership of the railways will mean a national asset of large and steadily increasing value, as do already the tobacco and salt monopolies. Considerably more than half of the national debt is held at home, the foreign debt of the Government amounting to something like one thousand million yen. It is, possibly, because of the desire, on the part of the prudent men who determine the country's economic policy, to accustom the people to the burden of the debt, and to prevent any spirit of dissatisfaction because of the taxation this makes necessary, that the Government has drawn so heavily upon the country's own capital for its requirements, and has created internal obligations, even when foreign loans could have been placed on more advantageous terms than it was possible to obtain from home investors. Up to a certain point this is a wise, statesmanlike and laudable policy; but a country which is just entering upon an era of far-reaching industrial and other development needs to retain its capital for such development, rather than have it tied up to too large an extent in loans to its Government.

It is well that the fact has become recognized in Europe and in the United States that Japan means to be, and is to be, the dominant factor in the Far East, and that any commercial or other advantages in the distant Orient, which Europe and America desire to secure, can be obtained only by the same legitimate methods these nations employ in their dealings with each other. The recognition of this existing situation, which has become so thoroughly accentuated through the result of the Russo-Japanese War, is certain to make for lasting peace in the Far East. With the opening up of Korea, Manchuria and China under Japanese influence and tutelage, an enormous new field for consumption is being created, the benefits of which, while in the first instance they are likely to accrue to Japan, cannot but serve as an impetus to the commerce of the entire world, from which Europe and the United States should profit for many a decade.

JACOB H. SCHIFF.

THE TRIAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE REV. PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM, D.D.

WHEN Paul was preaching his new doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection, some eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, in Athens, he was encountered by certain Epicurean and Stoic philosophers. Some of these looked on him as a "babbler." Others said: "He seems to be a setter-forth of strange gods." It is interesting to observe that the phrase thus translated actually means, "He seems to be an announcer of foreign demons,"—*ξένων δαιμονίων*. What these words show is the attitude, not of the rabble, but of philosophers, towards the new religion. They sound like an excerpt from a letter or news despatch from modern China. "Foreign demons," or "foreign devils," is a familiar expression in the Far East.

The term, *δαιμόνιον*, *daimónion*, or *dæmon*, meant, in the Greek usage, first, the Divine Power, the Deity, the Divinity. Then it meant an inferior divine being. Socrates used it to designate the spirit which dwelt within him and was his monitor and guide. In the New Testament it is used to designate an evil spirit, a demon in the modern sense.

The early Christian Fathers believed that the heathen gods were demons, that is, evil powers hostile to the true God and possessing the ability to embody themselves in human form, and even to take possession of the human personality. They identified the heathen gods with devils. The makers of the Common English Version of the Bible were so imbued with this idea that they almost invariably rendered the word *δαίμων*, or *δαιμόνιον*, by "devil," an improper, not to say impossible, translation. The view of the Church Fathers that the heathen gods were demons—actual existences, indeed, but malign in their nature and temper and under the leadership of Satan—was long maintained

in the Church. Whether any missionaries in the beginning of the great modern missionary movement held this belief, I cannot say; but the attitude of many of them towards the gods of heathen and idolatrous peoples was determined by the older view, so far that they denounced the heathen gods and the worship of them as oppugnant to the true Deity.

The Greeks, in the time of Paul, took a view of his religion, and of Jesus whom he preached, similar in form, at least, to the view which, until within a hundred years, the Christian missionary took of the gods of pagan peoples. The Greeks, however, were better-tempered or more intelligent, since they spoke of Paul as an announcer, not of foreign demons, but of foreign divinities. For many centuries the attitude of Christians towards the religions of what were called "heathen peoples" has been one of reprobation, if not of contempt. Those religions were looked upon as an evidence and aggravation of the sinfulness of the people who held them. Loyalty to God and to Jesus seemed to require intolerance of any rival; and the gods of the heathen were regarded as rivals of the Christians' God. This was not without precedent. Long before, when the worship of Yahweh rose among the Hebrews, at first He was considered to be the god of the land, as well as of the people. Such was David's view; hence he sought to bring the Ark of the Covenant out of a foreign country, the land of Baal, or the Baals, into Yahweh's land. That part of Palestine over which David ruled had become the land of Yahweh by its conquest from the Philistines. As the worship extended and devotion to Him intensified, all other gods came to be regarded, not merely as figments of an idolatrous imagination, but as false—that is, usurping—gods, rivals of Yahweh and usurpers of His prerogatives.

The Christian attitude towards the gods of un-Christian peoples was the lineal descendant of the Hebrew attitude. Yahweh, in the form Jehovah, was identified with the Father whom Jesus revealed, and all the gods of the nations were looked upon as false gods, hostile to the true Deity. The very strength of one's Christian faith seemed to intensify this feeling towards heathen religions. A charitable consideration of heathen religions would have seemed treachery to the true God and to Jesus who was identified with Him, not only in spirit, but also in substance. Yet, in the teachings and actions of Jesus, there was a germ, at least,

of the catholicity which is sympathetic towards all sincere religious thought and aspiration. The first positive manifestation of that catholicity which we see in the followers of Jesus is in Paul in Athens. He addresses the Athenians thus: "Men, Athenians, I see that in all respects ye are very religious"—that is, reverent towards the gods. The word translated "too superstitious" in the Common Version, is the comparative form of a word which means "reverencing god, or the gods, pious, religious." In later usage it came to have the sense of "superstitious," but not, I think, with possible rare exceptions, until after the beginning of the Christian era. In common usage, it had the good sense, as when one said of a man, "He is devout; he is pious." Such, undoubtedly, was the sense in which Paul used the word. That Paul was the first Christian of whom we have any record who spoke respectfully of pagan religion is not contradicted by the story of Peter's visit to Cornelius; for, though Cornelius was a Roman, he was a proselyte to Judaism, and was recognized by Peter as worshipping the same God as himself.

As in other important respects, so also in this, Paul's example was not followed by the Church. Among the Church Fathers, some, notably Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria, found in the heathen religion a dim prophecy of Christianity; but the general view of the Church was what I have indicated. At last, Christians, in considerable numbers, are beginning to see that the attitude of reprobation is wrong, that the idea on which it is based is mistaken, and that the merits of Christianity are not to be measured by the degree of its hostility to other faiths. This change has been brought about, partly, by increased and more intimate knowledge of other peoples. The study of Comparative Religions has disclosed the universal elements in the various religions of the world and the points of similarity between the great ethnic faiths and Christianity. Widened and deepened acquaintance with history has made clear the truth that man is essentially a religious being, and that always and everywhere he has been inwardly moved to "feel after God, if haply he might find Him." The notion that pagan religions were devices of the devil, whereby he beguiled the souls of men to their eternal destruction, and that those, such as Buddhism, which presented striking resemblances in ritual to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, were peculiarly and diabolically ingenious, was discredited by a

fuller acquaintance with the real character of pagan religions and with the ideas and aspirations of the peoples who held them. Finally, the idea dawned upon some minds that religion everywhere and of every form was the expression of man's sense of God and man's outreach towards God. God has left no people without some witness of Himself. As knowledge of the religious literatures of the nations increased, men became sensible of qualities in them which show their kinship with the Hebrew psalms and oracles. They began to understand that no one people has exclusive right to call itself "the chosen people of God"; and that privilege is the measure of obligation, not a reason for self-exaltation. Without abating one jot from the intrinsic merit of the Christian revelation, they began to see that the Hindoo and the Chinaman and the Japanese were also children of God and had their contribution to make to the religious and moral life of the world.

Christianity has suffered greatly from two errors. One is the narrowing of God's interest, at first to a single people, and then to a single cult. The other is the identification of Christianity with an ecclesiastical institution and a theological system. Jesus came not to give men a religion, but to reveal God and the true spirit and manner of life. He summarized the entire significance of "the law and the prophets" in the injunction, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." This injunction shows the inseparable union between real religion and morality, and announces a principle as broad as the whole of life.

The supreme test of a religion or a religious doctrine is its ability to produce good men and women and a sound and beneficent social order. It is accurately expressed in the words of Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and this test is applicable to systems and peoples as well as to individual men. Christianity is on trial to-day, a trial which is at once drastic and inescapable. The emergence of the Japanese—a people not moulded by Christian influence—the character which they display and the lofty ethical principles which are expressed in their action, raise many questions.

It will not be contested that Christian principles—that is, the principles of Christ—endure comparison with any others without disadvantage to themselves. Jesus Himself may be put by the

side of any other teacher of religious and moral truth without fear of His suffering by the comparison. But neither Jesus nor His teaching excludes the worth and truth of others; rather He welcomes all and includes all that are kindred in essence. But the suspicion arises and is growing among us that, while we are Christian in name, we are in many ways, very un-Christian in temper and conduct. The case of Russia, with its ignorant, superstitious and bigoted Church, need not be cited; we may take the most enlightened and civilized Christian nations—the British, the German, the American. The attitude which a nation assumes towards other nations and the kind of social order which it maintains within itself afford fair tests of its Christian character. Tried by this test, the so-called Christian civilization is, in many respects, decidedly un-Christian. The dominating forces in it are individualism, self-assertion, injustice, selfishness, pride and greed for riches. Christian peoples are deficient in moral discipline of the will, and in that self-effacement which is a distinguishing mark of the highest moral development. Almost invariably, “rights” take precedence over duties, and self-interest abridges or obstructs exact justice. The onlooker beholds this extraordinary spectacle, an un-Christian Christianity. There is significant confession of this in the common admission that the teachings of Jesus are not practicable in business, politics and international intercourse.

Conceivably, one may contend that our present social life is the result of a long evolution, and is economically wise and beneficent; but one cannot truthfully call it Christian. Now, if Shintoist and Buddhist Japan can produce a higher, saner, more just, more self-controlled, more unselfish individual and social life than Christian England or America, by that fact Christianity, as these peoples have interpreted and exemplified it, is proved inferior to Shintoism and Buddhism. But what really suffers by the comparison is not the Christianity of Jesus, but the Christianity of the Church, the Christianity which we have made. In other words, Christianity can maintain its preeminence only by the vital and effective incorporation of the spirit and teaching of Jesus in individual and social life and character. Nothing can invalidate this proposition. The trial which the Christian nations are facing to-day is obvious and inescapable. Let us, at least, be honest with ourselves. If we will not practise what Jesus

taught, let us cease to call ourselves Christian. It may be that some of those whom we have called "heathen" are more Christian than we.

The missionary enterprise of the Church is accounted its greatest engagement and the duty of prosecuting that enterprise its greatest obligation; and this is undoubtedly true. No great good can be possessed apart from the obligation to share it with all others; and the greater the good, the greater the obligation. But the validity of the Church's missionary enterprise rests solidly only on the demonstration that the Christian faith and the Christian principle are the best in the world. That they are the best I hold to be demonstrable, if only the testimony of men of other faiths be taken, with the evidence which the actual teachings of Jesus applied in action afford. But the enterprise is imperilled, or seriously hindered from achieving the largest results, by two main obstructions. The first is our inappreciation of other religions, and the second is the inconsistency of our life with the Christian faith and principles which we inculcate.

The truth is that humanity is one in its fundamental characteristics, needs and possibilities. Truth, righteousness, justice and good-will are essential everywhere to happy and beneficent life. That teaching which most clearly and effectively presents these is the best teaching. That life which most closely conforms to these is the best life. That faith which most directly and powerfully inspires to these is the best faith. We believe that Jesus and his teachings meet all the conditions. If we did not, we should not, when once awakened to the meaning of moral obligation, profess adherence to them. But the question is up and will not down: Are we genuinely Christian? The question is, first of all, one for the individual man and woman. It is, second, one for society. If individuals are persistently Christian, they will make society Christian. Where is the difficulty? We have not taken Jesus frankly at His own word and on His own terms. With perfect propriety, with absolute justice, He might say to us, as He said to some professed disciples in His time: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" We read these words in the New Testament, but, with curious fatuity, we never suspect that they are addressed to us. It may be that the Church and the Christendom which is identified with the Church are to hear the doomful words which were spoken to the ancient "elect"

people of God: "The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof."

Possibly, hasty and inconsequent inferences will be drawn from what I have said thus far. Some may say that I have deliberately tried to exhibit the inadequacy of Christianity, and that I am looking elsewhere than to its Founder and Head for a purer faith and a loftier ideal. Of course, I have done nothing of the kind. Of course, too, if there were a purer faith and a loftier ideal than the Christian faith and ideal, that very fact of a superior excellence would stamp Christianity with inferiority. But no one can successfully maintain that any of the other religions of the world, as an inspiring and regulative moral force, even rivals the teaching of Jesus. He stands above all other teachers. Buddha and Confucius and Zoroaster and Mohammed are measured by the standard which He has created. He is still the Master among many masters. But, to an appalling extent, His teaching is disregarded, has, indeed, never been seriously regarded, by Christian nations. They worship Him, but do not obey Him. They blazon His cross on church and banner, but do not crucify their selfishness. They hail Him as a ransom, but abjure Him as an example.

It is not He nor His teaching which is on trial; it is the spurious Christianity which leaves human society still the prey of greedy trusts and the victim of unrighteous craft and wicked oppression. Why are the people, in increasing numbers, drifting away from the Church? Because they have begun to suspect the genuineness of a religion which finds profit in the practical denial of its own primary principles. In innumerable instances, professed Christians are the chief exploiters of their fellow men for gain, the chief advocates of a social caste which dooms a race to practical serfdom because of its color, and the chief supporters of a vast system of political corruption. In several great Christian nations a formal alliance exists between Church and State; in nearly all a formal alliance exists between Church and School. But, as an English writer (the editor of "The Hibbert Journal") has recently said:

"This alliance, in spite of the inseparable connection between Religion and Ethics, has failed, so far, to be productive of any combined and determined endeavor to build up the character of the people. For religion itself has drifted away from its ethical basis; hence 'religious teaching' has come to mean anything and everything except the one

thing it ought to mean. All kinds of side issues—some of which are none too creditable to the parties concerned—have been suffered to obscure the central purpose of education. We have made idols of our theological jealousies and ecclesiastical divisions, and in blind devotion to these have trusted to scraps of doctrinal patter to form the manhood of the race, and to save us from being as Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment.”

What immediately follows by Mr. Jacks does not so accurately apply to many of our schools as it does to English schools, but it is not without application even here:

“In how many of the schools of the people are the lessons of private and social duty being effectively taught? How many make it their aim to teach the elements of self-respect and self-control? Where do we find a higher place given to courtesy, self-subordination, temperance, courage, filial piety, than to the Latin accidence or ‘the requirements of the code’? Where is it taught as a daily lesson—as a truth never to be forgotten by poor man or rich—that there are objects and occasions in the presence of which life is to be counted as nothing worth, and freely offered in sacrifice? Bushido (the Japanese ethical code) may be a poor thing—I do not think so—but what would one give for a breath of Bushido among the vicious and anæmic youths who throng the lighted thoroughfares of our great towns, among the idle rich, among the drunken thousands of Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, or the East End?”

He might have added New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston.

For a long time, the Christian nations have assumed and exercised supremacy in war and have carried the instruments and methods of war to the highest pitch of murderous efficiency. But the rise of Japan has given this complacent assumption a severe shock. She has done this by the type of manhood, in leader and led, which she has produced; and Japan is a non-Christian nation. In several of the Christian nations—notably in England, where Parliamentary inquiries have been conducted on this matter—there is observable a distinct deterioration of average manhood. Is it because, as Mr. Jacks suggests, “by far the largest part of the energies of Christendom have hitherto been used up in preparation for mutual destruction”? If it is, we may accept his conclusion that:

“It is small wonder that these communities have developed internal evils which make their civilization, if not a failure, at all events a meagre

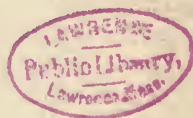
success. Judged by the condition of the masses of the people, there is not one of the great lands of Christendom which can boast itself free from the danger of moral and physical decay. All their energies are needed for the solution of the problems hence arising; they have none to spare upon the blowing of each other's souls into eternity. The question whether this one shall rise or that one fall is of little moment, compared with the greater question whether all are not falling together. The answer to that question depends on how long they are content to leave their social problems unsolved."

The writer whom I have quoted concludes:

"For nations, as for individuals, the mere profession of Christianity is a vain thing: the claim of Christianity to be supreme must assuredly fail unless it finds its exponent in renovated national life."

I have quoted at some length because in these words the truth is so clearly and strongly put. The future of Christianity depends on the faithfulness with which Christians exhibit its pure spirit and exemplify its exalted principles. That is a matter which comes home to us all. Our religion must make men and women of the highest character and a social order which is at once benign and just, or it will stand disapproved by the judgment of the world as inadequate to the demands of human life; and the fault will not be with Jesus or the doctrines which He taught, but with us. To the Christianity which we have made will be applied—is being applied—the supreme test: "By its fruits ye shall know it."

PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM.



ANTONIO FOGAZZARO AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

I.

LOVERS of Italy have regretted that foreigners should judge her contemporary ideals and literary achievements by the brilliant, but obscene and degenerate, books of Gabriele D'Annunzio. Such books, the products of disease, no matter what language they may be written in, quickly circulate from country to country: like epidemics they sweep up and down the world, requiring no passports, respecting no frontiers, while benefits travel slowly from people to people, and often lose much in the passage. D'Annunzio, speaking the universal language—Sin—has been accepted as the typical Italian by foreigners who know Carducci merely as a name, and have perhaps never heard of Fogazzaro. Yet it is in these men that the better genius of modern Italy has recently expressed itself. Carducci's international reputation as the foremost living poet in Europe and a literary critic of the first class gains slowly, but its future is secure. Fogazzaro, in "The Saint," has confirmed the impression of his five-and-twenty years' career as a novelist, and, thanks to the extraordinary power and pertinence of this crowning work, he has suddenly become an international celebrity. The myopic censors of the *Index* have assured the widest circulation of this book by condemning it as heretical. In the few months since its publication, it has been read by hundreds of thousands of Italians; it appeared in French translation in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" and in German in the "*Hochland*"; and it has been the storm centre of religious and literary debate. Now it will be sought by a still wider circle, eager to see what the doctrines are, written by the leading Catholic layman in Italy, at which the Papal advisers have taken fright. Time

was when it was the books of the avowed enemies of the Church—of some mocking Voltaire, some learned Renan, some impassioned Michelet—which they thrust on the *Index*; now they pillory the Catholic layman with the largest following in Italy, one who has never wavered in his devotion to the Church. They have made the fortune of the book they hoped to suppress; and this is good, for “The Saint” is a real addition to literature.

II.

Antonio Fogazzaro, the most eminent Italian novelist since Manzoni, was born at Vicenza on March 25th, 1842. He was happy in his parents, his father, Mariano Fogazzaro, being a man of refined tastes and sound learning, while his mother, Teresa Barrera, united feminine sweetness with wit and a warm heart. From childhood they influenced all sides of his nature, and when the proper time came they put him in charge of a wise tutor, Professor Zambella, who seems to have divined his pupil's talents and the best way to cultivate them. Young Fogazzaro, having completed his course in the classics, went on to the study of the law, which he pursued first in the University of Padua and then at Turin, where his father had taken up a voluntary exile. For Vicenza, during the forties and fifties, lay under Austrian subjection, and any Italian who desired to breathe freely in Italy had to seek the liberal air of Piedmont.

Fogazzaro received his diploma in due season, and began to practise as advocate, but in that casual way common to young men who know that their real leader is not Themis but Apollo. Ere long he abandoned the bar and devoted himself with equal enthusiasm to music and poetry, for both of which he had unusual aptitude. Down to 1881 he printed chiefly volumes of verse, which gave him a genuine, if not popular, reputation. In that year he brought out his first romance, “*Malombra*,” and from time to time during the past quarter of a century he has followed it with “*Daniele Cortis*,” “*Il Mistero del Poeta*,” “*Piccolo Mondo Antico*,” “*Piccolo Mondo Moderno*,” and, finally, in the autumn of 1905, “*Il Santo*.” This list by no means exhausts his productivity, but it includes the books by which, gradually at first, and with triumphant strides of late, he has come into great fame in Italy and has risen into the small group of living authors who address a cosmopolitan public.

For many years past Signor Fogazzaro has dwelt in his native Vicenza, the most honored of her citizens, round whom has grown up a band of eager disciples, who look to him for guidance, not merely in matters intellectual or æsthetic, but in the conduct of life. He has conceived of the career of man of letters as a great opportunity, not as a mere trade. Nothing could show better his high seriousness than his waiting until the age of thirty-nine before publishing his first novel, unless it be the restraint which led him, after having embarked on the career of novelist, to devote four or five years on the average to his studies in fiction. So his books are ripe, the fruits of a deliberate and rich nature, and not the windfalls of a mere literary trick. And now, at a little more than threescore years, the publication of "The Saint" entitles him to rank among the few literary masters of the time.

III.

"The Saint" may be considered under many aspects—indeed, the critics, in their efforts to classify it, have already fallen out over its real character. Some regard it as a thinly disguised statement of a creed; others, as a novel pure and simple; others, as a campaign document (in the broadest sense); others, as no novel at all, but a dramatic sort of confession. The Jesuits have had it put on the *Index*; the Christian Democrats have accepted it as their gospel: yet Jesuits and Christian Democrats both profess to be Catholics. Such a divergence of opinion proves conclusively that the book possesses unusual power and that it is many-sided. Instead of pitching upon one of these views as right and declaring all the rest to be wrong, it is more profitable to try to discover in the book itself what grounds each class of critics finds to justify its particular and exclusive verdict.

On the face of it what does the book say? This is what it says: That Piero Maironi, a man of the world, cultivated far beyond his kind, after having had a vehement love-affair, is stricken with remorse, "experiences religion," becomes penitent, is filled with a strange zeal—an ineffable comfort—and devotes himself, body, heart and soul to the worship of God and the succor of his fellow men. As Benedetto, the lay brother, he serves the peasant populations among the Sabine hills, or moves on his errands of hope and mercy among the poor of Rome. Everybody recognizes him as a holy man—"a saint." Perhaps, if he had

restricted himself to taking only soup or simple medicines to the hungry and sick, he would have been unmolested in his philanthropy; but, after his conversion, he had devoured the Scriptures and studied the books of the Fathers, until the spirit of the early, simple, untheological Church had poured into him. It brought a message the truth of which so stirred him that he could not rest until he imparted it to his fellows. He preached righteousness,—the supremacy of conduct over ritual; love as the test and goal of life; but always with full acknowledgment of Mother Church as the way of salvation. Indeed, he seems to doubt neither the impregnability of the foundations of Christianity, nor the validity of the Petrine corner-stone; taking these for granted, he aims to live the Christian life in every act, in every thought. The superstructure—the practices of the Catholic Church to-day, the failures and sin of clerical society, the rigid ecclesiasticism—these he must, in loyalty to fundamental truths, criticise, and, if need be, condemn, where they interfere with the exercise of pure religion. But Benedetto engages very little in controversy; his method is to glorify the good, sure that the good requires only to be revealed in all its beauty and charm in order to draw irresistibly to itself souls that, for lack of vision, have been pursuing the mediocre or the bad.

Yet these utterances, so natural to Benedetto, awaken the suspicions of his superiors, who—we cannot say without cause—scent heresy in them. Good works, righteous conduct—what are these in comparison with blind subscription to orthodox formulas? Benedetto is persecuted, not by an obviously brutal or sanguinary persecution,—although it might have come to that except for a catastrophe of another sort,—but by the very finesse of persecution. The sagacious politicians of the Vatican, inheritors of the accumulated craft of a thousand years, know too much to break a butterfly on a wheel, to make a martyr of an inconvenient person whom they can be rid of quietly. Therein lies the tragedy of Benedetto's experience, so far as we regard him, or as he thought himself, an instrument for the regeneration of the Church.

On the face of it, therefore, "The Saint" is the story of a man with a passion for doing good, in the most direct and human way, who found the Church in which he believed, the Church which existed ostensibly to do good according to the direct and human ways of Jesus Christ, thwarting him at every step. Here is a

conflict, let us remark in passing, worthy to be the theme of great tragedy. Does not "Antigone" rest on a similar conflict between Antigone's simple human way of showing her sisterly affection and the rigid formalism of the orthodoxy of her day?

IV.

Let us look next at "The Saint" as a campaign document, the aspect under which it has been most hotly discussed in Italy. It has been accepted as the platform, or even the gospel, of the Christian Democrats. Who are they? They are a body of the younger generation of Italians, among them being a considerable number of religious, who yearn to put into practice the concrete exhortations of the Evangelists. They are really carried forward by that ethical wave which has swept over Western Europe and America during the past generation, and has resulted in "slumming," in practical social service, in all kinds of efforts to improve the material and moral condition of the poor, quite irrespective of sectarian or even Christian initiative. This great movement began, indeed, outside of the churches, among men and women who felt grievously the misery of their fellow creatures and their own obligation to do what they could to relieve it. From them, it has reached the churches, and, last of all, the Catholic Church in Italy. No doubt the spread of Socialism, with its superficial resemblance to some of the features of primitive Christianity, has somewhat modified the character of this ethical movement; so that, in fact, the Italian Christian Democrats have been confounded, by persons with only a blurred sense of outline with the Socialists themselves. Whatever they may become, however, they now profess views in regard to property which separate them by an unbridgeable chasm from the Socialists.

In their zeal for their fellow men, and especially for the poor and down-trodden classes, they find the old agencies of charity insufficient. To visit the sick, to comfort the dying, to dole out soup at the convent gate, is well, but it offers no remedy for the causes behind poverty and blind remediable suffering. Only through better laws, strictly administered, can effectual help come. Hence the Christian Democrats deemed it indispensable that they should be free to influence legislation.

At this point, however, the stubborn prohibition of the Vatican confronted them. Since 1870, when the Italians entered Rome

and established there the capital of United Italy, the Vatican had forbidden faithful Catholics to take part, either as electors or as candidates, in any of the national elections, the fiction being that, were they to go to the polls or to be elected to the Chamber of Deputies, they would thereby recognize the Royal Government which had destroyed the temporal power of the Pope. Then what would become of that other fiction—the Pope's prisonership in the Vatican—which was to prove for thirty years the best-paying asset among the Papal investments? So long as the Curia maintained an irreconcilable attitude towards the Kingdom, it could count on kindling by irritation the sympathy and zeal of Catholics all over the world. In Italy itself many devout Catholics had long protested that, as it was through the acquisition of temporal power that the Church had become worldly and corrupt, so through the loss of temporal power it would regain its spiritual health and efficiency. They urged that the Holy Father could perform his religious functions best if he were not involved in political intrigues and governmental perplexities. No one would assert that Jesus could have better fulfilled his mission if he had been king of Judea; why, then, should the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus, require worldly pomp and power that his Master disdained?

Neither Pius IX nor Leo XIII, however, was open to arguments of this kind. Incidentally it was clear that, if Catholics as such were kept away from the polls, nobody could say precisely just how many they numbered. The Vatican constantly asserted that its adherents were in a majority—a claim which, if true, meant that the Kingdom of Italy rested on a very precarious basis. But other Catholics sincerely deplored the harm which the irreconcilable attitude of the Curia caused to religion. They regretted to see an affair purely political treated as religious; to have the belief in the Pope's temporal power virtually set up as a part of their creed. The Lord's work was waiting to be done; yet they who ought to be foremost in it were handicapped. Other agencies had stepped in ahead of them. The Socialists were making converts by myriads; sceptics and cynics were sowing hatred, not of the Church merely, but of all religion. It was time to abandon "the prisoner-of-the-Vatican" humbug, time to permit zealous Catholics to serve God and their fellow men according to the needs and methods of the present age.

At last, in the autumn of 1905, the new Pope, Pius X, gave the

faithful tacit permission, if he did not officially command them, to take part in the elections. Various motives were assigned for this change of front. Did even the Ultramontanes realize that, since France had repealed the Concordat, they could find their best support in Italy? Or were they driven by the instinct of self-preservation to accept the constitutional government as a bulwark against the incoming tide of Anarchism, Socialism and the other subversive forces? The Church is the most conservative element in Christendom: in a new upheaval it will surely rally to the side of any other element which promises to save society from chaos. These motives have been cited to explain the recent action of the Holy See, but there were high-minded Catholics who liked to think that the controlling reason was religious—that the Pope and his counsellors had at last been persuaded that the old policy of abstention wrought irreparable harm to the religious life of millions of the faithful in Italy.

However this may be, Antonio Fogazzaro's book, filled with the Liberal and Christian spirit, has been eagerly caught up as the mouthpiece of the Christian Democrats, and indeed of all intelligent Catholics in Italy, who have always held that religion and patriotism are not incompatible, and that the Church has most injured itself in prolonging the antagonism. In this respect, "The Saint," like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and similar books which crystallize an entire series of ideals or sum up a crisis, leaped immediately into importance, and seems certain to enjoy, for a long time to come, the prestige that crowns such works. Putting it on the *Index* can only add to its power.

V.

But readers who imagine that this aspect measures the significance of "The Saint" have read the surface only. The probability of restoring friendly relations between Church and State is a matter of concern to everybody in Italy: but of even greater concern are the implications which issue from Signor Fogazzaro's thought. He is an evolutionist; he respects the higher criticism; he knows that religions, like states and secular institutions, have their birth and growth and inevitable decay. So Catholicism must take its course in the human circuit, and expect sooner or later to pass away. This would be the natural deduction to draw from the premise of evolution. Signor Fogazzaro, however, does

not draw it. He conceives that Catholicism contains a final deposit of truth which can neither be superseded, wasted, nor destroyed.

"My friends," says Benedetto, "you say, 'We have reposed in the shade of this tree, but now its bark cracks and dries; the tree will die; let us go in search of other shade.' The tree will not die. If you had ears, you would hear the movement of the new bark forming, which will have its period of life, will crack, will dry in its turn, because another bark shall replace it. The tree does not die, the tree grows."

Through this parable, Signor Fogazzaro reveals his attitude, which, it appears, does not differ from that proposed by many Anglicans and other Protestants towards their respective churches. Herein his Saint takes on the largest significance. He is a religious who constantly praises Reason, and urges his hearers to trust Reason; but who, at a given moment, falls back on Faith, cleaves to Faith, insists that Faith alone brings its own warrant. Hence arise paradoxes, hence contradictions which elude a reasonable solution. For instance, in one discourse Benedetto says:

"The Catholic Church, which proclaims itself the fountain of truth, opposes to-day the search for Truth when it is carried on on its own foundations, on the holy books, on the dogmas, on its asserted infallibility. For us this means that it has no longer faith in itself. The Catholic Church which proclaims itself the minister of Life, to-day shackles and stifles whatever lives youthfully within it, and to-day it props itself on all its decadent and antiquated usages."

Yet a little farther on he exclaims:

"But what sort of faith is yours, if you talk of leaving the Church because certain antiquated doctrines of its heads, certain decrees of the Roman congregations, certain ways in a pontiff's government, offend you? What sort of sons are you who talk of renouncing your mother because she wears a garment which does not please you? Is the mother's heart changed by a garment? When, bowed over her, weeping, you tell your infirmities to Christ and Christ heals you, do you think about the authenticity of a passage in 'St. John,' about the real author of the Fourth Gospel or about the two Isaiahs? When you commune with Christ in the sacrament, do the decrees of the *Index* or the Holy Office disturb you? When, giving yourself up to Mother Church, you enter the shadows of death, is the peace she breathes in you less sweet because a Pope is opposed to Christian Democracy?"

So far, therefore, as Fogazzaro is the spokesman of loyal yet intelligent Catholics, he shows that among them also the process

of theological solution has been going on. Like Protestants who still profess creeds which they do not believe, these intelligent Catholics have to resort to strange devices in order to patch up a truce between their reason and their faith. This insincerity is the blight of the present age. It is far more serious than indifference, or than the open mockery of the eighteenth-century philosophers. So long as it lasts, no deep, general religious regeneration will be possible. But Signor Fogazzaro himself is unaware of his ambiguous position; being still many removes from Jowett, the typical Mr. Facing-both-Ways of the epoch.

VI.

These are some of the elements in "The Saint" which testify to its importance; but these would not make it a work of art. And, after all, it is as a work of art that it appeals at the outset to readers, who may care little for its religious purport. In English we have only "John Inglesant" and "Robert Elsmere" to compare it with; but such a comparison, though obviously imperfect, shows at once how easily "The Saint" surpasses them both, not merely by the greater significance of its central theme, but by its subtler psychology, its wider horizon, its more various contacts with life. Benedetto, the Saint, is a new character in fiction, a mingling of St. Francis and Dr. Döllinger, a man of to-day in intelligence, a medieval in faith. Nothing could be finer than the way in which Signor Fogazzaro depicts his zeal, his ecstasies, his visions, his depressions, his doubts; shows the physical and mental reactions; gives us, in a word, a study in religious morbid psychology—for, say what we will, such abnormalities are morbid—without rival in fiction. We follow Benedetto's spiritual fortunes with as much eagerness as if they were a love-story.

And then there is the love-story. Where shall one turn to find another like it? Jeanne seldom appears in the foreground, but we feel from first to last the magnetism of her presence. There is always the possibility that, at sight or thought of her, Benedetto may be swept back from his ascetic vows to the life of passion. Their first meeting in the monastery chapel is a masterpiece of dramatic climax, and Benedetto's temptation in her carriage, after the feverish interview with the cabinet officer, is a marvel of psychological subtlety. Both scenes illustrate Signor Fogazzaro's power to achieve the highest artistic results without

exaggeration. This naturalness is the more remarkable because the character of a saint is unnatural, according to our modern point of view. We have a healthy distrust of ascetics, whose anxiety over their soul's condition we properly regard as a form of egotism; and we know how easily the unco guid become prigs. Fogazzaro's hero is neither an egotist of the ordinary cloister variety, nor a prig. That our sympathy goes out to Jeanne and not to him shows that we instinctively resent seeing the deepest human cravings sacrificed to sacerdotal prescriptions.

Why did Signor Fogazzaro, in choosing his hero, revert to that outworn type? He knows very clearly how many of the Catholic practices are what he calls "ossified organisms." Why did he set up a lay monk as a model for twentieth-century Christians who long to devote their lives to uplifting their fellow men? Did he not note the artificiality of asceticism—the waste of energy that comes with fasts, and mortification of the flesh, and morbidly pious excitement? When asked these questions by his followers, he replied that he did not mean to preach asceticism as a rule for all; but that in individual cases, like Benedetto's, for instance, it was a psychological necessity. Herein Signor Fogazzaro certainly discloses his profound knowledge of the Italian heart—of that heart from which in its early medieval vigor sprang the Roman religion, with its message of renunciation. Even the Renaissance, and the subsequent period of scepticism, have not blotted out those tendencies that date back more than a thousand years: so that to-day, if an Italian is engulfed in a passion of self-sacrifice, he naturally thinks first of asceticism as the method. Among Northern races a similar religious experience does not suggest hair shirts and debilitating pious orgies, except among Puseyites and similar survivals from a different epoch; it suggests active work, like that of General Booth of the Salvation Army.

No one can gainsay, however, the superb artistic effects which Signor Fogazzaro attains through his Saint's varied experiences. He causes to pass before you all classes of society, from the poorest peasant of the Subiaco hills, to duchesses and the Pope himself,—some incredulous, some mocking, some devout, some hesitating, some spellbound,—in the presence of a holy man. The fashionable ladies wish to take him up and make a lion of him; the superstitious kiss the hem of his garment and believe that

he can work miracles, or, in a sudden revulsion, they jeer him and drive him away with stones. And what a panorama of ecclesiastical life in Italy! What a collection of priests and monks and prelates, and with what inevitableness one after another turns the cold shoulder on the volunteer who dares to assert that the test of religion is conduct? There is an air of mystery, of intrigue, of secret messages passing to and fro—the atmosphere of craft which has hung round the ecclesiastical institution so many, many centuries. Few scenes in modern romance can match Benedetto's interview with the Pope—the pathetic figure who, you feel, is in sad truth a prisoner, not of the Italian Government, but of the crafty, able, remorseless cabal of cardinals, who surround him, dog him with eavesdroppers, edit his briefs, check his benign impulses, and effectually prevent the truth from penetrating to his lonely study. Benedetto's appeal to the Pope to heal the four wounds from which the Church is languishing is a model of impassioned argument. The four wounds, be it noted, are "the spirit of falsehood," "the spirit of clerical domination," "the spirit of avarice," and "the spirit of immobility." The Pope replies in a tone of resignation; he does not disguise his powerlessness; he hopes to meet Benedetto again—in heaven!

To Signor Fogazzaro belongs the gift of the masters which enables him to rise without effort to the level of the tragic crises. He has also a vein of humor, without which such a theme as his could hardly be successfully handled. And although there is, by measure, much serious talk, yet so skilfully does he bring in minor characters, with their transient side-lights, that the total impression is that of a book in which much happens. No realist could exceed the fidelity with which Signor Fogazzaro outlines a landscape, or fixes a passing scene; yet, being an idealist through and through, he has produced a masterpiece in which the imagination is sovereign.

Such a book, sprung from "no vain or shallow thought," holding in solution the hopes of many earnest souls, spreading before us the mighty spiritual conflict between Medievalism still triumphant and the young undaunted Powers of Light, showing us with wonderful lifelikeness the tragedy of man's baffled endeavor to establish the Kingdom of God on earth, and of woman's unquenchable love, is a great fact in the world-literature of our time.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW

WHY IT HAS FAILED AND WHY IT SHOULD BE AMENDED.

BY CHARLES G. DAWES, FORMERLY COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

THE Sherman Anti-Trust Law makes criminal "every contract, combination, etc., in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations."

In its present form, during the sixteen years that have elapsed since its passage, it has proved a failure. If it is to be useful hereafter, it must be made to define what kind of agreements in restraint of trade are illegal, and to exempt from its provisions those trade agreements which, while they may be in restraint of trade, operate either for the public welfare or at least in a manner not injurious to it. This is the day of the trade agreement. We see all over the country, in different lines of business, district, city, State and national associations of business men, formed for mutual protection and for the arranging of what might be termed the rules of trade. The business community already knows that there are certain agreements in restraint of trade which keep alive competition, and that are aimed at keeping it alive. They seek to substitute, among business men, the "live-and-let-live" policy for the policy of unrestrained competition. Most of the evils against which we cry are the outgrowth of unrestrained and unregulated competition. There is much complaint at times that a large corporation will sell below cost in a particular locality in order to destroy the local competitor, and thus enable it later to exercise a monopoly. An agreement among competitors, therefore, not to sell below cost may, in some instances, be of public benefit, as preserving a larger area of reasonable competition.

Of course, it may not be thus beneficial, but the point we wish

to make is that a trade agreement, whether it relates to prices or otherwise, is not of necessity criminal; that it may have either a good or a bad purpose; that it may simply preserve private rights and privileges of trade not detrimental to the public, and that, therefore, the Sherman Antitrust Law should not make criminal, as it now does, all agreements in restraint of trade. A law should no more assume that a trade agreement is criminal than the law assumes any individual guilty before trial.

Public policy, so far from indiscriminately making all such agreements guilty, should encourage any contract in restraint of trade which has for its object the maintenance of high standards in manufactured products, the abolition of deception in sales, the prevention of undue collections of perishable merchandise—like meats and fruits—at points where the demand cannot possibly equal the supply, so that a loss and waste are the results. It should discountenance any contract which has for its purpose the extorting of an unreasonable price.

As the law stands at present, it is subject to the following objections:

(1) As its principal section makes criminal, without further definition, an agreement in restraint of trade, it leaves to judicial determination the definition of the crime, and it has not yet been defined, but will only be defined as each case arises. The business community is therefore left in doubt as to what may constitute a crime under the law.

(2) It makes no distinction between those agreements in restraint of trade which are beneficial to the public and those which are detrimental. An agreement among competitors, for instance, to sell only pure, as distinguished from adulterated, goods is presumably as criminal under its provisions as one designed solely to extort unreasonable prices.

(3) Being indefinite in its definition of the crime and introducing into business an element of doubt and uncertainty as to trade agreements, it operates to the disadvantage of the scrupulous business man and in favor of the unscrupulous business man.

(4) The fact that trade agreements beneficial to the public, as well as those which are injurious, may alike be criminal under its provisions discourages the formation of good trade agreements and encourages the formation of evil ones. The first, because scrupulous men desire to take no risks with the law; the second,

because to unscrupulous men the risk of prosecution is less, since to include under any law good and bad acts as equally criminal inevitably discourages its enforcement.

(5) The general prosecution of our leading business men for that which may not be inherently criminal or opposed to public policy, which this law makes possible, would tend to have one of two results—it might lead them either to sell out their business as a whole to men willing to take risks with the law, which would be a public injury, or it might lead them to subdivide their business and sell it out to smaller concerns, thus lessening the economies of production and distribution, which would be a step backward in our commercial evolution and a public injury.

(6) The enforcement of this law, giving, necessarily, through its general terms, such wide latitude and discretion to executive officers in their right to proceed against corporations and individuals, is bound to create the appearance at least of favoritism in its application, and to result in lack of uniformity in the treatment of cases arising under it.

Without any intention of reflecting upon the rightful purpose of the Department of Justice in recent actions under the law, a few statements regarding them may illustrate this last point. In the Northern Securities case, a limited action was taken against the corporation only, and no attempt was made to hold the officers criminally. In the cases against the packers, the effort was made to hold them criminally liable. In this latter case, the Government found itself in the attitude of announcing through one Department, after a thorough investigation, that the business was not a monopoly and that its profits were reasonable, and seeking at the same time, through another Department, to put its owners in jail as public malefactors. The Northern Securities case was so presented to the courts that the reinstatement of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, as a competitor of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways, was not involved in the decree. The decision did not affect the \$215,000,000 Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway joint four-per-cent. bonds, guaranteed by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways, and secured by the deposit of the bulk of the capital stock of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, which had been purchased by the other two roads. Thus it did not interfere with the device by which the operation was chiefly financed and the voting con-

trol of the competing Burlington road assured to the Northern Securities Company. As a consequence, when the Northern Securities Company was dissolved by the decision, the same interests remained in control of the railway situation in the Northwest, having that control represented by two separate stock certificates instead of by the single Northern Securities stock certificates as formerly.

We are not criticising the Department for not attacking the interests of the thousands of innocent holders of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway joint four-per-cent. bonds, and not attempting to compel them to submit to a change in their security. But from the beginning there was no hope that the Northern Securities case could have much practical effect, unless the final decision could scatter the stock control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company. This, it seems, could not equitably be done. The debenture bondholders had practically furnished the money to pay for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad stock deposited as part security for their bonds, and under this plan had in effect also exchanged the voting power of the stock for the additional security afforded by the joint guaranty by the other two roads of the principal and interest of their bonds.

In this case the Department of Justice could not see its way clear to demand the full logical penalty either from the corporation or the individuals. If it had done so, it would probably have wrought more evil than good. As it was, it accomplished practically nothing. "The Saturday Evening Post," on July 15th, 1905, in commenting editorially on the "End of the Northern Securities," said:

"A year hence, in all human probability, no patron of the Northern Pacific or Great Northern will know, save as a matter of history, that the Government won its great antimerger suit—any more than thousands of patrons of other combinations are now able to tell that those combinations have been solemnly banned by the law. In any undertaking the most important beginning is to find out what can and what cannot be done."

Certainly, some law, other than the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, is needed to deal with such situations as that presented by the Northern Securities case. And such a law should certainly provide for the determination, first, as to whether or not, as a matter

of fact, the consolidation worked, or would work, harm or benefit to the people of the section of the country affected. Then, if it was decided to be harmful, the remedy should be in the nature of an effort to restore the former conditions of competition. If it was decided not to be injurious, then the Government should, under the law, sanction it. Other instances could be given which with these cited indicate the impracticability of the Government's following any consistent course of procedure under such an indefinite law. How could uniformity of action be expected under a law which includes in its general condemnation that which is inherently innocent as well as that which is inherently guilty?

As a matter of experience, we know in this country that no law is tolerable if enforced, or useful if unenforced, which designates good and bad acts as alike criminal.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, in order to get at bad agreements in restraint of trade, makes all such agreements criminal. As some one has said: "It is like putting the whole community in the pest-house because some members of it have the smallpox."

Ill-considered and ill-advised legislation is worse than no legislation at all. Every unenforced and unenforceable law undermines proper respect for law.

In July, 1890, when the culminating years of a period of great prosperity had turned the mind of the public to questions relating rather to the distribution than the creating of wealth—a period of public disquietude like the present—the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed in response to an excited public demand. Because of its inherent defects, this law became practically a dead letter until recently, when an effort has been made to use it in response to a recurrence of public protest against corporate abuses. It seems to us very unfortunate that now, when the public interest in such questions is fully aroused, we do not have greater efforts on the part of our leaders to create wise public sentiment in favor of proper legislation regulating general corporations; and that, so far as the trust question is concerned, the chief endeavor to satisfy the public mind is made through selected civil and criminal cases under the defective Sherman law.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law should cease to be a fetish to so many public men. The assertion that "not new laws, but present laws enforced, will cure our corporate abuses" should not pass unchallenged. In times of strong public feeling like the present,

public men are prone to take up popular legislation, and generally, but not always, popular legislation is needed legislation. Men seek to be known as advocating rate legislation, for instance, because it is popular. But, where a reform must be secured by the correction of over-radicalism in an ineffective existing law, like the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and the advocacy of the change will bring from the radicals of the country castigation instead of applause, public men act with caution and the *status quo* generally prevails. Let us hope that, before this period of general interest in corporation questions is passed, the question of the amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law will be taken up by Congress, and the law made more practical and enforceable by the clearer definition of what shall constitute illegality in trade agreements, and by the exemption from its provisions of such agreements in restraint of trade as are not injurious to the public.

The remarks of Marshall M. Kirkman, in his recent volume, "The Basis of Railway Rates," apply not only to the current discussion of that problem, but to corporations and corporation laws as well. He says:

"Exaggerations in discussions affecting corporations, whether on the part of managers or the public, is to be deplored in the interests of a right solution of the myriad questions of a public nature concerning them. Too much bitterness is shown in the controversy; too many things are being said having the air of private rancor, of personal feeling. Sharp phrases are being coined on both sides without much regard to the facts, all having a tendency to prevent calm consideration and an equitable adjustment of the matter. From whatever point of view the question is considered, it is never merely a question of silencing an opponent or influencing public opinion, but always of having the matter settled fairly, according to the rights of all concerned."

CHARLES G. DAWES.

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' TARIFF CAMPAIGN.

BY WATSON GRIFFIN.

MR. EDWARD PORRITT's article, "Canada's Tariff Mood toward the United States," published in the April number of this REVIEW, gravely misrepresented the attitude of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association on the tariff question. Again and again throughout his article, Mr. Porritt reiterates his declaration that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is opposed to the British preference, and that it demands a tariff exactly similar to the Dingley tariff in every detail.

The attitude of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association toward both the United States and Britain has been very frequently misrepresented by opponents of tariff reform in Canada and England, but it is doubtful if any writer ever wandered so far from the facts in this regard as Mr. Porritt. The views of the Association were clearly set forth in the recommendations made by the Tariff Committee at the annual meeting in September, 1903, and adopted by the Association after full discussion. The attendance was very large, and the meeting was practically unanimous, only one member dissenting. The resolutions were as follows:

"(1) That we reaffirm the tariff resolution passed at the last annual meeting in Halifax, as follows: 'Resolved, That in the opinion of this Association, the changed conditions which now obtain in Canada demand the immediate and thorough revision of the tariff, upon lines which will more effectually transfer to the workshops of our Dominion the manufacture of many of the goods which we now import from other countries; that, in any such revision, the interests of all sections of the community, whether of agriculture, mining, fishing or manufacturing, should be fully considered, with a view, not only to the preservation, but to the further development, of all these great natural industries; that,

while such a tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should nevertheless give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, and also to any other part of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged, recognizing always that under any conditions the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers.' (2) That, except in very special cases, we are opposed to the granting of bounties in Canada as a substitute for a policy of reasonable and permanent protection. (3) That we are strongly opposed to any reciprocity treaty with the United States affecting the manufacturing industries of Canada. (4) We recommend that the Dominion Government establish in Canada a permanent tariff commission of experts, who shall have constant supervision of tariff policy and changes, and shall follow closely the workings of the Canadian tariff, with a view to making such recommendations to the Government as will best conserve and advance the interests of the Dominion."

These resolutions were reaffirmed at the annual conventions in 1904 and 1905, meeting with no opposition. It will be noted that, instead of condemning the British preference, the Association emphatically recommended a substantial preference to the Mother Country and any other country of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged.

Mr. George E. Drummond, who was for the year 1903-4 president of both the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Montreal Board of Trade, in the course of an address at the banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Toronto, on November 19th, 1903, referring to the tariff question, said:

"The policy of the age is protection to home industries and enterprises. This is well evidenced by the agitation taking place in England at present. In so far as our home market, Canada, is concerned, we also must adopt the same measures as our rivals, and in adopting such measures must make them thoroughly efficient. With regard to the Mother Country, while, in the opinion of this Association, our customs tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should, nevertheless, we think, give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, and also to any other part of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged, recognizing always that under any conditions our minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers. We favor an immediate revision of the present Canadian customs tariff, and the adoption: (1) Of a general tariff, framed especially to meet Canadian conditions, based in principle upon and approximating to that now in force in the United States, a tariff that shall protect Canadian industries and pursuits as efficiently as the tariff of the United States protects the industries of that country. It is not intended that the Canadian tariff shall be, item for item, the same

as that of the United States. *Canadian conditions must be taken into consideration in regard to every individual item*; (2) We favor a policy of reciprocal preferential trade within the British Empire, whereby, through readjustment of their respective fiscal systems, the United Kingdom and her colonies will each grant to the products of the other a substantial preference against the products of foreign countries."

Mr. W. K. McNaught, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the Association, being interviewed regarding this utterance of Mr. Drummond, expressed himself as entirely in accord with it, and added:

"Canada does not want the United States tariff pure and simple, but a tariff which will protect Canadian industries of all kinds as fully as the United States tariff does those of the United States. We want a national tariff, framed from a Canadian standpoint for Canadian needs."

These views have been repeatedly endorsed by speakers at the banquets of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at the business centres throughout the country during the last three years, and have always been heartily applauded. No speaker at any of these banquets has ever condemned the principle of the British preference, but many speakers have commended it; and, whenever the name of Mr. Chamberlain has been mentioned, it has been greeted with applause so general, so spontaneous, so hearty, that there can be no doubt that the great majority of the members of the Association are in sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's policy as they understand it.

On the day when Mr. Chamberlain resigned from the British Cabinet for the purpose of carrying on a vigorous campaign in favor of Imperial Preferential Trade, the thirty-second annual convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association was in session at Toronto; and Mr. Robert Munro, one of the ex-presidents of the Association, after calling attention to the cable despatch announcing Mr. Chamberlain's resignation, moved that the following message be cabled to Mr. Chamberlain:

"The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, London, England.—The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in convention assembled, desire to express our deep regret that your withdrawal from the British Cabinet has been rendered necessary. This Association has followed your proposals with the greatest solicitude, and hopes your efforts to adapt Great Britain's fiscal policy to existing conditions will continue to be vigorously prosecuted."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. George E. Drummond and, after some discussion, a standing vote was taken and the motion was declared carried, only one member voting against it.

If Canadian manufacturers in general believed that Mr. Chamberlain proposed to destroy colonial industries for the benefit of British manufacturers, they would not endorse his policy; but they do not so understand his proposals. They believe that, when the colonies and the Mother Country come together in negotiation, a fiscal policy can be arranged which will be mutually advantageous and much fairer to Canada than the one-sided preference which now exists.

But, while the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has emphatically endorsed the principle of Imperial Preferential Trade, some of the items of the Canadian preferential tariff as it now exists have been freely criticised, on the ground that certain Canadian industries are not sufficiently protected against the competition of British manufacturers who have the advantage of cheaper labor and lower rates of interest. The remedy proposed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is, not to abolish the British preference or even reduce the percentage of preference but to raise the general tariff so high that, when the preference is allowed, the minimum tariff will be high enough to offset the greater cost of labor and the higher rates of interest, thus placing the Canadian manufacturer on an equality with his British competitor. It would be possible in accordance with this plan to even increase the percentage of preference, although this would involve prohibitory rates on some classes of foreign products. During the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1905, the average *ad valorem* rate on dutiable articles entered for consumption in Canada under the general tariff was 31.01 per cent.; the average duty on articles entered under the surtax tariff on German goods for consumption in Canada was 37.22 per cent., while the average *ad valorem* rate on dutiable articles imported into Canada for consumption under the preferential tariff in favor of British products was 19.79 per cent. The average *ad valorem* rate of duty on dutiable articles entered for consumption in the United States during the same period was 45.24 per cent. If the plan proposed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and approved almost unanimously by its members, is adopted, the Canadian tariff against British goods will be higher on the average

than the present tariff against British goods, but it will be very much lower than the tariff which the United States imposes on British goods. It will be even lower than the Wilson-Gorman tariff passed by a Democratic Congress of the United States during the Cleveland administration. The effect of thus increasing the duties on foreign products must be to largely divert our external trade into British channels; and, while our purchases from Britain may be less per head of population than at present, our total imports from the United Kingdom will greatly increase, owing to the rapid growth of population under a system of adequate protection. Under the present system, we buy what we do not produce in Canada chiefly from foreign countries, and the United States is getting a larger share of our trade every year without giving us a fair return. Under the system proposed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, what we cannot produce in Canada will be imported chiefly from countries of the British Empire. Canadian manufacturers in general believe that it should be our first aim to give work to those British citizens who are within the borders of our own Dominion; but, when we have to go abroad to supply our wants, as we must always do to a great extent, we should give our fellow citizens in other countries of the Empire a preference over foreigners. They say that, if the people of the United Kingdom will in return buy from the colonies, so far as possible, those things which they may find it necessary to get abroad, all parts of the Empire will be benefited.

Mr. W. K. George, who was president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in 1904-5, speaking at a banquet of the Canadian Industrial League in Halifax, in February, 1905, said:

"Our Association has been criticised extensively on account of the stand which we have taken in regard to Imperial Preferential Trade, and we have been charged with insincerity because we have advocated preferential trade on the basis that the minimum tariff should be protective to Canadian industries. We will stand by that declaration, and we contend that it is no visionary proposition. Any other basis would be injurious to Canada, and not only injurious to Canada, but for that very reason detrimental to the ultimate progress of the Empire. We believe that the greater and more prosperous Canada becomes, the better it is for the Empire. Our critics base their conclusion on the false assumption that adequate protection to home industries prohibits all importation. Gentlemen, I ask you to look to our nearest neighbor, the

United States, for a convincing proof that such is not the case. In spite of their extremely high tariff, they are still importing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods. And so it would be with Canada; and, as our country grows in population and in wealth, so would this commerce, and we wish to turn it as far as possible into British channels. We want to make in Canada everything that we possibly can, and what we must import we want to purchase from our own family, rather than from strangers. A newspaper published in Birmingham, England, has given a somewhat concise idea of our conception of a preferential tariff which will be beneficial to Britain without being detrimental to the advancement and development of Canada. The Birmingham paper said: 'Canada spends millions of pounds on imported articles from foreign countries, chiefly the United States. She wants to raise her present high tariff against the United States still further, and, so far as possible, make Canada, when she must buy from outside the Dominion, buy from Great Britain.' There is one thing in this statement of the Birmingham paper that I would criticise. It refers to our present tariff against the United States as a high tariff. As a matter of fact, compared with the tariff which the United States imposes on Canadian goods, it is very low, and some articles are on the free list which could be made just as well in Britain or in Canada itself."

During the summer of 1904, Mr. George E. Drummond, then President of the Association, visited England and explained to Mr. Chamberlain and other leaders of tariff reform in Britain the attitude of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He pointed out that Canadian manufacturers would never consent to any arrangement which would mean the sacrifice of their industries, but that they would support, with all their might and influence, a readjustment of the tariff which would divert into British channels a great part of the trade which Canada does with foreign countries. Mr. Chamberlain assured Mr. Drummond that he did not wish Canadian manufacturers to make any sacrifice. As a result of Mr. Drummond's visit, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association received an invitation from the London Chamber of Commerce to visit England in a body; and, although the great majority of members were unable to avail themselves of the invitation, about three hundred delegates of the Association went over to England in June, 1905, under the leadership of President W. K. George and Mr. W. K. McNaught, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the Association. They visited most of the great industrial centres of the United Kingdom, and everywhere they went they received a splendid welcome from the captains of commerce and industry. At the many banquets in Britain

where Mr. W. K. George and Mr. W. K. McNaught were called upon to speak, they expounded the policy of the Association as clearly and frankly as they had previously done in Canada; and that policy was accepted by the Tariff Reform leaders of Britain as being necessary for Canada and consistent with their own proposals for mutual preferential trade. Mr. Chamberlain undoubtedly hopes that there may ultimately be free trade within the British Empire, with protection against foreign countries; but he realizes that this is not practicable at present, and he holds that Britain should respond to Canada's advances and endeavor to arrive at an arrangement which, while injuring no colonial industry, will greatly increase the trade between the Mother Country and the daughter nations.

On the 5th of December, 1905, when the Canadian Tariff Commission was in session at Winnipeg, a deputation of about thirty members of the Winnipeg Branch of the Association appeared before the Commissioners. They were introduced by Mr. L. C. McIntyre, Manitoba Vice-President of the Association, who said:

"Our main purpose in coming here to-day is to express our belief in a reasonable increase in the general protective tariff, as a means of building up varied industries in Canada, affording employment for all classes of our citizens and creating a home market for our farmers, while at the same time giving a preference to goods of British manufacture. There is a mistaken notion in the East, that the West must always be a purely agricultural community. We believe that the natural resources of the West are such that it may have interests as varied as those in the East. It will take time to establish them; but, the higher the tariff against the United States is made, the more quickly will industries of all kinds be established in the West. We believe that the people in the Canadian West should do their own manufacturing so far as possible; but, when we cannot get what we want right here at home, we think that our fellow Canadians in Eastern Canada, who are helping us in building up and developing the West, should get a preference over all outsiders. If we cannot get what we want either in the Canadian West, or in Eastern Canada, we should then seek what we want in Britain, in preference to foreign countries. We do not pretend to advise the Commission how high the tariff should be, but it should be high enough to cause many of the great manufacturing companies of the United States, who are now selling large quantities of goods in Canada, to establish branch factories in this country. If the Government will do this much, we think the cities and towns of the Canadian West will be able to convince American capitalists that a good many of the branch factories should be located west of Lake Superior."

Other manufacturers present followed, supporting Mr. McIntyre's address. Not a word was said against the British preference. Yet Mr. Porritt declares that the Canadian manufacturers hammered at the British preference unmercifully at every session of the Commission.

At almost every place which the Canadian Tariff Commission visited, members of the Association laid their grievances before the Commissioners; and, while the complaint of most of them was that they had not sufficient protection against their American competitors, in some cases the preferential tariff now in force was criticised as affording insufficient protection to certain industries. But such criticisms were not inconsistent with the preferential policy of the Association, which requires that the minimum tariff shall be sufficiently high to afford adequate protection to all Canadian industries. At the final session of the Tariff Commission, which was held in Ottawa, a deputation from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, led by Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, President of the Association for 1905-6, Mr. W. K. George, Mr. W. K. McNaught and Mr. R. J. Young presented an official memorial. One of the paragraphs in this memorial read as follows:

"You have heard the individual requests of many of the members of this Association in various parts of the Dominion. We desire now merely to indicate the general direction of the changes which we think necessary. To express our views in a single sentence, we desire to make in Canada everything which can reasonably be manufactured here, and to buy our surplus requirements, so far as it is reasonable to do so, from British sources. To this end, we desire a higher tariff than we now have against all foreign countries. While we do not favor any discrimination against the United States as compared with other foreign countries, yet the proximity of the great Republic, with its gigantic combinations of capital, its keen business men and its constant surplus production, subject the manufacturers of Canada to competition which, unless properly safeguarded, means certain ruin. Moreover, it has become evident that United States manufacturers, instead of resenting proposed increases in our tariff, will establish branch factories in Canada as soon as the Canadian tariff is sufficiently high to warrant them in doing so. We desire reasonable competition with the industries of Great Britain and the other portions of the Empire—that is, we desire a tariff against these countries which will equalize for the Canadian manufacturer the disadvantages under which he works in the higher cost of labor, capital, machinery, etc.—a tariff which will enable him to at least compete on equal terms in his home market with the manufacturers of Great Britain. We favor the offer of a substantial preference to the

other portions of the Empire, but we are strongly opposed to any policy which will prevent or limit the development of our own resources. In regard to the proposed policy of maximum, minimum and preferential tariff, we have only to say that, so long as it encourages Canadian enterprise to make everything we can at home, and to buy our surplus requirements as far as possible from British sources, we believe it to be in the best interests of the Canadian people. If, however, such a policy should ultimately result in extending the minimum tariff to the United States, we are absolutely opposed to it."

Mr. Porritt, apparently, regarded this as an assault on Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, but "The Times" and several other British newspapers commended it as supporting Mr. Chamberlain's views.

Since the close of the sessions of the Canadian Tariff Commission, the executive council of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has passed a resolution calling upon the Government to restrict the British preference to goods imported directly through Canadian ports. If the manufacturers are so bitterly opposed to the preference as Mr. Porritt represents, why does not the Association ask for its abolition, instead of demanding that the ports of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces be allowed to get the full benefit of it?

The attitude of the Canadian manufacturers has been clearly stated from first to last, and is well known to British advocates of Preferential Trade. The views of Canadian manufacturers were forcibly stated by Mr. W. K. McNaught, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in a letter to Mr. Chamberlain some time ago. Mr. McNaught said:

"I can assure you that, as a rule, the Canadian manufacturers are heartily in sympathy with preferential trade throughout the Empire; and, although they are desirous of building up Canada by protecting Canadian industries, even against the Mother Country, they are also equally desirous of helping British manufacturers by transferring to them as much of our trade as possible which is now being done by foreign countries. I am satisfied from what I know of Canadian conditions that a Canadian tariff could be framed by experts which would not only protect Canadian industries, but bring about a large increase of trade between Canada and the Mother Country. In other words, while Canadian manufacturers want to make all the goods they can they prefer that what they cannot make shall be supplied us by our kinsmen in Great Britain, rather than the artisans of any foreign nation."

In reply to this, Mr. Chamberlain wrote to Mr. McNaught as follows:

"I have noted with great satisfaction the general patriotic spirit in which the manufacturers of Canada have received the proposals for preferential trade, and I entirely agree with them that a tariff can be easily framed which will not interfere with the development of Canadian industries, but will, nevertheless, leave open the way for a great increase of trade between her and the Mother Country."

Thus it will be seen that the policy of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has been endorsed by Mr. Chamberlain himself. Mr. F. H. Medhurst, a member of the Executive Board of the British Tariff Reform League, speaking at a banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Montreal on September 22nd, 1904, said:

"Mr. Chamberlain's view of the matter is this. He is no theorist, but a practical man; he looks around and sees, in spite of your protection, in spite of the protection of America, in spite of the protection of Germany and France and Belgium, that all these countries do import manufactured goods; he thought, if you cannot at present meet the whole of the demand for the commodities you require, it would be better for you, aye, and better for us, that you should get those commodities which you do not or cannot produce at the moment from some portion of the British Empire, rather than that you should purchase them from your commercial, and, if opportunity were offered, from your very material rivals and opponents, either to the south of this border-line or in some other foreign country. . . . Gentlemen, this is the policy of Mr Chamberlain, not to do anything that can hinder the development either of the Colonies or of the Mother Country, but to do what we can so that the deficiencies of the various parts of the Empire may be met by the other portions of it."

It is evident that the great aim of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is to secure a higher tariff against the United States, but this is not inspired by hostility to the American people. Indeed, some of the most earnest advocates of this policy are Americans who have established industries in Canada. They argue that the same policy which has made the United States a great and prosperous nation should be adopted to make Canada great. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association has never advocated a policy of retaliation against the United States. On the contrary, the Association has urged that the Canadian tariff should not in any

way depend upon the action of the United States Congress, and that any offers of reciprocity from the United States that would limit the protection afforded Canadian manufacturers should be rejected, not because of antagonism to the Americans, but because such an arrangement would retard the development of Canada. It is true that the campaign literature of the Canadian manufacturers called attention to the unfair trade relations existing between Canada and the United States. It was shown that, during the fiscal year 1904, owing to the fact that Canadian products were almost excluded from the United States by a high tariff while the Canadian tariff on American products was comparatively low, the Americans per head of population bought from Canada only sixty-one cents' worth of merchandise, whereas Canadians per head of population bought from the United States for consumption over \$25.51 worth of merchandise, so that one Canadian bought in the United States more than forty-one Americans bought in Canada. But it was argued that Canadians, instead of complaining about the high tariff of the United States, which they could not alter, should follow the example of the Americans and, by giving adequate protection to home industries, develop a home market which would make them independent of the United States. It was urged that Canadians had no right to object to any tariff which the United States Congress deemed to be in the interest of the American people, and that the Americans, on the other hand, would have no reason to complain no matter how high the Canadian tariff might be made. That is a very different thing from making "retaliation against the United States at every possible point" the slogan of the Association. The real slogan of the Association has been: "Keep your money in circulation at home by buying goods made in Canada: when you can't get what you want at home, buy within the British Empire." The manufacturers did advise the Government to study the Dingley tariff, but not with a view to adopting a retaliatory tariff, nor for the purpose of copying it exactly regardless of Canadian conditions, but simply on the ground that Canadian statesmen would do well to take advantage of the long experience of American statesmen in framing tariffs to suit conditions very similar to our own. It was pointed out that this experience would be peculiarly useful in considering the tariff relation of what are known as primary and secondary industries,

because the people of the United States recognize the necessity of giving the primary industries adequate protection without injury to the secondary industries that use the products of the primary industries as materials in manufacturing more highly finished products; and it was argued that the experience of American tariff-makers in arranging tariff schedules to harmonize the interests of the varied industries of their country would be invaluable to Canadian statesmen. The opponents of tariff reform in Canada, being unable to answer the real arguments of Canadian manufacturers, set up a man of straw, pretending that the manufacturers wanted a tariff precisely the same, item for item, as that of the United States. They would take up some item in the United States tariff, show that it would not suit Canadian conditions and then claim that the demand for tariff reform was ridiculous. But no one in Canada ever advocated the adoption of a tariff precisely the same as that of the United States. The advocates of tariff revision simply urged the Government to adopt the American principle of giving adequate protection to every industry that can be economically conducted in the country, taking Canadian conditions into consideration in every case.

In advocating a substantial preference in favor of the United Kingdom, Canadian manufacturers are not influenced entirely by sentiment, although that counts for much, but in the majority of lines the competition of American manufacturers affects them much more seriously than that of British manufacturers. Then Canadian railways, heavily subsidized by the Government, run east and west, not north and south; any diversion of trade from American into Canadian or British channels would increase their traffic as well as that of Canadian steamship lines, and with increased traffic the transportation companies can afford to give cheaper rates. Mr. Porritt himself said something like this in advocating a continuance of the preference, and in doing so he appropriated an argument often used by Canadian manufacturers.

WATSON GRIFFIN.

THE HARMLESS NECESSARY TRUTH.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

"You get nothing for nothing, and deuced little for a ha'penny."

"Plus ça change, plus c'est le même chose."

HERE are two old hard-hearted aphorisms that seem pretty close to impertinence just now, when we are all busy looking for an economic Philosopher's Stone that will transmute the sharp flints of life's way into unlimited and universal pocket-money.

It would appear from all visible signs that Socialism is to be the formula most likely to be used in compounding this extremely desirable solvent. Each century tries some new prescription for universal happiness, and each is cocksure of having at last discovered the real panacea; but posterity invariably flings the vaunted remedy out-of-doors in disgust, and begins all over again with a brand-new plan.

That essential and cynical wisdom to be found embedded in so many nursery rhymes pictured this whole situation long since:

"Jenny Wren fell sick, and Jenny Wren did die;

The doctors vowed they'd cure her, or know the reason why.

"I can certainly cure her," said sly Doctor Fox,

"If she'll take but one pill from out of *my* box."

The medical dispute among the feathered experts grew, finally, so violent that Jenny's gallant spouse became enraged:

"Seizing a stick he banged them about:"

and Jenny, like a sensible little fowl, abandoned nostrums, recovered from the serious complaint of death, and returned to her domestic duties.

Every student of history will compare with interest the whirling words now darkening the air, with the outcries that stunned the ears of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Every indictment brought forth to-day against our social and political conditions sounds to the thoughtful reader like an unblushing plagiarism from the very letter of the charges which shook the political world of Europe a hundred years ago. All the process smacks of wearisome iteration. A hundred years ago, young gentlemen of wealth heard with intoxication, as does Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, the plaudits of the mob acclaiming the enunciation of their exquisite sympathy with the "have-nots." Warm-hearted young writers, like Mr. Jack London and Mr. Upton Sinclair, moved by the wretchedness of the unsuccessful, straightway set about discovering a universal remedy for such distressing possibilities. And these generous, high-hearted ancestors of ours could prove with equal irrefutability that such hideous sorrows were entirely unnecessary and easily curable. Democracy was so adorably logical. Socialism lacks an equal exactness of demonstrability. Every man had equal rights: permit him to use those rights; certain quotient, equal happiness. Two and two making four was far more open to doubt.

Well, we have tried it; and, however often we do that sum, the result works out unsatisfactorily.

Let us try again in a different way. "To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability." There's a pleasant haziness and breadth about *that*! No mathematics needed there.

Ha! you plaguey strong ones, will you insist upon getting out on top and grabbing all the good things? Well, we'll show you! We will put on death duties that will cut off your hopes of founding a great and powerful family. We will even pass laws to say how much you may accumulate in your own lifetime; we will cut off the avenues through which you could possibly obtain more than your share, by turning all property over to the general fund.

It is all so pathetically generous, and so pathetically old. The early Christians worked out precisely the same scheme, and in a generation it had crumbled into ashes.

The real difficulty is not with the strong. The strong can always be controlled; but who can control the weak? By their inevitable tendency to lean against one another, they force the strong out from among them and up on top. Demagogues they *will* have, and these demagogues—often the very same who generously cried out for a change—finding themselves squeezed out aloft, try to lead the multitude to the waters of reason and

find to their dejected amazement that the obstinate creatures decline to drink. Then it becomes necessary, they find, "to control the people for the people's good," and the whole system of government and inequality begins to revolve again on its old axis.

An experiment with Socialism will probably be tried in the near future. The drift toward a new social formula is so general and so strong that, doubtless, no one could now turn it back. The surest potent of this is that the most ambitious men in our public life are hastening to put themselves in the forefront of the rising tide. Their political *flair* enables them to foresee that their future will depend upon leading the movement rather than opposing it.

The conservatives, however—amid whom there is growing a wide, if still speechless, uneasiness—need not be too much alarmed. "The more things change the more they will remain the same thing." In spite of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease in the ten-cent magazines, the rich are not really growing richer and the poor poorer, as they are so fond of asserting. Not in America, at least, and it is doubtful if it be true elsewhere. An increase of \$94,000,000 in the deposits in the savings-banks during the past year proves that the poor too are growing richer, for the number of the depositors increased by 400,000, and the deposits were almost without exception made by those who were able to set aside earnings above their daily necessities; and the scope of daily necessities has expanded almost as greatly in the laborer's cottage as in the Newport cottage of the millionaire. In proof of this, ask of the purveyors of luxuries what class form the bulk of their customers; to whom do they sell their pianos, their sewing-machines, their domestic labor-saving devices, their singing-machines, their toys, their fallals of personal adornment.

In spite of the heaping up of great fortunes by the financial magnates, the enormous flood of immigrants daily inundating our ports find opportunities of success as broadly open as ever. To descend to a special instance: A man and his wife who entered the port of New York two years ago, with only such funds as would enable them to pass the required test of solvency, found employment within twenty-four hours of landing, and at the present moment have more than a thousand dollars deposited in the savings-bank. Their labor has not been heavy beyond what is wholesome, and their home has been far more comfortable than any they had hitherto known. The secret of their success is the open

secret of success, and is as old as civilization: industry, economy, sobriety. In the position they so adequately occupy, they had had in the preceding two years six predecessors, each of whom had abandoned the same opportunity on childish pretexts. Two left because of the alleged loneliness of a home about twenty-five miles from New York City, and but two miles from a village. Two were discharged for drunkenness. One left because of a hot week, when the work was felt to be a burden; the sixth, because of not liking the butter served at table. These last two applied to their whilom employer within a few months for charitable assistance to save them from eviction into the streets of New York.

These cases are but individual ones, the advocates of Socialism will say; but general conditions are but the aggregate of individual cases. If the prophets of the slums had met with the two cases above mentioned wandering homeless in the streets (as a matter of fact they were helped and escaped eviction), they would have set them down as victims of cruel social laws; and yet both declined—even as an alternative to eviction—to return to the place they had abandoned, because “the country was dull.”

Fifteen years of experience in a country home near New York has given some interesting side-lights upon the theories of the Socialists. A large body of employees being required, hundreds of men and women have been passed at this point through the test of life. Those who remain are housed in beauty and comfort. They have invested savings that make their future secure, and their lives and those of their families afford them present pleasure and scope for future ambition. Originally they had no better opportunities than were offered to the many who have passed through and out; they simply bulked larger in the virtues, and so did not drop through the testing sieve back into the pit. The same conditions are repeated hundreds of times in the surrounding neighborhood, and the verdict of each employer is the same. Drunkenness, indolence, dishonesty, wash away the unfit from the shores of these agreeable opportunities.

Perhaps quite as potent as any of these three vices is the species of intoxication offered by the excitement of city life. Let Mr. Sinclair or Mr. London go into those slums—whose horrors so arouse their pity that they would upset the whole political structure in order to ameliorate them—and offer their inhabitants work in the country. It is safe to predict that not one in a

hundred would exchange their noisome surroundings for the best of opportunities out of sound of the trolley-cars. Our emotions are wrought upon by pictures of our unhappy brothers and sisters penned in sweat-shops and factories, working for starvation wages, mulcted by fines, compelled to labor hideously long hours, and flung out ruthlessly if they falter by reason of feeble health; and the picture is beyond question true. Yet look at the almost incredible reverse of this picture. Given such conditions, the natural inference would be that the pressure out of this pit of those reaching up toward more wholesome and better paid occupations would be enormous; but ask any one who goes to the city from the country in search of employees whether he encounters that pressure. Exactly the contrary is the case. One hears of shop and factory girls who are forced to accept wages on which they cannot virtuously maintain life, and who are roughly told to eke out their earnings with the price of shame, and these are facts. Yet if any one of the women who pour daily into the big cities in desperate search for domestic servants were to publicly offer, in any one of these shops or factories, her desires and her far more liberal wages, could she hope for anything better than jeers from the very victims of the deplorable "wage slavery"? Neither domestic service nor country employment would be allowed by the victims to be a tolerable exchange, as compared with their herded, sweated trades within sound of Bow Bells.

Nor is this spirit confined to the cities. The loud protests of the Socialists are rarely based upon studies of the conditions in the small villages and the countryside; but every resident in such neighborhoods can furnish instructive stories of poverty and squalid surroundings in which the offer of well-paid occupation is treated as a not easily pardonable insult, and pride which does not revolt at charity is frequently too proud to accept employment.

Every human being would be glad to have agreeable surroundings and ample means, but the protesters against social conditions refuse to see that a price for these desirable things must always be paid in some form of effort or abnegation, and that those who lack them are precisely those who find the price higher than they are willing or able to pay. The defeated in the struggle for life are almost invariably the victims of impatience or emotion; the successful, those who can accept bad butter, or a hot week, as merely regrettable incidents in the path toward their goal.

All these are but the baldest and dullest of truisms, but old truths are so persistently true that they are of their very nature tedious. What one finds always exhilarating and inspiring are the magnificent suggestions of new schemes for getting something for nothing and a great deal for a ha'penny; of finding some splendid formula of economics that will enable everybody to lift himself up by his own boot-straps and not pull hard, either; of laws that will make fortune come one's way without its being necessary to restrain persistently one's instincts and appetites.

All this will be sneered at as merely the easy-going aphorisms of the well-to-do, as if the greater number of the well-to-do to-day had not been the ill-to-do of yesterday. As if they had not known, in their turn, what it meant to be ill-fed and shabbily clothed; had not, in their turn, known how long are the days of poorly paid labor which seem to have no hope for a goal; as if they, too, had not been obliged to swallow down that same pride, impatience, passion and repugnance which they now deprecate in others; had not hated the hot weeks and the bad butter which they now suggest should be borne; had not, over and over again, put away the temptations of indolence and vice when they seemed the only apparent sweets ready to their hand. Even now they have in their days of prosperity their own vices of pride, of greed, of dissipation, dishonesty, extravagance, which stand ready to drag them down into the pit from which they climbed, and which do drag them back by thousands. They must deny their appetites and instincts still, must tread the hard road as when they were struggling up, or their work is all undone. The wheel of the law of life rolls over them as easily as over their feebler companions. There is but one law for all.

These ancient saws are not quoted with any hope that the experiment of the new century will not be tried along the lines of Socialism. In some form or other the old attempt to reach universal happiness by a short cut is now just about due again; but, amid the thunders and lightnings of the new revelation, it is well for the still, small voice of common sense to mention now and then to a few of us the harmless, necessary truth.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

THE SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN: HIS STATUS.

BY HROLF WISBY.

HIS desirability is absolutely unquestioned; it is not even being investigated like that of some other peoples who emigrate here. We like him because he comes here to live and to settle down, not to hoard his savings and spend them in his native land. He likes us in return because we give him a fair chance to prove his mettle in laying new soil under the plow, in conquering the wilderness, and that is the spirit of the old-time Viking in the present-day pioneer. Really and truly, that is what it is, and I am tempted very much to say that that is *all* it is. Would he but stay at home and there toil with the solid enterprise by which he is known here, he would be certain of a home success comparable to that which he achieves here. But he will not do that. He cannot be made to work very strenuously at home; he is rather indifferent, if not lazy; he does not seem to discern his opportunity, obvious though it usually is; and he had rather sit up nights gloating over an exaggerated advertisement of his probable chance in the Far West than realize the possibilities at his threshold.

And so it happens that the same ancient love for adventure over the seas that brought Leif here as discoverer is drawing his people here as settlers. Whether Dane, Norwegian or Swede, his good moral character, his honest way of doing things, and his home-loving instincts are so pronounced that they may be said to be taken for granted. These are the very qualities that make him a desirable immigrant, perhaps the most desirable we have.

Consider the case of a Norwegian farmer in the Dovre region. By slow, plodding work and frugal, though wholesome, living he is barely able to live within his means. He may have quite a handsome profit in a good season, to be sure, but there are certain

to follow poor seasons that will take the cream off the pitcher. Of profit, as such, there is none worth mentioning. There is a stream running through the property. Before it slips away over his neighbor's boundary it breaks into a very beautiful—and valuable—waterfall. A Scotch laird comes along and offers him fifty pounds sterling for the fishing privilege. The farmer has three growing lads and a girl, and so why shouldn't he let the strange gentleman fish his salmon for pay?—he would let him fish free, anyhow. This is his first “windfall,” the first money he has not worked for, and it is spent bringing up the children, who become restless and finally emigrate. The laird in the course of time fails to put in an appearance. The old man and the old woman sit there on the farm without good cheer and company, and the property is falling into neglect. The old man offers to sell out to his neighbor, but his neighbor cannot spare the cash. A German commercial traveller learns of the situation. He buys the fishing rights for the season, and other Germans come there to “fish,” but they don't catch anything—not fish. The old man was willing to take 10,000 kroner from his neighbor, that is, only little cash, at first, and small yearly instalments. The Germans put 6,000 kroner in gold on the table, and the farm, which they don't care about, and the waterfall, which they intend as motive power for a wood-pulp mill, is theirs. Old Norway loses a good family, for the parents join the children here; Germany adds to her industrial conquest; and the United States gets just the kind of help she most desires.

It would never have occurred to the old man to buy up the fishing rights of the entire stream from its source to the sea, and thus establish, with the waterfall as a nucleus for power, a salmon cannery on his own property. It would have been still further from his pastoral mind to invite the local bank to finance, also with the waterfall in mind, an electric power and lighting plant, and sell his stock to the corporation. Such and similar are the opportunities which Norwegian property-owners permit to go, at a fractional percentage of their real value, into the hands of German and English capitalists. In other words, the owners leave a fortune at their doorstep, and often without realizing the fact, to face the hardships of the settler here. Somehow, America seems to have an exhilarating effect on these people, for here they acquire initiative to realize their opportunities.

Take the instance of a Swedish farm-hand who is earning very likely only 150 kroner a year above his board and bed, or a servant-girl in a Swedish town who may be getting still less than that. Even with the utmost economy, they could not possibly save more than twenty-five dollars a year each; so, by saving alone, there could be no future for them beyond servitude. They come here simply because the wages are higher, and because the chances of becoming independent seem to them more attractive than at home. There is a dash of the Viking in these simple souls, too, quite enough to deceive them as to the prospects that surround them.

In Denmark, where the wealth is more evenly distributed than anywhere else, the peasants that own land very seldom emigrate, because, unlike their Scandinavian kinsmen, they have understood how to consolidate their interests, and what one man could never have done for himself single-handed, the cooperation of thousands, similarly situated, enables him to do with signal success. The scheme of cooperation in buying and selling, in tilling, harvesting and exporting, extends over all Denmark. The managers are experts, the leaders are authorities. But the Danish farm-hands and artisans do emigrate; and occasionally a dairy expert finds his way over here.

Strange to relate, however, whatever specialized experience the skilled Scandinavian may absorb here he is very seldom found to utilize for enterprise on native soil. One would think a Swedish toy-carver, after observing the amazing demand in this country for German-made toys, would feel tempted to go home to promote the export of Swedish-made toys here. The Swedish carvers are quite as clever, if not more artistic than the Nuremberg colony in Germany; and, after the completion of original models suited to the American taste, the problem would be merely that of creating a demand here. The Swedes have everything in their favor: cheaper water-power, cheaper wood material, and practically direct steamship connection with America. I could mention at random a dozen different very plausible and practical projects of this kind that *might* be but *are* not, because the Scandinavians we get are too busy or short-sighted to discern them, and the Scandinavians we do not get have not the experience required to carry out such projects.

America monopolizes the brain and the body of the Scandinavian-American to a greater extent, possibly, than those of any

other race. Once she gets him she has reason to feel pretty sure of him. The trouble is she can't get enough of him. The most liberal estimate for 1906 places the total Scandinavian population here at only 1,200,000. Not until the very early eighties did the figures approach the half-million mark; in 1890 they were 920,000, and in 1900 they had reached 1,050,000.

At the present rate of increase we shall have to wait till 1921 before we have a good round million and a half Scandinavian immigrants here.

Little though the band be, it has managed to centre its efforts in certain rural districts so as to make itself quite conspicuous. In Minnesota, there are no less than 225,000 Scandinavians; in Illinois, 115,000; and in Wisconsin, 100,000. When considered in relation to the foreign-born population here, the Scandinavians show up surprisingly well in not a few States. In Minnesota, 45.5 per cent. of all foreigners are Scandinavians; in both North and South Dakota, 37 per cent.; and in Utah the percentage is 35. The first State below the one-third percentage figure is Washington, with 25 per cent., then Alaska and Idaho, with 23 per cent. each, and Iowa and Nebraska with 22 per cent. each. On the other hand, Wisconsin, which counts so high in the aggregate acquisition of Scandinavians, has only 20 per cent., and Illinois, which counts still higher, has but 15 Scandinavians for each 100 foreigners. An Eastern State like Connecticut, which we may safely regard as a geographical counterpart of Norway, shows only 10 per cent., and the States of New York and New Jersey count the Scandinavians as 5 per cent. of all aliens.

These numbers go to prove that the Scandinavians prefer the very regions where we would best like to have not only them as settlers but the main current of our entire immigration. They are fewest in the big cities, quite frequent in the smaller cities and towns, and in characteristic evidence in the country, where the soil claims them by preference to almost any other race. Chicago is the most typically Scandinavian of the big cities, with 45,836 Swedes, 22,011 Norwegians, and 10,166 Danes; or a total Scandinavian population of only about 78,000. New York follows, with 28,320 Swedes; 11,387 Norwegians; and 5,621 Danes; a total of 45,328. Boston has 5,541 Swedes, but only 1,145 Norwegians, and a handful of 675 Danes. These figures tell the story.

A very significant situation appears when we look up the status of the Scandinavian-American by what statisticians call "principal occupation." Though the arable land in Norway doesn't amount to more than three per cent. in acreage, or little more than a Russian Grand Duke would consider a suitable hunting-preserve, the Norsemen who come here take to land-tilling to a greater extent than either the Danes or the Swedes. Classed as farmers, planters, overseers, etc., the Norwegians represent 28 per cent. of their total number in the United States, while the Danes take second place with 23 per cent., and the Swedes third place with 16 per cent. As agricultural laborers, the Norwegians, again, lead with 17 hands out of every 100 of their race, Denmark follows with 13 per cent., and Sweden 10 per cent. But contrast with these numbers that of the vast Italian immigration, which yields only 3 per cent. to agricultural labor, but 30 per cent. to labor in general, and the desirable work of the Scandinavians as tillers of the soil becomes an incontrovertible fact. In the class of servants and waiters, the Swedes lead with 11 per cent., probably owing to the demand for servant-girls; Norway has 8 per cent. and Denmark 6 per cent. in this employment. As general laborers, the Swedes dominate with 10 per cent., followed by the Danes with 8 per cent., and the Norwegians, here for the first time last, with 7.5 per cent. The percentages for all the other occupations engaged in by the Scandinavian-American are trifling. That next in importance is three per cent. for carpenters and joiners—alike for the three nations—and then the percentages begin to drop to fractional numbers. That Norway should supply a much greater percentage of farmers and farm-hands than Sweden, where agriculture stands much higher, and also outstrip Denmark, where agriculture stands probably higher than in any other land, is a surprise, but not a pleasant one, to the Norwegian Government. The latter has in many ways tried to remedy the condition, which, of course, is inimical to the welfare of the country; but so far nothing has availed to stop the very class of labor Norway least of all can afford to dispense with—the tillers of the soil—from emigrating here. Indirectly, however, Norway profits, somewhat after the manner of an old-age pensioner, by the money help which the young people here send home regularly to the old folks. The money-letter (*Pengebrevet*) from America is anxiously awaited every month in thousands of Norwegian homes, and there

are minor settlements and hamlets that are almost entirely dependent upon this aid for a cash income. In Sweden the money-letter has also come to be regarded as a kind of national economic factor, whereas it figures only modestly in Danish life.

This leads me to consider the probable wealth of the Scandinavian-American. Authorities agree in placing his wealth at fifty dollars *per capita*, or a couple of dollars higher than the average in the United States. On this basis, the startling fact is laid bare that the 400,000 Norwegians now in this country possess \$20,000,000, or almost as much ready money as is owned by the 2,240,000 Norwegians in Norway, who have only nine dollars *per capita*, or \$20,160,000! The present total population of the three Scandinavian countries combined is a round ten millions. The average wealth *per capita* is about ten dollars, or a total of one hundred million dollars. The Scandinavians here number, at the most, 1,200,000, and at fifty dollars *per capita* they possess sixty million dollars. In other words, though the Scandinavians here only constitute a little over a ninth part of the Scandinavian peoples, they are five times richer *per capita*, and own in cash money an amount equal to three-fifths of all the money in circulation in Scandinavia.

To appreciate justly the social status of the Scandinavian-American, an understanding of the conditions that produce him in Scandinavia, and those with which he surrounds himself here, is not only desirable but necessary. Socially he loses in standing quite as much by contact with America as he gains financially. We must not forget that he comes from a country where even the humblest and poorest are natural readers by a tradition that dates back to the Saga age. And it is not newspapers and magazines and bargain-counter "literature" that he feeds on, but books that are sound and solid. To be sure, he does not read Kant and Spinoza, nor is he likely to have made the acquaintance of Shelley and Goethe, and it may be seriously doubted if his tastes permit him to indulge in what a literary connoisseur would esteem the quintessence of letters in modern and classic art. Nevertheless, his reading ranges from the Sagas of Snorro Sturluson to the dramas of Ibsen and Björnson, and of foreign literature in translation the works of men like Balzac, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Hugo and Byron are treasured by him. You are, by the way, quite as likely to find him, weary from the labor in the field, poring over

"Paradise Lost" as over a volume of H. C. Andersen or Auerbach, in the evening when the lights are lit and every cottage in Scandinavia becomes a cheerful mixture of library and work-room for the home handicrafts. There is no saying but what the awkward, tawny-haired lad, who has been pitching hay all day, is absorbing a thorough agricultural education at the agricultural school of the district. The Government of Sweden, for instance, has scattered twenty-six such schools (*Landtbruksskolor*) all over the country, and with excellent results. The grown peasant may look crude enough in his home-made *vadmal*, but there are in Sweden no less than twenty farmer's schools (*Landtmannaskolor*) calculated to give the grown men expert education in farm management, and your innocent-looking Yon Yonson is a pretty diligent attendant. For those who wish to further perfect themselves—and usually the sons of well-to-do farmers are ambitious agronomes—there are two agricultural high-schools (*Landtbruksinstitut*) also under government supervision, the graduation certificate of which stamps the holder as an authority. With these facilities at his command, it is easy to see that the Scandinavian who comes here to work is supplied with something more than brawn and muscle. It is fair to say that he is, in a large measure, quite as much of a brain, as of a body, worker. Leaving aside whatever technical knowledge he may have absorbed by government aid at home, his status as an educated reader and as a seeker after knowledge, who is reaching out in vacant moments for a better grasp on the problems, the mysteries, and the possibilities of life, certainly entitles him to consideration as a mind rather than a machine. In opening up the Great Northwest, James J. Hill surrounded himself with a greater amount of human material grown in Scandinavia than any other American promoter, and while he has always been willing to testify to the innocence of the Scandinavian-American he has never remarked about his ignorance—even though the Swedes mispronounced him "Mester Hell."

Within the last sixty years there has been a sweeping change in the agricultural situation of Scandinavia, and, as it is this change which has brought us so many good workers, let us consider it. Take Sweden as example. The decline in the number of household servants on farms in 1880-90 was no less than 26.4 per cent., from 216,000 to 159,000. The loss of 57,000 such

servants amounts to over eighteen million days of work a year. The earliest figures were taken in 1870, when there were 195 female servants for every 1,000 country homes, as against 129 in 1890. Contrast with this the fact that the net emigration for each 1,000 inhabitants reached its greatest height in 1882, when it was 11.29, and that in the last decade it declined to less than 3.00, and the movement of population is clear. The servants were driven away by the introduction of machine power in farm work and came over here. The typical Swedish farm up to 1850 was a big home that would annually lodge and board and clothe, at the owner's expense, as many servants of both sexes as the enormous kitchen could be made to hold at the *five* daily meals! Poor appetite is not a popular malady in Sweden. Nowadays, there is no board and lodging given to the men; only to the women necessary on the farm. Many employments, such as tending the cattle-stables, which were formerly done by women, are now done by men. Farm labor has been classified and specialized. The *statare*, or tenement laborer, is a married man, who does all the special work on the farm to which he belongs as worker. He even milks the cows, a job formerly in women's hands. He lives apart with his family in a house of his own, and is paid partly in money and partly in grain, milk, seed and the like. Those engaged in this employment have increased since 1825, when there were 9,000 *statares*, to more than 40,000 at present. The *topare*, or crofter, rents for his own use a small lot of land from his employer, paying for the land by rendering a certain number of days' work on the employer's estate. This employment has decreased, owing to the *topare's* finding an outlet for his rapidly growing independence by emigrating here. There were 100,000 *topares* in Sweden in 1850, but only 80,000 in 1900. Still, the crofter system flourishes admirably in some provinces. Most of the crofters that emigrate become farm-owners here. The *dakverksarbetare*, or day-laborer, often has a home of his own, and usually he is married. He is hired generally for short periods to do almost any kind of farm work. His busy time is the harvest season. When he is not working for day wages, he busies himself with some sort of handicraft. He seldom has any support from his children, who seem to prefer to emigrate, and his employment is decreasing.

The result of an investigation of 24,760 cases shows that the

tenement laborer, as the least favored at home, has the most immediate reason for emigration, and the crofter has better cause for resisting this temptation as he is the best favored next to the craftsman, by which, in Sweden, is meant the gardener, blacksmith, steward or foreman on an estate. The investigation also proved that the economic situation in Sweden is fair rather than poor. It is not poverty, but rather love of independence and adventure, that drives the peasant to emigrate. Analogous conditions exist in Denmark and Norway.

We may account for the Scandinavian-American economically and socially; the worth to himself of what he achieves here as an emigrant will always remain a closed book, or at best an abstraction. It is easy enough to account for a man like John Ericsson, who invented the propeller, the fire-engine, the hot-air engine and the monitor. J. A. Dahlgren, inventor of the cannon bearing his name, is in the same class with him. The Swedes have always been great mechanicians, from Nobel, with dynamite and submarine, to the more peaceful Salenius, inventor of the radiator. These men had talents of value to the practical industries of this country, and were needed here, but they would just as likely have gone somewhere else: America was not to them a refuge, a haven. Nor is it difficult to account for a financial specialist like the late General C. T. Christensen, who simply supplied, with service, a demand that was as urgent here as it was lax in Denmark. But when you come to study the status of the Scandinavian-Americans who have grappled with problems that are supposed to be capable of successful solution on native ground only, you will not find a man who stands so high but that you have a pitiful notion that he would have reached a higher place on home soil. Was ever man known to write himself great in a foreign tongue? Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen, the Norwegian, acquired admirable facility in English, but he occupies no place in American letters, nor, of course, in Norwegian literature. The work of men like him is comparatively wasted. A certain measure of success is possible to such an one, but true greatness never. The man is at home nowhere; nor is his work. Put Ibsen in Boyesen's shoes, and who would guarantee us "Brand"? Had Ibsen come here, he would most likely have been rolling pills to the end, or, considering his financial penchant, he might have had a monopoly. If this contention is wrong, why is it that so many good Scandi-

navian brains have gone to waste here, thinking it is wrong? Why is it that a mind like that of Clemens Petersen, the Danish critic, could not thrive here? Björnson once assured me, in a personal letter, that he considered him a true genius, though but little known, and that he found him to be so rich in inspiration that he had rather "talk with him to the end of all time than with any other man living." Petersen once wielded an even mightier pen in Danish letters than Georg Brandes at present. He was the original discoverer of Ibsen. He worked hard and long. After a struggle of almost four decades against adversity here, he went home to spend the evening of his life in peace. Was he too keen, too critical, too superior in his criticism to suit the American idea of "popular" criticism?

Knut Hamsun, one of Norway's most gifted dramatists, who, by the way, once wrote the most eccentric book on American Mental Life ("*Amerikas Aandsliv*") I have ever had the patience to read, reached his zenith here as—conductor on a Minneapolis street-car. There are instances galore showing the dispiriting effect of emigration on authorship.

Jacob Riis, the reformer, stands somewhat apart by himself. We have the pronouncement of President Roosevelt that Riis is the "most useful citizen" in New York, but would he not have had a better chance of greatness if he had stayed at home and labored among his own kin?

The American soil out of which he has taken for his needs is dear to the Scandinavian-American, and the house he may have built with his own hands is so, too. He tries his very best to make it a home, and he succeeds after a fashion. But, to a nation that has been supported, especially in its domestic life, by the traditions of centuries of cultural intercourse, the true sense of home is not possible in a foreign land, for traditions belong to the intangible freight that cannot be imported. Mentally, his status is one of comparative disappointment, but economically he is usually proud of whatever success he may have here. Homesickness is his worst malady, but a trip on the "Christmas Ships," which annually take thousands of fur-clad Northmen to the native board for a brief sojourn, has proved to be the best cure. The homesick man soon discovers that he has outgrown the conditions besetting home life. In the second generation there is but a very faint trace of national feeling, and gradually America absorbs

her most willing worker, but also, at the same time, the very one who is slowest to forget his native land.

He does not let go his language, however, and the children born here are made to learn it. He keeps up a certain passive interest in the literature, politics and journalism of his country. The Scandinavian press here is, however, more remarkable for quantity than for quality, and, as a rule, confines itself almost totally to reporting, in a condensed form, the principal news from the old land.

There are numerous clubs and associations among the Scandinavian-Americans, but no attempt has been made to fuse their interests together in a common union. While Dane, Norwegian and Swede are quite able to forget their stupid national differences here, still it would be out of the question to shake them up together like dice in the same box. The Norwegians are clannish. The mountains made them so. They are headstrong and devoid of good manners, like a true peasant folk, though good-hearted enough, to be sure. The Swedes are the politest and most humane people of the North, and prone to resent the strong-hearted Norwegian attitude as an insult to their feelings; hence the trouble that has now been adjusted by Norway's setting up a separate government. The Danes present a sort of happy medium between the extreme polish of the Swedes and the pronounced bluntness of the Norwegians, but they are, on the other hand, altogether too liable to melancholy and indifference.

HROLF WISBY.

THE SALTON SEA.*

BY EDMUND MITCHELL.

It will surprise most people to learn that, owing to a diversion of the course of the Lower Colorado River, Southern California has, within the past two years, added to its geographical features a lake that covers an area of more than four hundred square miles, is surely destined to attain to much greater dimensions, but is already, without reckoning Lake Michigan, the largest sheet of water, next to the Great Salt Lake of Utah, wholly within the boundaries of the United States of America. Rarely, indeed, is such a vast change on the face of Nature witnessed in the actual process of its making, and more wide-spread attention would ere this have been attracted to the Salton Sea—as the

* Since this article was written, the chances of regaining control of the Colorado River have been rendered still more remote by the effects of the summer flood. Although the engineers at the intake works had confidently predicted that they would hold the river before this flood, they failed to do so. In mid-June, the Colorado at Calexico was ten miles wide, and this vast body of water was pouring down into the Salton Sea by the New River channel. The lake rose from June 3rd to June 19th, as shown by the Government gauge at Salton, from 43.78 feet to 52.02, or more than 8 feet in 15 days. At this writing (July 1st), the lake is only two miles away from the prosperous agricultural settlement of Mecca, which will soon inevitably be obliterated from the map of California. But the most serious result of the great summer flood has been the "cutting back" of the river bed from the lake toward the intake. A receding waterfall has been formed, to which the fine sandy loam can offer no resistance, and a cañon has been cut, a thousand feet wide and thirty feet deep, right through the Imperial country. On June 30th, this turbulent ledge of tumbling waters swept the small Mexican town of Mexicali, just across the border from Calexico, out of existence. The cutting back toward the intake is continuing at the rate of nearly a mile a day. If the old river bed below Yuma is reached and subjected to this process, all attempts to change the river from its new and deep-dug channel may be abandoned. Even the Government dam at Laguna is now endangered, for the cutting back, unless checked, will go right up the river to the Grand Cañon; and the Laguna dam, as explained in the article, rests simply on a bed of silt, being constructed to resist flood waters above, but not the scooping out of silt from below.—E. M.

new lake is named from the Salton Sink, the depression it is filling—but for the fact that until recently only a desert area, almost entirely unoccupied by man, has been affected.

Now, however, owing to the continued extension of the inundation, important interests are becoming involved. The main line of the Southern Pacific Railway traverses this southwest corner of the Great Colorado Desert, and, by a series of submersions, its road-bed is being gradually driven off the plain toward the foothills of the adjacent mountains. Agricultural areas, too, that within recent years have been reclaimed from the wilderness by great irrigation works, as well as by stalwart individual effort, are seriously menaced.

Then, to cap the climax, international complications are in sight. For the Colorado River is not exclusively in possession of the United States, but has its lower course in Mexico; and, by the diversion of the stream from its original bed, not only are waters formerly available for irrigation in Mexico now being impounded in United States territory, but navigation rights, which play an important part in the treaty subsisting between the two countries, have vanished with the vanishing of the navigable stream and the failure of engineering efforts to restore the former order of things. Hence the recent appointment by the Mexican Government of a special commission of investigation, headed by Brigadier-General Angel Garcia Peña and including in its ranks other distinguished engineers.

For all these reasons the Salton Sea ceases to be merely a matter of local interest; it is obviously a happening of national and historical importance.

To the scientific world also the event is of real interest. We are witnessing a reversion to an order of things that had a prior existence in some remote period of the earth's history. For, as the fresh-water shells deposited in vast quantities all over the depression prove, the Salton Sink was formerly a great lake, banked up by the accumulated silt of the delta forming a natural dam. These very conditions are recurring at the present time, and the change is not so slow, like most of Nature's changes which are going on around us, as to be almost imperceptible, nor so sudden and violent, like the changes wrought by an earthquake or a volcanic eruption, that the causes at work are obliterated by the very catastrophe. Therefore, the student of

geological science can here study at his leisure the forces of Nature in visibly effective operation, transforming the face of the earth just as theory tells us it has often before been transformed.

The transformation, indeed, is a striking and dramatic one. In the fall of 1903, I spent a holiday of several weeks in traversing the Salton Sink. By aid of a mule team, we had to pack water over a desolate waste, so arid that only cacti and the meanest kind of scrub could struggle for an existence on its desiccated and alkali-impregnated soil, so bare and barren that even the jack-rabbit and the horned toad counted it out of habitable bounds. Right in the centre of the depression, where the last trace of vegetation had disappeared in a shimmering sheet of efflorescent salts, we watched a tiny train puffing along with its load of crystals toward the works where, amidst great white pyramids of the accumulated salt, wheels were whirring and rollers grinding.

When, on that occasion, I gazed for the last time upon the Salton Sink in its dry-land state of being, a superb mirage had transfigured the scene into a phantom lake, from out of which, befogged by the heat haze, loomed the salt-works amidst its mounds of salt, for all the world like a storm-battered hull of an ocean derelict surrounded by icebergs. Little did I then dream that on my next visit—this last December—I should behold in actuality a vast inland sea, in which had been engulfed the accumulations of salt, the mill and all its paraphernalia. In place of the delusive mirage was an expanse of real water, blue as the cloudless skies whose color it reflected, along one edge lashed into white-capped billows by a slant of strong desert wind. And this new lake had already become the resort of tens of thousands of geese, ducks, cranes and other water fowl, attracted in their southward migratory flight by a glimpse from on high of these new and enticing winter quarters.

To make clear the change that has taken place and is still continuing, a few words of topographical explanation will be necessary. Yuma, close to the State border-line between Arizona and California, is 140 feet above sea-level. Past this town the Colorado River flows south toward the Gulf of California, a course of about seventy miles, with the gradual descent, therefore, of but two feet to the mile. But, from Yuma westward, the dip of the land is both deeper and more abrupt, so that at

Salton, ninety-three miles distant, the depression is no less than 263 feet below sea-level, the gradient being thus over four feet to the mile. From this lowest point, as we still move west, the country rises, and now at a sharper angle, for Indio, only twenty-five miles from Salton, is but twenty feet below sea-level, while Palm Springs, nineteen miles further on, has an elevation above sea-level of 584 feet. It is just beyond Palm Springs that the Southern Pacific Railroad emerges, through the grim San Geronio Pass, from the desert region into the fertile agricultural belt of Southern California.

This great saucerlike hollow, 137 miles across from Yuma to Palm Springs, with some sixty-five miles of the distance actually below the level of the sea, is bounded on the north by a broken-up series of ranges known collectively as the San Bernardino Mountains. On the south, running eastward from the San Geronio Pass, is the sweeping curve of the massive San Jacinto range. But, when Salton is reached, there is only a protruding spur of the range in evidence, and soon this also disappears, leaving toward the south the broad open plain now known as the Imperial Valley, where for some years past a great irrigation project has been in progress. Imperial Valley rises at a sharp pitch out of the Salton Sink, for Calexico, on the Mexican border, just forty miles south of Salton, is at sea-level. This is the limit of the United States lands, but the physical features of the country continue to be identical across the border-line, there being a steady uplift toward the Cocopah Mountains on the southern horizon.

Now will be understood the precarious position that has been occupied up to recent times by the Lower Colorado River. In point of fact, it has been flowing south along the rim of a deep hollow that lies to the west of its course. For a distance of about twelve miles below Yuma, a barrier of sand-hills prevents the current from taking the direction of the Salton Sink, its natural destination, as being the lowest point of depression. But, after passing this sand-hill ridge, the river, in the bed it occupied until recently, continued on its way through Mexico, a sluggish stream, depositing its heavy burden of silt scoured from a thousand miles of cañons. To the right lay old and disused channels, into which some water spilled at flood time. But the river had dug its main bed from north to south through its own silt accumulations,

and with only occasional changes, due to the caving-in of banks or the forming of new sand-bars, was content to keep to this course until the hand of man came to interfere with the delicately balanced condition of things.

Five years ago, the California Development Company set itself to supply irrigation water to the Imperial Valley, rich lands formed of Colorado silt deposited centuries ago, and requiring, in a climate of perpetual sunshine, only moisture to make them highly productive. The Colorado River was the natural source of water-supply. But, owing to the sand-hill barrier above referred to, a canal in United States territory directly west from the river bed was impossible. The channel must follow a sweeping curve through Mexican territory, until, bending back to the north, it could enter the Imperial country on its southern boundary. The necessary right of way through these Mexican lands was acquired from the owners, and the canal was dug, an old disused channel of the Colorado, known as the Alamo River, being largely taken advantage of in the engineering operations.

The intake, of course, was on United States soil, as the diverted water was required primarily for the irrigation of United States lands. The spot selected was eight miles down the Colorado River from Yuma—that is to say, almost at the limit of United States territory on the California side of the stream. As the spit of sand-hills above referred to had to be rounded, the canal and the river, for the first few miles across the Mexican border, followed nearly parallel courses. No head-gates were put into the canal; the river water was simply allowed to flow in, just as into an open ditch. This was economy as regards construction expenses certainly, but very costly economy in the long run, as the sequel proved.

The first few miles of the ungated canal has but a very slight fall, and, there being no settling basin provided above the intake, it followed in the natural order of things that the channel became clogged up with silt. In the summer of 1904, it came to be realized by those responsible that the ditch was no longer carrying enough water to supply the wants of the Imperial Valley lands already under cultivation. To dredge out the canal for six or seven miles would have been an operation requiring time, and already the danger of ruined crops had grown to be an urgent one. So the Company decided upon taking a quick

(and once again a cheap) method of supplying its necessities. Four miles below the original intake, and therefore in Mexican territory, it scooped out a cross-ditch connecting the river directly at this second point with the canal. Once again no head-gates were put in—no mechanical devices of any kind for controlling the flow of the water were provided.

It was this emergency work, originally a shallow and narrow trench, that eventually proved to be the first tiny breach in Nature's own system of protecting levees. For through this aperture, scoured deep and wide by a succession of floods, the entire waters of the Colorado River, instead of passing gently south to the Gulf of California, are now rushing down impetuously and uncontrollably into the Salton Sink. In other words, the Imperial Canal is now the Colorado River, restored to its ancient bed, the Alamo watercourse.

The winter of 1904-05, after a long series of years of comparative drought, proved to be a season of abnormal rainfall all over the southwest. Among the mountain regions of Arizona there were rain-storms of unprecedented violence and frequency. In consequence, the Gila River, the great Arizona tributary of the Colorado, joining it at Yuma, also its subtributary the Salt River, flowing past Phoenix and thence into the Gila, rose in a succession of heavy winter floods. It was these floods that began the process of scouring out the narrow emergency ditch. The regular summer floods of 1905, due to the melting snows in the High Sierras among which the upper Colorado has its source, continued the work, and, when the danger came to be realized, the breach was practically beyond repair.

The steady rise of the waters in the Salton Sea, disregarded until the railway began to be driven from its road-bed, drew attention to the full seriousness of what was happening. The Southern Pacific Railway Company was virtually compelled to come to the financial assistance of the California Development Company, and all through the fall months of 1905 desperate and continuous efforts were put forth to turn back the Colorado to its old channel. Attempts were made to dam the emergency cross-ditch by double rows of piles, with brushwood mats weighted by sandbags dropped between them. But, after the relentless river had two or three times breached this feeble barrier during its construction, finally a mighty flood on November 30th, the

second highest ever recorded on the Colorado River, and once again caused by abnormal rains in Arizona, turned the whole plan into ridicule. The effect was not so much to break down the dam, as to cut everything away around it; for there are no rocks to serve as foundations and abutments in this land of silt, which, in renewed contact with water, at once becomes quicksand, so that a strong current speedily sweeps round both ends of any obstruction.

A few days after this flood, I descended the river from Yuma in a steamboat, in company with the Mexican commissioners. We found that the river had now indeed completed its task of making for itself a new and permanent bed. The old channel was practically dry and choked with silt. The full stream was rushing in a sweeping curve through the cross-ditch into the Imperial Canal. The cutting work was still going on, for, as we watched from the deck of the steamer, great slices of soil with their growth of brush—young cottonwood and willow trees, together with tall arrow-weed—were being engulfed in the swirling stream. For fifteen miles our vessel sailed down a broad and swift-flowing river that had once been the placid Imperial Canal. We were in the old Alamo channel, once again, after many centuries perhaps, a navigable stream. We were being borne, not seaward to the Gulf of California, but back into United States territory—down into the Salton Sea. The mighty river had ceased to flow to the ocean.

Such is the present position of things. Since December last, all the waters of the Colorado have been pouring into the Salton Sea, by the Alamo channel and by another old channel known as the New River, which was formerly merely a spillway at the time of the big summer flow. During the past winter, once again there has been a recurrence of abnormal rain-storm floods, which have served to scour deeper the new beds of the river, while the sluggish backwash, depositing its silt, has still more effectually sealed the old bed. The Salton Sea has been rising at the rate of about six vertical inches per week, and the area of the lake is thus steadily and inexorably extending. At Salton, the water is nearly thirty feet deep, as measured by the telegraph poles marking the original line of the Southern Pacific Railway, the tips of which, far out to sea, now just show above the surface. Therefore, the lake-level is still some 230 feet below sea-

level, and it has been calculated that, should the waters of the river continue to flow into the basin in their present volume, after making the proper allowance for evaporation, it will take from thirty to forty years to fill the entire saucerlike depression up to sea-level. Should this ever happen, there would be a lake nearly 2,000 square miles in area, the overflow waters of which would eventually reach the Gulf by some new channel cut through the barriers of silt at their weakest point of resistance.

How then is the full filling up of the Salton Sea to be prevented? The question is one of national importance, for, although up to the present merely a desert region has been affected, in the end hundreds of thousands of acres of rich agricultural lands would be submerged, and the country so be deprived of one of its most magnificent domains, even now to a considerable extent under high cultivation, but capable, with irrigation, of being converted in its entirety into a closely settled region of teeming productivity that would compare with the delta of the Nile.

There are certain engineering operations at present going on at the old intake of the Imperial Canal, with a view to regaining control of the river, but these may be disregarded as belated, inadequate, and no more likely to succeed than the previous futile endeavors at this point. The real hope of safety against the indefinite encroachments of the Salton Sea lies higher up the river—at Laguna, twelve miles above Yuma, where a great dam is under construction by the United States Government. In the course of my investigations, I visited this spot, and found the operations well under way. Two years will see them completed.

At Laguna, mountain walls of granite come close together on the two sides of the river—the California side and the Arizona side. These afford solid abutments for the building and anchoring of the great dam, and the very first thought that strikes the observer is that here indeed is the ideal spot where the mighty Colorado River may be mastered, manacled and held in perpetual bondage. The hand of Nature has been stretched forth, and needs only the responsive hand-clasp of the engineer to establish for all time supremacy over the riot-running and havoc-working stream.

The dam will stretch from rock abutment to rock abutment,

a distance of 4,800 feet. It will be formed by three massive concrete walls, parallel with each other, the spaces between filled with lumps of rock blasted from the mountains, the whole barrier 244 feet broad on top. This virtually solid mass of rock and concrete, the very interstices in which will in course of time be filled up with silt, will weigh 600,000 tons, and although it will rest simply on the river bed, there being no bed-rock attainable, with sheet piling driven down to form a curtain upstream and so prevent seepage, it will form an impregnable barrier at low water, while flood waters will spill over the top. This is precisely the type of dam that, from time immemorial, has been effective in dealing with such rivers as the Ganges and the Nile, which closely resemble the Colorado.

While the Laguna dam has been primarily designed to reclaim and irrigate some 100,000 acres of rich river-bottom lands, four-fifths of them lying below Yuma on the Arizona side, it affords the basis of a big and comprehensive engineering scheme, which will eventually establish an effective control over the Lower Colorado, meet every irrigation requirement, and apply the waters to the best advantage and over the widest area possible. For the protection of the bottom-lands immediately to be irrigated, great levees are being built, and within these will be the canalization systems. At times of lowest flow, practically the whole volume of the river can be diverted, at least temporarily, into the irrigation channels, so that it will be possible to make effective repairs at the point where the river has burst its way into the Imperial Canal. Levees here, constructed under such conditions, will be substantial enough to turn the river back into its old bed, which the first freshet will scour out anew. In the end the Imperial intake must be moved up to Laguna, so that in the future there shall be no more liberties taken with the dangerous and treacherous river—no more constructing of canals without head-gates or digging of emergency ditches without thought of the final consequences involved. Then will the diversion of the waters rest, as it should do, under one single responsible control. The works at Laguna are being carried out on a plan that holds in view this ultimate object of irrigating from this point the whole Imperial Valley country, just so soon as the private interests involved can be bought out on terms equitable to all concerned, the national exchequer included.

Complementary to the Laguna dam, and an essential factor in the whole scheme of controlling the waters, is the great storage reservoir now being built on the Salt River, a tributary of the Gila River. It is these two subsidiary streams that have been almost solely responsible for the winter floods of the Lower Colorado, which of late years have so seriously complicated the problem, and of course are liable to do so again.

With the Laguna and Salt River works completed, insuring both conservation and regulation of the waters that have hitherto run mostly to waste and very frequently to riot, then at last will the Lower Colorado River fairly be held in subjection. Thenceforward, its waters will be available for the irrigation of great stretches of country now given over to jack-rabbits and sagebrush. And it is precisely in this full utilization of the river flow for agricultural purposes that will eventually be found effective and adequate safeguards against the indefinite expansion of the Salton Sea. But the great inland lake will be with us for at least a generation, and indeed it may be found for the permanent good of the region that it should be permanently maintained as the overflow reservoir of the Colorado.

This brings us face to face with the international issues involved. By treaty between Mexico and the United States, the Colorado River is recognized as a navigable stream, a highway of commerce to be preserved as such for the joint benefit of both countries. For Mexico, however, navigation on the Lower Colorado has never been of any real value; amidst the wide-spread, fan-shaped delta region, there is no settlement, no commerce, no shipping. Then, as regards the United States, the coming of the transcontinental railway to Yuma has completely discounted the value of navigation rights from the Gulf through Mexican territory. In the old days, when Yuma was a frontier post and distributing centre, because of its position on a navigable stream, stores used to be brought there by way of the Gulf. But for years past never a cargo boat has come up the Colorado. At rare intervals, there have been excursions down the river for sight-seeing purposes; also an occasional traveller, counting himself almost an explorer, has hired Indians to row him to the Gulf. That is about the sum total of the benefits secured to the United States by the treaty calling for the maintenance of navigation privileges on the Mexican section of the Colorado.

Therefore, although the international agreement, concluded at a time when irrigation was never so much as thought of, sets store only on conserving the rights of navigation, for neither country now has navigation any real value. It is irrigation that has come to be the question of dominating importance on both sides of the border-line, and, if the waters of the Colorado are to be fully or even largely utilized for agricultural purposes, useless navigation rights—in point of fact, non-existent now because of the diversion of the stream to the Salton Sea—must be definitely abandoned.

Careful calculations made by the United States Government engineers show that, on the Colorado River below the Grand Cañon, there are lands irrigable, but not yet irrigated, extending to 1,499,000 acres. These are distributed as follows: In Arizona, 394,000 acres; in California, 417,000 acres, including 275,000 acres in the Imperial Valley reckoned as good agricultural lands; and in Mexico, outside United States territory, 688,000 acres. Thus the irrigable lands are pretty equally divided between the two countries. But, even with complete conservation and regulation, the waters will not suffice for the irrigation of the whole of this area. At most 1,000,000 acres, according to the Government engineers, can be served in years of normal flow.

It therefore follows that some equitable scheme for a division of the waters between the two countries must be devised. It might be argued that, in so much as the precipitation of the rainfall that feeds the Colorado River and its tributaries is almost entirely in the United States, the stream, so long as it runs within United States territory, can be dealt with by the American people exactly as they choose—in other words, that the whole of the waters may be impounded for irrigation purposes on this side of the frontier line. But such a contention cannot stand close scrutiny. Apart from the selfishness of the suggested procedure, on broad general principles of equity the upper riparian owner cannot rob the lower riparian owner of water which the latter has been accustomed to enjoy. Then, again, while there are no clauses in the international treaty bearing upon irrigation, the clauses which deal with navigation cannot be ignored and set aside by one party alone. For, if the waters of the Lower Colorado come to be withdrawn on the United States side of the border for use in irrigation, so as permanently

to destroy navigation on the Mexican side, clearly Mexico is in a position to demand the restoration of the navigable stream that is secured to her by treaty. Mexico may justly say: "Claim the water, if you will, as yours in its origin, but its use for navigation purposes is guaranteed to us under the specific conditions of our old international agreement. If you deprive us of navigation, we are entitled to irrigation by way of compensation for the rights we are called upon to surrender."

I am aware that the exact interpretation of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848, subsequently modified by the Gadsden treaty of 1853, which shifted the border-line twenty miles further south on the Arizona side of the river, affords scope for some fine hair-splitting legal argument. Reading the mere words without reference to the spirit of the agreement, we might contend that the rights of navigation from the Gulf up the Colorado River were guaranteed to the United States by Mexico, but not to Mexico by the United States. To this comes the obvious rejoinder that the reciprocal guarantee to Mexico was unnecessary, simply because the stretch of river to be navigated lay within her territory. But apart altogether from such verbal niceties of interpretation, the clear intention of the agreement was to prevent any obstruction to navigation on the Lower Colorado up to the international boundary line, from whatever quarter proceeding. The treaty in the beginning was undoubtedly in favor of the United States, for it secured for this country access from the open sea to its inland territory and through its neighbor's territory. Now, it may seem to work in favor of Mexico, for it retains for her the preservation of the navigable stream when navigation has become of quite secondary importance as compared with irrigation. But the mere shifting of the position of relative advantage does not destroy the mutuality of the obligations imposed by the agreement.

When the Imperial Valley irrigation scheme was first started, involving engineering works on both the American and the Mexican side of the international line, the need of a conference between the two Governments and a readjustment of the existing treaty bearing on the Lower Colorado River loomed up on the horizon. What was desirable then, however, is urgent now, because of the grave complications resulting from these same operations—navigation to the Gulf destroyed; the Salton Sea fill-

ing up with waters which, whatever their first origin, come directly across the line from Mexican territory; damage caused by flooding to a certain number of settlers in the Imperial Valley; a great railway company driven to seek a new road-bed for its tracks; and all this with no guarantee that there is to be any break in the chain of disastrous events, unless a comprehensive scheme for the control of the waters, such as that offered by the Laguna proposition, when carried out in its entirety, can be decided upon under an agreement that shall be just and equitable to both Governments. To reach such an agreement, it is obvious that there must be giving and taking on both sides.

EDMUND MITCHELL.

THE TRANSLIMINAL.

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TRANSLIMINAL means *across the threshold*. It supposes a dividing-line (*limen*) between the every-day waking and working mind, conscious of its own acts and states, and an extended realm of spirit beyond the region of sense and remote from man's objective ken. In the Scriptural view, man during his earth life is dichotomic, or of twofold nature,—immaterial, as spirit or soul (*pneuma-psyche*), and material, as body (*soma*). On one side of his being he is animal and mortal, with pinion reconciled to earth; on the other, by reason of his essence as a free, self-conscious spiritual personality, he takes class not only with incorporeal intelligences, but with God Himself. And his one complex nature, the unity of spirit and body, survives death, preserving its identity in all that constitutes organic personality; for at the resurrection the disembodied man is clothed with a garb (*soma pneumatikon*) adapted to purely spiritual life. In enunciating the existence of the human individual in two distinct spheres of consciousness, and in establishing the possibility of transliminal communication by telepathic impression, psychology is confirmatory of this teaching.

Every human being is now conceived of by students of mind as existing simultaneously in two worlds, described as the objective, supraliminal, or world of waking life, in which he communicates through his senses with the phenomenal universe; and the subjective or transliminal, the world of sleep, of an all-com-

prehensive extra-planetary or outside existence, of which the earth life is but a fractional expression. The objectively conscious man (*psyche-soma*) is thus continuous with a higher spiritual self (*pneuma*), which in its turn is continuous with God. "A great and sacred spirit talks, indeed, within us," said Seneca in his 41st Epistle, "yet cleaves to its divine original." *Psyche* is always that phase of *pneuma* which is committed to the earth for embodiment. It is the same in substance with the *pneuma*. So, to extend the analogy into the sphere of the Divine, Christ is the Eternal Psyche projected by the Father in the likeness of the flesh, and thus made subject to death, the law of organized matter. In the radiance of this philosophy, the hitherto incomprehensible doctrine of the tri-personality of God becomes clear: 1. The infinite Creator, the central source of all spiritual life, the self-sufficient originator and preserver of His own being; (2) the coeternal, consubstantial Hagion Pneuma, or Holy Spirit proceeding from God, that inspired and empowered (3) Christ, its incarnate phase, and so the Psyche Immaculate, to give both *psyche* and *soma* as the price of our redemption. Apprehension of the constitution of man throws light on that of the Divine Archetype.

In the transliminal sphere, we are capable of acting independently of a visible corporeity; and, as beings cast in the image of God, we intuitively apprehend, we possess supernormal knowledge and wield supernormal power, we are subject to impression by other human personalities, as well as obnoxious to the touch of higher spiritual intelligences, and we are gifted with a measure of prescience that on occasion forecasts what is to be. Of these unconscious agencies and forces, few have any realization.

The transliminal or higher spiritual self may be inspired to assert a control that is practically boundless, within the limitations of physical possibility and moral right, over "the flesh" (*sarx*), that is, organs of body and faculties of mind. And the whole purpose of hypnotic suggestion is the evocation of such control, either where it has become relaxed or in fields where it has not before been operative. Not only may irregularities in the fulfilment of physical functions be remedied by assumption of the natural psycho-physical control, and so diseases that are not organic cured, but all attitudes of the objective mind—its trends of thought, opinions, beliefs, desires, propensities, tendencies,

emotions and passions—are controllable and alterable by this higher human personality along lines that are moral and true. For the transliminal self of man *per se* is that principle in us which dictates what is right and inclines to good—that “spirit” (*pneuma*) in which or under whose control the Apostle Paul urges men to walk in order that they may neither be condemned by the moral law nor bound by the law ceremonial. And a man will always act in response to that “touch of explosive intensity,” as Professor James has designated it—that suggestional force which awakens ethico-spiritual activities in the supraliminal life, and subordinates the lower tendencies of the carnal nature, when imparted by one who is in genuine sympathy with the subject and operates with the courage of conviction. In other words, the Inner Man, or Ego of the transliminal sphere, never fails to exalt the earth life if adequately aroused.

It happens to be a psychological fact that in a state of sleep, natural or induced, when the objective consciousness is in shadow and the individual is practically excarnate by reason of suspended sense activity, and hence transliminally focussed in all the phases of his personality and all the infinity of his powers, the dynamogenic touch may be imparted:

1. By a fellow being who, owing to the existence of mutual sympathy and confidence, is in *rapport* with the sleeping subject—this is Suggestion;
2. By the man objective to his own subjective self—this is Auto-Suggestion or Self-Suggestion.

The questions to be discussed in this article—implying, for their solution, qualified insight not only into the deepest springs of goodness in purely human nature, but as well into the darkest passions that convulse man—would seem to sound at once the depths of our interest in things spiritual as they pertain to human life and human destiny, and to touch the very heart of that greatest of problems whose solution means the moral uplift of our race and, under God, the salvation of the world. The conclusions reached and herewith presented are derived from five thousand personal experiences with the transliminal natures of intellectual men and women. In the light of these repeated observations, suggestion of either kind, whether verbal or mental, reveals itself as a means through which may be effected the transfer of knowledge, faith, self-command, ideals, aspiration, and

creative power, from the transliminal to the supraliminal sphere—from the nature that is richly endowed to the nature that is starving for spiritual energy. Man is potentially superhuman; and suggestibility, or sensitiveness to that inspirational appeal which compels output of superhuman attributes, is, happily, a natural characteristic of all normal men.

Various methods are in vogue of inducing the suggestible state. The technic adopted by the writer involves arrest of the visual attention by a brilliant jewel, the concurrent establishment of the patient's confidence in his desire and ability to extend aid, and monotonous sleeping suggestions as an accompaniment of impression by his personality—the several steps being relaxed eye muscles, vacant stare, indolent audience, passive brain, blank objective mind, reverie, sleep. Inspiration communicated in this negative state of being calls forth adequacy, dormant in the ego, to regulate physical function, enhance faculty, or modify character.

It is readily comprehensible that inspirational power depends absolutely on quality of soul. Its magnetism is nothing more than earnestness and sincerity, coupled with insight, sympathy, patience, and tact. These essentials cannot be bought and cannot be taught. They are "born by nature," not "nurst by art." In physical suffering, the high-minded physician and the conscientious trained nurse are the only ones qualified to give suggestions, because of their familiarity with the natural history of diseases and their predisposition to consider possibilities. In the management of nervous invalids alone, the properly equipped nurse is unparagoned. At her appeal, in the calm of hypnosis, all symptoms of unrest subside; the heart stops its tumultuous beat; the hurried respiration becomes slow and regular; and nerve waves of normal amplitude and equable flow are distributed through the body. This state of physical and mental calm marks a favoring conjuncture of circumstances for impression in the desired line—for dispelling morbid fears or expectations of approaching dissolution, for assurances of recovery where there is reasonable hope, for effacing imperative conceptions that are inimical to improvement and cure. It is forceful presentation of truth that makes the patient free. Millions of human beings have prematurely died because of improper, but reversible, attitudes toward the diseases that held them in shackle.

From the physical view-point, hypno-suggestion has for its aim emancipation from functional disturbances. The dynamic impulse thus communicated may institute control of disorders positively unattainable by the objective nature—may, for instance, soften a sclerosis, hasten the absorption of inflammatory products, and reestablish glycogenic poise in *diabetes mellitus*. Diabetes results from the non-combustion of sugars stored in the tissues and liver cells. It represents an error in metabolism, which may be corrected by suggestions to the effect that sugary elements shall not be manufactured in excessive quantities nor hurry through the liver unchanged to be excreted by the kidneys, but shall be retained in the body to be converted by ferments from the pancreas into energy, that is, capacity for work. Under this treatment the manufacture and assimilation of sugar are properly controlled and the disease is cured. Suggestion is further available for the relief of severe pain, and for the induction of insensibility in surgical operations when an ordinary anæsthetic is contra-indicated.

Man in his higher personality is adequate to the extirpation from his objective nature of any abnormal craving or passion, like the craze for intoxicants. The latter is singularly responsive to treatment by suggestion. The drink-habit subject frequently recognizes his danger, and sincerely wishes to be cured. His acquiescence once gained, he is tactfully conducted into the transliminal sphere, and then assured that, in accordance with his own desire and decree, he has lost all craving for stimulants; that alcohol in any form is repugnant to him, and, as a safeguard, that he cannot swallow it, cannot carry the containing glass to his lips. The society of low companions is tabooed; the pleasures associated with drink and the glamour of the barroom are pictured as meretricious and placed in vivid antithesis to the chaste delights of home life. The physical, mental, moral and economic bankruptcy that accompanies dipsomania is held up before the view of the sleeper, and he is forced to the conviction that, begotten of this apprehension, has come into his soul an abhorrence for drink and all that it stands for. He realizes the presence of efficiency within him adequate to the enforcement of radical abstinence as the principle of his life; and he is rendered insensible, for the future, to such combination of passion and allurements as has usually constituted temptation. At the same time,

he is led to renounce any contributory practice, like habitual excess in the use of tobacco, a nerve depressant, which creates a demand for the alcoholic antidote, and so explains seventy-five per cent. of dipsomnias cases. The subpersonal mind is then directed to the vocation or the avocations, or both, as circumstances suggest, and a career of wholesome activities is imaged as the legitimate result of abandonment of the compromising habit.

The success of this treatment bears a distinct relation to the amount of injury inflicted upon the brain and the accompanying mental deterioration. Fortunately, the damage to the cells is largely reparable by discontinuance of the poison and judicious administration of nourishment, general and specific. The advantage of the method consists in the rapidity of restoration to self-control without the necessity for effort of will, without the physical discomfort or suffering that usually attends relinquishment of the habit, and, most conspicuously, without the breaking of family ties and the enforced absence from professional or business duties that are implied in sanatorium treatment.

As an educative instrumentality, suggestion is unrivalled, no method of objective instruction being comparable to quality of personality in the suggestional teacher. It brings out in a moment indwelling power. Immediate insight into principle, quickness and ease of comprehension, general facility and naturalness in application, reproductive memory, creative imagination, faculty, talent, genius—are all transferable from the transliminal nature without nerve strain or brain fog. Genius is but a name for coincidence of action on the part of *psyche* and *pneuma* along the lines of a discovered objective capacity—for effortless expression on the part of harmoniously operating fellow selves. It is, of course, understood that physical wholeness in given areas and centres of the brain is the condition of perfect expression by means of these areas and centres. Transfers cannot be made, or made to advantage, through the medium of poisoned, ill-fed or worn-out cells. The first obligation of the suggestionist, therefore, is to study the brain he is about to use as his transmitting agent, and, where necessary, strengthen and renovate it before inspiring the transliminal self to attempt through a defective organ impossible expression. Let the brain be sound, and the immediate output of intellectual power in response to suggestion is little short of miraculous. Where technic is understood, a single suggestional

treatment has unfettered literary faculty, and a few subsequent inspirations from the standpoint of rhetorical canon have imparted to the things created tone, refinement, seriousness and spiritual quality. Two or three inspirational appeals, given after mastering the spirit of the plays and satisfying myself of the personal fitness of the subjects, have raised now well-known actresses from mediocrity to fame. In these cases, dormant dramatic bent was instantaneously awakened to activity, self-consciousness was obliterated, genius in embryo was suddenly discovered and matured.

But it is in the treatment of moral disease that the most awe-inspiring results of transliminal domination are manifested. From the ethical view-point, suggestion is a summoning into control of the true man; an accentuation of insight into life and its obligations; a revealing—in all its beauty and strength and significance—of absolute, universal, and necessary truth, and a portraiture of happiness as the assured outcome of living in consonance with this truth. It is not a mere pulling up of weeds by the roots, as described in “Menticulture”; but it is a sudden overshadowing and starving out of character defects and mental weaknesses by a tropical growth of ethical energy which seeks immediate outlet in the activities of a moral life. The patient freely expresses his best self post-hypnotically, without effort, from a plane above that of the will—the plane of apprehension and spontaneous command along lines of thought and action that are high and true. Thus is effected a perfect agreement between the law of right and the intelligent creature, and he who effects it must be ingenuous, uncompromising and eloquent. Mere lip-work is of no avail, for the errant soul is endowed with supersensible insight, floods with its search-lights the *penetralia* of the suggestionist’s heart, and rejects the counsel of an uncandid or lukewarm guide.

Suggestion of this high order is capable, not only of transforming character, but of opening men’s hearts to the Divine illapse, to the tide of spiritual energy that sets from God’s nature. On the contrary, to deflect by suggestion from the perpendicular of right a *pneuma* governing its objective career along ethico-spiritual lines is practically impossible to a human agent. Hence moral injury can hardly be inflicted through suggestional channels. So-called “hypnotism” is not used for criminal purposes.

It is because ethical energy is potential in man, as the created copy of God, that successful appeal may be made to the transliminal self in states of unstable moral equilibrium. And, assuredly, there is no man or woman, however desperately enthralled by sin, who is not capable of regeneration and of moral greatness. As in intellectual disqualification, some subtle degeneration of the cell—due to poisoning by tobacco, fusel-oil, morphia or other drugs, or traceable directly to the toxins of physical disease or to heritage—may explain the swoon of conscience. Brain-defect unquestionably accounts for that distortion of God's image in the act of its transmission which we know as insanity. It were uncharitable, therefore, not to distinguish between a bad soul and a bad cell; and wise to remember that man is not by nature, but by unnature, sin-loving and sin-living.

Yet the flesh may become so pronounced in its demands for indulgence that the objective will is impotent to grapple with the situation. The subject apprehends his spiritual danger and rallies at intervals, only to be drawn with resistless force back into the deep waters of his specific sin. For such a wretch the Almighty has provided a way of escape through appeal to the godlike in his constitution. In a state of hypnosis, he is made to realize by one who, to borrow the words of the Roman moralist, is angry with the sin but not with the sinner, the inherent dignity and worth of his human nature; he is urged into revolt against the impulse that holds him in durance; and in response to the inspiration abandons the life he is leading for one that is in harmony with his newly apprehended relationships to God and duty. Assured of emancipation, he is sent forth into the world susceptible only to good impressions and high interpretations. In a case of this kind, petition of the *psyche* for aid is tantamount to an ethical victory; and suggestion is the instrumentality whereby the man in need is apprised of the efficiency within him, and, when so enlightened, is inspired to work out his own salvation in his own objective life without conscious effort or struggle. Will power has nothing to do with the result. It is not the will of another that constrains and regenerates. It is not God compelling worthy action. It is the free man himself that has come to his own aid. Hence the deep significance of Helena's words in "All's Well":

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven."

The fact that it is so easy to transform character by applying the redemptory forces of the transliminal nature is, from one standpoint, appalling. It raises the question with startling emphasis, Where lodges the responsibility for a sin-serving world? The man transliminal, or *pneuma*, which is breathed of God sweet and pure, which is continuous with Deity in nature and attributes, which is incapable of unfaith, and which age after age, through the darkness of an earlier world, flashed upon the reason of objective man an apprehension of the unity of God and the immortality of the human soul—must be at fault. In the close relationship with it that my suggestional work implies, where soul is knit to soul, I have sometimes regarded it as incapable of offence against the divine law. And yet a free self-conscious personality must be obnoxious to temptation, and at liberty to sin even if by nature disinclined so to do. The great mass of what is known as sin is manifestly committed in psychic life. It is the *psyche-soma*, the *pneuma* in its psychic phase, that sins—and by sinning creates and perpetuates inharmony between the objective and the subjective self. And Hell—not a place but a psychal state—is to be out of harmony with the superior spiritual personality, which is itself in correspondence with the Infinite (John xvii). Reciprocal adaptation amid a spiritual environment is eternal life. Separation of *psyche* and *pneuma* (by the word of God sharper than a two-edged sword, Heb. iv, 12) is æonian punishment. Hell is thus disqualification, by dissonance, in the face of opportunity to be superlatively happy. And heaven is the state of *psyche* rescued from death, and adapted by forgiveness to existence with its *pneuma* in the presence of eternal Goodness and Beauty and Truth. Opportunity for such accord hardly ceases with abandonment by the *psyche* of its non-eternal habiliments. The conception of a state in which the conscious *psyche* continues in the same ethical condition as that in which it left the body clashes with the findings of psychology and is discountenanced by the teaching of Scripture that, “in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He will gather together in one *all things* in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth” (Eph. i, 10). Perhaps, in the clear light of transliminal truth, the *psyche* grows to its *pneuma*, setting itself in unison “like perfect music unto noble words,” and thus fulfilling the Apostle’s prophecy.

The pure *pneuma* sins in its attitude of disinterest, its forgetfulness of obligation to its objective nature, its voluntary acceptance of spiritual paralysis so far as earth life is concerned. As soon as apprised by the suggestionist of the necessity for action, it becomes dynamically conscious of its absolute transcendence over human nature and immediately asserts its exalted control, constraining the mortal mind to think and feel and will, and the animated body to act, in conformity with the moral law. If the awakening touch is so easily imparted and the resulting character change is so immediate and so complete, why in the providence of God are things as they are? Why, to quote the question raised by Quintilian, is the condition of man so wretched when his constitution is so excellent? Why is the *pneuma* in its cosmic environment so indifferent to its planetary relationships and obligations? May it not be that its transliminal occupations are so absorbing as to obscure the earth life from its view? Sleep, the familiar chapter of pneumatic life, is not a state of spiritual torpor, but rather of intense transliminal activity. It is the school of the soul, in which there is not only spiritual development but probable access to stores of knowledge, to a wealth of facts and memory-images seemingly registered in some incorporeal Chamber of Records which the subjective self may explore at will. The Neo-Platonist was right in proclaiming "the nighttime of the body to be the daytime of the soul." In the act of waking, as the transliminal dissolves into the supraliminal consciousness, the treasures detected or acquired during sleep are paraded before the objective view. Ideas elaborated in transliminal regions are appropriable spontaneously, without expenditure of brain energy. Thought is easy and rapid; perplexities are disentangled in a flash of intuition; and knowledge conserved in the higher self, but novel to the objective mind, clamors for utterance. Every one may cultivate the habit of lingering at the morning hour in this border-land between the outer and the inner man, and garnering the resources of the transliminal state for the betterment of his objective existence.

The *pneuma*, excarnate in sense-sleep, is not necessarily to be regarded as companionless, or incapable of communication with kindred transliminal selves or even with extra-human personalities. Psychology admits the possibility of such communication in articulating the principle that "different consciousnesses, or differ-

ent aggregates of states of consciousness, may combine and interpenetrate, somewhat analogously to what theologians mean by the communion of souls."

No educated person will deny that a given transliminal self may communicate automatically with other human transliminal selfs by what is known as "telepathy," the direct transference of thought or feeling from one mind to another at a distance, otherwise than through the normal operation of the recognized sense organs—that is, without the use of words, sounds, odors, looks, gestures, or other material signs. The time has indeed come, as Maeterlinck predicted it would, when souls may know of each other without the intermediary of the senses. Reasoning analogically, we are warranted in the inference that communication with extra-human intelligences is as possible as with kindred transliminal selfs. The Gospel theory of soul intercourse is embodied by the Church in its doctrine of the Communion of Saints—that all the members of the Church Visible are mystically united in Christ with one another and with the members of the Church Invisible, having spiritual fellowship in common, and, in addition thereto, fellowship or communion with God in faith and love and prayer. Thus Christianity makes the living and the dead one blessed society, loving and worshipping the same Lord; we remembering them and they remembering us; we living in the blessed hope of meeting and recognizing them in the life of the world to come.

This may or may not imply the possibility of conscious communication with the dead. But granted, during the hours of rest, symposiums of kindred transliminal spirits, incarnate and excarnate, having interests in common and free to combine and interpenetrate; granted, on such occasions, unrestricted access on the part of every soul to the knowledge and experience and impulses and ideals cherished by every other soul, and thought impression during states of sleep is rationally explained through creative communication. It were pleasant to feel that a contingent of our better thoughts is inspired by those we have loved, or that well-wishing personalities, as the instruments of God, assure and inform us as we sleep. The happy association of the *pneuma* in the transliminal world with congenial personalities, and its possible fellowship with the Infinite Himself, may solve the problem of its disinterest in mundane things.

It is clear that every human being is sensitive to the constraint of suggestion imparted by an acceptable intermediary. Results further show that he is not under the necessity of awaiting the intervention of a fellow man to quicken his dormant *pneuma*. The power of inspiration inheres in himself; he may control his physical functions and his manner of life without aid from any extraneous source. The transliminal self of an individual is as amenable to suggestion by his own objective mind as by the objective mind of an outside person. Self-treatment of this kind, or auto-suggestion, is open to all who would ennoble their lives by cultivating a closer relationship between the supraliminal and the transliminal nature.

The state of mental abstraction called "reverie," immediately preceding natural sleep, is most appropriate for self-suggestion. As one is about yielding to slumber for the night, let him say to himself, for instance, that he will no longer be a slave of the imperative conception or the evil habit that is crippling his best expression—that he will develop talent along specified lines—that he will draw spontaneously upon the resources treasured in his higher being for creative work in the normal sphere. Lapse into sleep with the transliminal thus invoked to employ itself as instructed, all but equivalents suggestion given by another. The prerequisite is earnest, intelligent, persistent application of the self-given suggestions.

The transliminal self is of course similarly impressible in the waking state, but not to the same degree. Clergyman and moralist take advantage of this philosophy in their efforts to rouse the objective self to a sense of its sinfulness and danger, and persuade it to amendment of life. This self, when thus awakened, promptly suggests to its own Oversoul the necessity for intervention, and immediately the solicited power is supplied. No person has ever been converted to Christianity through purely human agencies, otherwise than by auto-suggestion. The writer is not to be understood as intending to substitute self-suggestion for the grace of God, or for enlightened faith in God. Yet, in the providence of the Almighty, suggestion is made practicable by His amalgamation of a double consciousness in each human unit, and it is psychologically possible that it is the means through which God, as well as human selfs, communicates directly with the transliminal man. And who will deny that it is by the quality and quantity

of such converse with the Infinite that human souls are distinguished from one another? The ideal evolution of character consists in bringing the frail objective being wholly under the happy influence of a transliminal (Gal. v) filled with the Spirit of God.

Auto-suggestion is a simple means whereby simple men may become better, wiser, happier, more godlike. The life beautiful is within the reach of all through this natural means, for man's earthly constitution is not incompatible with the indwelling of the Divine. Human extremity is the opportunity of the philanthropist, who is not justified in longer ignoring the philosophy of suggestion as a means of overcoming the spirit of the world, the carnal views that enslave mankind. Given a few thousand properly equipped earnest persons consecrated to the work of disseminating this creed of self-help among the people of the earth—and given willingness on the part of humanity to be uplifted and purified through this instrumentality—and the regeneration of the world within ten years becomes an easy problem.

And more is possible. We know nothing as yet, we have but gathered a few pebbles at the water's edge of the great tarn of the future; vast reaches of sand remain to be sifted in the interest of humanity. And man is as much at liberty to question nature in ethereal spheres as to seek her secrets in the laboratory or read her laws in the heavens. The discovery of a new star or chemical element or micro-organism is of absorbing interest; but such interest pales into triviality beside that involved in opening the way to a perfect comprehension of man's relationship to Deity, to destiny, to his disembodied fellows, and to other spiritual personalities that are not of this fold. Metapsychics seems destined in the twentieth century to demonstrate immortality on reputable scientific grounds, by establishing the laws of telepathy and translating into the earth life supersensuous perceptions (clairvoyance), to determine the possibility or impossibility of human communication with discarnate souls (a question left unanswered by the New Testament writers), to effect that adjustment with natural law which will banish disease, and to give us euthanasia as the fitting close to every human life.

JOHN DUNCAN QUACKENBOS.

BALTIMORE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I.

It had doubtless not been merely absurd, as the wild winter proceeded, to find one's self so enamored of the very name of the South that one was ready to take it in any small atmospheric instalment, and to feel the echo of its voice in the yell of any engine that happened not to drag one either directly North or directly West. One tended at least, on these terms, in some degree, toward the land where the citron blooms, and that was something to go on with, a handful of small change accepted for the time as a pledge of great gold pieces to come. It is astonishing, along the Atlantic coast, how, from the moment the North ceases to insist, the South may begin to presume; ever so little, no doubt, at first, yet with protrusive feelers that tell how she only wants the right sensibility, the true waiting victim, to play upon. It is a question certainly of where, on the so frequently torpid stretch of shore I speak of, the North does cease to insist; or perhaps I should more correctly say a question of when it does. It appeared incapable of this fine tact almost anywhere, I confess, at the season, the first supposedly relenting weeks, of my facing in earnest to Florida; and the interest indeed of that slightly grim adventure was to be in the way it ministered to the coincidence, for me, of two quite opposed strains of reflection. On the one hand, nothing could "say" more to the subject long expatriated, condemned by the terms of his exile to a chronic consciousness of gray northern seas, than to feel how, from New York, or even from Boston, he had but to sit still in his portentous car, had but to exercise a due concentrated patience, in order to become aware, without personal effort or suffered transfer, of that most charming of all watchable processes, the gradual soft, the distinctively demoralized,

conversion of the soul of Nature. This conversion, if I may so put it without profanity, has always struck me, on any southward course, as a return, on the part of that soul, from a comparatively grim Theistic faith to the ineradicable principle of Paganism; a conscious casting-off of the dread theological abstraction—an abstraction still, even with all Puritan stiffening—in the interest of multiplied, lurking, familiar powers; divinities, graces, presences as unseen but as inherent as the scents clinging to the folds of Nature's robe. It would be on such occasions the fault of the divine familiars themselves if their haunts and shrines were empty, for earth and air and day and night, as we go, still affect us as moods of their sympathy, still vibrate to the breath of their passage; so that our progress, under the expanding sun, resembles a little less a journey through space than a retracing of the course of the ages.

These are fine fancies, however, and what is more to my point is that the theory (so agreeable to entertain at Jersey City) of a direct connection between the snow-banks and the orange-groves is a thing of sweetness only so long as practically unshaken. There is continuity, goodness knows, always in America—it is the last thing that is ever broken: the question for the particular case is, But continuity of what? The basis of my individual hope had been that of the reign of the orange-grove; but what it proved, at the crisis I name, was positively that of the usurpation of the snow-bank. It was possible, indubitably, in such conditions, to go to Charleston on sledges—which made in fact, after all, for directness of connection. It made moreover, by the same token, for a certain sinister light on the general truth of our grand territorial unity. It was as if the winter, at the end of February, abroad for a walk, had marched as promptly and inevitably from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf as it might have proceeded, with pride in its huge clear course, from the top of Broadway to the Battery. This brought home again, as I myself went, I remember, one of those three or four main ideas, suggested by the recurrent conditions, which become as obsessions for the traveller in the States—if he have a mind, that is, so indecently exposed to ideas: the sense, constantly fed, and from a hundred sources, that, as Nature abhors a vacuum, so it is of the genius of the American land and the American people to abhor, whenever may be, a discrimination. They are reduced, together, under stress, to making

discriminations, but they make them, I think, as lightly and scantily as possible. With the lively insistence of that impression, even though it quite undermined my fond view of a loose and overreaching citronic belt, I found my actually monotonous way beguiled. Practically, till I reached Charleston, this way, disclaiming every invidious intent, refused to be dissociated from anything else in the world: it was only another case of the painting with a big brush, a brush steeped in crude universal white, and of the colossal size this implement was capable of assuming. Gradations, transitions, differences of any sort, temporal, material, social, whether in man or in his environment, shrank somehow, under its sweep, to negligible items; and one had perhaps never yet seemed so to move through a vast simplified scheme. The illustration was once more, in fine, of the small inherent, the small accumulated, resistance in American air to any force that does simplify. One found the signs of such resistance as little in the prospect enjoyed from the car-window as one distinguished them in the vain images of the interior; those human documents, deciphered from one's seat in the Pullman, which yet do always, in *their* way, for the traveller, constitute precious evidence. The spread of this single great wash of winter from latitude to latitude struck me in fact as having its analogy in the vast vogue of some infinitely selling novel, one of those happy volumes of which the circulation roars, periodically, from Atlantic to Pacific and from great windy State to State, in the manner, as I have heard it vividly put, of a blazing prairie fire; with as little possibility of arrest from "criticism" in the one case as from the bleating of lost sheep in the other. Everything, so to speak, was monotonized, and the whole social order might have had its nose, for the time, buried, by one levelling doom, in the pages that, after the break of the spell, it would never know itself to mention again. Of course, one remembered meanwhile, there were spells and spells, and the free field (the particular freedom of which is the point of my remark) would on occasion be just as open to the far-exhaled breath of the South. That in fact is what I was to find it (though, I thought, all delightfully) later in the season, when the freedom of the field struck me as pure benefit. I was not, at the end of February, really to meet it (as I had looked for it) before crossing the Florida line; but toward the middle of June I was to meet it, enchantingly, at Baltimore, and this, then, as

I had not stopped there in my previous course, was, even beyond the wondrous February Florida, to reveal to me, grateful for any such favor, the South in her freshness. The freshness was in part, no doubt—and even perhaps to extravagance—mine; I testify at all events first for Baltimore.

It would probably be again the freshness, of this confessedly subjective sort, it would probably be again the state of alert response to any favor of the class just hinted at; but the immediate effect of the Maryland capital was to place it, to my troubled vision, and quite at the head of its group, in a category of images and memories small at the best, and the charm of which casts a shadow, none the less, even as the rose wears a thorn. I refer, indeed, in this slightly portentous figure, to the mere familiar truth that, if representative values, and the traceable or the imaginable connections of things, happen to have, on occasion, for your eyes and your intelligence, an existence of any intensity, your case, as a traveller, an observer, a reporter, is "bound," from the first, under the stirred impression, to loom for you in some distressful shape. These representative values and constructive connections, the whole of the latent vividness of things, not only remain, under expression, subject to no definite chemical test, no mathematical proof whatever, but almost turn their charming backs and toss their wilful heads at one's poor little array of terms and equivalents. There thus immediately rises for the lone visionary, betrayed and arrested in the very act of vision, that spectre of impotence which dogs the footsteps of perception, and whose presence is like some poison-drop in the silver cup. Baltimore put on for me, from the first glance, the form of the silver cup, filled with the mildest, sweetest decoction; but I had no sooner begun to taste of it than I began to taste also of the infused bitter. It had, in its way, during that first early hour or two of the summer evening, a perfect felicity: which meant, for the touched intelligence, that it was full of pleasantly playing reference and reflection, that it exhaled on the spot, as the word goes, an atmosphere; that it wore, to contemplation, in fine, a character as marked with mild accents as some faded old uniform is marked with tarnished buttons and braid—albeit these sources of interest were too closely of the texture to be snipped off, in the guise of patterns or relics, by any mere sharp shears of journalism.

I arrived late in the day, and the day had been lovely; I alighted

at a large, fresh, peaceful hostelry, imposingly modern yet quietly affable, and, having recognized the deep, soft general note, even from my windows, as that of a kind of mollified vivacity, I sought the streets with as many tacit questions as I judged they would tolerate or as the waning day would allow me to put. It took but that hour, as I strolled in the early eventide, to give me the sense of the predicament I have glanced at; that of finding myself committed to the view of Baltimore as quite insidiously "sympathetic," quite inordinately amiable—which amounted, in other words, to the momentous proposition that she was interesting—and still of wondering, by the same stroke, how I was to make any such statement plausible. Character is founded on elements and features, so many particular parts which conduce to an expression. So I walked about the dear little city looking for the particular parts—all with the singular effect of rather failing to find them, and with my impression of felicity at the same time persistently growing. The felicity was certainly not that of a mere blank; there must accordingly have been items and objects, signs and tokens, there must have been causes of so charming a consequence: there must have been the little numbers (not necessarily big, if only a tall enough column) for the careful sum on my slate. What happened then, remarkably, was that, while I mechanically so argued, my impression was fixing itself by a wild logic of its own, and that I was presently to see how it would, when once settled to a certain intensity, snap its fingers at warrants and documents. If it was a question of a slate, the slate was used, at school, I remembered, for more than one purpose; so that mine, by my walk's end, instead of a show of neat ciphering, exhibited simply a bold-drawn image—which had the merit, moreover, of not being in the least a caricature. The moral of this was precious—that of the fine impunity with which, if one but had sensibility, the ciphering could be neglected and in fact almost contemned: always, that is (and only), *with* one's finer wits about one. Without them one was at best, really, nowhere—even with "items" by the thousand; so that the place became, quite adorably, a lesson in the use of that resource. It would be "no good" to a journalist—for *he* is nowhere, ever, without his items; but it would be everything, always, to the mere restless analyst. He might by its aid stand against all comers; and this alike in pleasure and in pain, in the bruised or in the soothed

condition. That was the real way to work things out, and to feel it so brought home would by itself sufficiently crown this particular small pilgrimage.

II.

If my sensibility yielded so completely to Baltimore, however, I should add, this was no doubt partly because the air seemed from the first to breathe upon it a pledge of no bruises. I mounted, in the golden June light, the neatest, amplest, emptiest street vista, the builded side of a steepish hill, and, having come in due course to a spacious summit, laid out with monumental elegance and completely void, for the time, of the human footstep, I saw that to suffer, in any fibre, I should have positively, somewhere, to hurl myself upon the spears. Not a point protruded then or afterwards; and the cunning of the restless analyst is essentially such that, with friction long enough in abeyance to leave him a start, he is already astride of his happier thesis, seated firm, having "elected" to be undismountable, and riding it as hard as it will go. The absence of friction, on my monumental hill-top and in the prospects it overhung, constituted, I was to find, an absolute circus-ring for this exercise; and it is much to be able to say, while performing in the circus (even if but mainly to the public of one's own conscience) that one has never had the sense of a safer hour. The safety of Baltimore, I should indeed mention, consisted perhaps a little overmuch, during that first flush, in her apparently vacant condition: she affected me as a sort of perversely cheerful little city of the dead; and from the dead, naturally, comes no friction. Was she cheerful, that is, or was she only resigned and discreet?—with the manner of the good breeding that doesn't publicly prate of family troubles. I found myself handling, in imagination, these large quantities only because, as I suppose, it was impossible not to remember on that spot of what native generation one had come. It took no greater intensity of the South than Baltimore could easily give to figure again, however fadedly, and all as a ghostly presence, the huge shadow of the War, and to reproduce that particular blood-stained patch of it that, in the very first days, the now so irresponsible and absent community about me had flung across the path of the North. This one echo of old Time made the connections, for the instant, all vibrate, and the scene about me, somehow, as it stood, had to account for the great revolution. It was as if *that*,

for the restless analyst, had to be disposed of before anything else; whereby, precisely, didn't the amenity of his impression partly spring from the descent there, on the spot, in a quick white flash, of the most august of the Muses? It was History in person who hovered, just long enough for me to recognize her and to read, in her strange deep eyes, *her* intelligence at least of everything. It might have been there fairly as reassurance. "Yes, they have lived with *me*, and it has done them good, and we have buried together all their past—about which, wise creature as I am, I allow them of course all piety. But this—what you make out around us—is their real collective self, which I am delighted to commend to you. I have found Baltimore a charming patient." That was, in ten minutes, what it had come to; as if the brush of the sublime garment had by itself cleared the air. If there was a fine warm hush everywhere, it was indeed partly that of this historic peace.

But for the rest it only meant that the world was at such a season out of town. Houses were everywhere closed, and the neat perspectives, all domiciliary, and all, as I have hinted, tending mildly to a vague elegance, were the more neat and more elegant, though doubtless also the more mild and the more vague, for their being so inanimate. A certain vividness of high decency seemed in spite of it to possess them, and this suggestion of the real Southern glow, yet with no Southern looseness, was clearly something by itself—all special and local, and all, or almost all, expressed in repeated vistas of little brick-faced and protrusively door-stepped houses, which, overhung by tall, regular umbrage, suggested rows of quiet old ladies seated, with their toes tucked up on uniform footstools, under the shaded candlesticks of old-fashioned tea-parties. The little ladylike Squares, though below any tide-mark of fashion, were particularly frequent; in which case it was as if the virtuous dames had drawn together round a large green table, albeit to no more riotous end than that each should sit before her individual game of patience. One sounds inevitably the note of the "virtue"—so little, in general, can any picture of American town-appearances hang together without it. It amounts, everywhere, to something intenser than the implied absence of "vice"; it amounts to a sort of registered absence of the conception or the imagination of it, and still more of the provision for it; though, all the while, as one goes and comes, one

feels that no community can really be as purged of peccant humors as the typical American has for the most part found itself foredoomed to look. It has been caught in the mechanism of that consistency—to an effect of convenience, doubtless, much more than to any other; and has thus, in the whole vast connection, a relation to appearances that is all its own. The European scene, at a thousand points, looks all its sophistications straight out at us—or looks, in other words, at least as perverse as it practically is. The American, on the other hand, expressing physiognomically no sophistications at all—though plenty of quite common can-dors, crudities and vulgarities—makes one ask if the cash-register, the ice-cream freezer, the lightning elevator, the “boys’ paper,” and other such overflows, do truly represent the sum of its passions. Incontestably, at all events, this immensely ingenuous aspect counts, for any country and any scheme of life, as a great force, just as the appearance of the stale and the congested residing in the comparatively battered mask of experience counts as a weakness: to conceive which the mind’s eye has only to fix a little the colossal American face grimacing with anything of a subtler consciousness. That image, if actually presented, would become, as we feel, appalling. The inexorable fate of the countenance in question may be so to learn to grimace in time, but though few processes are slow, in the United States, and few exhibitions not contagious, any such transition, assuredly, will not be rapid, any more than any such tendency will easily predominate.

All of which would have carried me far from the simple sweetness of Baltimore, were it not that, for the restless analyst, there is no such thing as an unrelated fact, no such thing as a break in the chain of relations. Many a perceived American aspect, for that matter, would by itself have little to give: the student of manners, in other words, to make it presentable—by which I understand to make it sufficiently interesting—must first discover connections for it and then borrow from these, if possible, the elements of a wardrobe. And though it should sound a little monstrous, moreover, one had somehow not been prepared for so delicate an effect of propriety; since there are cases too, indubitably, in which propriety can show for almost as coarse as anything else. It couldn’t have been, either, that one had expected any positive air of license; but the fact was, I suppose, that, for a constitutional story-seeker, a certain still, small shock, a prompt

need of readjustment of view, was involved in one's finding the element of the bourgeois crop up, so inveterately, in latitudes generally associated, so far as one knew them elsewhere, with some perceptible sacrifice to the sway of the senses. I had already, at this date, as I have noted, dipped deep into our own uttermost South, and had there had to reckon with that first slight discontentment awaiting the observer whose southern categories happen to have been wholly European. His simplest expression for the anomaly he meets is that he sees the citronic belt all incongruously Protestantized: that big word (for so small a bewilderment perhaps) sticks to him and worries him—almost as absurdly, I grant, as if he had expected Charleston and Savannah to betray the moral accent of Naples or Seville. He had not, assuredly, done this; but he had as little allowed, in imagination, for the hyperborean note. A South without church fronts and church interiors had been superficially as strange, in its way, as a Methodism of the subtropic night, a Methodism of the orange and the palm. Such were the treacheries of association; though what indeed would observation be, for interest, if it were not, just by these armed surprises, constantly touched with adventure? The beauty of Baltimore was, all this time, that one could feel it as potentially harmonizing; the citronic belt would not embrace here more Methodism than might consort with it, nor the Methodism pretend to cultivate with any success the hibiscus and the pomegranate.

That I could entertain so many incoherent ideas in half an hour was in any case a proof that I felt, for the occasion, left in possession; quite as the visitor as yet unIntroduced may feel during some long preliminary wait in a drawing-room. He looks at the furniture, pictures, books; he studies in these objects the character of the house and of his hosts, and if there be some domestic treasure visibly more important and conspicuous than the others, it engages his attention as either with a fatal or an engaging force. The top of the central eminence, with its air of an ample plan and of sweeping the rest of the circle, figured the documentary parlor and my enjoyed license to touch and examine; so that when it was a question, in particular, of the monument to Washington, the high column, in the middle, with its surmounting figure and its spreading architectural base, this presence was, for all the world, like that of some vast and stately old-fashioned

clock, a decorative "piece," an heirloom from generations now respectably remote, occupying an inordinate space in proportion to the other conveniences. The ornamental, the "important" clock is apt to be in especial, at such a crisis, a telltale object; its range of testimony, of possible treachery, is immense, and cases are not unknown, I gather, in which it has put the doubting visitor to flight. The greater the felicity, thereby, for the overtopping Baltimore timepiece, which hung about in mild reassurance, promptly aware that it wasn't a bit vulgar, but, on the contrary, of a pleasant jejune academic pomp that suggested, to the fancy, some melancholy, some spectral, man-at-arms mounting guard at the angles, in due military form, over suspected treasures of Style. One could imagine, somehow, under the summer stars, the mystic vigil of these mild heroes; and one could above all catch again the interesting hint of the terms on which, in the United States, the consecration of time may be found operating. It has a trick there all of its own, thanks to which the effect of duration is produced very much as, before the footlights, the prestidigitator produces the effect of extracting a live fowl from a hat. This is a law under which, the material permitting, the decades count as centuries and the centuries as æons. The misfortune is that too often the material, futile and treacherous, doesn't permit. Yet the law is in the happiest cases none the less strikingly vindicated. There, for instance—to pursue undiscouraged my figure of the guest in the empty parlor—were the best houses, the older, the ampler, the more blandly quadrilateral; which in spite of their still faces met one's arrest, at their commodious corners and other places of vantage, with an unmistakable *manner*. The quiet assurance of a position in the world—the world, the only one, with which they were concerned—testified again, in an interesting way, to the simple source of their impressiveness, showing how almost any modern interval could have been long enough to make them nobly antique if such interval might only have been vulgar enough. The age of "brownstone" was to have found no difficulty in *that*; the prolongation of its rage for a quarter of a century amply sufficed to dignify every antecedent thing it had spared (as the survivors of reigns of Terror grow by mere survival distinguished); while, steeped in dishonor up to the eyebrows, that is up to its false cornices of painted and sanded wood and iron, it was never to enjoy, for itself, the advantage it elsewhere

conferred. Nothing has ever been vulgar enough to rehabilitate the odd ugliness, so distinct, yet after all so undemonstrable, of this luckless material: the way one shuddered, in particular, at the touch, on balustrade and elsewhere, of the sanded iron! It has been followed by other rages and other errors, but even the grace of the American time-measure can do nothing for it.

III.

It was of course the fact that the "values" here were all such, and such alone, as might be reflected from the social conditions and the state of manners, even if reflected, for the hour, almost into empty space—it was this that gave weight to each perceived appearance and permitted none to show as trivial enough to project me, in reaction or in inanition, upon the comparative obviousness of the "burnt district." There is almost always a burnt district to eke out the interest of an American city—it is the pride of the citizen and the resource of the visitor when all else fails; and I can scarce, I think, praise Baltimore so liberally as to note that this was the last of her beauties I was conscious of. She had lost by fire, a few months before, the greater part of her business quarter, which she was now rapidly and artfully calling back to existence; but the entertainment she offered me was guiltless, ever so gracefully and gallantly guiltless, as it struck me, of reference, even indirect, to the majesty either of ruin or of remedy. One was, on further acquaintance, thoroughly beguiled, but the burnt district had so little to do with it that the days came and went without my so much as discovering its whereabouts. Wonderful little Baltimore, in which, whether when perched on a noble eminence or passing from one seat of the humanities, one seat of hospitality, to another—a process mainly consisting indeed, as it seemed to me, of prompt drives through romantic parks and woodlands that were all suburban yet all Arcadian—I caught no glimpse of traffic, however mild, nor spied anything "tall" at the end of any vista. This was in itself really a benediction, since I had nowhere, from the first, been infatuated with tallness; I was infatuated only with the question of manners, in their largest sense—to the finer essence of which tallness had already defined itself to me as positively abhorrent. What occurred betimes, and ever so happily, was simply that the delicate blank of those first hours flushed into animation, and that with

this indeed the embroidery of the fine canvas turned thick and rich. It came back again, no doubt, in the inveterate way, to the University presence, and to the eagerness with which, on the American scene—as I tire not, you see, of repeating—the visiting spirit, on such occasions, throws itself straight into sanctuary. It breaks in at any cost, this distracted appetite, and, recomposing the elements to their greater distinction, if need be, and with a high imaginative hand, makes of the combination obtained the only firm standpoint for the rest of the view. It has even in this connection an occasional sharp chill; air-borne rumors reach it of perversities and treacheries, conspiracies possibly hatching in the very bosom of the temple and against its very faith. One hears of the University idea threatened in more than one of the great institutions—reduced to some pettifogging conception of a short brisk term and a simplified culture; a lively, thrifty training for “business competition.” This is a blow to the collective fond fancies set humming, at once, in almost any scholastic shade—under the effect of which one can but give one’s own scant scholar’s hood, while one winces, a further protesting pull over abashed brows. It would have been a question, very much, of what I call breaking in (into the Johns Hopkins) at this moment, had I not here been indulged, in all liberality, with an impression the more charming, in a manner, for the fact of halls and courts brooding in vacation stillness. Perversely adorable always—and I scarce know why—the late afternoon light in deserted haunts of study; with the secret of supreme dignity lurking, above all, in high, dusky, wainscoted chambers where the sound of one’s footfall lingers, to one’s pleasure, like a caress, and where portraits of the appurtenant worthies, the heroes and patrons, grow vague in the twilight. It is a tribute to the forces of idealism lurking again and again, over the country, in the amenity of the general Collegiate appearance, that the last thing these conditions overtly suggest, or seem to accept as their imputed virtue, is this precipitation of the young intelligence into the mere vociferous Market.

I scarce know why, however, I should have appeared, even by waving it away, to make room at our banquet for the possible skeleton of the false, the barbarizing, note; since the natural pitch of Baltimore, the pictorial, so to speak, as well as the social, struck me, once a certain contact established, as that of disinterested

sensibility, the passion of which her University is the highest and clearest example. There was on the splendid Sunday, in particular, a warm, soft fusion of aspects—a *confusion*, in fact, while I now gather it in—which seems to defy, though all unconsciously, the sharper edge of discrimination and to offer itself, insistently, as a general wash of brave Southern shade, the play of a liquid brush of which the North knows nothing. The episodes melt together, yet they also, under a little pressure, come happily apart, and over the large sun-chequered picture the generous boughs hang heavy. Admirable I found them, the Maryland boughs, and so immediately disposed about the fortunate town, by parkside and lonely lane, by trackless hillside and tangled copse, that the depth of rural effect becomes at once bewildering. You wonder at the absent transitions, you look in vain for the shabby fringes—or at least, under my spell, I did; you have never seen, on the lap of nature, so large a burden so neatly accommodated. Baltimore sits there as some quite robust but almost unnaturally good child might sit on the green apron of its nurse, with no concomitant crease or crumple, no uncontrollable “mess,” by the nursery term, to betray its temper. It was with something like that figure before me that I kept communing, as I say, with the bland presence. Even a morning hour or two at the great University Hospital—for one’s experience of the higher tone, one’s irrepressible pursuit of charm, in America, has, to its great enrichment, these odd sequences—even that beginning of the day did nothing to obtrude the ugly or to overemphasize the real; it simply contributed, under some perversion that I can neither explain nor defend, to the general grace of the picture. Why should the great clear Hospital, with its endless chambers of woe, its whole air as of *most* directly and advisedly facing, as the hospitals of the world go, the question of the immensities of pain—why should such an impression actually have turned, under the spell, to fine poetry, to a mere shining vision of the conditions, the high beauty, of applied science? The conditions, positively, as I think of them after the interval, make the poetry—the large art, above all, by which, in a place bristling with its terrible tale, everything was made to seem fair, and fairest even while it most intimately concurred in the work. In short if the Hospital was fundamentally Universitarian—as of the domain of the great Medical Faculty—so it partook for me, in its own way,

of the University glamour, and so the tempered morning, and the shaded splendor, and the passive rows, the grim human alignments that became, in their cool vistas, delicate "symphonies in white," and, more even than anything else, the pair of gallant young Doctors who ruled, for me, so gently, the whole still concert, abide with me, collectively, as agents of the higher tone.

No example could speak more of that enlargement of function, for constituting some picture of life, that many an American element or object, many an institution, has to be felt as practising—usually with high success. It comes back, one notes for the thousandth time, to that redistribution and reconsecration of values, of representative weight, which it is *the* interesting thing, over the land, to see take effect—to see in especial take all the effect of which it is capable. There are a thousand "European" values that are absent, and, whether as a consequence or not of that, there are innumerable felt solutions of the social continuity. The instinct of missing—by which I mean not at all either the consciousness or the confession of lacking—keeps up, however, its own activity; for the theory at least of the native spirit is to consent wittingly to no privation. It has a genius, the native spirit, for desiring things of the existence and even of the possibility of which it is actually unaware, and it views the totality of nature and the general life of man, I think, as more than anything else commissioned and privileged to wait on these awakenings. Thus new values arise as expansion proceeds; the marked character of which, for comparative sociology, is that they are not at all as other values. What they "count" for is the particular required American quantity; and we see again and again how large a quantity symbol and figure have to represent. The interesting thing is that, on the spot, the representation does practically cover the ground: it covers elements that in communities employing a different scale require for their expression (and perhaps sometimes to an effect of waste) a much greater number of terms. Hence the constant impression of elasticity, and that of those pressures of necessity under which value and virtue, character and quantity, greatness and glory even, to a considerable extent, are imputed and projected. There has to be a facility for the working of any social form—facility of comparison and selection in some communities, facility of rapid conversion in others. That is where the American material is elastic, where it affects

one in the manner of some huge india-rubber cloth fashioned for "field" use and warranted to bear inordinate stretching.

One becomes aware thus wherever one turns, both of the tension and of the resistance; everything and every one, all objects and elements, all systems, arrangements, institutions, functions, persons, reputations, give the sense of their pulling hard at the india-rubber: almost always, wonderfully, without breaking it off, yet never quite with the effect of causing it to lie thick. The matter of interest, however, is just this fact that its thinness should so generally—in some cases, to all intents and purposes, so richly—suffice; suffice, that is, for producing, unaided, impressions of a sort that make their way to us in Europe through superimposed densities, a thousand thicknesses of tradition. Which is what one means, again, by the differing "values"; the thinness doing perforce, on the one side, much of the work done by the thickness on the other: the work, in particular, of the appeal to the fond observer. He is by his very nature committed everywhere to his impression—which means essentially, I think, that he is foredoomed, in one place as in another, to "put in" a certain quantity of emotion and reflection. The turn his sensibility takes depends of course on what is before him; but when is it ever not in some manner exposed and alert? If it be anything really of a touchstone it is more disposed, I hold, to easy bargains than to hard ones; it only wants to be *somehow* interested, and is not without the knowledge that an emotion is after all, at the best or the worst, but an emotion. All of which is a voluminous commentary, I admit, on the modest text that I perhaps made the University Hospital stand for too many things. That establishes at all events my contention—that the living fact, in the United States, *will* stand, other facts not preventing, for almost anything you may ask of it. Other facts, at Baltimore, didn't prevent—there being none, outside the University circle, of any perceptibly public, any majestic or impressive or competitive, order. So it was as if this particular experience had been (as the visitation of cities goes) that of *all* present art and organization, that of all antiquity, history, piety, sociability, that of the rich real, and the rich romantic, in fine, at a stroke. Had there been more to see and to feel I should possibly have seen and felt more; yet what was absent, with this sense of feeling and seeing so much?

IV.

There *were* other facts, in abundance, I hasten to add; only they were not, as I say, competitive, not of the public or majestic order—so that they the less imposed, for appreciation, any rearrangement of values. They were a matter still of the famous, the felicitous, Sunday—into which as into an armful of the biggest and bravest June roses I seemed to find my perceptions cluster. Foremost among these, meanwhile, was that of the plentiful presence, freshly recognized, of absolute values too—which offer themselves, in the midst of the others, with a sharpness of their own, and which owe nothing, for interest, to any question of the general scale. The Country Club, for instance, as I had already had occasion to note, is everywhere a clear American felicity; a *complete* product of the social soil and air which alone have made it possible, and wearing, whenever met, that assured face of the full-blown flower and the proved proposition. These institutions speak so of American life as a success that they affected me at moments as crying aloud to be commemorated—since it is on American life only that they are founded, and since they render it, to my mind, the good office of making it keep all its graces and of having caused it to shed, by the same stroke, the elements that are contrary to these. Nothing is more suggestive than to recognize each time, on the premises, the thing that “wouldn’t do in Europe”—for a judgment of the reasons of its doing so well in the one hemisphere and so ill in the other promptly becomes illuminating. The illumination is one at which, with more space, I should have liked to light here a candle or two—partaking, indeed, by that character of a like baffled virtue in many another group of social phenomena. The Country Club testifies, in short, and gives its evidence, from the box, with the inimitable, invaluable accent of American authority. It becomes, for the restless analyst, one of the great garden-lamps in which the flame of Democracy burns whitest and steadiest and most floods the subject; taking its place thus on the positive side of a line which has its other side overscored with negatives. I may seem too much to brood upon it, but the interest of the American scene being, beyond any other, the show, on so immense a scale, of what Democracy, pushing and breaking the ice like an Arctic explorer, is making of things, any scrap that contributes to it wears a part of its dignity. To have been beforehand with the

experiments, with several rather risky ones at least, and to have got on with these so beautifully while other rueful nations prowled, in the dusk, inquisitive but apprehensive, round the red windows of the laboratory, peeping, for the last news, between each other's shoulders—all this is, for the democratic force, to have stolen a march, over no little of the ground, and to have gained time on such a scale as perhaps to make the belated of the earth, the critical group at the windows, still live to think of themselves as having too much wasted it.

There had been one—I mean a blest Country Club—in the neighborhood of Boston (where indeed I believe there were a dozen, at least as exemplary, out of my range); there had been another, quite marvellous, on the Hudson—one of a numerous array, probably, within an hour's run of New York; there had been a supreme specimen, supreme for a documentary worth, even at Charleston (I reserve to myself to explain in due course, and in such an exquisite sense, my “even”). This had made for me, if you will, a short list, but it had made a long admonition, to which the embowered institution near Baltimore was to add a wonderful emphasis. An admonition of what? it will meanwhile be asked: to which the answer may perhaps, for the moment, not be more precipitate than by one's saying that with any feeling for American life you soon enough see. You see its most complete attestation of its believing in itself unlimitedly, and also of its being right about itself at more points than it is wrong. You see it apply its general theory of its nature and strength—much of this doubtless quite an unconscious one—with a completeness and a consistency that will strike you also (or that ought to) as constituting an unconscious heroism. You will see it accept in detail, with a sublime serenity, certain large social consequences—the consequences of the straight application, in the most delicate conditions, of the prime democratic idea. As this idea is that of an universal eligibility, so you see it, under the application, beautifully resist the strain. So you see, in a word, everything staked on the conception of the young Family as a clear social unit—which, when all is said and done, remains round about you, the ubiquitous fact. The conception of the Family is, goodness knows, “European” enough; but the difference resides in its working on one side of the world in the vertical and on the other in the horizontal sense. If its identity in

Europe, that is, resides more especially in its perpendicular, its backward and forward extension, its ascent and descent of the long ladder of time, so it develops in the United States mainly by its lateral spread, as one may say; expressing itself thus rather by number than by name, and yet taking itself for granted, when one comes to compare, with an intensity to which mere virtue of name elsewhere scarce helps it. American manners, as they stand, register therefore the apotheosis of the Family—a truth for which they have by no means received due credit; and it is in the light of Country Clubs that all this becomes vivid. These organizations accept the Family as the social unit—accept its extension, its *whole* extension, through social space, and accept it as many times over as the question comes up: which is what one means by their sublime and successful consistency. No, if I may still insist, nothing anywhere accepts anything as the American Country Clubs accept these whole extensions.

That is why I speak of it as accepting the universal eligibility. With no palpable result does the democratic idea, in the States, more bristle than with the view that the younger are “as good” as the elder: family life is in fact, as from child to parent, from sister to brother, from wife to husband, from employed to employer, the eminent field of the democratic demonstration. This then is the unit that, with its latent multiplications, the Country Club takes over—and it is easy to see how such units must multiply. This is the material to which it addresses, with such effect, the secret of its power. I may of course be asked what I mean by an eligibility that is “universal”; but it seems needless to remark that even the most inclusive social scheme must in a large community always stop somewhere. Distinctly diverting, often, to Americans, the bewilderment of the European mind on the subject of “differences” and of the practicability of precautions for maintaining these; so beset is that mind, to the American view, with this theory, this habit or need of precautions, and so disposed apparently to fear, in its anxiety, that without the precautions the differences, dreadful thought! may cease. The American theory is, I think, but vague, and the inevitable consciousness of differences reduced to a matter of practice—a matter which, on the whole, very much takes care of itself. Glimpses and revelations come to it, across the sea, on the great wave of modern publicity—images of a social order in which

the precautions, as from above to below, are more striking than the differences and thereby out of proportion to them: an appearance that reads a lesson, of a sort, as to leaving precautions alone. It is true, at any rate, that no application of the aristocratic, none of the democratic, idea is ever practically complete; discriminations are produced by the mere working of the machine, and they so engage alike almost every one's interest, meet alike almost every one's convenience. Nature and industry keep producing differences as fast as Constitutions keep proclaiming equality, and there are always, at the best, in any really liberal scheme or human view, more conscious inaptitudes to convince of their privilege than conscious possibilities to convince of their limits. All of which reflections, however, I agree, would probably have remained a little dim, even for the restless analyst, had not the most shining of his examples bathed the subject, to his eyes, in radiance. This could only be, as I have intimated, that of the bright institution on the Hudson, as half an hour's vision of it, one splendid Sunday of the Maytime, put it before me—all in terms so eloquent that I would fain have translated them on the spot.

For there, to every appearance, was the high perfection of the type—the ample, spreading, galleried house, hanging over the great river, with its beautiful largeness of provision for associated pleasures. The American note was there—in the intensity and continuity of the association, and the interest of the case was in its thus enjoying, for the effect, all the advantages that experience, chastening experience, and taste, “real” taste, could heap upon it. Somewhere in one's mind, doubtless, lurked the apprehension that such a “proposition” might, in that emphatic form, have betrayed a thousand flaws—whereas all one *could* say face to face with it, treading its great verandas and conversation-rooms, its halls of refreshment, repose and exercise, its kitchens and its courts and its baths and its gardens, its wondrous inside and outside palæstra, was that it positively revealed new forms of felicity. It was thus a new and original thing—rare phenomenon!—and actually an “important” one; for what did it represent (all discriminations made and recognized) but the active Family, as a final social fact, or in other words the sovereign People, as a pervasive and penetrative mass, “doing” themselves on unprecedented lines? They had invoked, certainly, high and

congruous countenance; but vain I thought the objection made when I exclaimed to a friend on these marvels. "It depends upon whom I call the People? Of course it depends: so I call them, exactly, the groups and figures we see, here before us, enjoying, and enjoying both so expertly and so discreetly, these conveniences and luxuries. That's their interest—that they *are* the People; for what interest, under the sun, would they have if they weren't? They are the people 'arrived,' and, what is more, disembarked: that's all the difference. It seems a difference because elsewhere (in Europe, say again), though we see them begin, at the very most, to arrive, socially, we yet practically see them still on the ship—we have never yet seen them disembark thus *en masse*. This is the effect they have when, all impediments and objections on the dock removed, they do *that*." And later on, at the afternoon's end, on the platform of the large agreeable riverside station which spread there, close at hand, as the appanage of the club itself, I could but call attention to the manner in which every impression reinforced my moral. The Families, the parties, the groups and couples (the element of the Individual, as distinguished from that of the Family, being remarkably absent) had gathered in the soft eventide for the return to New York, and it was impossible not to read each sign of the show in the vivid "popular" light. Only one did so—and this was the great point—with a positive uplifting of the spirit. Everything hung together and every one was charming. It was my explanatory word therefore to my companion. "That's what the People *are* when they've disembarked."

Having said so much—and with the sense, strange as it may appear, that there would still be much to say—I must add that I suddenly seem to see consternation in the charming face of the establishment, deep in the Baltimore countryside, my impression of which was to lay a train for those reflections: so that with a conscience less clear I might take the image as a warning against the vice of reading too much meaning into simple intentions. Therefore let me admit that the conscious purpose of this house of hospitality didn't look beyond the immediate effect of luncheon or dinner on one of its deep southern verandas, with great trees, close at hand, flinging their shade, with the old garden of the old country home that the Club had inherited forming one prospect, and with a deep woodland valley, stream-haunted if I am not

mistaken, giving breadth of style to another. The Maryland boughs, for that matter, creating in the upper air great classic serenities of shade, give breadth of style; and the restless analyst, all grateful, and truly for the nonce at rest, could but ruefully note how little they had borrowed from any Northern, and least of all from any New England, model their almost academic grace. They might have borrowed it straight from far-away Claudes and Turners; yet one made no point of that either—their interest was so sufficiently their own. Distances of view have often in the North the large elegance, but nearnesses almost never; these are at their worst constitutionally coarse and at their best merely well meaning. I was to find food, all day, for that observation; I was to remain under a charm of which breadth of style was the key. Earth and air, between them, had taken it in hand—so that one was always moving, somehow, under arches that were “triumphal” or sitting in bowers that made one think of temples. It was not that man, or that art, had done much—though indeed they had incurred no shame and had even been capable of a masterpiece, seen in the waning light, of which I shall presently speak. It was the diffused, mitigated glow, the happy medium itself that continued to be meanwhile half the picture. I wandered through it from one impression to another, and I keep, with intensity, that of the admirable outlying Park, treasure of the town, through which I had already three or four times driven, but the holiday life of which, on the warm Sunday night, humming, languidly, under the stars, as with spent voices of the homeward-bound, attested more than ever its valuable function.

That must have been, in the whole pleasant incoherence, on my way back from the sweet old Carroll house, climax of an afternoon drive, yet before another, an ultimate visit, which was the climax of everything. I have sufficiently noted, already, the charming law under which, in the States, any approach to really ripe architectural charm—for the real ripeness is indispensable—enjoys advantages, those of mystery and sanctity, that are achieved in Europe but on greatly harder terms. The observed practice of this art, at times singularly subtle, is in fact half the reward of one’s attention, puzzled though the latter may none the less be to see how the trick is played. So much at any rate one remembers; yet where, after all, would the sweet old Carroll

house, nestling under its wood in the late June afternoon, and with something vaguely haunted in its lonely refinement, not have made an insidious appeal? There are sweet old Carroll houses, I believe, on several other sites—the luckiest form perhaps in which a flourishing family may have been moved to write its annals. The intimation of “annals” hangs about the place, and again we try to capture, under the charming pillared portico, before the mild red brick and the pale pediment and facings, in the series of high chambers, quite instinct with style (small far-off cousins of such “apartments,” say, as those of Kensington Palace, though they cover, bungalow fashion, scarce more than one floor), some lingering, living accent of such a profession of history. We capture verily, I think, nothing; we merely project a little, from room to room and from one mild aspect of the void to another, our old habit of suppositions. Bred of other historic contacts, it instinctively puts forth feelers; but the feelers drop, after a little, like hands that meet nothing; our suppositions themselves, as I have called them, and which but return to us like toy ships that won’t sail, are all they find tangible. There is satisfaction, of a sort, however, even in such arrested questions, when, as before this delicate, faintly resonant shell, each other element also helping, they have been vividly enough suggested. Later on, for the real crown of my day, no wonderments were checked and no satisfactions imperfect. Attained, for the high finish of the evening, by another plunge, behind vaguely playing carriage-lamps, into the bosky, odorous, quite ridiculously romantic suburban night, this was the case of an ancient home without lapses or breaks, where the past and the present were in friendliest fusion, so that the waiting future, evidently, slumbered with confidence; and where, above the easy open-air “Southern” hospitality, an impression now of shafts of mild candle-light across overlaced outer galleries and of throbs of nature’s voice in the dark vaster circle, the Maryland boughs, at their best, presided in the unforgettable grand manner.

HENRY JAMES.

THE LAW OF HEREDITY.

BY LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.

It would prove, no doubt, a most difficult task, if it were, indeed, in the end possible, to decide—without a detailed analysis of their fundamental laws and the practical advantages they afford to mankind in general—which of all the sciences we are so far acquainted with is the most important. But, on the other hand, so much can be said with certainty that it does not require many arguments to show that the science which deals with the laws of heredity ranks amongst the very foremost branches of scientific doctrines. Put briefly, its claims to general and widespread recognition, on the part both of the lay public and of scientists, do not rest so much upon the facts concerning it which have already been brought to light, as upon the vast field of human well-being which it so intimately concerns. For, taking it as a whole, the science of heredity has to deal, not only with the transmission from parent to offspring of good or bad qualities and characteristics, as the case may be, but also with the whole chain of innumerable bodily and mental affections.

As a matter of fact, it is well to point out at the outset that, despite the great progress which, during the last one or two decades, has been made in this direction, it cannot yet be said that the final verdict on the main points at issue has been pronounced, and still less can it be said that all the biologists and scientific workers in this particular field of research have arrived at a clear and definite understanding concerning some vital questions in connection with that science. Moreover, the difficulties we have to contend with here become all the more obvious and remarkable if the highly important fact is duly taken into consideration, that our present knowledge regarding the very earliest stages of embryonic development is, in its principal points, de-

rived from observation in the animal and vegetable kingdom, though, on the other hand, it is safe to assume that the same processes take place in the human kind. However, some new and very important facts have come to light, and this especially during quite recent years, which will be illustrated and elucidated—as far as space permits—in the description that follows.

Of course, I am concerned here with the matter in question in its scientific aspect, that is to say, with heredity as a science only, and, therefore, leave out of consideration all the other allied subjects, such as genealogy and the like. What heredity, from the point of view of general science, really is may be briefly defined as the transmission of bodily or mental qualities or defects from parent to child or from one generation to another, though, so far as the strictly biological point of view is concerned, another statement is required—namely, that only those characteristics can properly be regarded as inherited which were contained in the original germ-plasm, paternal or maternal.

From the historic point of view it is interesting to note that this most important subject, as is indeed not unnatural, has commanded the attention and stimulated the thoughts of all kinds of thinkers and philosophers in all ages. For the facts that man belongs to a definite species, that races cling with the greatest tenacity to what are called racial traits, that individual shades of difference are so innumerable that amongst vast numbers of people no two beings are practically alike, and that families have certain definite and pronounced characteristics peculiar to themselves which can be traced through generations and generations past,—these facts demand explanation.

As regards the transmission of facial characteristics, it may not be out of place to mention that this particular branch of the science of heredity has, of late years, been studied, with a conspicuous amount of success, in connection with certain Royal Houses, since the family records, extending, in most instances, over centuries, are usually well preserved. Moreover, the work of the historian can in such cases be easily verified or modified, by reference to paintings and other reproductions of an illustrative royal character. Put briefly, from the results of this investigation, which has been carried out by various workers, it would appear that the transmission of facial traits is subordinate to a definite law—that is to say, that ancestral facial expression

and appearance are more often than not transmitted through the female members of a family, who generally do not exhibit the same characteristics, to the male offspring, and that the younger generations show, as a rule, all the facial conditions and signs which were present in a remote ancestor.

Further, as regards the inheritance of disease in general, the fact that disease is transmitted from generation to generation—there is some reference to this matter in Exodus: “The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations”—must have impressed itself even upon those who lived in times when scientific observation and the laws to be drawn from its interpretation were very different from what they are in our present age of an advanced state of applied science. And so we have it that heredity has been studied more or less closely from, one may venture to say, prehistoric time.

There is an old saying that there is nothing new under the sun, and its truth is well illustrated by the theories which have been advanced, or indeed in some cases constructed, as it were, to explain the mechanism of heredity. When we take up the writings of one of the ancient scientists, Hippocrates, for instance, and study his views on subjects related to the science in question, and then turn, say, to Darwin, “the Aristotle of our day,” as Francis Galton, in his famous treatise on Hereditary Genius, calls him, we find that Hippocrates in the main came to conclusions very similar to those which are embodied in Darwin’s works. In his wonderful and admirable book on “The Air and the Water,” Hippocrates relates the natural history of a certain tribe, the members of which were distinguished from other allied tribes by many striking external attributes, and notably by their long heads, and he offers, for the universal presence of this interesting feature amongst them, the following explanation—briefly stated. These people considered a “long head” especially beautiful; indeed, “they regarded it as an ornament,” and, consequently, they moulded in this fashion the skulls of their children in the first months of life, when the bones are still soft and yield to pressure, and thus succeeded in producing the desired shape of the head. This practice was continued for some generations, when it was finally abandoned “on account of the children coming to the world shaped in this fashion.” The theory propounded by this Grecian philosopher, who lived more than two

thousand years ago, concerning the transmission of *acquired* qualities, corresponds—in many details, one is inclined to say—to the Darwinian view, but with the difference, which, of course, scarcely requires to be pointed out, that Darwin, being able to make use of the great mass of scientific knowledge which has been gathered together throughout the centuries, and particularly in modern times, found but little difficulty in substantiating his arguments; whereas, on the other hand, Hippocrates had but little to support him, and he could not do much more than offer suggestions of a purely hypothetical character, as it were.

Speaking broadly, therefore, there is no getting away from the fact that what we know of heredity is not altogether a modern acquisition, that is, if all the necessary points are taken into due consideration. Again, it has been known, indeed, for a very long time, that hereditary traits are acquired about equally from the father and the mother, though it is only comparatively recently that the actual explanation of this has been forthcoming—that is, by the discovery of the rôle played by the chromosomes—certain bodies, which, as will be seen later on, appear in the course of division of the nucleus—in the productive cells, as well as in the first stage of embryonic development.

The day has not yet come for scientists to be agreed as regards all the essential features of heredity. As a matter of fact, the literature on the subject shows that marked differences of opinion prevail on points of great importance, this being to a very considerable extent due (1) to the fact that heredity was, and still is, for that matter, often confounded with several other subjects—such as, for instance, with the numerous forms of congenital and acquired properties—and partly also (2) to the misleading and quite unreliable results which have been obtained in studying the laws of transmissibility as they are manifest amongst the smallest animalculæ—that is, amongst the single-celled organisms which multiply by the process of the so-called “doubling division” only.

Another fact that has led to considerable confusion is that certain characteristics which occur in peoples and families who are exposed to the same climatic influences and the same modes of life in general have been supposed to be of an hereditary character. There is, for example, that disease which is fairly common in Alpine regions, struma. This pathological condition has been

supposed to be hereditary in character, but the fact is—and there are now few who would be inclined to argue this point—that it is wholly an effect of the climate, and of other certain conditions of a more or less terrestrial nature, to which parent and offspring are exposed alike.

Moreover, a great difficulty which faces those who study the subject is the uncertainty as to which is the work of original investigators and which is that of the critics. The difference, of course, between an investigator and a critic is clear; the former gives to the world nothing but the results of his own independent inquiries, the latter contents himself with criticising and analyzing what others have discovered. As the literature on the subject has increased—and it has done so very rapidly—the process of sifting the original matter from the critical has become more and more difficult, and is now more difficult than is indeed the case in any other branch of science.

For instance, during the last three or five years, a great number of books dealing with this very department of science have been published, yet it cannot be said that any of them has to any considerable extent added to the previous sum of knowledge regarding this vastly important subject. In reading such treatises, one cannot help being over and over again reminded of what Bismarck said to a foreign delegate to the famous International Conference in Berlin, who began, in a somewhat professional and very elaborate manner, to enlarge upon certain points which had already been considered as settled. "Sir," remarked the Iron Chancellor in his usual abrupt way, "you must excuse me for interrupting so much erudition, but I believe I have heard all this before."

As will be gathered from what has been said, no abstract science presents so many complex problems for solution as that which refers to the subject of heredity. On one point, however, there is so far a consensus of opinion—namely, that the offspring inherits from its parents inborn characteristics, bodily and mental, in almost equal proportions. As a matter of fact, this point can no longer be disputed. For, as I have already mentioned, the influence of the chromosomes—which make their appearance in the process of nuclear division, and owing to their physiological property of attracting certain stains can be discerned after treatment by means of some well-known reagents—in regard to hered-

itary transmission has been studied in its minutest details, and, as it would seem, the whole question has thus been placed beyond any further doubt. But, to cut a long story short, it may be briefly pointed out here that the very important question requiring elucidation, and which indeed is at present occupying the attention of the biologist, to the exclusion of all other considerations, is as to whether *acquired* peculiarities can be transmitted—that is, whether some mental quality or defect which a parent has acquired can be inherited by the offspring. Two of the greatest of scientists, in so far as this particular branch of science is concerned—Darwin and Weismann—differ widely on this point. According to Darwin and his school, the question is easy to answer, and this in the affirmative. For Darwin's famous theory of pangenesis advances, briefly stated, the view that very minute particles, which are named "gemmules" and which are believed to be derived from all the cells of the body, are lodged, as it were, in the reproductive cells, where they multiply by what is known as the process of fission, and where at some later stage they develop into the very same cells from which they originated, thus retaining all the existing parental properties, *inborn* and *acquired*. But, on the other hand, Weismann and his followers absolutely repudiate this theory, and maintain that, in the general act of reproduction, some "germ-plasm" is spontaneously separated or given off from the parent cell, and thus retained by the offspring. In the latter it remains—one has, probably, to imagine as an "image-in-little" of the adult, as was advocated by the old school of biologists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—until it is passed on to the second generation, thence to the third, and so on. This constitutes what Weismann and his school term "the continuity of the germ-plasm," and it is held to explain, from the purely biological point of view, first, the perpetuation of *inborn* ancestral peculiarities, and, secondly, the *non-transmissibility* of *acquired* traits.

Again, as regards the practical side of the whole question, by far the most important point concerning heredity is, of course, the extent to which diseases are transmitted. The question which bears upon traits of character, and to which reference has just been made, is, no doubt, highly important also, but not so much so as that of disease. For, after all, character, as is well known, can be modified by environment and educational influence. As

regards the transmission of disease, there are the same two opposing views—denial and affirmation. Speaking generally, the theory which denies that disease can be directly hereditary would seem, in view of the recent interesting results which have been obtained from studying the question by way of pathological research, to be correct. For how is it to be understood that disease is directly transmitted from parent to offspring? To understand it, we should have to assume that the reproductive cells are affected with the particular disease, whatever it may be. But that is impossible. For there is the fundamental law in biology which is to the effect that, if once a cell is diseased, it no longer has the power to develop. Of course, there is another possibility, namely, that, though the reproductive cell is not in itself diseased, it is the receptacle, as it may be called, of a germ capable of producing a certain infection, much, say, in the same way as a capsule is the receptacle of some poisonous substance. But a disease transmitted in such a way—and which is now known amongst pathologists as “germinal infection”—would not be inherited in the strict sense of the word, for in discussing the possibility of an hereditarily acquired affection it is always understood that it forms part of the cell itself.

This general consideration is supported by many observations. In the first instance, supposing we accept the theory according to which, as we have seen, acquired bodily defects, whether of an external or internal character, are transmissible, we should expect to find, to mention a particularly well-known and striking case, that amongst Oriental nations that had long practised circumcision children would come to be born without a prepuce. But this is not so. It is true that a few such cases have been observed and described in medical literature, but they are purely abnormal and form just the exception which confirms the general rule. For, according to a quite competent observer, who lately published some interesting statistics bearing upon the subject, it would appear that similar cases occur just as often amongst nations that do not practise this custom. So much, then, as regards the case of transmission of external bodily defects. Then, also, if the spleen is, say, artificially removed, by means of one of the operations which have been invented for such a purpose, one would naturally expect that it would be either absent or degenerated to a considerable extent in the offspring. Numerous experi-

ments, however, which have recently been carried out by various observers with the same object in view, have elicited the interesting fact that no such result occurs. Those who favor the theory of the transmission of acquired defects, say, of an external character, endeavor to substantiate the view by instancing the South-American hornless cattle and the Manx tailless cats, which for generations have reproduced these characteristics. But they have failed to prove that they are not cases of atavism. Weismann, for instance, experimented with hundreds of white mice whose tails he had cut off, but in no single case was a tailless mouse born. In connection with this, it is interesting to note that similar experiments have lately been made by other—mainly French—observers, which were accompanied by the same negative result. Further, the advocates of the theory that acquired defects are transmitted also bring forward, by way of supporting their view, the contention that short-sightedness is inherited, and that the increased sense of smell which, as has recently been pointed out by a number of leading ophthalmologists, more often than not accompanies short-sightedness, is likewise derived by the offspring from the parent. But on neither of these points has it ever been demonstrated that it is not due to the conditions to which parent and child are alike exposed. In the animal kingdom, for instance, we can, of course, differentiate two quite distinct types of vision, some animals being far-sighted by nature, others short-sighted. The frog, for example, when out of water, can only see at a distance of about two or three inches, but this is quite far enough for his purpose of catching flies. The human being is naturally long-sighted. Thousands of aboriginals have been examined by various investigators, not so very long ago, and in not a single case has short-sightedness been discovered. The natural inference is that short-sightedness is acquired through modern conditions of life; and, as parents and offspring are exposed to these same conditions, the defect is much more likely to be the result of identity of environment and condition than of hereditary influence.

Finally, from the vast number of important facts which have been observed, and sufficiently studied and elucidated during recent years, one is justified in drawing the following conclusions:

1. Diseases, as such, whether inborn or acquired, are *never* transmitted; that, however, in the case of inborn affections, the

predisposition to the malady—but not the malady itself—is transmitted from parent to offspring. But the practical-minded person is very apt to ask what difference there is between the transmissibility of predisposition and the transmissibility of the disease itself, should the latter eventually develop in the offspring. The importance of this question can be shown without difficulty. In the case of tuberculosis, which until quite recently was generally regarded as an inherited disease, the latest scientific investigations have proved beyond doubt that it is not the germ itself that is inherited, but the *predisposition* to the disease. The importance of this discovery must be obvious, for, when there is predisposition only, there is the possibility of every care being taken to avoid all the injurious elements which might favor or give rise to the development of the disease. The children, therefore, of consumptive parents have thus a very good chance of remaining free from any ill effects. Tuberculosis is so widely spread and terrible a scourge as to suggest that it must in itself be hereditary, and it is, therefore, a long step in the right direction to learn that this is not actually the case, for it helps greatly to a better understanding of the means to be taken to suppress it.

2. *Acquired* external defects or mutilations of any kind are, as a rule, *not transmitted*.

3. As regards *acquired* pathological disarrangements of *internal* organs, there is some probability—judging at least from the results which have recently been obtained from certain experiments and operations on the nervous system—of their being transmitted from parent to offspring, but under quite definite and special circumstances, that is to say, if these internal lesions have caused the parent great suffering and called for much endurance.

LOUIS ELKIND.

WALT WHITMAN.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

TALKING of Whitman, Symonds said, is like talking of the Cosmos. Indeed, to talk of any very great man is something like exploring the universe; and, when one has done, the best one can hope is to have considered one's own point of view, to have found some ground for the faith that is in one and to have given account of one's little personal acquisitions upon the journey through a bigger consciousness.

Whatever one may feel of Whitman—and it is interesting to note that very few people who know him at all feel indifferently—one cannot but see that he fares better in the hands of the great than in the hands of the average man and that the profounder the mind that comes to him the greater the appreciation given. The instant recognition which Whitman won from men like Emerson, Swinburne (despite his recanting), Edmund Gosse, John Addington Symonds, John Burroughs, William Michael Rossetti, Tennyson, Dante Rossetti, William Bell Scott, Frederic Myers, and the exquisitely sensitive Edward Carpenter, must count for something in weighing the personality and power of the man, no less than his great attraction for children, for women like Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Berenson, Mrs. Burroughs, and for the so-called plain man and the savage. There is a pretty tale of how Whitman, when he was out West, visited a lot of captive Indians in the company of a number of well-known politicians, government officials and editors. The distinguished guests were duly announced and their offices explained to the Indians, who remained perfectly impassive and stolid. Finally, at the end of the line, slouched Whitman, then too little known to be announced or introduced. The Indian chief looked him steadily in the eye for a moment and then advanced, extending his hand, and said "How!"

while all the other Indians followed suit, surrounding him, shaking his hand and offering him their single word of English greeting, "How!" President Lincoln, standing at the window of the White House one day, saw Whitman sauntering by, and commented, "Well, *he* looks like a *man*"; while Emerson is said to have handed the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" to O'Connor with the words, "Americans abroad may now come home, for unto us a man is born!" This impression of force and virility, of power to cope with life for himself and for others, is a definite factor in Whitman's personality. He seems in his life in the hospital during war times to have been positively health-giving in himself, and his assertions of this power tally with the doctrines of the varying new cults that rely upon the power of mind over matter. "I can testify," he wrote at that time, "that friendship has literally cured a fever, and the medicine of daily affection a bad wound."

Whitman did not go to the war. His brother George was one of the first to enlist; and it is once more a fact bearing upon his own personality that he seems never to have considered the question as to whether or not he would be justified in bearing arms for his country. His whole feeling about life forbade killing or quarrelling on any terms, for any cause. Perhaps upon no other American did the war make so profound an impression:

"My book and the war are one,
Merged in its spirit, I and mine—as the contest hinged on thee.
As a wheel on its axis turns, this Book, unwitting to itself
Around the idea of thee."

But his part in it he seems from the beginning to have conceived as that of helper, consoler and healer, and never that of the fighter. His one phrase of reproach against the South was cut out of the later editions of his poems; and he maintained, except for his enthusiastic love for Lincoln, the attitude of the non-partisan observer.

"We walk among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers
nor anything that is asserted;

We hear the bawling and din—we are reached at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,

Yet we walk unheld, free."

This refusal to take sides falls together, of course, with his refusal in later life to take any part in discussions or to read any polemical literature. Any books dealing with the discussions of science and religion he rejected, apparently always realizing the unity at the apex of diversities. As science was the analysis of reality through knowledge, so religion was its synthesis again through love, and he refused to set himself on one side or the other.

His health, vigor, and peacefulness were no more a part of his personality than his feeling for democracy, for the equality, even the unity, of all races and peoples. It is more difficult to do away with distinctions than one thinks. One can realize that it is the only fine and real way to do so; and, seen from a great enough height, the ridiculousness of the stress we lay upon our little differences is of course evident. To the supreme creative and upholding force one can easily see that our little variations in worldly conditions, in tastes, in intelligence, must seem infinitely smaller than to us the microscopic differences in the size of wasps' waists would be, and as absurd a matter for pluming oneself upon; and yet the whole of human civilization has been built up upon these differences between man and man. Whitman's vision carried at once beyond any such small matter. He uttered the word *en masse*, realizing that humanity was in reality one and a totality, and that no man can reach very much higher than the whole to which he belongs, any more than a chain can be stronger than its weakest link. To every man who should be drawn to him he desires to assert two things—that the possibilities of growth and goodness are infinite, and that evil is not fatal. To every one, however weak and repulsive and thwarted—and his list of such is, as all his lists are, singularly complete and inclusive—he brings the message that life is “immense in passion, pulse and power, cheerful and for freest action formed.” There is a profound sacredness, he wishes to assert, in every human experience, since to bring it to the birth, the globe lay preparing quintillions of years without one plant or animal.

“And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present and can be none in the future;

And I will show that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results—and I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death.”

Any man bearing within him habitually any such large measure of health and hope can easily be understood to have healing powers, and we can realize how the thought should result in that "almost irrepressible joyousness" which, one of his friends records, "shone from his face and seemed to pervade his whole body." He has the force and consoling power of being sure of himself.

"And I know I am solid and sound,
To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow;
And all are written to me, and I must find out what the writing means."

There is, indeed, a very effective force to be built on and of this sensation that the universe and the eternal processes are all right, and that the only difficulty is to be alive enough to understand and to cope with them. Seen from the outside, the events of Whitman's life were certainly not what one could label flamboyantly successful; but his sense of life, his conviction of the rightness and success of the part he was playing, is, I suppose, the most assured ever recorded in other than sacred literatures. Browning had somewhat the same feeling and somewhat the same sort of health-giving personality; but, in his case, the antagonism aroused was much weaker and the assurance much less strong, as any one may see who studies *La Saisiaz*, Christmas Eve and Easter Day. His verdict was that sorrow preponderated in life, unless this life proved to be the threshold of real life, the pupil's place, the beginning of experience. If one compare this with Whitman, one finds it to be the difference between questioning and asserting, between seeking and finding. Whether Whitman was justified or not is far too wide a question to answer, but what he says is:

"I know I am august;
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood;
I exist as I am—that is enough;
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content;
And if each and all be aware, I sit content.
One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself;
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait."

In the mean time he lived and believed firmly in himself, and his mission and his life were ruled by love and faith; intense love of the world and of man permeates every leaf of his book, unshakable faith, too, in humanity—in man and, taken separately, in men. Aggressively he asserts it:

“Through me many long dumb voices;
Voices of interminable generations of slaves;
Voices of prostitutes and of deformed persons;
Voices of the diseased and the despairing, and of thieves and dwarfs;
Voices of the cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of the threads that connect the stars—

And of the rights of them others are down upon,
Of the trivial flat, foolish, despised, etc.

I embody all presences outlawed or suffering,
See myself in prison shaped like another man,
And feel the dull unintermittent pain.”

This feeling of being united to all the evil as well as all the good, this indignant assertion,

“Who degrades another, degrades me.”

“The weakest and shallowest is deathless in me;”

his sense given to so few mortals, that the soul is not only the little bit of consciousness that filters through the defective and trifling organism of one's own brain, but is all consciousness and all life, rising ecstatic through all the universe and sweeping with the true gravitation, speeding through space—speeding through heaven and the stars:

“Speeding amid the seven satellites, and the broad ring and the diameter of eighty thousand miles.

Speeding with tailed meteors—throwing fireballs like the rest,

Storming, enjoying, planning, loving, cautioning,

Backing and filling, appearing and disappearing,

I tread day and night such roads,”

the sense to be taken mainly into account when we attempt to sum up Whitman's personality.

“I am not contained between my hat and my boots,” he says colloquially, lest propounding the same truth more transcendent-

ly some plain, holy man may miss his meaning, or fancy him to be uttering a philosopher's truth, some distant thing for scholars to know. He said it so that it might carry conviction to all who, running, should read. To the commonest day-laborer, digging the road, to his pets, the 'bus-drivers and the firemen, he addresses it. you, too, you are not contained between your hat and your boots. Invisible, unseen threads, like spider's filaments, like the invisible ether connecting stars, these weave out from you and mesh themselves into the infinite web of the Cosmos. You are continually sending out thoughts that journey through endless intricacies of immeasurable consciousness, you are drawing in and breathing forth again immortal soul-stuff, and there, digging the ditch, apparently bending over between your hat and your boots, is the *you* of unutterable, unending significance, there is the concentrated point of all that you see and think, all that you dimly conceive and dream, all that you are to become; for, when you reach and stand upon what is now but your distant vista, there will be new horizons stretching beyond toward which you may journey, new sites, beyond and beyond and ever beyond that. For, in due time, accomplishment journeys after conception, and no man need be fretted and worried lest out of the root of his being no growth spring up. In every man, the seed of the divine is sown and there is infinite possibility of flower and fruit; what seems stunted and sterile is but that which waits upon time for fruition. The universe is good, and its rhythmic swing is part of the goodness; and, as it balances between light and shade, success and failure, night and day, joy and sorrow, hope and frustration, it is bearing more and more into life and consciousness. Only, no point is final; there is no graspable goal; knocked down, we must rise up the stronger to the fight; as a horse, when he has run, runs again, as a man who has accomplished sets himself a larger task. This, or something like this, is the mood which Whitman induces, helping each man to liberate himself from his personal fate and to identify himself with the whole of life, with the prisoner and the president equally, transforming all events into the power to wait grandly upon eternal issues.

It is easy, in a general way, to admit the value and the worth of such a doctrine; but the difficulty arises when we try to apply it to specific cases. Generations of training and hardening into the habit of selection have made life almost wholly a matter

of choice; the whole plane upon which our heritage has landed is one of discrimination between better and worse, beautiful and ugly. But Whitman eliminates comparison. Art draws lines; mysticism industriously wipes them out. Whitman breaks bounds, erases outlines and throws up formless masses of earth-works, which, perhaps, a later generation will once more outline into a larger, a more inclusive beauty than we have yet known. His personal task was not that of the finisher, the polisher. He created masses from which a form but vaguely emerges, half embodied and half melted into the formless chaos behind. Like one infinitely greater than he, he rejected only scribes and Pharisees. "Conformity," he says, "goes to the fourth-remove." It is interesting to note, in passing, that the one unpardonable sin in Whitman's eyes is the same and only sin which Shelley and Browning could not pardon, and that it is, likewise, the one unassailable virtue of average man, namely, conventionality, living by rote, by imitation, by fear of disapproval, instead of by the light of the soul and the inspiration of the inner voice. "Be wicked," Whitman writes, "rather than virtuous out of conformity or fear," and this, perhaps, throws light upon the parable of the prodigal son.

Together with his refusal of distinctions goes his glorification of the present moment. He turned his back upon the romantic, he studied, the far-fetched, to shed new glamour over the nearest, easiest, meanest, and to show their inherent and abiding divinity. Not far-away times, not chivalric adventure—the fighting of dragons and the winning of fair ladies—were to him more important, beautiful, joyous, than the passing faces in the street, the shifting aspects of sea and sky. Not carnage, and killing and war were to him more exciting than night and peace. No European Cathedral contained more of God's grandeur and eternity than the Brooklyn ferry. He shifted all qualities from the perceived to the perceiver. It is true that the more dead we are the more stimulation we require to help us perceive beauty and grandeur, and the more alive we are the more significance we have power to project into daily sights and sounds. Whitman himself was so keenly alive that the flood of glory seems never to have run shallow for him. Personally, his tastes were of the simplest; he enjoyed a game of twenty questions with children, a day under a tree with a book, a ferry ride or a car ride or a walk alone by

night. Out of a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, he managed to feel very prosperous himself and to give his mother an allowance.

He said of himself that he was most fully himself in loving his comrades and in singing his songs. That the whole of himself was never included in the casual and the temporal, was a most insistent sense with him, and one that pervades all his poems:

"Trippers and askers surround me;
 People I meet—the effect upon me of my early life, or the world and
 city I live in, or the nation,
 The latest dates, discoveries, inventions, societies, authors, old and
 new,
 My dinner, dress, associates, looks, compliments, dues,

 Battles, the horrors of fratricidal war, the fever of doubtfulness, the
 fitful events,
 These come to me days and nights and go from me again,
 But they are not the ME, myself.

"Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am;
 Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary;
 Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable, certain rest,
 Looking with side-curved head, curious what will come next,
 Both in and out of the game, and watching and wondering at it."

And again:

"Aware now amid all that blab whose echoes recoil upon me, I have
 not once had the least idea who or what I am,
 But that before all my arrogant poems the real ME stands yet un-
 touched, untold, altogether unreachd,
 Withdrawn, far, mocking me with mock-congratulatory signs and
 bows,
 With peals of distant, ironical laughter at everything I have written,
 Pointing in silence to these songs and then to the sand beneath."

This haunting sense, ever present with him, of the hidden reality behind appearances, is perhaps what gives the strange appearance of intimacy to his eyes. Of all the published portraits there are two which seem to give something of the personality of the man. One is the picture he himself preferred, taken when he was sixty-two, sitting in a rustic chair, turned in profile; on his finger, held out before him, a butterfly has alighted; his other hand is thrust in his pocket, an habitual attitude, if one may generalize from the pictures. The general impression is of re-

pose and patience, of one considering profound matters at ease,—“as of a man preoccupied with his own soul.” The other significant picture is a photograph of the head only, taken at the age of thirty-five. He has no tie on, a shirt open at the neck, showing the button of the undershirt. Eyes and mouth are the significant features. The eyes are gentle but searching, insistent, almost repellently intimate. The mouth is large, loose, sensual; and, though it shows tolerance and generosity, the expression is, at first, repellent. The face seems to rob us of all our reserves; it is so canny, so knowing that it almost suggests hypocrisy. Once one analyzes this impression, one understands that it is not that he wilfully hides or disguises himself, but that so profound a consciousness is, by the nature of it, a mystery to the lesser mind and that the fault lies in us, not in him. Our revolt is that we cannot know him, and yet he, looking out, knows us better than we dare know ourselves. Burroughs says that, when Whitman was past sixty, he had doubtless “the finest head this age or country has seen. . . . The lines were so simple, so free, so strong. High-arching brows; straight, clear-cut nose; heavy-lidded, blue eyes; forehead not thrust out and emphasized, but a vital part of a symmetrical, dome-shaped head; ear large and the most delicately carved I have ever seen.” It is a pity that this ear is covered by hair and beard in all the photographs, and that the head, in many of them, is covered by a hat. In the picture taken at the age of fifty, the shape of the forehead shows as the high and somewhat narrow forehead of the idealist, so different from the broad, full forehead of the artist, and the insistent knowingness of the eyes comes out strongly, too, in this picture.

Turning from his personality to his work, it is as difficult as ever to sum up or to say anything conclusive. There are pages when he seems to be monotonously enumerating things or cognitions; pages, too, when he is presenting ideas as vast and as incomprehensible as the universe. There are pages where we feel that the light he is flooding over existence is almost too glaring and dazzling to bear, and parts that are vague and obscure as a dream, and we grapple in vain to find out what he is driving at. Without one thing, he warns you, it is useless to try to read him, but he does not tell you what the one thing is. You may guess at it many times and not hit it; your novitiate, he warns you, must be long and exhausting, the whole past theory of your life

and all conformity to the lives around you must be abandoned. His poems, like all great forces, are as like to do evil as good, and his meaning is not to be come at by study. He will not emerge for you in company, or in a house and least of all in a library. It is just possible that alone upon a high hill, or sailing at sea, or on a quiet island or by merely carrying the book thrust in your clothing as you walk, its mystical meaning may penetrate you.

If one compare Whitman with another contemporary genius, like him mystical and immense, with Robert Browning, it seems that Browning offers a world and Whitman a universe. Browning gives us types, kings, bishops, priests, lovers, actors, painters, sculptors, musicians, charlatans, mediums, popes, lawyers, judges, young women, girls, wives, worldly women, duchesses, saintly women, wicked women; but Whitman goes further: he does not stop to describe his multitudes or to set them into self-describing actions; he merely enumerates them; he hands you the catalogue, the surge of the great human procession as it passes, and trusts you to do the rest. The Yankee, the Southern planter, the Kentuckian, a boatman, a Hoosier, a Badger, Buckeye, a Canadian, a man from Vermont or from Maine, a Texan ranchman, a raftsmen, a learner, a teacher, a farmer, a mechanic, an artist, gentleman, sailor, Quaker, prisoner, fancyman, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest, men, men, men of every hue, trade, rank, caste and religion, from Africa, Europe, Asia, and the New World, he posits and states them, only to gather them together and show their underlying unity, their one breathing body, their similar course, being born, going round and round, passing and coming again, developing from the quahaug in its callous shell to the genius, thin-skinned and alive at every pore to every wafted breeze.

Like Browning, he was born a poet; one who had a word to say to the world and was determined, despite all opposition, to get it said. Like Browning, it was many years before he won any way at all; and, unlike Browning, he died before any sort of general appreciation was offered him. But he himself asserted that the test of his poems could not be set for some hundred years. He felt a supreme and righteous contempt for the trade of writing, *as a trade*, and for the men "who write all over the surface of the earth and never dig a foot in the ground—just everlastingly write." His own power of suggestion is very great. Without description, without indirect forms, such as parable and

narrative, classical or historical allusion, he draws the reader into his atmosphere and spreads his feeling of good comradeship, faith, trust, and cheer about him. The very obscurity of some of his lines seems to lend them thought-suggesting power. They give you no rest any more than the horizon-line which shifts as you move toward it, ever escaping you. Perhaps the difficulty arises from the fact that of ultimate truth there is, and can be, no statement. One uses some tiny symbol, like the word "immortality," to stand for a truth which no man can ever dream of in its actuality. There are statements, like those contained in the opening chapter of St. John, deep enough to drown all our meanings in.

Shelley and Browning both give us intimations of prenatal existence and of future incarnations; but the theory of the immortality and unity of the soul is never absent from Whitman; it is his constant iteration:

"O, living always, always dying,
O, the burials of me, past and present,
O me, while I stride ahead, material, visible, imperious as ever,
O me, what I was for years, now dead (I lament not, I am content),
O, to disengage myself from those corpses of me, which I turn and
look at, where I cast them,
To pass on (O, living, always living!), and leave the corpses behind!"

His sense of eternity is never broken in upon; and, with his unparalleled ability to project himself into all life, and identify himself with all conceptions, comes his unbending power to trust the vast, ungraspable issues of eternity.

Swinburne, in his *Whitmania* essay, regrets Whitman's lack of education, using education presumably in the sense of a sophisticated intimacy with worldly distinctions,—the kind of education which is pumped into a man by tutors, university lectures, books and travel—in fact, an elaborated initiation into mediocre opinions. As a matter of fact, Whitman was quite as well read, if not as much read, as Swinburne. He was thoroughly versed in the great books of original and primal force, and had a profound education of the kind that is dug out of oneself. The faith that all human knowledge and experience are contained in the soul some place, if we but dig deep enough to get them, hold still enough and ponder long enough to catch and haul them to the surface of consciousness, was a faith which Whitman shared with all seers, prophets, and men of first rank, original genius. How

much of their achievement would Tolstoy and Ibsen, Browning and Wordsworth, presumably ascribe to schools and university education? And what would Isaiah and Jeremiah have thought of giving years to the study of theological dispute? Mr. Swinburne knows as well as any one that no great man is excusable who does other than search his soul for his truth and present it again in his own personal form. It was all of a piece with Whitman's democracy to use the rough unmeasured form he chose. He eschewed distinctions, he despised scholarship, he rejected authority, he never quoted and never imitated. Dante quoted Virgil, Tennyson quoted Dante, Shakespeare quoted everybody, and everybody since has quoted Shakespeare; but Whitman quoted no one. Mr. Swinburne is a poet, and so great a poet that it is pathetic to think he sometimes mistook himself for so small a thing as a mere critic. Never in his prose is he capable of speaking from the whole and the unified consciousness. Some little partial, hysterical fit of anger, indignation, denial, raillery or admiration seizes him and spouts out a torrent of words from him, words that fit only into judgments and records when they swing in his long, majestic, rhythmic, measured lines, so intricately rhymed. With such wonderful facility do words jut out at his least idea that it is difficult to fancy what sort of fantastic play they would have had with him but for his inborn metrical genius. Mr. Swinburne accuses Whitman of trying to be a thinker and yet unable to think, a singer and unable to sing. One can easily fancy that some of Whitman's enthusiastic admirers, comparing him with Shakespeare and Shelley, to the detriment of the latter, should have aroused Swinburne's vehement ire. It is quite true that Whitman habitually delves below the upper surface of logical reason for his thought, and also true that in his work he eliminates all process and presents only conclusions. He had about him nothing at all of the artist and the craftsman; perhaps he had fewer talents than any great poet ever known. He presents not a pretty combination of abilities, a gift for rhyme, a keen visual sense, a delicate sensitiveness to verbal cadences; he presents Whitman, a robust whole indivisible as atmosphere; he is not of the make-up of a scholar or an analyst; he is of the make-up of a prophet and seer. He never argues or coaxes. He flings a truth down like a bomb in front of you, careless whether it explode and annihilate you or not. Like the prophet Isaiah

he exhorts, he predicts, he announces visions and communications; he claims supernal powers of vision and knowledge of truth, but he refuses to reason with you or give you logical evidence. He *knew* that the whole solution of life lay in love, and that to love God with all your might and your neighbor as yourself was the first and bravest end of man. He *knew* himself divine, and that all were divine and worthy equally of respect and honor; he knew the universe instinct with life and vitality and divinity, and the very clay clods beneath our feet as latent, possible man. With St. Francis he shared the ecstatic love of animals, breezes, trees, and it is upon this whole-hearted desire for human brotherhood, this unlimited, unbounded belief in love and pardon and infinite growth, that he based, as did Shelley before him, his claim to brotherhood with "Him Crucified."

"My spirit to yours, dear brother,

Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,

I do not sound your name, but I understand you,

I specify you with joy, O my comrade, to salute you and to salute those who are with you, before and since, and those to come after, That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession

Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are."

As to his music, it is certainly more irregular, more broken by prolonged strange successions of dissonances and difficult solutions, more unmeasured and difficult of analysis than that of any preceding English poet. Indeed, it comes nearer to having the swing and grandeur of certain psalms, the fortieth chapter of Isaiah and Deborah's Song of Triumph in the King James version of the Bible than the measure of any English poem. It is not to be overlooked that the difference between Whitman's music and that of our earlier, more lyrical poets is in the same line of progression that modern music has moved. That whereas Milton produces splendid organ music with lyric intermezzos, and Swinburne has at command a whole orchestra playing the various instruments separately, teaching the flute the very note of the nightingale, or getting from the violin the weird, sad cry of the sea-mew, or leading the whole orchestra in superb and final choruses, Whitman gives the human voice alone, in irregular,

prolonged recitative, only here and there introducing a little singing melody as in "Tears, tears, tears," "Come, lovely and soothing Death," and occasionally mere slangy colloquial talk of the street. On this matter of slang and common speech there are two things to be said. Doubtless, the grave-digger's colloquy in "Hamlet" and the porter's interlude in "Macbeth," and other episodic interruptions of a like nature, now so integral a part of the Shakespearian plays to us, were at the time but the appeal direct to the populace, the common jest and colloquialism of the street offered to bring the people into closer touch. There is something a little shocking in the familiarity, the lack of reserve and dignity in such lines as—

"I tucked my trowser-ends in my boots and went and had a good time,
You should have been with us that day over the chowder-kettle."

One can only reflect that Whitman wrote for posterity and for the ages. Language grows in dignity and in significance and power by distance. Compare the sense of strangeness and power with which a foreign language or an archaism touches us and the insignificance of common familiar talk. "Be not afraid, it is I," lost all its serenity when the little child, eager only for substance, translated it into "Don't be scared, it's me coming." Take that fine old passage from the Suttas:

"Like a lion not startled at noises,
Like the wind not caught in a net,
Like the lotus not stained by the water,
Let me wander alone like a rhinoceros,"

and practically all its beauty consists in its alien atmosphere, in its suggestion of strange, far-away sights and sounds. So perhaps what comes upon us to-day, in Whitman, with the shock of the commonplace may some day be as dignified in its strangeness and beauty as the lines:

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

Two other points which Mr. Swinburne holds against Whitman are that he is a rhetorician; that he offers us mere words and that he shows no chivalry toward women. Now, rhetoric is the

love of high-sounding, fire-new words merely for the words' sake; but this is no accusation to bring against Whitman, who believed himself a prophet with a message as fervently as ever Isaiah or Jeremiah did. He was noticeably oblivious of the sound and texture of words, as well as negligent of their associational value. Whatever words conveyed his meaning most plainly, swiftly, precisely, familiarly, those words he used. His speech was forthright and plain, addressed to the common man, to the ditch-digger as no less important than the Hebrew scholar.

As to the lack of chivalric sentiment toward woman, that must simply be handed over to each individual woman to decide whether she is more honored as Venus, Iseult, Dolores, Félise, the raven-locked woman in the "Triumph of Time," or in Whitman's insistent mention of her as the race-mother, the equal of man, out of whom all creation is unfolded. But it becomes Mr. Swinburne less than any other English poet to make this accusation.

And now here one must glance at that peculiarity which cost Whitman much support, many friends and final recognition, his stubborn refusal to accept the conventional reserves. This mistake cost him Emerson's support; it is the flaw which robs him of many readers. In this connection, we must remember Whitman's theory of the glorification of creation and of creative force. There are no so-called love-poems in his work, there is much glorification of fatherhood and motherhood, and as deep calleth unto deep so his soul responds to the idea of thought and emotion taking upon themselves flesh and form and becoming visible and active in the material world. Woman was to him the great keeper of the race, and the helpmate of man. His love for his own mother he records as the chief affection of his life, and, after that, friendship or, as he preferred to call it, love of comrades.

Again, it is well to call to mind that it is the clean elemental consciousness, it is innocence and purity that most easily invest all processes with holiness and dignity, and possibly as men grow more and more to this altitude will the offence of this part of Whitman's writing become a negligible factor.

Throughout his life he practised faith, hope and charity. His whole object was to live and not to die, and to help other men to live and not to die, but to earn for the body and the mind what adheres and goes forward and is never dropped by death.

There remains one more element in Whitman to remark and one repeatedly brought to mind in three recent books of biography,* namely, the ascription to Whitman by his friends of almost supernal powers, and their unabashed comparison of him with the greatest masters of living. If we are to accept the statement of Mr. Binns and Mr. Carpenter, Whitman's early life was certainly not devoid of reproach. However completely he may have turned from that part of his life afterward, it would seem legitimately to divorce him from the assumption of the highest holiness. His way of feeling life and humanity was large, patient, far-seeing and loving, but his method was definitely to descend into the midst of natural life and spread cheer and good-will. There is another method, which is, living above the general level of righteousness, gradually to exalt that level. This seems to have been the method of such masters of living as St. Francis and Buddha and, above all, of the Supreme Human Pattern.

The note of the Christian Gospel, the note of self-surrender and renunciation, is certainly not sounded in its entirety in Whitman; and yet, disguised, it is there. That note of selflessness which is unworldliness and unconventionality, which refuses to preen itself with belongings and material things, that kind of renunciation which holds its whole life lightly on the hand for any man to take, that free and universal gift of the best of one's personality to whomsoever will partake, these Whitman most certainly had. The complete overcoming of fear and desire, the unafraid acceptance of death, are all forms of asceticism, for asceticism merely means choking out the lower that the higher may live; letting the small and partial self die to make room for the better and bigger self to thrive in the joyful assurance that wherever the little, the casual, the temporal fade, the purposeful and the eternal are conceived and grow. But not his unworldliness, his bigness, his extraordinary prophetic power, his cosmic consciousness, undeniable as these are, justify the claims made for him by his enthusiastic friends, that he stands on the pinnacle with the supreme Masters of Life.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

* "Walt Whitman," Henry Bryan Binns. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906. "Days with Walt Whitman," Edward Carpenter. The Macmillan Co., 1906. "With Walt Whitman in Camden," Horace Traubel. Small, Maynard & Co., 1906.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG: BERLIN: WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *July, 1906.*

THE terrible accident that, in the early hours of July 1st, wrecked the boat express from Plymouth and caused the death of over twenty American passengers made, I need hardly say, a deep impression upon England. Until the official inquiry has been held, it is, of course, premature to guess how and why it happened, but popular and non-expert opinion inclines to ascribe it to the fatal combination of too high a speed with too light a load. Accidents of such magnitude, or indeed of any magnitude at all, are, happily, exceedingly rare in England, where the safety of those who work on the railroads and of those who travel by them has been provided for in a thousand stringent and microscopic regulations, and by the enforced use of every apparatus and device that can minimize danger. But when accidents happen, public opinion is at once aroused, insists upon all the facts coming to light, and unflinchingly supports the Board of Trade in whatever reforms officialdom may demand.

American railway men, who have talked of Mr. Roosevelt's Rate Bill as an unwarrantable interference with private enterprise, must often thank their stars that they do not live in England. Here the Board of Trade has almost plenary power of compelling a railway to adopt any system or appliance that promises to add to the security of railway employees or of the travelling public. Under its statutory authority to make proper regulations "for removing the dangers and risks incidental to railway service," there is scarcely any detail of railway management and working that lies beyond its scope. The railway directors have sense enough not to fight the Board of Trade. As much as possible, they work in harmony with it. Before any

regulation is issued, the railways are fully heard, and the new rule, in nine cases out of ten, represents an agreement between the company and the Government. There is attached to the Board of Trade what is known as an "Accidents Branch," composed of four Royal Engineers as inspectors, and two practical railroad men as their assistants. Whenever an accident occurs, a full report of it has to be furnished to the Government by the railways themselves. This regulation must be complied with whether there have been any casualties or not. When an accident is serious—and in England almost every accident is held by public opinion to be serious—the Government inspectors visit the scene, hold a public inquiry, examine witnesses and report to the Board of Trade. Their recommendations are all but invariably adopted and new rules and regulations, based upon them, are issued at once, and not only issued but enforced.

I happened to find myself at a small country station in Surrey a day or two before the Salisbury catastrophe. Many trains passed through it in the course of the day, but few stopped—not, I think, more than one an hour. Yet at this little village station, where a hundred passengers a day would be considered a heavy traffic, I found every possible provision for the public safety. On either side of the double track ran platforms, solid, asphalted, each a hundred and twenty yards long. An overhead bridge connected them. If you tried to cross the rails by the simple American expedient of stepping over them, you were peremptorily ordered back by the station-master, a faultless official in blue coat with gold buttons. All the appointments of the booking-office and waiting-rooms were sufficient and substantial. There was no approach to the tracks except through the station, and the only approaches to the station consisted of the main road and a rural by-path that was fenced for eternity. So far as the eye could reach, a man could have got on to the rails only by an act of deliberate and troublesome trespass. He would have had to climb to do it. A little beyond one end of the platforms was a grade crossing, protected by a double set of heavily barred gates. The gates were worked by lever from the signal-box, and the levers could only be moved when the track signals were properly adjusted. So far as human precautions could prevent it, no accident could possibly happen at such a place. And not only, I may add, had everything been done to insure safety, but the station

and all its surroundings, in the quiet and fragrance of that June evening, seemed like a miniature paradise. The booking-office and waiting-rooms were covered with flowering creepers and along the entire length of both platforms rose-bushes and carnations, irises and geraniums, had been planted out in rich orderliness.

In everything except its beauty that little station was typical of the whole railroad system of England. The preventives against accident I found operative there are in force over every mile of every railroad throughout the entire kingdom; and that the English railroads are worked with an absolute minimum of risk to passengers and employees and to the public at large is, I think, unquestionable. By the use of the block system on all double-track roads, and of the electric "staff," or ticket system, on all single-track roads, by protecting with automatic interlocking gates and signals the comparatively few level crossings that still exist, by thoroughly guarding the tracks by hedges, walls and fences and imposing heavy fines upon trespassers, by providing ample facilities for overhead or underground crossings from platform to platform, and by maintaining a Government department authorized not only to investigate all accidents, but to suggest and enforce measures to safeguard against their recurrence, the English railroads have probably become the safest in the world. I say "probably," because I have no recent statistics of accidents on the Continental lines. Compared, however, with the workings of the American railroad system, Great Britain makes a remarkable showing. Mr. J. D. Whelpley, who recently investigated the subject, writes that, "with a train mileage less than half that of the American roads, the English roads in 1903 hauled twice as many passengers, conducted their business on one-tenth the trackage, and in doing so killed but one-tenth as many people and injured less than one-tenth as many. If the fatalities occurring in England be classified, and those due solely to train movement be compared with the fatalities incurred on American roads from similar causes, the results will show tremendously to the advantage of English operation." In 1903, some 10,000 people were killed and 75,000 injured through the workings of American railroads; while in England 1,159 were killed and 6,785 were injured. More than one-half of the deaths on the English lines were caused by the carelessness of individual passengers, and over 150 were suicides. In the same year, there were 6,167 collisions

and 4,476 derailments in the United States, and 111 collisions and 80 derailments in the United Kingdom. Considering that the density of English traffic is six to one greater than that of American traffic, and that the English roads have to operate within an area little larger than the State of New York, their comparative immunity from accidents is all the more wonderful.

Thirty years ago, it was the usual thing for Europe, and especially for England, to be pessimistic as to the future of the United States. No prediction was more common than that there was bound to be a "big smash-up" in America sooner or later. The foreboding was based in the main on the observation of political facts—such facts, for instance, as are embodied in the problem of the continued existence and activities of Tammany Hall. Mr. Bryce's book on the American Commonwealth with its curious mingling of optimism and Godkinism did much to turn opinion in a more hopeful direction, and the feeling of despondency with which the outside world watched American developments gradually died away. But it is now reviving in all, and more than all, its old force; and it differs from the pessimism of the seventies in being based on a review of economic as well as political conditions. The "literature of exposure" has found readers outside the American Continent, and the effect of its successive sensations on the public mind of Great Britain can scarcely be overrated. From one end of the country to the other you will not find any one doubting that American commercial morality is rotten, and that the United States, while a democracy in name, is governed in reality by a shameless and corrupting plutocracy. It is felt that a dehumanized wage-system, a tyrannizing and unscrupulous capitalism and a blind popular unrest are driving the country to the very edge of a great convulsion. I may note, in this connection, that the article by "X," in the June number of this REVIEW, entitled "An Appeal to our Millionaires," has been seized upon as highly significant of the crisis through which America appears to be passing.

But these sentiments and these fears did not in any way prevent Englishmen from joining, as usual, with Americans in the celebration of Independence Day, a festival that has now taken permanent rank in the national calendar. The callers at the American Embassy on July 4th comprised this year, as last year and as always, some of the most distinguished names in English

public life; and the English speakers at the banquet in the evening gave familiar and sincere expression to the desire, which on this side of the Atlantic is unanimous, that England and the United States, while politically separate, should continue to be one in sympathies and interests. To a reflective mind, there is something that speaks well for the British character in this national eagerness to participate in the commemoration of the birthday of American independence. It is true that a hundred and thirty years have passed since the day that marked the greatest disaster in English history; but the ready and handsome manner in which Englishmen of the highest position and authority do yearly penance for their ancestors' share in provoking the American Revolution is none the less a rare and ingratiating trait. When you get down to the bottom of the case, there can be no doubt that Englishmen as a whole, in spite of this scandal and of that, are proud of America, and that many of them think that Britain's chief title to a foremost place in the roll of history may ultimately prove to be the chance or design that led to her colonization of America and to the endowment of her giant offspring with English laws, the English language, and the English type of civilization.

British politics during the past month have been almost absorbed by the Education Bill—a measure that, starting out by being a sectarian answer to a sectarian attack, has now been developed by amendments and concessions into something like a national and permanent settlement of the “religious difficulty.” But by all odds the most interesting political event of the month was the great demonstration that took place in Birmingham, on July 7th and 9th, in honor of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday. It was a wholly non-partisan tribute of affection and admiration by the people of Birmingham and of the surrounding districts to their great fellow citizen; and it was a tribute that not even his most convinced opponent grudged him in the least. There have been few things in the history of modern English politics more curious or more honorable than the way in which Mr. Chamberlain, through all the vagaries of his career, has stuck to Birmingham and the way in which Birmingham has stuck to Mr. Chamberlain. So far as I can recall at this moment, he is the only British statesman of first rank who is absolutely identified with a town. Politically, no one ever thinks of Mr. Chamber-

lain without also thinking of Birmingham, or of Birmingham without also thinking of Mr. Chamberlain. Most of the men who reach Cabinet rank in England spring from the aristocracy and its offshoots, the great landowning and county families; and among the remainder it is quite exceptional to find a Minister who has kept up his connection with his old city. The town magnate's usual way of showing that he is a magnate is to cut his connection with the city, to get clear of the surroundings in which he has spent his working life, to go into the country and become a county, instead of merely a suburban, grandee. This is especially likely to be the case if he interests himself in politics, for the atmosphere on the upper levels of English politics is still palpably territorial. Mr. Chamberlain has either never felt this temptation or has been able to resist it. His home is still in Birmingham; in London he has merely a house; and he has never had, and never will have, a country place. His private interests centre absolutely in the town where he settled as a boy of eighteen. There most of his relatives live, and there he goes at once to relieve the strain of London and Parliamentary life. It is thirty years since he held any municipal office; yet, in all that time, there has been no movement of local importance to which he has not contributed his invaluable energy and guidance. Whatever it may be, a new public park, an art gallery, or a university, Mr. Chamberlain is ready on the instant to throw himself into it as though outside interests were non-existent. He has contrived, in short, to be at once a great local and a great national force; and for this alone Birmingham does well to honor him. He began his public life with an intense desire to create and develop a feeling of civic patriotism in the people of his adopted locality. He preached, and if the phrase may be pardoned, he practised, a pride in Birmingham such as the Greeks in classical times and the Italians of the Middle Ages felt in their cities. He held up the ideal of a self-sufficing town, with stately public institutions and a dignified and efficient public life, not dependent upon London or Oxford for picture-galleries, museums, libraries or a university, but in all things complete in itself. In the faith of that ideal he has never ceased to toil, and it received a magnificent vindication when Birmingham gave itself up for the best of two days to honoring the man who had forced it to be proud of itself. On that part of Mr. Chamberlain's record, at any rate, there is not a flaw.

ST. PETERSBURG, *July, 1906.*

RUSSIA might yet, perhaps, be saved from the most gruesome aspects of a sanguinary revolution, if there were one powerful, strong-willed man among the confidential advisers of the Tsar. For there are numerous sections of the population whose views are still reasonable and whose conduct is perfectly normal. And there are several social and political institutions yet intact, whose functions might readily be adjusted to the new demands and whose working might be rendered superlatively beneficent. The finances, too, are in a much better state than those of Italy, Austria or even Germany would have been, had they undergone ordeals like the war with Japan and the Russian general strikes. The tone of the village communities is hale and vigorous. The machinery of the intermediate and higher education is efficient, if only it were working. The majority of law-judges are generally men of honor and spirit, who would scorn to do an unrighteous deed or connive at an injustice which they could remedy. In a word, the Tsardom is like an engine taken to pieces. All or nearly all the parts are there; and, though some be spoiled or useless, others might more or less easily be substituted for them. But there must first come forward an engineer to put the parts together; and, until he has appeared, the engine is no better than a heap of scrap iron.

Unfortunately, there is no strong man near the Russian monarch, not even a daring and resolute one. General Trepoff, who is become a sort of hidden Grand Vizier, is the nearest approach to a Cæsar or Napoleon. His best quality is personal intrepidity, but he is devoid of statesmanlike sagacity and foresight. His police measures for the personal safety of the Tsar are admitted to be effectual and his intentions are avowedly good; but his political horizon is scarcely broader than a gypsy's, while his notion of political tactics is as crude as that of a cowboy. Yet Trepoff is the wirepuller of the Imperial Court and of a large section of the Russian Empire. It is he who has the ear of Nicholas, the last of Russia's Autocrats, and he judges, cannot but judge, the significance of every event, the seasonableness of every measure, the effect of each modification of policy, according to its relation to the one aim and object of his life—the Tsar's personal safety.

The Court party, of which the General is at present the soul,

and, unhappily, one must add, the brains as well, has been playing its cards most unskilfully. To begin with, the policy of the Crown being what it is, there ought never to have been an electoral law so liberal as that in accordance with which the country chose its delegates. But, once the law was issued, the friends of the monarch were bound in self-defence to take a leaf from the book of other governments, to found a political party and to influence the elections. Count Witté, however, refused categorically to meddle with the electorate. That he was asked and repeatedly asked to bring pressure to bear upon the voters I know; but he was deaf to arguments. Again, the elections over, and the relative strength of the parties once ascertained, it would probably have been politic to leave the creator of the Duma free to deal with his creation. Count Witté was willing to remain in office and form a homogeneous cabinet, if he had received the needful powers. But the Emperor would not listen to such a suggestion. He was resolved all along to dismiss the first premier as soon as might be, and to inaugurate what one may aptly term the "Pound-of-flesh" policy. What he had promised he would give, fully, unstintingly, but not an iota more.

To the impartial outsider who has no axe to grind in Russia it may seem that the proper course to take after Witté's dismissal would have been to appoint Ministers more liberal than he, or at any rate not less so. The Tsar, on the contrary, chose men who were notoriously the political adversaries of Count Witté, as well as his personal enemies. The result was to revolutionize the country. On the eve of the day on which he welcomed the Deputies as Russia's "best men," the Emperor surrounded himself by a circle of counsellors who, one might say, wished, if not these Deputies, at least the charter of their Duma, at the bottom of the Gulf of Finland, and were resolved to see that nothing more than the pound of flesh was cut out of the Autocracy, not one fibre more. A fruitful cooperation between such Ministers and a democratic Duma was as inconceivable as a useful combination of fire and water. The two institutions spoke different languages from the outset. They lacked a common platform. They could only hinder, not help, each other. And, as the Emperor has hitherto identified himself with the Ministry, his interests are beginning to be looked upon by the people as incompatible with those of the nation. The traditional worship of the Autocrat is ceasing, and

fears are entertained lest the worshippers, turned iconoclasts, may insist on invading the temple and shattering the idol. Everywhere the view is now being put forward that, so long as the Court camarilla is not abolished, there will be no order, no peace, no prosperity in the land. "The Augean stable," stump orators exclaim, "must be completely cleansed, and by a river of blood. Until that is done the new framework of the Government cannot be built upon the site of the old." The Duma is composed, they add, of very moderate men with whom any well-meaning Cabinet could have worked in harmony; but, Goremykin and his colleagues being bent on thwarting all its legislative efforts, no business could be transacted.

The Government is seemingly aware of its mistake and desirous of drawing the practical consequences from the discovery, but, as usual, too late. The Deputies, who hitherto felt confident that the Crown would shrink from dissolving or even proroguing the Duma, have lost their certitude. They are now discussing their attitude in the contingency of an Imperial ukase appearing in the "Government Messenger" sending them to their homes for the summer vacations. Some members propose that the assembly counteract in advance the effect of such an order, by decreeing that there shall be no vacations until the chief planks in its political programme have become embodied in laws. Others have made different suggestions. But in all probability what will happen is this: the Imperial ukase will be duly issued and the Duma will bow to it, because to do otherwise would be an act of open rebellion; and, if would-be lawmakers began their career by turning lawbreakers, they would find and deserve little sympathy when the Crown dismissed them to their homes altogether. But, whatever the attitude of the Deputies, the final result will probably be the same. The Duma will be dissolved and new elections ordered, over which the Government will presumably do more than merely preside. Whether Russia will be the better for this fresh casting of the die is doubtful. The minds of the great bulk of the people are unsettled. Their hopes have been raised absurdly high. Their passions are aroused and their moral principles shaken. They no longer look to the Government for guidance, and, if they did, they would find none. Therefore they follow the lead of professional revolutionists. On the other hand, the people in the opposite camp are equally bewildered, equally excited.

They, too, follow leaders who are not less revolutionary because they hoist the flag of the Autocracy and vociferously cheer for the Tsar. Both parties employ violence and take human life with utter ruthlessness. And the shock of these hostile armies will shake the Russian Empire to its foundations.

The bulk of the people are benighted, superstitious, ignorant, to a degree which Americans can hardly realize. Hence they are open to all kinds of hypnotizing suggestions from without, while incapable of any deliberate action on their own initiative. A few years ago, thousands of them wanted to take part in the South-African War on the Boer side; and, when asked why their sympathies went out to the Dutch, they answered: "Because they are Orthodox Christians of our Church, and the English are forcing them to become heretics." When discussing among themselves the causes of the success of the Japanese over their own countrymen, many of them agreed that it was owing to the fact that the Japanese could assume the form of microbes and get into the boots of the Russian soldiers, biting their legs and causing death. They kill doctors whenever there is an epidemic of cholera, accusing the doctors of poisoning the wells and spreading the disease deliberately. They burn witches with delight, disinter the dead to lay a ghost; they strip unfaithful wives stark naked, tie them to carts, and whip them through the village. In a word, the level of civilization in the rural districts is lower than that of the Chinese or the Mongols. And when a multitude like this, which differs from savages only in a slight degree, is roused to madness, the results of their rising in arms may be tremendous.

A few concrete instances may serve as illustrations of the mental mechanism and present mood of the angry peasants, to whom unwise politicians have held out hopes of gratuitous land in quantities that do not exist in the Empire. The peasants of a canton recently met to discuss the best line of policy for their Deputy in the Duma to adopt, and had it committed to paper in presence of the rural chief, who, being like themselves unable to read or write, affixed his mark. The document, which was really drawn up by some obscure agitator, was addressed to their representative in the Duma, and the "instructions" they gave him ran as follows: "A band of landowners, grown fat on our sweat and blood, has taken possession of our land and rides roughshod over the laws of God and man. Our patience is at an end. We demand

a definite answer. Otherwise, we peasants, tortured and driven to desperation, are ready for anything. A curse upon all who do not wish well to the nation and follow the enemy."

An acquaintance of mine, Prince T., told me one of his recent experiences a couple of days ago:

"I have always got on well with my peasants. They paid me very moderate rents, and received from me work every year which brought them in a good forty or fifty per cent. of their total earnings. And down to this year they were well disposed towards me, always ready to give me a kind word and do me a good turn. But now they take a pleasure in being offensive. One of them will sidle up till he is actually rubbing shoulders with me; then he will crane his neck, putting his face in front of mine, and with a leer exclaim in a sneering tone of voice: 'Now, Your Excellency, we peasants have our eyes opened. We understand what our rights are, and we are going to get them too. The land is ours and you have stolen it. You are vampires. You suck our blood. We are going to get our land back. And that's why we won't complete the purchase of your estate that we were nearly doing the other day. We won't burn down your house, because it will soon be ours.' Now, among others, there is one man to whom I have tried to be especially good. He has almost continuous employment on my estate, and I pay him a retaining fee all the year round. Well, the other day, he assembled his fellow peasants and spent a couple of hours in reading the newspapers to them, trying to persuade them to plunder my belongings and burn down my manor. They refused, however, on the ground that it would be bad policy, because everything of mine, house and land, would shortly be theirs for nothing. And so my house escaped. But the most curious part of the story is the sequel. That same fellow afterwards came to me himself and told me what he had done. Not in a bragging or provocative spirit, nor in a repentant mood, but simply and unaffectedly, with no accompanying ethical note of praise or blame. His soul was naked and he was unashamed, but not because of his innocence; only because his notions of right and wrong are perverted."

What my friend said of his peasants may without great unfairness be predicated of a large section of the Russian people. Their moral sense is distorted. Hence rapine, arson, assassination, and mass murders by bomb-throwing are of every-day occurrence, and the only expression of public opinion which they evoke is regret that the criminals should be brought to punishment. "Patriotism, not criminal instinct, inspired them."

And, to shame the Government into dispensing with capital punishment altogether, lads in their teens are most frequently pushed to the front to perpetrate the sanguinary deeds which surprise Russia's foreign friends. Almost every telegraphic message

announcing the slaying and wounding of a multitude of harmless people, adds: "The bomb-thrower was a lad of seventeen or eighteen." In some cases he was only fifteen.

In Odessa, two bombs were thrown at General Nepluyeff which wounded one hundred and killed fourteen members of the public, many of them children and women who had assembled to watch the military review. Scores were crippled, arms, heads, legs, fingers, intestines lay heaped upon the ground until they were taken away and put in barrels to be kept for burial. General Nepluyeff himself, however, was not even wounded. One of the bomb-throwers was killed by his own explosive; another was sent for trial, but, as he is not quite sixteen years old, his lawyers refuse to have him treated as an adult. The case will come on in about a fortnight. In Warsaw, a dozen State alcohol-shops were attacked in broad daylight and some persons were killed and wounded. Two days later, the Socialist party announced in the press that it assumed responsibility for the twelve attacks, the motive being to prove clearly that the repressive measures enforced by the authorities were useless. And all this is printed generally without comment.

What could be more idyllic than the scene briefly outlined in the newspaper telegrams as follows: "In Eupatoria, a number of workmen, dissatisfied with the amount of their wages, made common cause with the unemployed and—burned down the land-owner's mill. The town council then invited them to tea and organized gratuitous dinners and teas for them, after which they became tranquil and destroyed nothing more. Life is quite normal here." Normal indeed! What will it resemble when it relapses into an abnormal state? people ask. Here is a brief extract from one issue of the principal newspaper in Russia, giving a summary of the day's news:

"In Warsaw, police superintendent Kozell has been killed. An attempt has been made on the life of the vice-director of the police there. In the same city, a bomb has been thrown into the dwelling of an employer of labor. In the Kutais prison, the overseer, Kulghin, well known for his humane treatment of prisoners, has been stoned to death. In Yekaterinoslav, M. Yanoffsky, director of the provincial penitentiary, has been killed. In the Ust Katav works, the foreman has been wounded by a bomb and his wife killed. In Talsen, the Lutheran clergyman has been slain in the woods. In Lodz, a skirmish has taken place between Socialists and Nationalists. In the village of Voronesh, 313 huts have been burned to ashes."

One is reminded sometimes of the Old World stories told by Herodotus. One night, near the Polish station Demblin, a railway employee, named Jan Kowalchyk, was awakened by the shattering of the glass in his bedroom window. Burglars, calling themselves revolutionists, had come to the gate, but, finding it locked, were striving to get in at the window. As Jan's wife was in great danger of being killed by the bullets which were plentifully poured into the bedroom, it was she who broke silence and besought the ruffians to spare her life. "Give us all your money, then, and be right quick about it!" was the answer. The woman, quaking with terror, opened a chest and handed them twenty-seven rubles, but although they took the notes and silver they refused to be placated. "Let's have the rest." She assured them that that was all. Then one of the brigands, thrusting his hand through the pane, turned the revolver towards Mrs. Kowalchyk's head. She was on her knees beseeching them to have pity on her. But they were inexorable. Meanwhile, unknown to the poor woman, her husband was moving slowly and silently along the wall unseen by the revolutionaries. All at once, Kowalchyk swung his right hand, which held a sharp scythe, and brought it swiftly down by the window. The hand with the revolver, severed at the wrist, fell into the room, the assailants hurriedly retreated and the couple were left in peace. No trace of the revolutionaries has been found.

Nineteen members of the Duma have lately appealed to the Russian people, asking them to refuse taxes and generally to rebel against the present *régime*. And they have had some success. Agrarian troubles have broken out in several places, not, however, as yet on a large scale. That may come in August or September. Meanwhile, the reactionary party are also at work. They have vented their feelings on the Jews of the industrial city of Belostok, gutting shops, setting fire to dwellings, wounding Jewish citizens, and even resisting the troops which endeavored to restore order. The example of Belostok will be followed by other cities. Blood will flow profusely. Socialists, revolutionaries and reactionaries desire it, demand it. The organ of the extreme radicals writes: "From the interior of the Empire, calm, level-headed observers, who are well acquainted with what goes on among the peasants, affirm that a veritable *Jacquerie* is approaching. There is so much electricity in the air that the least thing may draw it out."

BERLIN, July, 1906.

THE collapse of German diplomacy, viewed in conjunction with the downfall of the autocratic *régime* in Russia, is one of the most suggestive facts in contemporary history. It signifies the passing of an era of political reaction in Europe. Russia, in the heyday of her power, had no more persistent admirers than the governing classes of Germany. She exercised, until the day of her humiliation, a decisive influence over German statesmen, who, in the contemplation of her outwardly magnificent achievements, gradually came to despise the principles of liberty embodied in the systems of France, Great Britain and the United States. Bismarck, indeed, contributed in no small measure to the estrangement of his countrymen from Great Britain by his methodic depreciation of British ideals. He excited the prejudices of the nation against the Empress Frederick, and counteracted her influence when she was Crown Princess because he conceived that, in order to prevent the development of German institutions upon British lines, it was essential to extinguish the sympathies which wide circles of the people felt for Great Britain. He lived to regret the one-sided impetus he had given to the monarchical authority; for he fell a victim to the autocratic power of the Emperor over the Executive. Under a parliamentary Government, it is probable that Bismarck would have remained at the head of affairs until his death. After his dismissal, the Emperor became, for all practical purposes, his own Chancellor. He devoted himself with singular pertinacity to the task of enhancing the prestige of the Crown at the expense of the Imperial Diet. But his efforts were not uniformly successful. The Reichstag vetoed a series of measures personally advocated by the monarch, and it was no uncommon thing, in the nineties, for the Emperor to complain, as he once did even to the President of that body, that the Tsar, owing to his immunity from parliamentary interference, was in a position incomparably more favorable than himself to promote the best interests of his Empire.

But those complaints never applied to the domain of foreign policy. In such matters the Emperor is, in sooth, a more absolute monarch than ever was his Russian brother, whose diplomatic agents were not infrequently inclined to act as the instruments of Court and Ministerial intrigues rather than of their sovereign's policy. The German Emperor appoints his own Chancellor and

Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and his Ambassadors are, as a rule, courtiers who owe their advancement entirely to his personal favor. The relations he establishes, or seeks to establish, with foreign nations are beyond all parliamentary control; for the sanction of the Reichstag is not requisite to any Treaties of Alliance he may conclude, and the Chancellor admits no obligation to furnish the Legislature with information on such matters. The Reichstag acquiesces, with apparent willingness, in this restricted view of its functions. It listens with the utmost respect to the expositions which the Chancellor may deem it advisable to address to it. Its members, unless they belong to the Social Democratic party, never press embarrassing questions; and they are instantly amenable to any invocation, on the part of the Government, of their innate feeling of awe for the cryptic mysteries of diplomacy. Many of them seem almost to regard the regulation of international affairs as an occult science, the secrets of which it is inadmissible for those beyond the magic pale to attempt to penetrate. To this feeling, which is not always identical with indifferentism, may be ascribed the fact that the Reichstag, as distinguished from the French Chamber or the British House of Commons, boasts not a single member who makes it his duty systematically to study the blue, white and yellow books issued by the various European Governments, or who has earned for himself the right to challenge attention as an acknowledged authority upon foreign affairs.

There are signs that this state of things will not permanently endure. In a former communication it was shown how considerable are the drafts which the Emperor has made on the national stock of monarchical sentiment: how men, even on the Conservative benches of the Reichstag, now listen with barely concealed gratification to the fulminations of Social Democratic orators against the itinerant politics of the sovereign, and to their insistence on his definite failure, after years of canvassing in foreign capitals, to secure the friendship of other nations for his autocratic German policy. There is, however, a growing sense that this passive indulgence of their feelings by the state-supporting parties is inadequate to the exigencies of the case: that the interests of the country imperatively demand the presence in the Reichstag of patriotic and competent critics of foreign affairs, who, in the words of Maximilian Harden, shall employ their parliamentary prerogative of free speech in order to proclaim with stentorian

voice "the last truth" concerning the existing isolation of Germany. One single deputy of this calibre, the Bismarckian publicist just mentioned observes, would immediately become a power in the land; for he would awaken the governing classes to the urgency of the Russian portent. It is plain to the minds of such writers as Harden that Germany cannot remain impervious to the lessons taught by the upheaval of Tsardom. If she desires to escape political bankruptcy, she must allow sway to the spirit of the age, which is strenuously antagonistic to absolutist tendencies. Harden himself is in favor of the adaptation to German conditions of Parliamentary Government on British lines—of the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag, instead of to the Emperor. That, of course, is a far cry. But there are symptoms that it will eventually come to be the watchword of the nation. Meanwhile, Harden draws an effective contrast between the wealth of creative and administrative genius that is employed in the great industrial shipping and banking concerns of the Empire, and the dearth of commanding personalities directly engaged in the service of the State—a dearth which was drastically illustrated at the time of Prince von Bülow's illness, when it was seriously and generally contended that the country did not contain a second statesman capable of efficiently occupying the post of Chancellor. It may be true that the Bureaucracy or the Diplomatic Service cannot produce the man required, but it is a defamation of the nation, Harden exclaims, to describe it as laboring under a similar disability. The simple fact of the matter is that, under the existing *régime*, the noblest minds of the Empire hold themselves rigorously aloof from political life, in just appreciation of the impossibility of finding in it a fair field for the exercise of their ambitions. But their cooperation would be immediately assured if the Reichstag were invested with a proper measure of responsibility. The Legislature would then constitute the best recruiting-ground imaginable for the political talents of the country.

The strictures thus passed by Harden upon the present representatives of the Electorate are being applied with added force, by several of his contemporaries, to the representatives of the Emperor at the various Foreign Courts. The German Ambassadors and Envoys are roundly accused of having proved themselves incapable of reading the pulse of the nations to which they are accredited, and of having encouraged, by their incompetent diag-

nostics, the commission of the political blunders that have resulted in the international isolation of Germany. The "*Vossische Zeitung*," a widely circulated Radical journal, sums up the moral of these criticisms by declaring that the time has arrived for the Government to transfer the functions of diplomacy, at all events temporarily, to the people. The countless visits paid by the Emperor to foreign potentates and courts, it says, have failed to secure for the Empire the friendship of a single nation. It therefore suggests that the Emperor and his assistants would be well advised if they were to impose upon themselves a self-denying ordinance, and to abstain from all further diplomatic demonstrations; while the people of Germany address themselves to the task of correcting the impressions created by their Government, and of cultivating a spirit of concord and good-will with the other nations of Europe.

The experiment thus proposed is already being tried. Within the past few months, the German and British nations have exchanged a series of significant courtesies. The commercial sections of both communities have proclaimed their urgent desire for a better understanding. Germany has despatched delegates from various walks of life, charged with the task of studying British institutions, and a company of municipal officials from Great Britain has travelled through Germany on a similar quest. Fifty German journalists, many of them life-long denounciators of "perfidious Albion," have journeyed to England, where they have been royally entertained by distinguished representatives of British culture; and they have returned to the Fatherland cured, at least, of their prejudices. They have assured themselves that the British nation needs peace and not war, and they will be chary in future of lending credence and publicity to those extravagant tales of impending British attacks on German seaport towns which were mainly responsible for the eager acceptance by the Reichstag of the latest Navy Bill. A more appreciative style is already perceptible in the comments of the press on Anglo-German relations. The note of denunciation has, for the moment, entirely disappeared, and the friendships formed by Great Britain with France and other countries, which until quite recently were construed in an aggressive sense, are now discussed in a commendable spirit of tolerance. There is, in fact, a manifest desire to let bygones be bygones, and to assist into prominence the pacificatory elements

of the situation. Attempts are even made to prove that Bismarck was politically a friend of Great Britain, and in support of this theory a letter is quoted which the First Chancellor once addressed to the late Earl Granville. In that letter, Bismarck complains of the difficulty of establishing a general diplomatic understanding with the British Government, owing to the indiscretions of British Cabinet Ministers and their constitutional aversion to secrecy. Though the German press is apparently insensible to the fact, the Bismarckian epistle actually reveals the essential cause of the subsequent collapse of German diplomacy—its predilection for elaborate “Reinsurance Treaties.” Prince von Bülow, as the agent of the Emperor, from the commencement of his tenure of office, has aimed at an understanding with Great Britain which he might disavow in public and in his intercourse with other Powers, while privately assuring the statesmen of Downing Street of his undeviating loyalty to its conditions. These tactics supply the keynote of the remarkable communications which Herr von Holstein, the Chief of the Political Department of the Foreign Office, made, a few days before his recent fall, to the British Ambassador in Berlin. Herr von Holstein had always been regarded in the capitals of Europe as an inveterate enemy of Great Britain; and he endeavored to clear himself of this reputation by contending that his methods, and possibly those of his Chief, had invariably kept in view the eventuality of Anglo-German cooperation. To plain men such methods seem strangely intricate; and the journalists who have returned from London, impressed with the sincerity of the British attitude, which they describe as the outcome of a frank desire for intimacy with France and for peaceful relations with Germany, will render no small service to their country if they succeed in convincing their diplomatists that straightforwardness is the best policy, even in foreign affairs.

The course of home politics is dominated by the problem of colonial administration. Prior to its adjournment last month, the Reichstag earned the approval of the Emperor by its “patriotic performance” in enacting what are mistakenly termed “Finance Reform Bills.” These measures bring about no fundamental change in the Imperial Finances. Without attempting any systematic reform, they add some fifty million dollars to the German Revenue. For many years the budgets of the Empire have labored under growing deficits; but the Government has refrained from

grappling, until the last moment, with the evil, lest its acknowledgment of the necessity of augmented taxation might lead the Reichstag to withhold its sanction from the policy of naval expansion. The consequence of this long delay is that one-half of the new taxes are required to pay the interest on the Imperial Debt, which now balances at \$750,000,000. But, after enacting these unavoidable additions to the taxpayers' burdens, the more democratic parties of the Reichstag deemed the moment peculiarly appropriate for demonstrating to the electors their determination to discourage all extravagance on the part of the Government. In a memorable sitting, accordingly, they denounced as futile the further prosecution of the native war in Southwest Africa, which is in its third year, and demanded that the German occupation should be restricted to the central parts of the Colony. Their action excited a furious protest from the military representative of the Colonial Administration, who bluntly informed the Reichstag that the Emperor alone was competent to decide when the fifteen thousand soldiers located in Southwest Africa should be withdrawn. Upon this enunciation of the principle *sic volo, sic jubeo*, the Legislature retorted by rejecting a large portion of the Colonial estimates, providing for additional expenditure on railways and for the compensation of farmers whose farms had been pillaged by the natives, as well as by refusing to vote the establishment of an Imperial Department for the Colonies under an Imperial Secretary of State—a measure declared by the Government to be essential to the efficient management of the colonies, which are at present under the control of a department of the overburdened Foreign Office. Thus the matter now stands. The incident is symptomatic of the increasing disgust of the people with the colonies, which for more than twenty years have served to drain the Imperial Exchequer without conferring any equivalent benefit on the State. But it is also instructive in its constitutional aspect; for it affords a singular example of the baneful results that occasionally attend on parliamentary irresponsibility. As the supporters of the Imperial Government have suddenly discovered for themselves, deputies, even of the democratic order, who expected to inherit the official consequences of their votes, would have hesitated many times before committing themselves to the perpetuation of the existing confusion in the administration of the colonies.

WASHINGTON, July, 1906.

THE principal topics of discussion here and now are, first, the impending campaign for the control of the next House of Representatives, and the issues likely to be pivotal in that contest; and, secondly, the significance attaching to the mission of Secretary Root, who has been deputed to represent the United States at the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro, and, subsequently, to visit the most important Spanish-American Republics, to-wit, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile and Peru.

Is it possible for Democrats to overcome the majority of 114 which the Republicans possess in the Fifty-ninth Congress, or, in other words, to gain fifty-eight seats, now occupied by their opponents? On the face of things, such a revolution in public opinion seems improbable, if not incredible. It is true that an even more pronounced reversal of popular sentiment was witnessed at the late General Election in the United Kingdom. But there, besides a number of contributory grounds for an appeal to the voters, the Liberals had a definite issue, that of Free Trade *versus* Protection, in which, as it proved, a large majority of the British people felt vitally concerned. In this country, also, a tariff question must figure conspicuously in the canvass, and Democratic candidates would be glad to make the battle at the ballot-box turn exclusively upon it. There is no doubt that, in such an event, they could obtain considerable support from Republican tariff-revisionists, not only in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, but also in Massachusetts and some other Northern States. Even then, however, it is disputable whether they could secure preponderance in the next House, because the demand for tariff revision is unlikely to become wide-spread and irresistible, so long as the continuance of our unexampled prosperity seems to prove that the Dingley Tariff cannot be generally and seriously harmful.

The Republican leaders do not mean, however, to let the contest hinge upon that single issue, if they can prevent it. Speaker Cannon, who intends to take an active part in the canvass, thinks that his party's appeal to the electors should be based on the record of the Fifty-ninth Congress, which he describes as a "Congress of Achievement," giving, of course, the credit for the achievement to Republicans, because, as possessing a majority in each House, they had it in their power to enact or defeat proposed legislation. It is certain that, on the score of accomplishment, the

first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress has been phenomenal from some points of view. As regards the mere quantity of work attempted or performed, it is unparalleled. Against the 7,295 bills introduced, and the 3,465 bills passed, in the three sessions of the Fifty-eighth Congress, Mr. Cannon can point to over 26,000 bills introduced in the two Houses during the single session of the present Congress just concluded, of which some 4,300 have become laws. With respect to another kind of achievement, the expenditure of the public money, the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress has no rival in our political annals. It seems not so long ago that the Republican party was held up to obloquy as responsible for a "Billion Dollar Congress"; yet now the lavish outlay made in a single session falls but little short of nine hundred millions.

If we turn, now, to the quality of the legislation enacted, we must acknowledge that the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, as a Congress, has a right to be proud of its record. Had it done nothing but pass the Railway Rate bill, the Meat Inspection bill and the Pure Food bill, it would have left a deep mark on our economical history, and deserved the gratitude of the country. But, if we closely scrutinize the circumstances under which those far-reaching and beneficent laws were placed upon the statute-book, we may well hesitate to affirm the justice of crediting their enactment to the Republican party, as a party. Beyond dispute, the primary and paramount credit for those achievements belongs to President Roosevelt. But for the influence incessantly, and persuasively or peremptorily, exercised by him, the Republican majority in the Senate, which deferred for a year even the consideration of the project, would never have passed the Railway Rate bill in its actual form. It is true that the Republican majority in the House of Representatives promptly professed to side with the Chief Magistrate in this matter in both the Fifty-eighth and the Fifty-ninth Congress; but, in the end, when the Railway Rate bill went to conference, it seemed to experience a slight change of heart, and showed itself more unwilling than the Senate to yield full assent to Mr. Roosevelt's wishes. It pursued a similar course with reference to the Meat Inspection bill and the Pure Food bill. Those measures, as enacted, would have conformed more thoroughly to the public demands if the Lower House had concurred with the Senate in carrying out more ex-

actly the programme framed and advocated by spokesmen of the Administration. Now, it is to be observed that the position taken by the President with reference to each of these three great reforms received the zealous support of every Democratic Representative and of almost every Democratic Senator. How, then, is it possible for Speaker Cannon to make good his averment that the credit for passing these bills belongs rather to the Republican than to the Democratic members of the Fifty-ninth Congress?

The hollowness of this claim is so patent to many other leaders of the Republican party that they prefer to go to the country this year on a platform cut down to the single plank, "Endorse Roosevelt!" What would be the pertinence of such an appeal? Mr. Roosevelt is not seeking an election to any office at this time, and he is not even a prospective candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1908. He and his intimate friends treat as an insult the intimation that, in the teeth of his declaration to the contrary, he can be persuaded to accept such a nomination two years hence. From what other point of view does he need endorsement at the hands of the people? In order that he may prosecute and supplement the reform legislation that is already so far advanced? How would his intention to that end be thwarted by a transfer of the control of the House of Representatives from Republicans to Democrats? Of the two parties, the Democrats have given him, as we have seen, the more thoroughgoing and unwavering assistance. If it be, in truth, the endorsement of Roosevelt's reform policy that ought to determine the choice of Representatives next November, it is rather the Democrats than the Republicans who have a right to claim that the choice shall be exercised on their behalf.

Will it be alleged that it is impossible to divorce Mr. Roosevelt from the party that made him President? It was the leaders of the Republican party in the Senate who tried to bring about such a divorce, by postponing for a year consideration of the Rate-making bill that passed the House of Representatives in the last session of the Fifty-eighth Congress. If, for nearly a twelve-month, there was no solidarity in the minds of the voters between Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican majority in the Senate, it certainly was not the President's fault. It is true that the Republican majority of the Lower House in both Congresses have ostensibly favored Mr. Roosevelt's projects, but we repeat that, as

to each of the three especially important bills, to which we have above referred, Speaker Cannon and the other leaders of that majority have, by their stubborn resistance, in the House and in Conference, hindered the President from obtaining measures as perfect as he desired. Under the circumstances, it would require a good deal of assurance for Speaker Cannon to say to his constituents, "By endorsing me, you endorse Roosevelt." His Democratic competitor might have something to say about the matter. On the whole, we opine that Republican candidates will scarcely be able to divert the minds of the electors from tariff revision by either of the spurious war-cries which have been commended to them. The prevailing belief expressed by veteran politicians in Washington, when they are not talking for publication, is that the revisionists in the Republican ranks will help the Democrats to cut down the present majority of "Stand-Patters" in the Lower House, but, owing to the persistence of general prosperity, will not be able to transform it into a minority.

Of course, no sensible person imagines that our Secretary of State would have been sent to Rio de Janeiro in a war-ship to discuss such questions of more or less academic interest as were the chief things debated in the last Pan-American Conference. For such an unprecedented proceeding, there must have been a motive more relevant, more weighty and more urgent. That motive can be no other than a desire to prevent the Conference at Rio de Janeiro from committing the Latin-American States to a formal approval of the Calvo or Drago Doctrine, and inferentially from holding up to reprobation the assumption on the strength of which President Roosevelt has undertaken to collect and distribute the customs revenue of the Dominican Republic. The fundamental postulate on which the President's action is based is that powerful creditor nations have the right to exact by force the payment, not only of compensation for insults or crimes of violence, but also of contractual obligations, due from the governments or citizens of weak and indebted commonwealths. It was in pursuance of this postulate that Secretary Hay assented to the bombardment of Venezuelan seaports by British, German and Italian war vessels, and to the subsequent confiscation of a third of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello for the payment of debts arising out of contracts. Still accepting the postulate, but desirous of avoiding the mischievous consequences

of its concrete application on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Roosevelt has practically said, by the position which he has taken in the affairs of Santo Domingo, "I admit that the Italian, Belgian, German and other European creditors of the Dominican Republic have, by international usage, a right to occupy Dominican seaports, and sequester their customs duties until such debts as they may justly claim are paid; but, in order to shield a feeble American commonwealth from the fate of Egypt, I am willing to offer mediation between creditor and debtor, and to collect and apportion the revenue of the threatened delinquent in the interest of both parties." It is well known that the proposal was welcomed by the Dominican Executive, and that the European creditor-Powers have deemed it judicious to acquiesce in the arrangement.

Now the so-called "Calvo" or "Drago" Doctrine, which will be advocated at Rio de Janeiro by the spokesmen of Argentina, and which, it is known, is looked upon with favor in other Latin-American commonwealths, strikes at the root of Mr. Roosevelt's fundamental postulate. This doctrine insists that, so far as debts arising out of contract are concerned, the relation of foreign creditors to an indebted State must be governed by the maxim *caveat emptor*, and that, in default of payment, the creditor must be remitted to the tribunals of the debtor-country, or to diplomatic negotiations. If this doctrine could be embedded in international law, it is obvious that Mr. Roosevelt would have no occasion to offer to perform the office of revenue collector and distributor on behalf of the Dominican Republic.

Secretary Root goes to Rio de Janeiro for the purpose of convincing the Pan-American Conference, first, that there is not the slightest chance of securing the assent of the European nations soon to be represented at The Hague to the Calvo Doctrine, inasmuch as the most important of them are committed to the opposite principle; and, secondly, that no greater misfortune than the universal adoption of that doctrine could overtake the Latin-American States, for, from that moment, their credit on the European stock-exchanges would be reduced to zero. Should Mr. Root be able to make good these two averments, he will find it relatively easy to demonstrate that Mr. Roosevelt's substitute for the Calvo Doctrine provides the only method of escape from a difficult and dangerous dilemma.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—I.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

INTRODUCTION.

I INTEND that this autobiography shall become a model for all future autobiographies when it is published, after my death, and I also intend that it shall be read and admired a good many centuries because of its form and method—a form and method whereby the past and the present are constantly brought face to face, resulting in contrasts which newly fire up the interest all along, like contact of flint with steel. Moreover, this autobiography of mine does not select from my life its showy episodes, but deals mainly in the common experiences which go to make up the life of the average human being, because these episodes are of

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a sort which he is familiar with in his own life, and in which he sees his own life reflected and set down in print. The usual, conventional autobiographer seems to particularly hunt out those occasions in his career when he came into contact with celebrated persons, whereas his contacts with the uncelebrated were just as interesting to him, and would be to his reader, and were vastly more numerous than his collisions with the famous.

Howells was here yesterday afternoon, and I told him the whole scheme of this autobiography and its apparently systemless system—only apparently systemless, for it is not really that. It is a deliberate system, and the law of the system is that I shall talk about the matter which for the moment interests me, and cast it aside and talk about something else the moment its interest for me is exhausted. It is a system which follows no charted course and is not going to follow any such course. It is a system which is a complete and purposed jumble—a course which begins nowhere, follows no specified route, and can never reach an end while I am alive, for the reason that, if I should talk to the stenographer two hours a day for a hundred years, I should still never be able to set down a tenth part of the things which have interested me in my lifetime. I told Howells that this autobiography of mine would live a couple of thousand years, without any effort, and would then take a fresh start and live the rest of the time.

He said he believed it would, and asked me if I meant to make a library of it.

I said that that was my design; but that, if I should live long enough, the set of volumes could not be contained merely in a city, it would require a State, and that there would not be any multi-billionaire alive, perhaps, at any time during its existence who would be able to buy a full set, except on the instalment plan.

Howells applauded, and was full of praises and endorsement, which was wise in him and judicious. If he had manifested a different spirit, I would have thrown him out of the window. I like criticism, but it must be my way.

I.

Back of the Virginia Clemenses is a dim procession of ancestors stretching back to Noah's time. According to tradition, some of them were pirates and slavers in Elizabeth's time. But this

is no discredit to them, for so were Drake and Hawkins and the others. It was a respectable trade, then, and monarchs were partners in it. In my time I have had desires to be a pirate myself. The reader—if he will look deep down in his secret heart, will find—but never mind what he will find there; I am not writing his Autobiography, but mine. Later, according to tradition, one of the procession was Ambassador to Spain in the time of James I, or of Charles I, and married there and sent down a strain of Spanish blood to warm us up. Also, according to tradition, this one or another—Geoffrey Clement, by name—helped to sentence Charles to death.

I have not examined into these traditions myself, partly because I was indolent, and partly because I was so busy polishing up this end of the line and trying to make it showy; but the other Clemenses claim that they have made the examination and that it stood the test. Therefore I have always taken for granted that I did help Charles out of his troubles, by ancestral proxy. My instincts have persuaded me, too. Whenever we have a strong and persistent and ineradicable instinct, we may be sure that it is not original with us, but inherited—inherited from away back, and hardened and perfected by the petrifying influence of time. Now I have been always and unchangingly bitter against Charles, and I am quite certain that this feeling trickled down to me through the veins of my forebears from the heart of that judge; for it is not my disposition to be bitter against people on my own personal account. I am not bitter against Jeffreys. I ought to be, but I am not. It indicates that my ancestors of James II's time were indifferent to him; I do not know why; I never could make it out; but that is what it indicates. And I have always felt friendly toward Satan. Of course that is ancestral; it must be in the blood, for I could not have originated it.

. . . . And so, by the testimony of instinct, backed by the assertions of Clemenses who said they had examined the records, I have always been obliged to believe that Geoffrey Clement the martyr-maker was an ancestor of mine, and to regard him with favor, and in fact pride. This has not had a good effect upon me, for it has made me vain, and that is a fault. It has made me set myself above people who were less fortunate in their ancestry than I, and has moved me to take them down a peg, upon occasion, and say things to them which hurt them before company.

A case of the kind happened in Berlin several years ago. William Walter Phelps was our Minister at the Emperor's Court, then, and one evening he had me to dinner to meet Count S., a cabinet minister. This nobleman was of long and illustrious descent. Of course I wanted to let out the fact that I had some ancestors, too; but I did not want to pull them out of their graves by the ears, and I never could seem to get the chance to work them in in a way that would look sufficiently casual. I suppose Phelps was in the same difficulty. In fact he looked distraught, now and then—just as a person looks who wants to uncover an ancestor purely by accident, and cannot think of a way that will seem accidental enough. But at last, after dinner, he made a try. He took us about his drawing-room, showing us the pictures, and finally stopped before a rude and ancient engraving. It was a picture of the court that tried Charles I. There was a pyramid of judges in Puritan slouch hats, and below them three bare-headed secretaries seated at a table. Mr. Phelps put his finger upon one of the three, and said with exulting indifference—

“An ancestor of mine.”

I put my finger on a judge, and retorted with scathing languidness—

“Ancestor of mine. But it is a small matter. I have others.”

It was not noble in me to do it. I have always regretted it since. But it landed him. I wonder how he felt? However, it made no difference in our friendship, which shows that he was fine and high, notwithstanding the humbleness of his origin. And it was also creditable in me, too, that I could overlook it. I made no change in my bearing toward him, but always treated him as an equal.

But it was a hard night for me in one way. Mr. Phelps thought I was the guest of honor, and so did Count S.; but I didn't, for there was nothing in my invitation to indicate it. It was just a friendly offhand note, on a card. By the time dinner was announced Phelps was himself in a state of doubt. Something had to be done; and it was not a handy time for explanations. He tried to get me to go out with him, but I held back; then he tried S., and he also declined. There was another guest, but there was no trouble about him. We finally went out in a pile. There was a decorous plunge for seats, and I got the one at Mr. Phelps's left, the Count captured the one facing

Phelps, and the other guest had to take the place of honor, since he could not help himself. We returned to the drawing-room in the original disorder. I had new shoes on, and they were tight. At eleven I was privately crying; I couldn't help it, the pain was so cruel. Conversation had been dead for an hour. S. had been due at the bedside of a dying official ever since half past nine. 'At last we all rose by one blessed impulse and went down to the street door without explanations—in a pile, and no precedence; and so, parted.

The evening had its defects; still, I got my ancestor in, and was satisfied.

Among the Virginian Clemenses were Jere. (already mentioned), and Sherrard. Jere. Clemens had a wide reputation as a good pistol-shot, and once it enabled him to get on the friendly side of some drummers when they wouldn't have paid any attention to mere smooth words and arguments. He was out stumping the State at the time. The drummers were grouped in front of the stand, and had been hired by the opposition to drum while he made his speech. When he was ready to begin, he got out his revolver and laid it before him, and said in his soft, silky way—

"I do not wish to hurt anybody, and shall try not to; but I have got just a bullet apiece for those six drums, and if you should want to play on them, don't stand behind them."

Sherrard Clemens was a Republican Congressman from West Virginia in the war days, and then went out to St. Louis, where the James Clemens branch lived, and still lives, and there he became a warm rebel. This was after the war. At the time that he was a Republican I was a rebel; but by the time he had become a rebel I was become (temporarily) a Republican. The Clemenses have always done the best they could to keep the political balances level, no matter how much it might inconvenience them. I did not know what had become of Sherrard Clemens; but once I introduced Senator Hawley to a Republican mass meeting in New England, and then I got a bitter letter from Sherrard from St. Louis. He said that the Republicans of the North—no, the "mudsills of the North"—had swept away the old aristocracy of the South with fire and sword, and it ill became me, an aristocrat by blood, to train with that kind of swine. Did I forget that I was a Lambton?

That was a reference to my mother's side of the house. As I have already said, she was a Lambton—Lambton with a p, for some of the American Lamptons could not spell very well in early times, and so the name suffered at their hands. She was a native of Kentucky, and married my father in Lexington in 1823, when she was twenty years old and he twenty-four. Neither of them had an overplus of property. She brought him two or three negroes, but nothing else, I think. They removed to the remote and secluded village of Jamestown, in the mountain solitudes of east Tennessee. There their first crop of children was born, but as I was of a later vintage I do not remember anything about it. I was postponed—postponed to Missouri. Missouri was an unknown new State and needed attractions.

I think that my eldest brother, Orion, my sisters Pamela and Margaret, and my brother Benjamin were born in Jamestown. There may have been others, but as to that I am not sure. It was a great lift for that little village to have my parents come there. It was hoped that they would stay, so that it would become a city. It was supposed that they would stay. And so there was a boom; but by and by they went away, and prices went down, and it was many years before Jamestown got another start. I have written about Jamestown in the "Gilded Age," a book of mine, but it was from hearsay, not from personal knowledge. My father left a fine estate behind him in the region round about Jamestown—75,000 acres.* When he died in 1847 he had owned it about twenty years. The taxes were almost nothing (five dollars a year for the whole), and he had always paid them regularly and kept his title perfect. He had always said that the land would not become valuable in his time, but that it would be a commodious provision for his children some day. It contained coal, copper, iron and timber, and he said that in the course of time railways would pierce to that region, and then the property would be property in fact as well as in name. It also produced a wild grape of a promising sort. He had sent some samples to Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, to get his judgment upon them, and Mr. Longworth had said that they would make as good wine as his Catawbas. The land contained all these riches; and also oil, but my father did not know that, and of course in those early days he would have cared nothing about it if he had known it. The oil

* Correction. 1906: it was above 100,000, it appears.

was not discovered until about 1895. I wish I owned a couple of acres of the land now. In which case I would not be writing Autobiographies for a living. My father's dying charge was, "Cling to the land and wait; let nothing beguile it away from you." My mother's favorite cousin, James Lampton, who figures in the "Gilded Age" as "Colonel Sellers," always said of that land—and said it with blazing enthusiasm, too,—“There's millions in it—millions!” It is true that he always said that about everything—and was always mistaken, too; but this time he was right; which shows that a man who goes around with a prophecy-gun ought never to get discouraged; if he will keep up his heart and fire at everything he sees, he is bound to hit something by and by.

Many persons regarded "Colonel Sellers" as a fiction, an invention, an extravagant impossibility, and did me the honor to call him a "creation"; but they were mistaken. I merely put him on paper as he was; he was not a person who could be exaggerated. The incidents which looked most extravagant, both in the book and on the stage, were not inventions of mine but were facts of his life; and I was present when they were developed. John T. Raymond's audiences used to come near to dying with laughter over the turnip-eating scene; but, extravagant as the scene was, it was faithful to the facts, in all its absurd details. The thing happened in Lampton's own house, and I was present. In fact I was myself the guest who ate the turnips. In the hands of a great actor that piteous scene would have dimmed any manly spectator's eyes with tears, and racked his ribs apart with laughter at the same time. But Raymond was great in humorous portrayal only. In that he was superb, he was wonderful—in a word, great; in all things else he was a pigmy of the pigmies.

The real Colonel Sellers, as I knew him in James Lampton, was a pathetic and beautiful spirit, a manly man, a straight and honorable man, a man with a big, foolish, unselfish heart in his bosom, a man born to be loved; and he was loved by all his friends, and by his family worshipped. It is the right word. To them he was but little less than a god. The real Colonel Sellers was never on the stage. Only half of him was there. Raymond could not play the other half of him; it was above his level. That half was made up of qualities of which Raymond was wholly destitute.

For Raymond was not a manly man, he was not an honorable man nor an honest one, he was empty and selfish and vulgar and ignorant and silly, and there was a vacancy in him where his heart should have been. There was only one man who could have played the whole of Colonel Sellers, and that was Frank Mayo.*

It is a world of surprises. They fall, too, where one is least expecting them. When I introduced Sellers into the book, Charles Dudley Warner, who was writing the story with me, proposed a change of Sellers's Christian name. Ten years before, in a remote corner of the West, he had come across a man named Eschol Sellers, and he thought that Eschol was just the right and fitting name for our Sellers, since it was odd and quaint and all that. I liked the idea, but I said that that man might turn up and object. But Warner said it couldn't happen; that he was doubtless dead by this time, a man with a name like that couldn't live long; and be he dead or alive we must have the name, it was exactly the right one and we couldn't do without it. So the change was made. Warner's man was a farmer in a cheap and humble way. When the book had been out a week, a college-bred gentleman of courtly manners and ducal upholstery arrived in Hartford in a sultry state of mind and with a libel suit in his eye, and *his* name was Eschol Sellers! He had never heard of the other one, and had never been within a thousand miles of him. This damaged aristocrat's programme was quite definite and businesslike: the American Publishing Company must suppress the edition as far as printed, and change the name in the plates, or stand a suit for \$10,000. He carried away the Company's promise and many apologies, and we changed the name back to Colonel Mulberry Sellers, in the plates. Apparently there is nothing that cannot happen. Even the existence of two unrelated men wearing the impossible name of Eschol Sellers is a possible thing.

James Lampton floated, all his days, in a tinted mist of magnificent dreams, and died at last without seeing one of them realized. I saw him last in 1884, when it had been twenty-six years since I ate the basin of raw turnips and washed them down with a bucket of water in his house. He was become old and white-headed, but he entered to me in the same old breezy

* Raymond was playing "Colonel Sellers" in 1876 and along there. About twenty years later Mayo dramatized "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and played the title rôle delightfully.

way of his earlier life, and he was all there, yet—not a detail wanting: the happy light in his eye, the abounding hope in his heart, the persuasive tongue, the miracle-breeding imagination—they were all there; and before I could turn around he was polishing up his Aladdin's lamp and flashing the secret riches of the world before me. I said to myself, "I did not overdraw him by a shade, I set him down 'as he was'; and he is the same man to-day. Cable will recognize him." I asked him to excuse me a moment, and ran into the next room, which was Cable's; Cable and I were stumping the Union on a reading tour. I said—

"I am going to leave your door open, so that you can listen. There is a man in there who is interesting."

I went back and asked Lampton what he was doing now. He began to tell me of a "small venture" he had begun in New Mexico through his son; "only a little thing—a mere trifle—partly to amuse my leisure, partly to keep my capital from lying idle, but mainly to develop the boy—develop the boy; fortune's wheel is ever revolving, he may have to work for his living some day—as strange things have happened in this world. But it's only a little thing—a mere trifle, as I said."

And so it was—as he began it. But under his deft hands it grew, and blossomed, and spread—oh, beyond imagination. At the end of half an hour he finished; finished with the remark, uttered in an adorably languid manner:

"Yes, it is but a trifle, as things go nowadays—a bagatelle—but amusing. It passes the time. The boy thinks great things of it, but he is young, you know, and imaginative; lacks the experience which comes of handling large affairs, and which tempers the fancy and perfects the judgment. I suppose there's a couple of millions in it, possibly three, but not more, I think; still, for a boy, you know, just starting in life, it is not bad. I should not want him to make a fortune—let that come later. It could turn his head, at his time of life, and in many ways be a damage to him."

Then he said something about his having left his pocketbook lying on the table in the main drawing-room at home, and about its being after banking hours, now, and—

I stopped him, there, and begged him to honor Cable and me by being our guest at the lecture—with as many friends as might be willing to do us the like honor. He accepted. And he

thanked me as a prince might who had granted us a grace. The reason I stopped his speech about the tickets was because I saw that he was going to ask me to furnish them to him and let him pay next day; and I knew that if he made the debt he would pay it if he had to pawn his clothes. After a little further chat he shook hands heartily and affectionately, and took his leave. Cable put his head in at the door, and said—

“That was Colonel Sellers.”

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MORAL RIGHT TO BECOME A CANDIDATE FOR REELECTION.

BY Q.

ON the evening of the day whose sun had set upon the most notable personal political triumph of the century, Theodore Roosevelt, President-elect, voluntarily addressed to the American people the following explicit words:

"On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

Had the writer of these words contented himself with the assertion that under no circumstances would he become a candidate, the utterance would have partaken of that familiar perfunctoriness which has characterized like statements upon so many occasions that the true meaning has come to be regarded as the opposite of that apparently conveyed. This does not necessarily imply insincerity upon the part of those who have made the declaration. To "refuse to become a candidate" means only that one will not *seek* a nomination. That a nomination freely or urgently tendered would be rejected is in no sense implied. Indeed, as I have noted, the precise contrary is often the plain intimation and desired inference. But Mr. Roosevelt, with characteristic thoroughness and emphasis, while unconsciously dropping into conventional phrase, not only went much further, but made a totally distinct declaration when he wrote, "*Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.*" Omit the words "be a candidate for," and the pledge gains in strength. Nevertheless, the precision and emphasis of the

declaration, as it stands, seem to leave no possible room for honest questioning.

Why, then, is it a fact—as, I think, will be admitted—that a very large number, probably a majority, of citizens anticipate that again they will have the privilege of voting for or against electors pledged to Mr. Roosevelt two years hence? That Democratic politicians should assert *their* belief to this effect is of no consequence, for the reason that it is an essential feature of the game to discredit and impugn the sincerity of their adversaries. But the same belief rests, to my certain knowledge, in the minds of more than one candidate for the *Republican* nomination. Here, again, due account must be taken of the effect of disagreeable apprehension. But go further. Ask the man in the street, the acquaintance on the next block, and—finally and of chief significance—the most ardent admirer and respecter of the President within your zone of inquiry, and the invariable reply is: “He will *have* to run again; he can’t help himself.”

Personally, I yield to no man in esteem for Theodore Roosevelt or in sturdy faith in his sincerity; yet I, too, expect to vote for him in 1908, and, more to the point, I anticipate casting my ballot with a conscience as clear as my satisfaction will be keen, with no thought or consideration of a stain upon the personal record or honor of my candidate because of that which his detractors will undoubtedly pronounce a breach of faith. Nothing, I am convinced, could induce me to support a dishonest or untruthful man for the Presidency of the United States. Nevertheless, I repeat, I fully anticipate that Mr. Roosevelt *will* accept the Republican nomination, and I shall welcome the opportunity of adding my mite to the great majority he will undoubtedly obtain. My motives, I may add parenthetically, will be wholly unselfish, as I do not and would not occupy a position in the public service. Reasons in abundance I might, and may at some future day, set down; they are not only sufficiently obvious, however, but also apart from present consideration. My sole endeavor now is to effect a reconciliation of those noted inconsistencies which seem to be real, but which I believe to be only apparent and readily dissipated when subjected to the searching test of enlightened exegesis.

In matters of great moment, especially such as concern the State or the welfare of millions of human beings, literal inter-

pretation of an individual utterance of far-reaching import does not necessarily render its actual meaning. Some philosophers, indeed, have gone so far as to maintain that those charged with grave responsibilities are freed from the trammels of convention in respect to exactitude of statement, because of the paramount importance of ultimate achievement as contrasted with the character of antecedent acts intimately or remotely related to it. Witness Machiavelli on the prerogatives of princes.*

* "It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements, but among those of the present day who have been distinguished for great exploits, few, indeed, have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith. . . . In other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word except when he can do so without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

"I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good, but as the generality of mankind are wicked and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties which have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling, for men are generally so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes. . . .

"It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm that it is sometimes dangerous to use, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude while he feels no inconvenience in doing so as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course.

"He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith and piety. This last quality is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart, and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side.

"Now, in forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority. The means he employs, be what they may, will for this

Just as to this day monarchical countries accord to their rulers special privileges, such as open maintenance of mistresses, exemption from the payment of lost wagers and the like, so has unwritten law—potent as the intangible British constitution—conferred upon them a wider latitude in all things bearing upon the effect of their official activities. Justification of lapses unwarranted in private life is found in the surpassing hardship of solving great problems and the constant mental and moral strain pertaining thereto. True, this freedom from ordinary restraint does not obtain to so marked a degree in this country, where the Puritanic code still exercises a considerable, though waning, influence, and where rulers are regarded, or at least spoken of, as servants of the commonwealth. It is, nevertheless, an undeniable historical fact that many divergences from the strict letter of propriety on the part of our greatest men—notably Washington, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—were readily overlooked by the people, whose instinct accorded to them exceptional consideration. Even in the recent unhappy episode involving a question of veracity between President and former Senator, the same spirit was manifest; and, despite an apparent burden of evidence tending to his discomfiture, the magistrate holding high authority and withstanding manfully the strain of great responsibility emerged unscathed from the controversy.

Now, admitting, as all must admit, that it is only the actual meaning of a grave declaration that merits observance, how must “Under no circumstances will I . . . accept another nomination” be interpreted? Construed with strict precision, no differentiation in time being suggested, this pledge would bar the President from *ever* accepting another nomination. Yet nobody pretends that that is what he meant, or that, in 1812 or 1816 for example, an accusation of breach of faith would stand for a moment, or even indeed be thought of. Literally, the self-imposed inhibition is explicit and for all time; but, practically, every one recognizes

purpose always appear honorable and meet applause, for the vulgar are ever caught by appearances and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom heard or regarded.

“There is a prince now alive (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith, but if he had observed either the one or the other he would long ago have lost both his reputation and his dominions.”—From “The Prince,” eighteenth chapter, entitled “Whether Princes Ought to be Faithful to Their Engagements,” by Niccolo Machiavelli.

that the President could not have restricted the date of his refusal to the year 1908 without implying a willingness, even a desire, to become a candidate at some future date, thus giving ground for an inference so uncalled for as to be regarded almost surely as presumptuous.

My first and fundamental contention—namely, that the spirit is at variance with the letter of the declaration—is, I submit, established. Study of the context is essential to a clear understanding of any statement, however unambiguous in appearance. In this instance, the stated reason for refusal is the cardinal feature. It is found in the desirability of maintaining “the wise custom which limits the President to two terms.” Here, again, form and substance are out of unison. Reading casually, one would leap to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt’s objection was based upon the un wisdom of a citizen serving as President for more than eight years during his lifetime. Clearly this is not the meaning he intended to convey. His self-abnegation rests exclusively upon observance of a *custom*—“the wise custom which limits the President to two terms.” But there is no such custom, not even an example or a pronouncement to that effect from any authoritative source. The usage to which he refers is, of course, that of refusing more than two *consecutive* terms. Again the writer could not have employed the qualifying adjective without implying a willing candidacy at some future time, and, in his embarrassment, he was forced to use words which, as penned, constituted a false premise.

We have already seen that real meaning is quite as dependent upon context as upon the actual words employed in assertion. Indeed, in the two instances noted, analysis of the flat contradiction has clearly left the former in the paramount position. We now proceed a step further and note the equally influential component part of the causes of an important assertion to be found in circumstances, environment, temperament and record, the impelling force of each of which is recognized to a degree in any exegetical process. Of the effect of the enveloping conditions at the time the statement was put forth, it suffices to say that all tended to incite a generous mind and grateful heart to a self-abnegatory act. Others deserved consideration—others who had rendered great personal services, which could be requited only by clearing the way for the gratification of their own ambitions.

The opportunity, moreover, to overwhelm with confusion those whose taunts of attempted usurpation had been borne in contemptuous silence during the campaign, was exceptional in that the time of making the avowal could not fail to emphasize the patriotic unselfishness of the act. Enhance the effect of these natural and creditable emotions with the overpowering influence of a temperament impulsive and eager ever not only to do the right but to do it instantaneously, and the irresistibility of the suggestion becomes manifest. To insist that action thus taken should, in contemplation, be wholly deprived of that elasticity of interpretation which has been accorded bearers of great responsibilities since the world began is not only illogical but ignoble.

That acceptance of the nomination two years hence will give rise to some displeasure I consider to be an inevitable contingency of great achievement. But only minds unwilling, or incapable, of true understanding will harbor such a sentiment. No personal act teeming with possibilities of general benefit merits resentment unless itself be tainted by deceit—and he would be a temerous person, indeed, who should venture to suggest the existence of that detestable attribute in the character of Theodore Roosevelt. If ever a life was an open book, it is his. His faults, of which he has his due proportion, no less than his virtues, with which he is endowed beyond measure, he has emblazoned with unsparing hand upon the pages of history. Whether he be considered in the right or in the wrong, he has never concealed his implicit faith in the human's possession of the right of changeability. Scores of instances in his political life might be adduced to indicate his determination never to permit a possible accusation of self-stultification to stand in the way of performance of his full duty, as *at the moment* he should perceive it. One in precise parallel with the case now under consideration is a complete estoppel of any hypercritical complaint of lack of foreknowledge. While Governor of the State of New York and harassed by the unremitting efforts of politicians to submerge him in the Vice-Presidential office, he declared with all the emphasis at his command: "Under no circumstances could I or would I accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency." Later, he added, "My position in regard to the Vice-Presidency is absolutely unalterable." Even the qualifying "or be a candidate for" is note-

worthy by its absence. And yet, when the time came and his duty to his country and his party was writ in letters so bright that they could not but illumine his conscience, he reluctantly made what then seemed to be a mighty sacrifice; and, instead of indicating resentment, the wise, broad, tolerant American people subsequently set upon his act the seal of almost unanimous approbation.

From all points of rightful consideration, therefore—from analysis of written words proving the paramountcy of contiguous expression, from the special privileges accorded to those in high places, from the effect of environment upon a generous and grateful mind, from the inevitable issue of a truly American temperament, from a known record of disregard of minor morals in achievement of transcendental importance to the common weal, from stern, sturdy devotion to public duty irrespective of effect upon personal reputation—I am satisfied that I have established, in logic and in morals, the absolute and unqualified right of Theodore Roosevelt to accept the Republican nomination for President in 1908, and, simultaneously therewith, the full qualification of myself and every other citizen of like mind to vote for him with a clear conscience and perfect assurance that there is no blot upon his gleaming escutcheon.

Q.

BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

WHAT is likely to be the effect of this reawakening of the East on the stability of British Empire in India?

It is commonly supposed that the Indian Empire is the fruit and the monument of the territorial ambition of Great Britain. This is a mistake. The British Government and Parliament were strongly opposed to territorial aggrandizement in India. Parliament placed its opposition on record, declaring that the extension of dominion in India was contrary to the honor and interest of the nation. It might almost be said that Sind alone, of all the Indian provinces, was conquered in aggressive war; and this was an adventure of hot-headed Napier, much questioned at the time. Dalhousie's annexations, the policy of which was also questioned, were not conquests but lapses to the suzerain, or, as in the important case of Oudh, forfeiture for default in feudal duty.

The Empire of the great Akbar gradually crumbled to pieces in the hands of his degenerate successors, and filled Hindostan with a murderous anarchy of usurpations. The ambition of Dupleix aimed at carving out of the ruin an Eastern Empire for France; and he might have succeeded, had not Clive come off his commercial stool in the office of a British company to display his native genius for war. Of the British factory, the aims and policy remained purely commercial. Into war, and dominion as the result of war, it was forced by the attack of Surajah Dowlah on Calcutta. Clive's miraculous victory over the Nabob at Plassey brought Bengal, with its treasures and revenues, into the hands of the poorly paid officers of a commercial company. A scandalous reign of corruption and speculation ensued. The Company's servants made, by infamous means, fortunes vast for that

day, and carried them to England, where they avenged the plundered Hindoo by corrupting society and Parliament. Clive restored comparative purity by increasing salaries and retrenching perquisites.

In that destructive and murderous anarchy, amidst plundering Mahrattas and usurpers, such as the Sultans of Mysore, whose policy was rapine and perfidy, the ascendancy of a power comparatively of peace and order, though very far from perfect justice and purity, could not fail to grow. But it was impossible for the British Government to acquiesce in the creation of such an excrescence on the body politic as a separate Empire in the hands of a commercial company with a privy power of making peace and war. The ministry of Fox and North sought to put an end to this, as well as to the scandalous gains and pestilent influence of Nabobs, by transferring the government of India to a body appointed by Parliament. The bill was badly advocated, and an opening was given for appeals to the dread of political jobbery and of interference with the sanctity of charters. George III seized the opportunity, by a gross abuse of his personal influence turned out the Whig ministry, and called Pitt to power. Pitt could not take up Fox's measure, but he (1784) carried one akin, which, leaving India ostensibly in the hands of the East India Company with its directory in Leadenhall Street, placed the action of the Company under an Imperial Board of Control, while the Crown had the appointment of the Governor-General, by whom thenceforth the general policy was determined; the Company retaining a power of recall, which at a later day it notably exercised by recalling Lord Ellenborough, the author of the bombastic proclamation about the recovery of the gates of Somnath. Its commercial privileges, the monopoly of the Chinese and Indian trades, the Company as yet retained; but of these it was afterwards divested by the growing spirit of commercial enterprise and free trade. It retained the appointments to the Indian service, "writerships," as, in memory of the commercial era, they continued to be termed, and the army of Indian mercenaries termed "Sepoys," which, taking a leaf from the book of its enemy Dupleix, it had established on a large scale.

Political organization had been commenced, and the foundation of a regular Empire had been laid by Warren Hastings, a great and good ruler, and deservedly blessed, even if his rule was

arbitrary, by people whom he rescued from anarchical oppression. Gross injustice was done him by Burke, fired with wild philanthropy and egged on by Francis, the author of the "Junius" libels, who had been Hastings's enemy in Council at Calcutta. The story of the judicial murder of Nuncomar by Impey, instigated by Hastings, is a lie, for importing which into the impeachment of Hastings Burke was censured by the House of Commons. Of any personal maltreatment of the Begums, Hastings was entirely innocent. Cheyt Singh was a feudatory, and liable to requisition as such. Only in the Rohilla case is Hastings clearly open to censure. The Rohillas, however, were not a pastoral and poetic community of Hindoos, but a tribe of marauding Afghans domineering over a Hindoo population. The motives of Hastings were perfectly pure, and his own hands were absolutely clean. When, after his acquittal, he appeared before the House of Commons, the whole House, except the managers of the impeachment, stood up to do him honor.*

So long as the Company held real sway, the policy was strictly and narrowly commercial. Dividends were the paramount aim and end of government. Immigration was discouraged; colonization was forbidden. Education of natives was labelled as dangerous. Missionaries were excluded. There was to be no interference of any kind with native superstitions, however gross, or native customs, however criminal, not even with Suttee or infanticide. A guard was furnished for the festival of Jugger-naut, and Hindoo gods were recognized in swearing to a treaty. Acquisition of territory was banned, and alliances with native powers were discouraged. "Send us dividends" was the one great commandment of the Company to its servants in India. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of Leadenhall than the idea of civilizing and Anglicizing Hindostan.

A new era, however, was opened by the institution of the Board of Control, and the practical transfer of the supreme power in India from the mercantile Company of Leadenhall to a political Governor-General appointed by the British Crown. Henceforth

* Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings is, perhaps, the most brilliant of the brilliant series. But it is extremely unjust alike to Hastings and to Impey. Macaulay had apparently not read the trial of Nuncomar, for he makes Impey sit alone as judge, whereas he had three assessors. Impey seems to have been a good legislator, and when arraigned by his enemies, was acquitted by the House of Commons.

the political and civilizing object prevailed, the more completely when, by the abolition of the Company's trading monopolies, its commercial interest had been annulled. Now began the effort to improve and civilize India on the British model, the results of which are at present before the court of philanthropic opinion. Whatever the judgment of that court may be, that the intention has been good cannot be denied. Never before had conquest been so beneficent in its aims. Of late years, India has been regarded by England rather as a ward and pupil than as a thrall.

First, however, it was necessary that the Empire should be organized, that it should reach its bounds, and that the *Pax Britannica* should be established in Hindostan. This process was performed by the Marquess of Wellesley, a little man of imperial character and grand aims. It involved wars with the great plundering power of the Mahrattas and its murderous progeny the Pindarees, as well as with the brigand Sultanate of Mysore. In these wars, marvellous feats were performed by handfuls of British soldiers under commanders whose names are little known to fame, but whose achievements showed that the British army, which, when led by Royal Dukes, might be truly described as an army of lions led by asses, was not led by asses in Hindostan. Wonderful above all were marches in wars with Mahratta horsemen, under a broiling sun, without the provision now made for the soldier's comfort and relief. The Sepoy force formed by the Company did well with British troops at its side. The Sepoy was faithful to his leader and paymaster. Country or patriotism he had none. Diplomacy seconded war. Wellesley did his work amidst the tremors and almost the shrieks of Leadenhall. Leadenhall at last recalled him; but the work was done. The outcome was an Indian Empire, with the Governor-General as its Viceroy, rather more than two-thirds of it held in direct dominion, the residue as fiefs, large or small, by vassal Rajahs, on condition of allegiance to the British Crown and decent behavior as rulers. The second condition has been approximately enforced. Saved by the sovereign power from revolutions to which, like other Eastern rulers, they would otherwise have been exposed, the Rajahs have been prudently faithful to British rule. As the natural supplement of Empire, Wellesley also laid, in the teeth of opposition, the foundation of an institution for training Anglo-

Indian statesmen. The result was Haileybury, with its motto, "*Redit a Nobis Aurora Diemque Reducit.*"

Now came a line of political Governors-General, British statesmen in character, who, breaking entirely with the traditions of Leadenhall and disregarding its cries of alarm, pressed forward the work of introducing British civilization into Hindostan. They gave India a scientific code of law, and, so far as Eastern character would permit, trustworthy courts of justice. Disregarding timorous warnings, they suppressed evil customs, such as Suttee, infanticide and human sacrifice. They put down Thuggee and Dacoity. To abolish caste was beyond their power. Nor did they venture to touch the Zenana or that great evil, child marriage. They licensed a press as free as empire could safely permit. They created colleges and schools, through which European science has found its way to Hindostan. In later times, they have even tried to introduce a large measure of civic equality. They have admitted the native to the bench of justice, to municipal administration, in form at least even to political power. To introduce the native to the full reality of political power would, on the part of the conqueror, be abdication. In dealing with the land question, they were at first led astray by their English model, and bestowed on Bengal a counterpart of British landownership and squirearchy, which, as the circumstances were widely different, did much mischief.

Neither was material improvement allowed to sleep. The saying that, if the British departed from India, they would leave no monument of their stay but empty beer-bottles, is belied by railroads, telegraphs, canals, and works of irrigation, as well as by colleges and hospitals.

In 1845-50 came, on the eve of a great peril, the last important extension of the Empire. In the Punjaub, Ranjit Singh, a very able adventurer, had organized the dominion of the Sikhs, a religious and military sect, with a large army trained by European officers and provided with a very powerful artillery. When the strong hand of Ranjit was withdrawn by death, the army became turbulent and restless. At last it crossed the Sutlej, and hurled itself on the British dominions. There followed a series of desperate battles, with extreme danger to the Empire, the forces of which once at least suffered a reverse. Victory at last declared for the British, and the Punjaub, under the wise and

beneficent administration of Sir Henry Lawrence, was completely incorporated in the Empire.

All was apparently going smoothly, on the whole, when, in 1857, the veil of happy illusion was suddenly rent by the tremendous convulsion of the Mutiny. It is now admitted that the suspected violation of caste by the use of grease in the cartridges was the immediate cause of the outbreak. There had been several mutinies from the same fear of aggression on caste. Lord Dalhousie's annexations of fiefs, notably of that of Oudh, the vassal Prince of which had forfeited by gross misgovernment, may have had some effect. The feeling of the natives generally, though suppressed, was probably with the mutineers. But the Rajahs were true to the power which held them on their thrones. Sikhs, though their country had been so recently incorporated, fought well as mercenaries on the British side, and have been found trustworthy ever since.

A glaring light was thrown on the relation between the races. Terrible atrocities were committed on both sides, not least on that of the dominant race, which, transported with fury, treated the Mutiny not as a rebellion or a mutiny of the ordinary kind, but as a rising of slaves. There was merciless slaughter of the people, and one British General asked for permission to impale. The good Lord Elgin, who was in India at the time, was horror-stricken at the language held even by a clergyman. Not less shocking were the cries for blood in England, especially those of literary eunuchs displaying their virility.

The Sepoy army of the Company having thus collapsed, the end of Leadenhall had come, and India was transferred to the Crown; not without misgivings on the part of some who feared alike the direct influence of British politics on India, and the direct influence of India on British politics. For alarm on the first ground there is proved to have been little reason. Danger from the political exercise of patronage has been averted by resort to competitive examination, and the "Competition Wallah" seems not to have been found wanting in practical ability. When it was proposed to confer upon the Queen the coveted title of "Empress," there was an express stipulation that the title should not be assumed within the constitutional dominions. The condition could hardly be strictly observed, and the title has carried a sentiment with it. If you have an Empire, you must

have an Emperor; and if you have an Emperor, Imperial sentiment will follow.

India, with her 294,000,000 people, is now held for Great Britain by an army of 70,000 British troops and 150,000 Sepoys. The command is entirely in British hands, the highest rank to which a native can attain being that of a non-commissioned officer, with certain personal distinctions. The artillery, since the Mutiny, has been kept entirely in British hands. So is the supply of ammunition, which the natives have no means of making. Railroads have practically multiplied the force. Native princes have among them armies numbering upwards of 130,000, but mostly of the rabble kind.

Fusion of the races there has been none, or only such as is mournfully denoted by a small number of feeble Eurasians. Nor does it appear that, in spite of the laudable efforts of British Viceroys and other reformers in high place, the social barrier has been to any great extent removed, at all events as regards the mass of the people. To a Hindoo of high rank, society in England throws its door wide open, but this seems hardly to be the case as yet in Hindostan. In his "Letters and Journals," Lord Elgin says:

"It is a terrible business, this living among inferior races. I have seldom from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their *salaaming*, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them, not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy."

It would be painful to quote from the diary of Russell, sure to be a faithful reporter, the language of contempt in which British masters can sometimes speak of the natives, and the instances of insolent oppression which Russell witnessed. The social gulf has probably been somewhat widened by the shortening of the voyage between India and England. In former days, the Anglo-Indian, never going home, became more identified with the people of the country in which the better part of his life was spent.

The ostensible rigidity of caste may have been slightly softened by unavoidable increase of contact in railway carriages and elsewhere; otherwise, caste seems to have remained unshaken, so much so that one eminent reformer proposes to recognize it as the permanent mould of Hindoo society. Such a decision would be tantamount to recognition of the impossibility of a social assimilation of India to England. Into the dark seclusion of the Zenana English ladies are striving to carry light.

We have varying accounts, as might be expected, of the fruits of missionary effort. The number of converts to Christianity is proportionately small, being under three millions in a population of two hundred and ninety-four millions. Anglo-Indians are apt to speak of them with little respect. They appear to be generally of the humblest class; but they may not on that account be the worse Christians. The missionaries cannot fail to be weakened by their own divisions. To convert a Mussulman, with his intense and militant belief in the unity of God, to the Trinitarian doctrine may well be a desperate undertaking. A combination of Christianity and Buddhism has, however, produced schools, more than one, of Theosophy with Christian ethics. This is a development interesting not to Hindostan alone.

In a strange land and among a subject people, "Tommy Atkins" is inevitably exposed to great temptations, and it is not likely that the preaching of the missionary pulpit is always illustrated by his example. This seems to be an evil inherent in the moral circumstances of an army of occupation, and one against which no care on the part of Government or commander can entirely guard.

There is at present a good deal of political fermentation in India. It has broken out on the question of dividing the administrative province of Bengal, and finds expression in the Indian press. It evokes sympathy and has allies in England, where Hindoos are now entering the political arena as candidates for seats in the British Parliament. But it appears to be confined to the educated Hindoos, who, having passed their examinations and qualified for high employment, find no career open to their natural ambition. It does not seem that anything like a national movement of liberation exists, or is yet possible. England, it is true, has by her rule restored the territorial unity of the Mogul Empire. She has also given the upper classes generally a common

language. But among the people generally there are still a number of distinct languages, nor is the religious antagonism between Hindoo and Mahometan extinct, though it has been softened by a common subjection to the Empire. On the part of the masses, therefore, it would seem that nothing beyond dull antipathy to a foreign master is yet to be feared, while the native princes still owe to the Empire the security of their thrones.

If there is danger in any quarter, it probably is in that of the Mussulman, who, dispossessed by the British conqueror, has not forgotten that he once was lord. The Indian Mussulman, moreover, is a member of Islam, and looks up, it is said, with a lively loyalty to the Commander of the Faithful at Constantinople. War between England and Islam would, therefore, be likely to kindle a fire in Hindostan. England, a Christian power, has more Mohammedan subjects than any power in the world.

To attempt to strike the balance between the advantages and disadvantages of British rule in India would be to enter into a boundless controversy. Foreign rule in itself must always be an evil. India was rescued by Great Britain from murderous and devastating anarchy; though at the time she was plundered by official corruption of a good deal of the wealth which, being poor though gorgeous, she could ill afford to lose. She has since enjoyed general peace and order; both, we may be sure, to a far greater extent than she otherwise would have done. The deadly enmity between her races and religions has been controlled and assuaged. The foreign establishments, civil and military, though highly paid, have been small for the population, and the civil administration has been, in recent times, what Oriental administrations never are, perfectly incorrupt. The army, unlike the rabble armies of native princes, has been kept under strict discipline. Evil customs have been suppressed; trade and manufactures have been fostered; education, science, hygiene have been introduced, imperfectly it may be, but still introduced, which otherwise they would hardly have been. What national development, in itself always preferable, would in this case have done we can hardly tell. It might have been, and probably would have been, better for India to be ruled by a line of Akbars. But of Akbars, unhappily, there never is a line. In the next reign degeneracy began.

It does not appear that there is any considerable migration

from the provinces directly under British dominion to those which are under native rule. The people, no doubt, are generally fixed to their habitations by poverty and difficulty of movement; still, if they greatly preferred the native rule, a certain amount of migration to it there would probably be.

That the masses of India in general are miserably poor cannot be denied. The question is, whether under the Mogul Emperors they were better off. Was taxation lighter? Was India, under her former rulers, more free than she is now from pestilence and famine? Mahratta and Pindaree ravages must surely have carried famine in their train. Deserted cities seem to attest the prevalence of plague in former days. The population has vastly increased, and its increase may in some measure account for dearth.

With regard to fiscal and commercial questions, it may safely be said that, at all events in late years, there has been no disposition on England's part to do anything but justice to India.

India's complaints, speaking generally, seem to be of things inseparable from foreign rule, the withdrawal of which would be the only remedy. But suppose British rule withdrawn from India, what would follow? Is there anything ready to take its place? Would not the result be anarchy, such as prevailed when England came on the scene, or a struggle for ascendancy between the Mahometan and the Hindoo, with another battle of Paniput? Suppose the Mahometan, stronger in spirit though weaker in numbers, to prevail, would his ascendancy be more beneficial and less galling to the Hindoo than is that of the English Sahib?

One of the shrewdest of economists, Nassau Senior, rebuked those who said that the greatness of England depended on her possession of India. "On the contrary," he said, "he wished England were well rid of India, if only a good way of riddance could be found." The Indian service has been a fine field for English youth. This, perhaps, has been England's surest gain. How far British industry and commerce have gained by the political connection, it is for commercial experts to say. To the account of loss must be set down the expensive necessity of guarding the way from the Imperial country to the great dependency. To the account of moral loss must be set down the defence of the accursed Turkish Empire and the opium monopoly with its Chinese wars.

Danger of Russian invasion there never was, though alarm about it caused two Afghan wars, with their drains upon the store of the Hindoo. Once an entire British army was lost, while the despatches of the Envoy who was alleged to have countenanced the expedition had, when the Government was called to account, to be laid before Parliament in a garbled form. The military party cherished a belief favorable to military policy and adventure; by the civilians it was generally discredited. A Mogul or Tartar raider might swoop from those mountain passes with his horde upon the enervated people of the plains. Widely different would be the march of a great modern army, with its artillery and its train, to meet on its descent another regular army equal or superior in force to itself. Russia might threaten when she was thwarted elsewhere; there might be talk at Russian army messes; but the best authorities did not share the alarm.

British Empire in India is in no danger of being brought to an end by a Russian invasion. It does not seem to be in much danger of being brought to an end by internal rebellion. Yet it must end. Such is the decree of nature. In that climate British children cannot be reared. No race can forever hold and rule a land in which it cannot rear its children. In what form the end would come it has hitherto been impossible to divine. "By accident" was the only reply which one who had held high office in India could make to such a question on that subject. Since this reawakening of the East, a more definite source of possible disturbance may be said to loom. In encouraging Japan to go to war, Lord Lansdowne may have done something which was far from his intention, and of which he did not dream. He may have inadvertently pressed the button of fate.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

GREAT FORTUNES AND THE COMMUNITY.

A REPLY TO "X."

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

THE orthodox creed of Catholicism and its doctrines as to Christ's nature were developed mainly as condemnations of the various heresies. The Church grew to realize precisely what it held to be true through the necessity for distinguishing this from what it instinctively recognized as false.

I am led to make this reflection by a very interesting article, lately published in this REVIEW, dealing with the position and significance of that enormously rich class which, in several countries, but more especially in America, has risen into existence during the past twenty-five years. The writer conceals his identity under the initial "X"; but an editorial note informs us that he is well known to the public as one of the most considerable thinkers in the United States of to-day. I am glad to learn this, in the first place, because as to many points I agree with him. I am, in the second place, still more glad to learn it, because there are certain of his arguments in respect of which I disagree with him altogether; and the fact that they are put forward by a man of his admitted eminence increases the utility of a criticism of whatever may be false or deficient in them.

Let me begin with the points as to which "X" and I agree. I will state them more briefly than he does, but in substantially the same way. The recent development in America of those huge private fortunes, which have certainly no parallel in the world's previous history, constitutes, for many reasons, a grave social danger. This danger resolves itself ultimately into the fact that these fortunes, partly on account of their mere magnitude, but mainly on account of the way in which many of them are amassed and used, are tending to disseminate amongst the great mass of

the population feelings and opinions which are prejudicial to the rights of private property altogether, thus supplementing one danger by another which is even greater; and it is not in a tone of enmity, but one of friendly remonstrance, that "X" addresses himself to the multi-millionaires themselves, urging them in their own interest, no less than in that of the public, to reconsider the weak or objectionable points in their position, and so come to terms with those who at present are only their critics, but may otherwise turn into disastrous, even if ultimately defeated, enemies.

Fortunes, on account of their mere magnitude, become legitimate objects of criticism (this I take to be the meaning of "X," though he does not very clearly say so) when they exceed the possibilities of even the most lavish private expenditure, and thus leave in the hands of their possessors an enormous surplus power, which is dangerous to the political rights and the economic freedom of the majority. As a matter of fact, however, great fortunes in America are largely open to criticism of a more particular kind than this. An impression is spreading, which has of late been justified in certain well-known cases by recent scandalous revelations, that most of these enormous fortunes have been acquired by dishonest means; and that the possessors of them not only might use, but in actual practice have used, their surplus wealth to elude or override the law. Farther, the possessors of the proverbially great fortunes, not content with abusing their wealth as a means of power, have been singularly unfortunate in their use of it as a means of pleasure. The great wealth in question being an essentially new phenomenon, its American possessors have no inherited culture and no inherited positions to guide them in their personal expenditure of it. It tends to produce a class which is held together internally by nothing but emulous extravagance in insane and unsatisfying self-indulgence, and which asserts its supremacy in the eyes of the general public merely by making this insane self-indulgence ostentatious.

How far these accusations are true as regards America, I am myself not in a position to speak; but various accounts reach England through the newspapers—accounts of dinners on horseback, dinners at which the costliest presents are hidden in the guests' table-napkins, and so forth—which produce an impression that the accusations are far from groundless; and "X" makes

special note of the offensive and often fatal manner in which the great motor-cars of the modern American plutocracy force themselves at a dangerous speed through the narrow thoroughfares of the cities, with a brutal disregard of the convenience, and even of the lives, of the pedestrians. Such conduct he takes as typical of the general manner and spirit in which this new wealth is being used for the purposes of private life. It is, he says, conduct worthy only of men who are struggling to make themselves gratuitously despised and hated; and, taken in connection with the other and graver causes, which are producing a prejudice against them in the minds of so many temperate persons, it constitutes on their part a provocation to hostile sentiments, equally dangerous in their consequences to those who provoke and those who entertain them.

Now, accepting, for argument's sake, the facts of "X," as he states them, I agree with him in regarding these criticisms as at once just and timely. The rise of a class whose incomes are so gigantic as to separate its members not only from the community at large, but even from the majority of men commonly accounted rich—incomes of which the wildest private expenditure could hardly exhaust so much as the tenth part—would, for many reasons, be a misfortune for all classes anywhere, and would more especially be injurious to the civilization of the richer classes themselves. It would be less injurious in an old country like England, where ideas of birth and breeding, and a sense of class obligations, are still largely operative, than it would be, or is, in a country like America, where aristocracy, as distinct from plutocracy, is deficient in historical traditions: for aristocracies, though they are unable to flourish without wealth, require that great fortunes should be concentrated in the heads of houses, whilst the large majority of those who are identified with them by blood and education are of necessity comparatively poor. These last, however, for the purposes of ordinary social intercourse, live on a practical equality with the minority, their rich kinsmen; and thus the importance derived from the direct possession of wealth is tempered by the importance attached to the temper, the traditions, the refinement and the general habit of mind which the poorer members of such a class possess in common with the richest. Hence the undue obtrusion of mere wealth in an aristocratic society is recognized by that society itself as essentially vulgar

and ludicrous; whilst such personal displays of state as are made by its richer members are rather historical symbols than outbursts of personal ostentation. Moreover, in England at all events, the spirit of the aristocratic classes has always been largely tempered by a spirit of consideration for others—a spirit which finds eloquent expression in the letters of the great Lord Chesterfield. That this observation holds good of England at the present day is evidenced by that special kind of behavior to which “X” appeals as typical—namely, the manner, considerate or the reverse, in which motor-cars are driven through crowded thoroughfares. Despite accidental exceptions, it is noticeably true that, in England, the more highly placed owners of such vehicles are the most considerate in the use of them; fatal, offensive and even reckless driving being mainly the work of obscure ruffians, out for what they call “a lark,” and anxious to show that they consider themselves the equals or the superiors of everybody.* The fact remains, however, that, even in England, the appreciable presence of individual fortunes equal to those which have lately developed themselves in America would be injurious to the interest alike of the richer classes generally and of the poorer. In England, however, such fortunes are practically non-existent. Of great fortunes, according to the English standard, those of the Dukes of Westminster and Bedford are commonly held to be representative. There is one British-born British subject who is, there is reason to believe, considerably richer than either of them; but this unique and enormous fortune will, after his death, be divided; and, even as it stands, it does not amount to a third of the fortunes now possessed by the richest men in America. The observations of “X,” therefore, in so far as they are social, moral and political, have, as applied to America, a force which

“X” compares the outrageous driving of the motor-cars of the multi-millionaires of America to the outrageous driving of the coaches of the *noblesse* in pre-Revolutionary France. His reference to France suggests a curious train of reflection, which shows us how complex are the causes by which social conduct is determined. In France, which is the mother of the modern democratic principle, and which has now for nearly a hundred and twenty years been familiar with revolutions and appeals to the power of the populace, the law is still on the side of the man who goes on wheels, and against the man who goes on foot. The pedestrian is treated in monarchical London incomparably better than in republican Paris. One of the greatest English ladies, in point of rank, family and wealth, has refused to make any use of motor-cars herself, on the ground that they are an inconvenience to the humbler class of wayfarers.

is considerably diminished if they are applied to any other country.

But "X" does not content himself with indicating, as a philosophical critic, the dangers of the existing situation. He proceeds, as a politician, to suggest certain practical remedies for it; and he bases these suggestions on an economic theory as to its origin. As soon as he enters these regions of speculation, my agreement with him ceases. What he says does not cease to be useful; but its utility becomes that of the early Christian heresies. It assists us to discover what is true, by its formulation of what is false.

Let us begin with considering the general class of remedy which suggests itself to the mind of "X" as being certainly practicable, and most probably efficacious. He says:

It is to the true interest of the multi-millionaires to join those who are free from envy in trying to remove the rapidly growing dissatisfaction with their continued possession of vast sums of money, which they have either themselves abstracted from the common store of all the people, or which they have inherited from ancestors who have so abstracted them. For all the property of a free nation belongs to its inhabitants; and whoever abstracts anything from it must, when challenged, prove his right to what he has taken. . . . Millionaires are now the storm-centre of the population, for the simple reason that they are believed to have managed 'to accumulate much of their wealth' by withdrawing it from the common property of the nation in more or less forbidden ways.

The object to be aimed at is, therefore, according to "X," some reduction in the magnitude of such fortunes as are unduly large; and such a reduction, he says, may any day with perfect ease be brought about by one, or by both, of two simple methods—the imposition of a progressive income-tax, and the alteration of the laws of bequest. He says:

No one can doubt that, if the majority of the voters chose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking, they could readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which would limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters considers sufficient for him. And it would be particularly easy, he proceeds, to alienate the property of every man at death, for it is only necessary to repeal the statutes now authorizing the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent.

The powers, however, which "X" is thus prepared to invoke would, he says, be practically less formidable in their action than

timid persons might anticipate; for, although "each man, by reason of his manhood alone, has an equal voice with every other man in making the laws governing their common country, and regulating the distribution of the common property . . . [yet] immense and incalculable differences exist in men's natural capacities for rendering honest service to society. . . . Encouragement should be given to every man to use all the gifts he possesses, to the fullest extent possible . . . [and, accordingly], reasonable accumulations and the descent of these should be respected."

Such, then, being the nature and the range of his proposed remedies, let us consider what general conception underlies them of the process to which wealth and economic prosperity are due. He explains this in a brief, but a perfectly unmistakable, way. Admitting that some men contribute more to the general prosperity than do others, he takes the great inventor as a type of the men who contribute most; and the fundamental facts of the situation may, he says, be fully expressed by a dialogue such as the following, between the great inventor and the masses:

'I have,' says the inventor, 'discovered something which will be greatly to your advantage. What compensation ought I fairly to receive for it?' And the chosen representatives of the people, speaking for them, answer, 'It is for the general advantage to encourage useful inventions; therefore, if we find your invention useful, we will give you the exclusive right to the profits of it for fourteen years.' . . . The manager and initiator of a great industrial enterprise says (to the masses), 'I wish to devote myself to your service. What will you allow me to withdraw from the common property for such service?' The American people in their generosity answer, 'We will give you as much as we give the President of the United States; and, while we give him the compensation for eight years only, we will give it to you for the active years of your life.'

"It is difficult to see," "X" adds in conclusion, "how any undue restraint would be placed upon any ability or energy of a beneficent character," if the law were to limit the possible gains of such ability to an income of something like fifty thousand dollars a year, and were to place a corresponding limit on the amount of capital which he could bequeath.

Here we have a whole system of economic philosophy, and a whole method of economic reasoning, set forth and exemplified, with signal boldness and brevity; and they are all the more interesting from the fact that they virtually represent ideas

which are more or less vaguely entertained by a large number of people. Their distinctive value, as set forth and exemplified by "X," lies in the orderly clearness with which he has been able to invest them. I propose, however, to show that, with the exception of one or two incidental admissions, there is not a single proposition, either directly made or implied by him, which is not misleading, as a distortion or evasion of the truth, or else as a substitution for truth of some definitely corresponding error. We have either economics gone astray, or economics turned upside down. To begin with the question of method, the radical fault which pervades the entire reasoning of "X" is the fault of looseness, and of unscientific inaccuracy. Of this, a single specimen will suffice. "Each man," says "X," "by reason of his manhood alone, has an equal voice with every other man in making the laws governing their common country, and regulating the distribution of their common property."

Now, if taken as a mere rhetorical expression of the fact that, in a democratic country like America, where manhood suffrage is general, all men possess in common an influence of some sort on the government, which they did not in France, for example, in the times preceding the Revolution, this statement may be useful in briefly emphasizing what is true; but if it is transplanted from the sphere of popular rhetoric, and accepted as a proposition belonging to economic science, the element of truth contained in it is lost in the wildest falsehoods. Voters become powerful only in proportion as their respective judgments are gradually brought into harmony with regard to specific questions; and if, as often happens, out of every hundred men the judgments of fifty-one differ from the judgments of the remainder, nearly half of the voters, in spite of their equal manhood, have for the time being no power at all. But a farther fact remains which is more important still. The power of the mass of voters being always necessarily confined to the choice or rejection of this or that specific proposal, these proposals require to be thought out and formulated before the power of the ordinary voter can have anything on which to act. Which proposal, out of several alternatives, shall be adopted is determinable by the votes of the many; but these proposals themselves, some one of which the majority of the voters select, are invariably formulated and submitted to the general judgment by energies and ingenuities of the few.

Again, as soon as the work of selection begins, the many are powerless unless they are efficiently organized; and organization is invariably the work of the few likewise. Those who perform it do not perform it in virtue "of their manhood alone." They perform it because their manhood is in some way more active than the manhood of the majority.

Thus, although in a country where manhood suffrage prevails, each vote, like a weight cast into a scale, weighs exactly as much as any other vote, a few voters invariably exert far more power than others in determining in which scale the preponderant mass of votes shall be accumulated. If "X" had said that "each man, by reason of his manhood alone," has an element of political power in respect of which he is the equal of any other man, he would have been saying what is scientifically correct; but when he says, as he does, that the possession of this single element makes "each man's voice in the government of his country equal," he is guilty of an inaccuracy which renders his reasoning valueless, and the extravagant nature of which can be best indicated by a parallel. A steamer, we will suppose, is propelled at ten knots an hour by the consumption of a ton of Welsh coal per minute; and it is no doubt true that each ton of coal in the bunkers has an equal power with any other ton to maintain the speed in question. But if an engineer were to say, "The powers of each ton, by reason of its coalhood alone, is equal, in the sense that, if the consumption is doubled, and a second ton burnt each minute in addition to the first, the speed of the steamer will be doubled, and be twenty knots instead of ten," he would, as every one knows, be talking absolute nonsense; for one of the difficulties attendant on high speeds arises from the fact that an increase in the coal consumed, although it increases the speed, does not increase it proportionately. If the first ton produces a speed of ten knots, the second will only produce an added speed (we will say) of five. No one, treating of steamers, who ignored this well-known fact, and carelessly assumed that the propulsive value of every ton of coal was equal, would be listened to for a moment by any serious man; and yet a carelessness which "X" would at once detect and ridicule in any one who applied it to mechanics, is what he gravely indulges in himself, when he is dealing with social politics. So much, then, for the general defect of his method—a defect very frequent amongst thinkers occupied with

the same subjects. We will now turn to his conclusions, and consider them on their own merits.

These all flow from, and are referable to, certain primary theories with regard to the origin of law and civilization generally, and more especially to the economic structure of modern civilized countries. His economic theory is based on the following fundamental proposition, that "all the property of a free nation belongs to its inhabitants." It would, perhaps, be hypercritical to inquire what "X" means when he speaks of a *nation* having *inhabitants*: for, though he might mean merely that over the territory which a nation inhabits, and which if necessary it is ready to defend, it possesses some corporate control, yet it is abundantly evident from the main body of his argument that he does not confine his meaning to this indisputable doctrine. He means that the nation, as a whole, is in some sense the corporate owner of all the products, and all the machinery of production, which owe their existence to the exertions of all or of any one of its members: for the kind of property with which he more particularly concerns himself is not land as the potentiality of wealth, but capital as wealth accumulated. His fundamental principle, therefore, when accurately stated, is this: that all capital, all the appliances of production, and all the income resulting from them, are in some sense or other the "common property" of the nation; and that all private ownership of capital, and all private incomes, are, as he says over and over again, "abstractions" permitted to individuals, from this general store.

Now, to incomes of a certain kind such language might be not inapplicable. The income which, in addition to his official salary, a Turkish Pasha manages to wring from his province by exactions may be aptly described as something withdrawn from a common store. Again, if we regard as a community all such persons as at any given time are owners of stock or shares, and if one of these owners, more sagacious than the rest, manages in the process of exchange, to secure one-half of an income which was originally divided amongst fifty, his own gain is, no doubt, an abstraction from a store which he finds existing in the hands of others.

But neither of such processes is, in any fundamental way, representative of the process which is distinctive of any progressive nation. If great individual fortunes were nothing more than abstractions from a store which those who abstract from it influence

by their abstractions only, the number and the amount of these fortunes would very soon reach their limit, and the bulk of the population would be soon concurrently reduced to that minimum of the means of subsistence on which a human being can live. But in all progressive countries of the modern world, and more especially in America, what actually happens is notoriously the reverse of this. The great masses of the population, even if they grow poorer in comparison to the exceptionally rich, themselves grow richer absolutely to a very appreciable degree. Not only do the "abstractions," as "X" calls them, of the very rich increase, but there is a constant increase in the aggregate from which he tells us they are abstracted.

As soon as we realize this great primary fact, we shall realize in what the fallacy of the theory of "X" consists. In the vast majority of cases, the great fortunes of to-day derive the additions made alike to their amount and number, not from the reservoir of property which their possessors find existing, but from the constantly growing additions which year by year are made to it. What, then, is the origin of these latter additions themselves? If the theory of "X" has any meaning at all, they must be due to some universal increase in efficiency which develops itself equally in all men, even the idlest, the most brutal and the most stupid. But "X" himself admits that such is not the case. The differences between the efficiencies of men in rendering social service are, he says, "immense and incalculable." In other words, to what "X" would call the "increasing common property," a few men are constantly contributing incalculably more, man for man, than do the multitude; and that increasing fund from which the great fortunes are drawn is not a fund abstracted from a stock which would exist in any case, but consists of additions to this made by those few men whose efficiency is "immensely and incalculably" above the average.

Thus, the kind of bargain which virtually takes place between the typical possessor of the great private fortunes and the community, is of a character totally opposite to that which "X" imagines. The great inventor or organizer of industry does not say, in vague terms, to the community, "I am able to do 'something to your advantage'; or, 'I am anxious to devote myself to your service.' What will you allow me, as compensation, to abstract from the aggregate of property which you at present pos-

sess?" (for such is the meaning of the language put into his mouth by "X"). But he says to the community, "There is such and such a number of your members whose labor, as at present directed, produces goods annually to the value of ten million dollars. The value of the goods produced by them, if their labor is directed by me, will be, not ten million, but fifty. I come to you as the potential producer of an increment of forty million; and instead of asking how much, as compensation for my productive service, you will allow me abstract from what you possess, I ask you how much you will allow me to retain of what I engage to bring—and of what will, unless I bring it, be enjoyed neither by you nor me." And such a man might with truth proceed as follows: "The amount which I expect to retain for my own use is vast; but the amount which, in one way or another, will go to you is vaster." For, whatever may have been the fortunes accumulated by the great directors of labor, these represent but a very inconsiderable fraction of what their possessors have added to the wealth of the world generally.*

The theory of "X" has, indeed, some relation to the truth; but it is, as I have observed already, the truth set upside down; for, if "abstraction" has any share in the process, the abstracting party is not the great producer but the community, which says to the producer, "If I protect you whilst you are engaged in production, how much are you willing that I should abstract from your total product?"

But the fallacy of the theory so confidently put forward by

* The increments in the world's wealth due to great productive ability may be broadly said to distribute themselves in three different ways. A part goes to make up the fortunes of the great producers themselves and their heirs. Another part distributes itself in the form of increased wages among the laborers, in the cheapening of the goods consumed by them, and in a multiplication of the conveniences and amenities of life accessible to them. A third part of these increments becomes gradually the subject of speculation. The gains of the successful speculator, like those of the gambler at Monte Carlo, are, no doubt, abstractions from a fund to which he adds nothing; but the fortunes which arise from speculation are essentially parasitic, and depend for their existence on fortunes of another kind—namely, those which originate in the actual concrete additions made by exceptional men to the aggregate national wealth. It is, of course, conceivable that some great fortunes may be largely due to the underpayment of labor, as many little fortunes are said to be in the small and so-called "sweated" industries; but it is perfectly obvious that such cases are exceptional. On the whole, wages have very greatly risen, concurrently with the rise of the great typical modern fortunes, so that the latter cannot be due to a cutting down of the former.

"X" will be shown most clearly by the examples which he suggests to us of its application. An inventor, he says, comes to the community with some specific invention; and, if the invention works well, and is also of wide utility, "X" suggests that the community should, as a maximum compensation, allow the man profits up to fifty thousand dollars a year, and allow him to keep his savings up to a million dollars. "X," though he seems to consider these terms almost too generous, expressly says that some arrangement of something of the kind is necessary, because it is necessary for the community to encourage productive talent. Let us suppose, then, that the American people to-day strike the above bargain with the inventor of some new means of traction, which will increase the speed of trains, whilst diminishing their expense and danger. The invention works much better than the old-fashioned steam-locomotive; but in five years' time the inventor sees his way to improving it, if only the community will give him some inducement to do so. But, if matters are conducted according to the principles and suggestions of "X," the community is no longer able to offer him any inducement whatever. He already enjoys the maximum which his country, in its generosity, will allow him; and, though his farther exertions might enrich it with untold additional millions, his country will be obliged to tell him that he shall not keep a cent of them for himself. What then will happen? If the original compensation was necessary, as according to "X" it was, in order to encourage the man to achieve his first great success, the impossibility of his receiving any such encouragement again, will be equally operative in discouraging him from pushing this success farther. Or, if such an *impasse* were foreseen, and an attempt were made to provide against it, how could the community know, with regard to any special invention, whether the inventor should be compensated by a permission to appropriate the profits resulting from it, up to the maximum limit allowed to individual fortunes; or whether his participation in these special profits should be docked, in order to leave a margin of permissible gain, which he may hope to acquire by supplementing this invention with others?

"X" gives us unreal conditions, and an impossible kind of bargaining resulting from them; and the further arguments by which he endeavors to disguise this fact do but set the impossibilities of the case in a yet clearer light.

One of these arguments calls for very brief notice only. "It is utter nonsense," he says, to conjure up difficulties on the ground that, unless the great producers are allowed to appropriate "whatever sums they can," their full productive abilities "will not be put to use: for no genuine service in any department of human effort has ever been conferred on mankind merely for the sake of money." Now, this statement, as it stands, is true. Indeed, it is merely a platitude. But it is only saved from being a falsehood by the qualifying word "merely"; and, by thus being rendered true, it is also rendered quite inapposite. For the point at issue is, not whether the hope of a money reward is ever the *sole* inducement to valuable economic activity, but whether it is not generally an *essential* inducement; and that it is an essential inducement "X" has himself admitted in his assertion that a money-reward is, within certain limits, generally necessary for the encouragement of the great inventors and organizers.* Here we have another specimen of that fatal inaccuracy of thought—that readiness to lay down propositions which in a certain sense are true, and then, when using them in argument, to invest them with a sense quite different, and quite false—by which the reasoning of "X" from beginning to end is vitiated.

But an error of a kind far more important than this yet remains to be noticed. His conception of the relations between the great producer and the community, and the possibility of changing them, and modifying them, in any way that may be morally desirable, is founded on a conception of the nature and origin of law which is yet more imperfect than his conception of the nature of the economic process. "No one can doubt," he says, "that, if the majority of the New York voters chose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking, they could readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which would limit every citizen

* Statements—like this one of "X," which is frequently repeated by sentimental writers like Ruskin—to the effect that the desire for money has very little to do with eliciting the higher economic activities are, as a rule, so exaggerated as to be little more than falsehoods. The earliest of the higher economic activities was commerce. What induced the Phenicians to send their ships as far as Cornwall? It was not the desire of sentimental travellers to enjoy Cornish scenery; or the desire of missionaries to save the souls of Cornishmen. It was the desire of the adventurers to enrich themselves by the acquisition of Cornish tin. The desire of money, in fact, though the origin of half the evils of life, has been at the same time the mainspring of material progress; just as the sexual impulse, though hardly less productive of evil, is yet at the same time the originator of life itself.

of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters considered sufficient for him;" and they could just as readily, he proceeds, interfere in any way they pleased with the descent of property, even to the extent of abolishing the powers of bequest altogether. And he fortifies himself in this doctrine by an appeal to the following dictum of Lord Coleridge: "The same power which prescribes rules for the possession of property can, of course, alter them;"—the power to which "X" and Lord Coleridge refer being the will of the majority for the time being.

Now, Lord Coleridge, no doubt, was in many ways an exceedingly clever lawyer. He was, however, as the above quotation shows, a mere smatterer in political philosophy; and the error in which here "X" has hastened to follow him is of a peculiarly gross kind. That a unanimous and overwhelming majority in any democratic country can effect any legislative changes they please, at any given moment, and perhaps enforce them for a moment, is no doubt true. But life does not consist of isolated moments or periods. It is a continuous process, in which each moment or period depends on those preceding it. If it were not for this fact, the majority of the voters of New York State, "by electing a Governor of their own way of thinking," might pass a law inaugurating an eternal holiday, and forbidding any citizen to perform any kind of labor. Were such a law passed on a Monday, it might conceivably be obeyed till Wednesday; but, by Wednesday, let the Governor and the voters do or say what they would, their epoch-making law would be abrogated by the inexorable necessities of nature. Some of them would have to labor, or else they all would die.

This simple illustration at once shows the character of the fallacy which underlies the reasoning of "X" and of Lord Coleridge alike. Because, in any country, the formulation and enforcement of the laws have for their proximate cause the will of the governing body, and, farther, because in any democratic country the power of the governing body is dependent on the support of the majority, it seems, to thinkers such as Lord Coleridge and "X," that the laws have in such a majority, not their proximate cause only, but their ultimate, and that they can be modified or revolutionized *ad libitum*, with nothing to control these changes but the wishes, the caprices, or the theories of the majority for the time being. But, behind the wishes or the

theories of any majority whatsoever, lie other legislative powers against which majorities contend in vain—powers which impose on majorities the substance of all their measures, and permit them only to settle the minor and local details. These powers are man's environment, his physical organism and the prevalent traits of his moral and intellectual character. For example, in all modern civilized countries the larger part of the laws, perhaps, have for their ultimate object the protection of family life, and the privacy of the private home. But family life is, primarily, not the creation of law. It is the creation of instincts and affections which have developed themselves in the course of ages. Instead of the law having created family life, it is family life which has dictated the laws protecting it. So, too, with the case of property, with the opportunity of acquiring wealth, and with the right of bequeathing it, the laws sanctioning these represent in their broader features (which in all civilizations have, at all periods, been similar) underlying similarities in the relations between those acts and motives to which all civilizations on their material side are due. Property is not primarily the creation of law. Law is called into being by men's practice of acquiring property, just as the legal rights of parents owe their being to the unalterable facts of parentage.

When "X" talks of the ease with which all the present laws as to property might be abolished or revolutionized by any local or temporary majority, he entirely forgets this. If he means that an ill-advised majority might conceivably at any moment dislocate society by some act of mad legislation, and arrest the production of the wealth which it is anxious to redistribute, what he means is doubtless true. But if he means that it is capable of maintaining any change it introduces, without reference to the constitution and the working of ordinary human nature, of the faculties requiring stimulation, and the motives required to stimulate them, what he means embodies one of the most dangerous falsehoods by which the practical ideas of any would-be reformer can be affected.

The moral which, in the present connection, I wish to draw from the foregoing observations is this: that, though "X" may be right in his estimate of the evil and the danger attending or inhering in the development of the new mammoth fortunes of America, his conception of their origin rests on an inverted theory

of economics, and his suggested remedies on an inverted conception of law; and that these last, if attempted in the manner indicated by himself, could only produce disorders far greater than those which they were designed to cure.

I am not presuming to advocate any alternative remedies myself; but thus much may be said with confidence—that both the cause of the evils, such as they are, and any effective remedy for them, are matters much more complex than “X” is disposed to think. Just as science is every day showing us that the physical world is more complex than it seemed to be to the last generation of scientists, so, with the advance of sociological thought, we shall learn the same thing with regard to the social world. We shall learn that classes, ideals, motives, possibilities, faculties, which have hitherto escaped notice, or have been noticed only as superfluities, play an integral part in the life of the social organism, and that the surgeon’s knife cannot be used at random. It is a curious incident in the history of economic reasoning that the very thinkers—and “X” seems to be one of them—who are most inclined to attack the older economists on the ground that they neglected the many-motived human being of reality, and put in the place of him the one-motived “economic man,” should themselves be foremost in erring in a way precisely similar, by substituting for the purely economic man the purely disinterested man, and the purely law-obeying, who are incalculably more remote from actual human nature than the other.

“X” has, in my opinion, called attention to a real danger with great force and justice; but he has, by his erroneous and unscientific analysis of it, led such readers as agree with him to clamor for impossible and inapplicable remedies.

W. H. MALLOCK.

DISRUPTION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

BY EDWARD LISSNER.

THE break-up of the Republican Party in the Middle West is no mere figure of speech. It presents in a few words the actual condition of that organization in that section of our country: it suggests, to those who would delve deeper into the matter, the problem of what the end will be. Whether it means a new third party or a merger of one of the discordant elements with the Democrats is not a relevant matter of discussion here. The purport of this paper is simply to point out things as they are.

There is a disposition on the part of some Republicans, keenly alive to the present division in their ranks throughout the Middle West, to deny that things are as bad as on the surface they appear to be. The denial is influenced by the traditional unity of their party, the ability of Republicans of all shades to bury their individual differences and get together at the proper time. They are quite confident that the present quarrels inside of the party are merely of the present and that, when the conditions responsible for them cease, harmony will reign again.

This view, however, is too optimistic. The progressives and conservatives are too far apart, not alone upon personalities, but on the vital questions of the hour, many of which are not apt to be settled for years to come; and so long as these remain issues, they must command the attention of the country. To show how the breach is continuing to widen between the factions on fundamental principle, it is but necessary to recall that Governor Cummins, of Iowa, a few months ago, at the inception of his campaign for a renomination for that office, declared himself in favor of an income tax; and that last May, Irvine L. Lenroot, Speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly, a lieutenant of Senator La

Follette, and a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, made a similar declaration. The general idea is that the progressive faction in both States is favorable to the tax. In 1905, the Wisconsin Legislature, under the lead of the progressive forces, passed a constitutional amendment providing for one. If it passes the next Legislature, the State will have an income tax that is the creation of Republican leadership. Thus has one Republican faction become reconciled to the National Democratic Platforms of 1896 and 1900, for which William J. Bryan and his friends are responsible! Upon what theory, therefore, the conservative and progressive Republicans can be conceived as standing together upon a common platform on the issues of the hour, honestly presented in the planks without jugglery of words, it is hard to imagine. Either one or the other must be Republican in name only.

That the party is not big enough for both to remain in its councils, as guiding spirits, is manifest from the bitter contests for control which have been going on for some time. In Iowa, the struggle has lasted five years, since Albert B. Cummins became a dominating figure. During the campaign of 1901, the conservative or stand-pat faction repudiated the famous plank for tariff revision, on the ground that it was an admission that the protective tariff sheltered trusts. In Wisconsin, the fight has been going on for ten years. It has entered into the district-school meetings, prayer-meetings and agricultural societies; it has estranged personal friendships, and it has been in evidence with Republicans in every walk of life. The money that was expended to defeat La Follette and his wing would, his admirers claim, construct a railroad from California to Maine. A similar situation exists in Minnesota; and it was only because of it that John A. Johnson, a Democrat, was elected Governor the very year in which Theodore Roosevelt carried the State by 161,000 plurality. For two years, a similar contest has been going on in South Dakota, one that remains far from finished, despite the recent victory of the radicals over the machine controlled by United States Senator Kittredge.

The responsibility for the present situation rests with the corporations, especially the railroads. The situation is due to their desire to dominate the party machinery and dictate the choice of the Conventions; this the radical or progressive wing

charges, and in all probability it is true. That public-service corporations should make such an attempt is quite natural, in view of present conditions. For, being amenable in many respects to the lawmakers of various States, it is but logical, from their point of view, that they should try to control the lawmakers. If, therefore, President Roosevelt is anxious to restore peace inside of his party in the Middle West, the very first step he must take in that direction is to place the railroads out of politics. As long as present conditions continue, they must of necessity interfere with both parties, and that such interference is being resented goes without saying. In his address to the public, on entering the field for the Republican nomination for Governor for the third time, Governor Cummins asked: "Who shall be master? The corporations that are to be regulated, or the people in whose name the regulation is imposed? While giving to the corporations the most complete protection in the prosecution of their legitimate enterprise, we must expel them from politics." The bitter contest in Iowa is probably as much due to the efforts of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road to control the Republican organization, as to any other cause. A similar situation exists in Minnesota, where the Great Northern has sought to interfere with the party, and for that reason the Democrats, as has been already stated, elected their Governor the very year Roosevelt carried the State by a rousing plurality. Wisconsin has the same story to tell. The record of the progressive wing under La Follette is nothing but a recital of contests against the influence of railroads. In Nebraska and South Dakota, conditions are similar.

It is now in order to consider the principles upon which the Republican Party has split in the Middle West, and it will be seen that the factions are as far apart on many present-day issues as though they were not of the same party.

As it is apparent that the tariff will be an issue of great import in the Congressional campaign and that the next Presidency may likewise depend upon it, attention is directed to that subject, first, so far as it is possible to ascertain the attitude of Republicans in the Middle West to it. The limitation is due to the fact that, with the exception of Iowa and Wisconsin, Republican State Conventions have avoided touching on the tariff except in the way of affirming the National Platform. Members of

Congress, in both the Upper and Lower Houses, have also in numerous cases avoided any definite expression of opinion regarding it, beyond affirming their allegiance to the principles embodied in a protective tariff. For the subject is a very ticklish one for party leaders to commit themselves upon, and hence they are reluctant to do so except under the spur of necessity.

The progressives of Iowa, under the leadership of Governor Cummins, while believing in protection, favor "any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording shelter to monopolies." This was the wording of the famous plank of 1901. It was the work of George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, who said that the plank had the approval of President McKinley. While the language was modified in a subsequent plank, the plank of 1901 actually remains the view of the progressive wing, one that Secretary Shaw and other stand-patters have vigorously combated. Two of the schedules for which revision is asked by the Cummins wing are lumber and iron and steel. More reciprocity treaties are also demanded, the conduct of the stand-pat protectionists in defeating the proposed treaty with France being specially denounced. The present delegation from Iowa to the Lower House stands six to five in favor of revision. Senators Allison and Dolliver also favor revision, only they differ as to the manner of effecting it. The Republicans of Wisconsin at their Convention in 1904, which Senator La Follette dominated, had a tariff plank favoring "a readjustment of the tariff schedules in all cases where protection is employed for the benefit of capital, and only to the injury of the consumer and working-man." In a speech delivered last May before the Lincoln Club of Milwaukee, W. D. Connor, Chairman of the State Committee and a supporter of La Follette, said "that wherever the tariff law is so framed as to give special interests undue advantage, no time should be lost in revising the law." The progressive faction is for revision, while the conservatives favor a stand-pat policy. Senator Spooner is opposed to a change, while Representatives Esch and Cooper favor it, as does Joseph Babcock, though only to a limited extent. The Republicans of Minnesota have had it out with each other in a mild way about the tariff. The stand-patters prevailed in the farming districts, largely through the farmers' fear of free wheat. That was the cry sent up by those

opposed to a change. The revisionists, on the other hand, are powerful in the cities and manufacturing centres. The Republican Convention of 1905, in order to avoid a split, declared strongly for reciprocity and mildly for revision. In Nebraska and South Dakota, the lines have not yet been drawn clearly enough on the subject to render any comment possible at the present time.

The regulation of railroads was a greater cause of contention between the progressives and conservatives than the tariff, despite the apparent unanimity of sentiment favorable to it at the present day. Among the progressives, the charge is made that the reason why the conservatives have not openly opposed rate regulation is that they are aware of the great public demand for it and fear the result of any opposition. For a long time, the principles of the progressives revolved around three Rs—Reasonable Freight Regulation, Reciprocity and Revision. It is but necessary to point to Wisconsin to illustrate the attitude of the conservatives on the railroad rate legislation. The Legislature, at its last session, enacted a law creating a Railroad Commission, to be appointed by the Governor, with power to fix rates that companies may charge for the transportation of persons and property in the State. It is distinctly a La Follette measure. This was attempted at the session of 1901, but the bill was defeated in the Assembly by thirty-seven stalwart or conservative Republican, and eighteen Democratic, votes. It was introduced again in 1903, with the same result, twenty-five conservative Republicans uniting with twenty-three Democrats in defeating it. Was it not fourteen years ago, or thereabouts, that the desire of the People's Party, and four years later that of the Democratic Party, for Government supervision of railroads and an income tax, was considered by the Republicans to be conclusive proof that neither organization was safe or sane?

Much bitterness has characterized the issue between the two Republican factions on the subject of direct nominations in place of nominations by delegates chosen at the primaries. The progressives early took the lead in favor of this method, urging that the party voters should nominate the candidates, just as is being done in several States of the South. They believed that the local and State Conventions did not represent, except in isolated instances, the will of the people, and that in many cases the corrupt interests dominated. As illustrating the last proposition, the charge

is made that, at the State Convention held at Madison, Wisconsin, in 1904, several men who were sent as progressive delegates opposed Governor La Follette, personally and by proxy, for renomination, and that money was the moving cause of their conversion. The conservative wing, made up of many old-time leaders, has stood in opposition to primary reform, so far as direct nominations are concerned. This year, there is a bitter fight in Iowa on the subject. During the last session of the Legislature, the Governor caused a measure providing for direct nominations to be introduced. The conservatives opposed it. Secretary Shaw wrote a long public letter in opposition. The bill passed the Lower House, but was defeated in the Senate by the aid of Democratic votes. It is now an issue in Iowa. If the followers of Governor Cummins secure a sufficient majority in both Houses, the primary election bill will be pressed again. Wisconsin has a primary law, but it is not satisfactory as yet to the progressives. They were obliged to accept it or get none at all. If they control the next Legislature, the measure will undoubtedly be amended. Under the present measure, a plurality vote is sufficient to nominate. The system is bad, as it enables a weak man to win if two or three strong men, representing a majority in the party, fight over the post. During the last Legislature the progressives sought to change the system by requiring a majority vote to nominate. The voter was to have his privilege of recording a first and a second choice, marking one opposite the former and two opposite the latter. The candidate with a majority was to be nominated. If none had a majority, the candidate having the lowest number of first-choice votes was to be dropped, and the second-choice votes upon those ballots were to be added to the first-choice votes of other candidates. The candidate then with a majority of first and such second-choice votes was to be nominated. If then no candidate had a majority, however, the next candidate having the lowest number of first-choice votes was to be dropped, and his second-choice votes were to be distributed as before among the remaining candidates, and so on until one man had the majority. This amendment was defeated, but it will be pressed again for passage before the next Legislature. There is a bitter fight being waged over the subject in South Dakota, where the progressive wing seeks to establish the direct primaries. The State has the Initiative

and Referendum. A petition was presented by the progressives to the last Legislature, asking that the question of a State-wide primary be submitted to the voters at the next general election. The House acted favorably upon it, but the Senate on technical grounds declined to act, and thereby blocked the submission. As a result, the direct primary is a State issue this year. Nebraska has only started to fight for direct primaries. The last Republican State Convention, which the progressives dominated, had a plank in the platform favorable to it, but the controversy has not yet reached its acute stage there.

As an adjunct to the demand for direct nominations, the progressive forces are also fighting for legislation prohibiting railroads from giving free transportation. Their contention is, that this is one of the methods which help these public-service corporations to become masters of the political machines. Legislation on the subject was attempted in Iowa at the last session of the Legislature. The roads opposed it. Governor Cummins, in his statement made when he entered the field for a third time, asked why the railroads did not welcome a measure compelling all who rode on them to pay. The last Republican platform in Nebraska also declared against free transportation. Three years ago, the roads refused to give special rates to the State Convention at Lincoln, though they were not unwilling in most cases to issue free transportation. Most of the delegates thereupon paid full fare, in some cases as high as twenty-five dollars, rather than be dominated by the public-service corporation. The issue is the same throughout the Middle West.

EDWARD LISSNER.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE AND PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. DR. H. PEREIRA MENDES.

THE approaching Hague Conference is of deep import to humanity. For the horror of war, the recognition of its crime, cost and curse, the desire to avoid it, are universal.

But a Hague Conference has been held before. And it did not prevent the Japan-Russia war, the crisis between England and Russia through the North Sea blunder of the latter, the tension and preparation of France and Germany over Morocco, nor has it prevented the bubblings in Central America. These show the necessity for a Hague Conference to provide for a permanent and an all-powerful tribunal to prevent wars, to avert crises and to quiet disturbing elements.

The crime of war is that it is the soldier, who has no personal quarrel with the so-called enemy, who is called upon to kill or maim an unoffending man, or who is himself killed or maimed or stricken with disease. If the cabinet ministers, or stockholders, through whose ambition or greed the war is waged were sent to the front first, it would be well. As it is, the soldiers get nothing, whether victors or vanquished; the ministers or stockholders on the winning side gain everything.

The cost of war is demonstrated by the familiar fact that army and navy budgets mean one-third or more of the whole expense of a government, which vast sum otherwise would be saved to the taxpayers; and in addition, it means many hundred thousand brains and pairs of hands taken from manufactures, agriculture and professions, etc.—all consumers, none producers—to the great economic loss of the country.

The curse of war is that it is the widow and orphan who suffer most, and that manhood is defiled and the virility of a nation

is sapped by a pension system which allows able-bodied wage-earners to draw public money for what is supposed to be an ideal beyond price—patriotism!

As the duel has been abolished, so should war be abolished; for war is only a duel between two nations or two sets of allied nations. It means the belief that might makes right. The world has outgrown that belief to-day. Hence war is an anachronism.

The solution of war is war.

Officers and men should refuse to serve outside the boundaries of their country for any cause whatever, until the quarrel has been submitted to a Court of Arbitration. The finding of that Court should be final and all the nations should declare war against the nation which refuses to abide by that Court's decision. The solution of war would be found by this war of all nations against the one that rebelled. History would not be likely to record more than one such war.

The composition of the Court is the serious problem.

If it is composed only of representatives of nations which have political entanglements, alliances, *ententes*, *bunds*, colonies, protectorates, zones, etc., it becomes exposed to all the objections born of bias or interest or historical sentiment. That it must be composed of jurists of all nations seems at present indisputable. But a dominant or a predominant force among those jurists should be exercised by the only nation that has, and can have, no political entanglements, no alliances, *ententes* or *bunds*, no colonies, protectorates or zones. That nation is the Hebrew nation.

I use the word "nation" as a spiritual term.

A nation held together by brute force of autocrat, oligarchy or aristocracy is one thing. A nation held together by mental or intellectual ideals, such as liberty, fraternity or equality, is another and a higher conception.

But a nation which exists only as a spiritual force is another and the highest conception. Such a nation is the Hebrew nation, as conceived by the prophets in that Book of Books which gives all mankind its highest and noblest ideals. That nation was created only in order that "through it all the families of the earth shall be blessed." Thus that Book declares.

Let the approaching Hague Conference open the question of the reconstitution of the Hebrew nation by the great Powers of to-day, even as Belgium and other nations have been reborn with

guaranteed independence. It means a solution of the Near-Eastern question. Suppose it does! That question has to be solved some day. It may as well be met before clashing interests, already potent, grow yet stronger.

Sentimental reasons had much to do with the creation of modern Italy, new Greece and United Germany. Surely, sentimental reasons, numerous enough and potent enough, exist for creating a new Jewish state by restoring Palestine to the Hebrews. History has yet to atone for its pages of injustice, cruelty, persecution, bigotry and hatred exhibited against the race which has been so "despised and rejected of men," which has indeed "known sorrows and has been acquainted with grief." If the nations make this great Atonement and "bring the Hebrews as an offering out of all nations"; if "a nation be born at once," and "kings and their queens nurse it" into strength; if, by combined action of the Great Powers, Palestine be born again, it will be not for the glory of the Hebrews, not for their temporal advantage, but only for the welfare of all humanity.

For this new-born or reborn nation will exist only to use its voice in the councils of the world for the benefit of the world, and, chief among those councils, the International Court of Arbitration. Thus practical utility, besides sentiment, speaks.

The Hebrew nation is the only one that can maintain a judgment or an action unbiassed, by reason of never being hampered by instructions from the home government as to materialities or as to what questions shall or shall not be discussed.

Because its own government, purely spiritual, will have no temporal, no territorial aspirations outside of its limits as ordained by Him who saith: "I made the earth. . . . I give it unto whom it seemeth well to Me," . . . "to thy [Abraham's] seed I have given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." That means Palestine and not an inch beyond.

Therefore, its own government, unhampered by alliances, *ententes*, colonies, protectorates, zones or other entanglements, will never have occasion to issue instructions to its jurists in the International Court of Arbitration to avoid or "to refuse to discuss certain questions" which affect its temporal interests, or "to refuse to submit any dispute to arbitration."

The International Court of Arbitration should be in permanent session, and its duties should be to adjust whatever affects two or

more clashing nations. Resort to the Court must be compulsory and must be enforced, first, by refusal of officers and men to fight until the Court has passed sentence, and, secondly, by combined action of the other nations.

Those alone who have seen war can estimate its devastation. Not the least of its horrors is the fact that men surrender their power of free-will, their liberty of thought, and become mere instruments, blind instruments, to kill and rob,—to kill human beings and to rob a people! Not the least of its horrors is the fact that men calmly pay their quota of taxation to support army and navy of huge size, gregarious carnivora, when a small army and a small navy, joined to small armies and navies of other Powers, would suffice to whip any recalcitrant nation into obedience to the mandate of the International Court of Arbitration. Not the least of its horrors is the fact that a civilization and a chivalry which affect to protect women and children, nevertheless permit war which means widows and orphans innumerable!

The Hague Conference is an immense stride forward. Let another step be taken. Let a permanent tribunal be created, with a good proportion of its jurist-members drawn from a nation unbiassed, and not to be biassed, by any worldly consideration.

And if its locale be changed to Zion, dear and hallowed in the eyes of all the Catholic, Protestant, Greek-Church, Mohammedan and Jewish worlds, the religious or sentimental environment will not be without force. For “out of Zion will go forth law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem; and He will judge among the nations and will correct many peoples. And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

The word “soldier,” by its derivation, means merely a “hireling.” That is all he is in many instances. And in all such instances it is well if the word be deprived of some of its glamour of glory.

“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*” is true only when it is for the country’s honor or liberty, not when it is for the country’s greed or injustice. Soldiers should be thinkers, not mere hirelings, and should have minds of their own.

Not the least part of a Hague Conference is to educate public opinion, and to help soldiers to their rights as thinkers.

H. PEREIRA MENDES.

GERMANY'S SYSTEM OF TECHNICAL AND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

THE thoroughness and completeness of Germany's system of technical and commercial education are the features by which it is most distinguished from those of other countries. Its foundation is laid securely and broadly, and from the bottom upwards there is a well-graduated structure, terminating in what Mr. Gastrell, commercial *attaché* to the British embassy in Berlin, in one of his official reports, calls "the coping-stone to business education as a whole," namely, the new commercial high schools or, rather, universities. Neither England nor France, Germany's chief commercial rivals in Europe, has remained idle in this matter while Germany has been forging to the head. In both these countries, much has been done in emulation of the Empire, and the results attained by them must not be minimized. But there is, as intimated above, this difference: England's efforts to atone for a century of educational neglect are, as yet, neither centralized nor of uniform type, producing haphazard and uneven results; and France's edifice of commercial and technical education has a fine apex but an indifferent connecting substructure. As regards this country, there is rather a striking resemblance with England in this respect.

But let us guard against a very wide-spread error. It is not true that Germany's amazing rise, during the past score of years, as a great commercial and industrial World Power is due to, and was preceded by, this thorough intellectual training of her sons. In a British Foreign Office report, of November, 1897, on "Commercial Education in Germany," this statement is made:

"The commercial success of the German nation is not the outcome of commercial education: the latter is rather the offspring of that success,

which has opened the eyes of the Chambers of Commerce to the immense value of commercial education for a commercial people. Therefore, the wonderful increase of commercial schools is a result, and not one of the sources, of the trade successes of Germany. About ten years ago the state of mercantile education was not a very high one."

This statement is borne out by the facts. The commercial afflatus, so to speak, came first and was eminently effective for divers reasons; the specialized instruction to fit the young generation for these novel and strenuous, but more favorable, conditions came afterwards. Synchronous, however, with the rapid growth of special technical and commercial schools has been the even more rapid increase in Germany's foreign trade and in her manufacturing development. For, since 1887, the year from which dates this educational enterprise, the foreign trade of Germany has more than doubled. Thus, then, the incidental proof is strong that, with a new educational armor of greater efficiency, the initial success has not only been maintained against the competition of the world, but that it has been further accelerated.

It will repay the trouble to examine somewhat in detail this wonderfully homogeneous system of Germany's specialized schools.

At present, there are in active operation within the Empire 9 technical high schools, 3 mining academies, 4 commercial high schools, and 587 middle and lower grade industrial, technical and commercial schools and colleges, 536 of the latter being public and 51 private. These institutions are pretty thoroughly scattered all over Germany. There are 297 of them in Prussia, with her 38 millions, while little Saxony, with barely four million population, can boast of no less than 121 (of which 64 are commercial schools). Saxony, indeed, takes the lead in this development, the first efficient institutions of the kind having been founded by her Government.

Now, these middle and lower grade schools are of the most varied character and aims, and we find in Bavaria, for instance, no fewer than six public schools aided by the state government, in which wood-carving and wood-sculpture are taught, and others where instruction in pottery, glass-making, drawing, spinning, etc., is imparted, while also in Bavaria and elsewhere special institutions exist for brewers (the one in Munich being probably the best in the world, pupils coming to it all the way from Australia, America, Russia, even from China and Japan), lace-

makers, tailors and cutters, flour and saw millers, stone-cutters, masons, photographers, lithographers, basket-weavers, sailors, ship-builders, milliners and modistes, textile workers, etc. About one-half the total number, though, are commercial schools of various grades.

Generally speaking, the aim of the higher-grade technical school is the fitting of managers, technical directors, etc., of large establishments, and of owners, agents, etc., of smaller ones. Pupils on entering must possess a sum of theoretical knowledge about equalling that of graduates of our best high schools or smaller colleges. In addition to the imparting of further book-lore, is the practical training in shops, laboratories, or experimental stations, usually connected with the institution itself. The average duration of the courses is three years. The lower-grade schools purpose turning out young men efficient enough to become lower officers and higher employees in large establishments, of foremen and master mechanics, and of future owners or partners in small technical or industrial workshops.

Apart from these schools, and not included in the number given above, are the so-called *Fortbildungsschulen*, or commercial and technical continuation schools. Of these there is one in almost every town of any size, and their province is to give apprentices, while learning their trade, an opportunity to acquire those theoretical branches, especially drawing, mathematics, languages, which will enable them to rise eventually in the scale of their work. The fees to be paid are uniformly small, not exceeding 50 or 90 marks *per annum* (about 12 to 21 dollars), and in many cases they are reduced or wholly omitted. It has been found most expedient to give the lessons either in the early morning, from seven to nine (before business hours), or else in the afternoon between two and four, in which latter case the consent of the employer must be obtained, and is scarcely ever withheld. This type of school differs, of course, a good deal according to circumstances. Thus, some of them are maintained by the efforts of the body of those benefited. This is the case in Hamburg, where the *Verein für Handlungskommis* (Society of Commercial Clerks) wholly pays for the upkeeping of a continuation school, in which six modern languages are taught, namely, Danish, Russian, English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The average course of these schools lasts three years, coinciding with the terms

of apprenticeship; but in Saxony the course is one of four years. Saturdays and Sundays are free from lessons. With many thousands of German lads these schools afford the only chance to fit themselves for better-paid work.

A fair showing of what the higher-grade commercial school teaches is furnished by the curriculum of the institute at Leipzig, as follows:

	First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.
German	4	3	3
English	5	4	3
French	5	4	3
Mathematics	3	3	3
Mercantile arithmetic	5	3	2
Physics	3	2	..
Technology	2
Chemistry	2	2
Study of commodities.....	1
Geography	2	2	2
History	2	2	2
Commercial science	2	2
Counting-house work	2	..
Correspondence	2
Bookkeeping	2
Political economy	2
Drawing	2	2	..
Gymnastics	2	2	..
Lessons per week.....	33	33	31
Non-obligatory Subjects:			
Italian	2	2
Shorthand	2	1	1

It will be noticed in this list that the use of the typewriter forms no part of this curriculum at all, and that shorthand is optional, whereas in this country, for example, both these accomplishments would be considered as indispensable to a thorough modern business education. The typewriter, however, is not yet a very popular instrument in Germany, and the more leisurely business methods dispense, in many cases, with the use of shorthand. The aim is, quite evidently, to give a thorough all-around education to the embryo merchant, with such special knowledge as he will require some time in the future. Hence the great emphasis on modern languages, history, geography, chemistry, physics, drawing.

Tuition fees are low at all German schools and universities; for the higher and lower grade technical and commercial schools they average between twenty and fifty dollars *per annum*. Of course,

these fees are not sufficient to maintain the schools, nearly all of which are in the enjoyment of certain endowment funds, as well as of state or municipal aid.

After graduating from one of these lower technical schools or else, more commonly, on completing the course of nine years at one of the "*gymnasiums*" (colleges), "*real-gymnasiums*" (colleges where more attention is paid to modern languages, physics, chemistry, etc.), or "*real-schulen*" (colleges wherein classics are not taught at all), the pupil enters one of the technical high schools. There are nine of them, respectively at Berlin, Dresden, Brunswick, Aix-la-Chapelle, Darmstadt, Hannover, Karlsruhe, Munich, and Stuttgart. Together, these institutions have an average annual attendance of about 20,000, whereof Berlin has 4,464, Munich 3,226, Karlsruhe 2,187, Hannover 2,065, etc. Diplomas are granted (after an average three or four years' course and a successful final examination) in architecture, structural engineering, mechanical engineering, electro-technics, industrial and administrative engineering, surveying, forestry, or in several of these branches at once. The title of "*Diplom-Ingenieur*" is conferred upon those who have shown themselves possessed of a sufficient scientific grounding to enter their chosen field with some distinction. Since 1899, the centenary of the Berlin institution, by authority of the Kaiser, technical high schools are also empowered to grant the degree of "*Doktor-Ingenieur*" to those graduates who, on the strength of a dissertation embodying original research, have proved themselves worthy of it. In Bavaria, the degree thus acquired is called "Doctor of Technical Sciences." The social student life at these technical high schools is closely modelled after that at the German universities. The average cost of a three years' course at one of them varies between 800 and 1,500 dollars, with the greater frequency inclining towards the first-named figure, which would make the average individual expense (everything included) about 300 dollars *per annum*. Between 20 and 25 per cent. of the attending students are foreigners, Russians furnishing the largest quota, with English-speaking students next in number.

A special field is covered by the high schools and academies for mining (3, situated, respectively, in Berlin, Clausthal, and Freiberg), forestry (5, respectively, in Münden, Eberswalde, Tharandt, Aschaffenburg, Eisenach), agriculture (4, located, respectively, in

Berlin, Bonn, Hohenheim, and Weißenstephan), veterinary surgery (5, in Berlin, Hannover, Munich, Dresden, and Stuttgart), and applied art (13, of which three are in Berlin, and one each in Düsseldorf, Cassel, Königsberg, Munich, Dresden, Breslau, Frankfurt-on-Main, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe and Weimar).

However, of greatest interest, doubtless, are the new commercial high schools, because they express most clearly the latest phase of this educational development as well as the strongest longing of the material side of the German modern mind, the longing for commercial hegemony. The movement for the establishment of these institutions can be traced, in its first beginnings, to 1879. At the head of it at that time was the late Gustav von Mevissen, a wealthy, progressive and brainy "captain of industry" in the Rhine district. However, the first commercial high school was the one in Leipzig, founded late in 1898, and this was followed, a year or two later, by others started in Cologne, Frankfurt-on-Main, and Aix-la-Chapelle. At present, the success of the first three named is firmly enough grounded to show that institutions of this kind will be an important factor hereafter in accounting for German aspirations. The establishment of similar institutions at Berlin, Rostock, Hamburg, Hannover and Düsseldorf is under consideration.

The earliest, the one at Leipzig, began with an attendance of 95, of which 20 were foreigners. The attendance had grown by 1904 to 561, of whom 298 were Germans, 263 foreigners. The noted Professor Hermann Raydt has been its rector from the start. In his prospectus he states the aim to be a twofold one, viz.:

"(1) To give to young men who already possess a certain degree of mental maturity, a wide and thorough general and commercial culture;

"(2) To give to professors and teachers already instructing in commercial schools, an opportunity to perfect themselves theoretically and practically in any particular branch."

Among those admitted as hearers to lectures are students of Leipzig University. A very large percentage of the attendants, however, is drawn from among teachers and professors as well as graduates of other institutions. The principal subjects taught are theoretical and practical political economy, including coinage, weights, measures, banking and stock-exchange business, com-

mercial politics, commercial statistics, credits, transportation, and insurance; the science of finances, including taxation, public credit, and customs duties; knowledge of substances of goods and technology; commercial geography, economic history, general law knowledge, commercial law, law of exchange and maritime law, law of bankruptcy, international law, colonial policy, etc. Eight modern languages may be studied in more advanced stages.

The institution at Cologne, inaugurated in 1900, is similar in scope to the one in Leipzig. Its attendance is now about 1,100, whereof, however, only about 300 are matriculated, while the remainder are mere auditors, even women being admitted on certain conditions. The school in Cologne came into being on the strength of a foundation fund of about 5,000,000 marks donated by Mevissen, besides which the municipal government of Cologne contributes annually a sum of \$10,000 or more.

A year later, in 1901, the Academy of Social and Commercial Sciences was started at Frankfort-on-Main. This institution is somewhat different in scope, being intended to benefit not only persons in commercial pursuits, but also administrative officials, public and private, and others. An endowment fund of 2,000,000 marks from the K. C. Jügel estate, as well as smaller bequests and municipal aid, largely pay expenses. The curriculum is nearly the same as at the Leipzig institution, and the attendance is at present about 500. The institution at Aix-la-Chapelle, probably owing to the proximity of Cologne, is not in a flourishing condition, and will ere long probably be merged in the other.

One feature is common to all these commercial high schools. The students are taught how to think independently for themselves. They have taken the word of Goethe for motto: "*Ich wüsste nicht, wessen Geist grösser und gebildeter sein müsste als der Geist eines echten Kaufmanns*" ("I do not know whose mind ought to be larger and more cultured than the mind of a real merchant"). And a French authority, X. Torau-Bayle, lately wrote, in the "*Revue de Paris*," that "the structure of technical education in Germany is complete from the bottom up—that is its great superiority."

But there are many voices in Germany herself lifted up against this theoretical excellence. A number of German authorities of the first rank, among them Professor Fick, claim that an organized attempt to teach commerce theoretically in all its branches,

from the lowest to the highest, has more evil than good in its wake, and that "captains of industry" are born, not artificially trained. There may be something in this view of the case, and details are not lacking to incline the impartial observer to the belief that, for many ambitious and able young men, the overburdening of the head with formulas and cut-and-dried theory about trade and industry means to rob them of much of their initiative and originality of mind. But then, say the defenders of this thorough system of drilling, the students visiting the commercial high schools are but a very small percentage of the German (and foreign) youth who annually turn to mercantile pursuits as their chosen field. Largely these young men are the sons of wealthy or well-to-do merchants, manufacturers, ship-owners; and the higher point of view they are taught to take in respect of trade, by means of these special studies, the wider horizon that opens for their minds, will do much hereafter for them when they themselves come to assume direction of affairs. Probably, again, there is much in this claim. At any rate, it will be interesting to watch events and to note whether the friends of these new institutions have predicted aright. There is a general opinion abroad that Germans, as a nation, are inclined to attach too much weight to purely theoretical knowledge. Still, there is no denying that the schoolmaster was the victor both at Sadowa and Sedan, and that the better theoretical equipment of the young German merchant, manufacturer, and technician has stood them in good stead during the last two decades in overcoming all the natural disadvantages of soil and climate of their country in the open-to-all race for the capture of the world's trade.

As an illustration of this, perhaps, it deserves mention that we on this side of the water, though usually showing but scant respect for theoretical aids to trade, first adapted one such aid to the uses of our growing foreign commerce. I refer to the Commercial Museum at Philadelphia, a model institution which the Germans made haste to imitate at once. Every American export manufacturer and trader admits the immense benefit which this Philadelphia institution has been to the nation at large. Similar museums now exist in a half-dozen of the industrial centres of Germany, and together they are doing much to help the nation in its dealings with foreign customers. These museums, too, might be called so many schools. WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

THE PERMANENCE OF AMERICAN RAIL-ROAD PROSPERITY.

BY H. C. G. BARNABY.

THE railroad problem of to-day differs materially from the problem of ten years ago. To keep abreast of the times is not easy, progress and change are so rapid. It is necessary to understand the altered conditions, in order that we may appreciate the permanence of our railroad prosperity.

In the growth of railroad enterprise in the United States, there have been two distinct epochs; and we are now in the midst of the third. When railroad history began, venturesome capitalists pushed new lines into undeveloped country. If one line was successful, other energetic men rushed for the same field. Competition cut rates. High rates were at the start the sole source of profit, because traffic was light; but the traffic which at high rates supported one road could not at low rates support two roads. Both failed. Other roads, built into newly discovered mining districts, prospered while the boom lasted, and then ceased to operate. The process took some twenty-five years before the country was opened up and definite trunk-lines of travel were established. The mistakes of inexperienced promoters led to financial losses. Receiverships and reorganizations distinguished a second epoch in railroad history, a period which we may say ended when the last of the reorganized trunk-lines, the Baltimore and Ohio, was returned from the receiver's hands. This reorganization period corrected sins of capitalization. Fixed charges were reduced, bonds being replaced by stocks which did not pay dividends; and the money previously paid out in annual fixed charges was spent yearly upon the structure. Operating expenses, embracing heavy maintenance charges, absorbed nearly all of gross earnings for years. The railroads were finally re-

turned to their owners much improved physically. The third and present epoch in our railroad history, commencing about seven years ago, has met with an entirely new situation which is only gradually being appreciated, a situation an understanding of which is absolutely essential to an intelligent view of the outlook.

The first railroad problem was to open up the country and to establish lines of travel. The present railroad problem is to cheapen the cost of transportation, in order, first, to increase net profits at prevailing rates and, finally, to reduce rates. That low rates cause an increase in traffic is generally true. As our interior manufacturers are enabled to send their products to seaboard at lower rates, they can offer them for sale in foreign markets at lower prices. The development of foreign commerce reacts in turn upon the railroads, causing them to haul an increasing tonnage to seaboard. When the enormous possibilities of profit, as this country enters the world's markets, are appreciated, we shall understand why vast expenditures have been made by our railroads to shorten and cheapen the long haul. The development of foreign commerce is not the central idea in the minds of railroad magnates; but they realize that domestic traffic will also be increased by the methods which are being introduced in the struggle for foreign markets.

The building of new railroads in this country is practically at an end. Such construction as is now going on is chiefly for the piecing out of old systems, and the enlarging, by double tracking, of existing lines. The first steps in developing the modern railroad situation were based upon the conviction that new construction had gone far enough. A proper understanding between the various railroad managements was necessary to stop the building of branch lines or feeders tapping territory already well taken care of by other roads. Competition was not to stop, but it was to be governed to the point of avoiding loss. To that end agreements were entered into, and harmonious relations became common between opposing managements. A "community of interest," as it was called, was established. It is well known, as a business principle, that concessions may often be made with profitable results when a fighting attitude would bring loss. Agreements among railroads, however, never had gone very far, and never had been allowed to stand in the way of the progress of any road. When a new township started in territory contiguous to several dif-

ferent railroads, the old policy was for all the near-by railroads at once to build branch lines to the new township. Manifestly, traffic could not be heavy enough even to maintain these many lines. They were, therefore, all run at a loss, and the loss had to be paid by the parent road. Several receiverships were occasioned by such ruinous branch-line construction. The new policy was to apportion the new township or mining district to a single road, so as to make profitable operation possible. It even went further, and caused the abandonment of existing branch lines that were unnecessary.

The next step was more important,—the ownership of stock of one railroad by another, either to the point of absolute control and amalgamation, or to the point of partial control which allowed the shaping of the policy of the road controlled. Stock ownership was far more effectual as a means of securing harmony than were "gentlemen's agreements." The dominant railroad in any one section of the country was able by stock ownership to control the policy of all the neighboring roads. The railroads became grouped in this way into vast systems. There was no longer a possibility of the ruinous competition that had all along proved so disastrous, and that had so occupied the attention of railroad officials that they could accomplish little toward furthering larger ambitions. The competition now became of that wholesome kind which benefits all, a competition among large systems to offer the best facilities for through traffic. That is the situation of to-day. We shall discuss it more fully after we have examined some other features of the development of the past few years.

While the problems of control and of amalgamation were being worked out by the banking interests, railroad officials were perfecting, on their individual roads, modern methods of transportation. There is a theoretical physical condition of a railway on attaining which expenditures for betterments will cease. That condition calls for a level track with no curves, heavy steel rails, the most approved ballast, bridges of solid masonry or heavy steel, a perfect signal system and an equipment of the most modern locomotives and steel cars. It is to approach this ideal condition that present and past betterments are intended. How far the rebuilding is to go has to be determined by the needs of each road separately, and the determining point is the money advantage to be gained.

There is reason why railroads are continually building and rebuilding, instead of at the outset constructing an enduring structure. The policy is governed by the economies which will be made possible by an enduring structure, balanced against the amount of interest which will have to be paid upon the money borrowed for rebuilding. The Pennsylvania Railroad finds it profitable, at cost measured in millions, to build of solid stone a bridge wide enough to accommodate four tracks, because traffic is so heavy that the steel and wooden bridges are constantly needing expensive repairs. The resulting economy in maintenance expenses more than pays the annual charges upon the money borrowed, and a portion of the Pennsylvania Railroad structure is, in addition, made absolutely permanent and free from future need of repair. If, however, the Colorado and Southern Railroad, or another road with equivalent traffic, should put any section of its structure in perfect condition, the business handled would be too small to pay the added interest charge. Upon this general basis every railroad management, after a careful estimate of the traffic requirements of the near future, plans the class of betterments which will result in the largest showing of net profits.

To make the idea a little clearer, assume that a given railroad has fifty miles of track to relay with new rails, replacing old ones worn out. To put in some kind of a rail is imperative. Perhaps the company has plenty of money and can afford to pay for rails weighing a hundred pounds to the yard. Nevertheless, the decision is to lay sixty-pound rails, because the traffic is not sufficient to show a net annual return upon the larger outlay. The same kind of problem is met in every department. If a new railroad is being built, wooden bridges may at first be constructed. Upon light traffic profits may be made from the start. When the bridge wears out, the growth in traffic may justify a stancher structure. Some years later, a permanent steel bridge may be erected profitably, whereas an earlier improvement of this sort would have been an extravagance.

During a series of prosperous years, we have grown so accustomed to railroad improvements that we sometimes fall into the error of thinking that such expenditures are essential to the continuance of the railroad business. A few years ago, people marvelled at the improvements railroads were introducing, and talked of the economies which would follow their completion.

Sentiment, however, has undergone a change. Not only is it contended that the increased cost of labor and of supplies will offset any cheapening in other items making up the cost of transportation, but it is even argued that the great cost of necessary improvements will not be curtailed for years to come. It is this flexibility of sentiment which gives value, at this time, to a study of facts. If, as has been said, betterments are planned because of the expected demands of business, conversely, whenever depression comes, it is manifest that each railroad will stop those alterations which tend to accommodate a greater traffic, and will content itself with replacements of a more modest sort.

There is good ground for saying that future fluctuations in net earnings will not be nearly so great as formerly. This is an important feature of the present railroad situation. Stability of rates is better assured now than ever before. The unification of control and the general recognition, among dominant interests, of the necessity for rate maintenance, may be counted upon to postpone for a long time the period of lessening earnings. It would be possible to submit figures and computations involving hundreds of millions of dollars and billions of ton-miles to prove the importance of rate maintenance, but the following rough presentation is just as convincing. Call the average rate for transporting a ton of freight one mile, about eight-tenths of a cent. This minute sum of money is the measure of the bulk of the railroad revenue. A general rate war, occasioned by a lessening of traffic, might cut this rate to seven-tenths of a cent. The result would be a shrinkage in railroad gross earnings of about twelve per cent.; but statisticians tell us that the depression of 1893 and 1894 caused a reduction in railroad gross earnings of only fifteen per cent. Is it not plain, therefore, that the rate situation has a great influence upon the question of reduced earnings? It is not unlikely, indeed, that, with disastrous railroad rate wars out of the question, any future general business depression will be less severe; for nothing tends so surely to advance the country's welfare as does railroad prosperity, which is now upon a more enduring basis.

It would be a departure from the purpose of this discussion to enter more fully into the problems our railroads will face in hard times. If hard times shall come, railroads will stand their ground better than ever before, simply postponing their plans;

if prosperity shall, on the contrary, increase, the plans will merely be hastened. The point for intelligent inquiry is rather as to what the plans are and how near they are to accomplishment. Many who have given thought to the question agree that, at some distant day, the railroad industry will be so firmly intrenched on a profit-making basis, that all railroad securities will be locked up by investors and kept at a high valuation. It is certain that progress is slowly tending in that direction, and that each year removes the railroad industry still further from the harmful influence of business ups and downs. It may be stated unquestionably that nothing can occur to place our railroads in the position they occupied ten years ago, for there is a vast difference between the structure of a new enterprise and the solidity of an industry which has had drastic reorganization and has stood all tests. A permanent change has also come in general business; for this country, as a great World Power, is destined henceforth to do a vast business through lean years as well as rich.

Our railroads are developing commerce with Europe and with Asia. They used to be fully occupied with problems at home. This difference is the chief difference between the past and the present. To find better foreign markets for our products, we must solve the problem of getting our products to those markets so cheaply that the transportation cost will not raise the selling price to a prohibitive figure. The shoes manufactured in New England are sold all over the globe. But it is something of a problem to transport them across this continent, thence to Asiatic or Australian markets, and then to sell them at a price that will compete with the native product. We can produce iron and steel at lower cost than can any other country. The problem is, after its production, to pay for its transportation to foreign markets, and still to undersell the competitor who has no freight to pay.

The above has to do with the exportation of our own products. Another ambition before our railroads is the handling of traffic which has no relation to us, the building up of an entirely new business by offering the shortest and cheapest route between Europe and Asia and Australasia. We are ambitious to have England send her products to Japan by way of our continent, and to have our railroads carry the goods sent by Australia, China and the whole of the Far East to France, Germany and England. We are already carrying much of the freight that

needs rapid delivery. The aim is to carry also the freight that needs cheap delivery. Our railroad systems must compete for this traffic with the ships at sea, and must also prepare to meet the prospective competition of the Panama Canal.

Every inch of progress that is made towards securing traffic that does not originate or end in this country is a milestone of progress towards permanent railroad success. It matters not how many billions of dollars' worth of exports and imports pass between Europe and Asia. The figures would avail us nothing. Every one is aware that the total is large enough to occupy every energy and ambition of our railroads for years in the struggle to carry even a portion of it. It is patent, also, that every ton of such freight that is carried adds weight to the statement that business depression in off years will not hereafter cause railroad earnings so violently to decrease. The claim often made that traffic has become so diversified that crop roads will no longer suffer keenly from short crops will be strengthened, as miscellaneous traffic is developed in the manner outlined. We lack the ability to foresee the extent of future traffic increases, but we need not ignore the steps which our railroads are taking to secure a larger and more permanent tonnage.

Broadly considered, shortened lines and economy of management are the means to the one real end, reduced cost of transportation. It is necessary to note the distinction between low rates and low transportation cost. The rate is the charge made for carrying freight; the cost of transportation is the expense incurred in the service. The difference between the two is the profit. Seven years ago, the rate situation was threatening and almost uncontrollable. Conflicting interests caused reduction after reduction, and the margin of profit became small. It was then that the great problem of rate maintenance was solved. Combinations of our railroads into larger systems in harmony with one another did away with the incentive to cut rates. Rates, however, were already low and could hardly be restored. The next task was to reduce the cost of carrying freight, per ton-mile, to its proper relation to the prevailing rates, and to secure facilities for the proper handling of a greater traffic over the same lines, so that the aggregate of many profits, however small, might produce a large total. Then followed the greater problem of reducing the mileage by means of cut-offs, reduced grades and

eliminated curves, so that the rate for the long haul, although the same per mile, would be less for the full distance. If rates are to be about constant, any reduction of transportation cost by economy in operation will add to the net earnings by reducing expenses; and a reduction in the charge for the long haul, caused by shortening the route, will result in attracting a greater tonnage and will increase gross earnings.

An example of the work done to shorten routes is the improvement work upon the Central Pacific Railroad. The gigantic engineering task of building a permanent line across Great Salt Lake, in order to cut off the useless mileage around the lake, and the almost equally stupendous task of tunnelling through Battle Mountain, are instances in which millions of dollars have been spent to accomplish a lessening of distance. On the other hand, the large expenditures of the Pennsylvania Railroad are intended more to accomplish economy in transportation cost, by affording sufficient tracks, equipment and terminal room for the unimpeded handling of freight. To lessen the cost of carrying a ton of freight one mile by economy of operation, is to make possible in the end still greater reduction in rates. Shortening the railroad distance between Atlantic and Pacific ports will increase the business of our railroads as carriers of the world's commerce.

Fine, however, as are the distinctions between the various economic problems in railroad management, they are all carefully studied, and betterments are based upon scientific conclusions. The average train load is being increased; the heavier the train that can be hauled with the services of one train crew, the smaller the cost of carrying each ton of freight. An endeavor is being made to develop traffic in both directions, so as to avoid the sending back of long trains of empty cars. Granger roads used, of necessity, to operate extravagantly during crop-moving months, because the immense tonnage of grain was almost all carried eastward, and the cars had to be returned west empty. Now the westward movement of merchandise is very heavy, and an effort is always made to have the westward traffic heaviest when the rush is greatest to the east.

In emphasizing the claim that railroad amalgamations and betterments have been made with the object of attracting and of accommodating a traffic greater than has yet appeared, there

is no intention to look slightly upon the progress already made. The real ground for insisting upon the permanence of railroad prosperity lies not in the future more than in the past. The future was before us twenty years ago as truly as it is now. But the interim has been filled first with failures and discouragements, and, finally, with the past eight years of such progress as makes impossible a return of the early embarrassments. It is the accomplishment of the past which makes possible the near attainment of future ambitions. Railroad gross earnings increased from \$1,092,395,437 in 1895 to \$1,977,638,713 in 1904; while the mileage was growing to 211,074 miles from 179,154 miles. Meanwhile, rates decreased from 8.39 mills per ton per mile to 7.90 mills, and were, in 1899, as low as 7.26 mills. Gross earnings are the best measure of prosperity, when rates are not advancing, because they reflect the volume of increased business.

It is good for the railroads that the remuneration of labor and the *per capita* wealth of the country are greater than ever before. A rich community is a money-spending community, and the railroads always get the lion's share. It matters not that, in the raising of labor's wages, the railroads have had to share the additional expense. Increase in the cost of labor and of supplies is always concurrent with good times. It is better to prosper and spend much than to spend little but to fail despite the economy. This country's position in the front rank of steel-producing nations, and as the foremost manufacturing nation, as well as its growth in population and in industry, are the surest evidences of the new order of things. Population-growth alone means the settlement of the country with permanent communities, which, through bad times and good, will have to purchase the necessities if not the luxuries of life, and the railroads will have to handle the traffic. Manufactures exported from this country amounted, in 1905, to \$543,607,975 in value against \$159,000,000 in 1892; growth in the manufacturing industry is the barometer of enduring progress.

If it were necessary to prove every point, the subject would become too involved; some things must be taken for granted, among them that the country has forever taken its place among the leading nations of the world. The one object of this discussion is to outline the probabilities in the railroad world, which our leading railroad men are expecting. There is no intention of giving

a speculative character to the discussion or of predicting events with any positiveness. Too much argumentative literature is written, merely in order to influence sentiment. What is needed is a clear exposition of the railroad problem and of the outlook for continued prosperity, without relation to stock-market possibilities.

One phase of the future which is certain of attainment, however problematical the other possibilities may be, is the reduction in expenses which will occur when the principal improvements are completed. It is a strong point against the charge of extravagance in making improvements that much of the cost is being paid out of earnings, instead of from borrowed money. When the outlay shall finally cease, it will cause a scaling down of the percentage of expenses great enough to make large additions to net earnings. Many examples could be introduced to prove that the average sum of money spent annually out of earnings for extraordinary betterments is equal to a considerable percentage of total gross earnings, and is in many cases sufficient to pay substantial dividends upon stocks now paying nothing. The very possibility of cessation of these outlays is some insurance of the security of present dividend payments, which in many cases are being earned more than twice over.

There are certain to be further changes in the railroad map as time develops. Further concentration of ownership, and the rounding out of incomplete systems are mere matters of time. Current developments are all in that direction. Transcontinental systems will be perfected, and the route from coast to coast will be shortened.

H. C. G. BARNABY.

A NEGLECTED NOVELIST.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

IF a novel be the presentation of an individual conception or vision of the universe, and valuable in as far as it is true and complete, one often wonders why, instead of feeding upon the frothy and superficial productions which issue each month in such copious flow, fresh and ink-dripping, from the press, people should not turn back to the more leisurely and carefully created expositions of a past generation.

It is difficult to speak of George MacDonald as a mere novelist. He was so much of a man, a prophet, a preacher, a seer, that, when one thinks of him, his novels fall into the background, and one remembers his eager and serious pursuit of his Father's business; his childlike simplicity and gentleness; his poetic and prophetic insight into life and character; his power over the weak, the erring, the despairing; his wonderful gift of beautiful living. For those who remember his face and knew his voice, his novels may seem an inadequate expression of his attitude towards life, limited and enclosed, as they must necessarily be, by environment and existent conditions; and not until that reaction from the sterner and narrower forms of Calvinism fades a little further and becomes less immediate fact and more history, can he take his rightful place amongst the Victorian novelists.

Apart from any other consideration, the bulk of his work is very great. He wrote, besides his novels, some of the most fascinating and charming volumes for children that exist in the English language. There are few books indeed that stand beside "At the Back of the North Wind," "Gutta Percha Willie," "The Light Princess" and "Curdie and the Goblins" in charm and dignity and valuable interpretation of life for the little folk.

As a poet, he is not to be overlooked; and certain stanzas of "The Diary of an Old Soul" and some of his Christmas carols are unique in their simple, direct and beautiful expression of the soul's relation to its Creator. But, despite the fact that there are critics by no means to be despised who have spoken of him as the successor of Wordsworth, and who have compared him to Tennyson, his medium was, nevertheless, that of a flowing, unpremeditated and poetic prose rather than measured language, and he was a better discerner of the quality of poetry, as witness his *England's Antiphon*, than he was a poet himself.

To posterity, then, who can no more know him as a personality, he must be handed down as a novelist, and his vision of the world must be reconstructed from "Robert Falconer," "Sir Gibbie," "David Elginbrod," "Donal' Grant," "Malcolm," etc. Yet, in reading these books, it is well worth while to remember that their author lived his ideals before he set them down. The disheartening sensation that we are dealing with the vagaries of a dreamer, a man who, living apart in the world of the writer, has set tasks for other folk to do, must first be cleared away. His simplicity, his charity, his self-denial were unstinted, his sense of the brotherhood of man, of the very underlying unity of all souls in one human soul, which is the foundation of goodness, was secure; and his zeal to find and to serve a Supreme Master was an unquenchable fire. From middle age on, he suffered from extreme ill health; during his visit to America, in the seventies, he was frequently entirely incapacitated; but his courage, his patience, were alike indomitable. In one family where he visited several weeks during that American tour, he was known as the "long baby," because the children, accustomed to a very active and energetic father, were surprised at seeing him almost all day on the lounge or the bed, cared for by his wife or son. He accepted the title with his usual quick understanding of childish conceptions, and for some years he was in the habit of sending communications "from the Long Baby to the Little Babies." There was a deeper truth in the nickname than the children or the owner perhaps realized. George MacDonald retained to the end the childlike heart, the unsophisticated consciousness, the single-minded search for truth and goodness. He was entirely without conventional compromises.

His novels, then, are presentations of the ideal life as he con-

ceived it, rather than a photographic description of life outside himself. He had to an unusual degree external vision, powers of perception and observation; but the main trend of all his novels is to present a theory of life, a justification, literally, of God's ways to man, an explanation of evil, a possible way of weaning man from despair and misery. Compared with Thackeray, MacDonald is very much a spiritualist, with the stress of emphasis laid entirely on the relation of man to his Maker; compared with that other great ethical novelist, George Eliot, his theories are more elaborated and more definitely religious and anthropomorphic. Indeed, if one reflect upon it, it is strange to think how much other-worldliness he managed to weave into the web of his stories and yet keep them concrete and firm upon the earth.

This quality of concreteness, so necessary to the novelist, the quality which, indeed, gives the novel its body and power of conviction, comes out most in MacDonald's delineation of the old-fashioned Scotch peasant character, and in his descriptions of village and country life. How minutely observed, how keenly characterized, was old Mrs. Falconer with her calm forehead and erect carriage, her soft hands and precise dress, the little wooden stool upon which her feet always rested, her stern benevolence and slow recognition of rectitude.

"She wore a plain cap of muslin lying close to her face, and bordered a little way from the edge with a broad black ribbon, which went round her face, and then, turning at right angles, went round the back of her neck. Her gray hair peeped a little way from under this cap. A clear, but short-sighted, eye of a light hazel shone under a smooth, thoughtful forehead; a straight and well-elevated, but rather short nose, which left the firm upper lip long, and capable of expressing a world of dignified offence, rose over a well-formed mouth, revealing more moral than temperamental sweetness; while the chin was rather deficient than otherwise, and took little share in indicating the remarkable character possessed by the old lady."

A living type of an old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian, her dealings throughout are in line with her appearance—her stern, ungracious but reliable charity, her yearning love for the erring son, and her heart-broken prayers to the awful Deity whom yet she worshipped.

Over the lost son she prayed:

"O Lord, could na he be eleckit yet? Is there nae turnin' o' thy decrees? Na, na, that would na do at a'. But while there's life there's

houp. But wha kens whether he be alive or na? Naebody can tell. Glaid wad I luik upon's deid face, gin I cud believe that his soul was na amang the lost. But eh! the torments o' that place! and the reik that gangs up forever and ever, smotherin' the stars, and my Andrew doon i' the hert o't crying! O Lord! I canna say 'Thy will be doon!' But dinna lay it to my chairge; for gin ye was a mither yersel' ye widna pit him there!"

Then, when the false news of the son's death came, she sent to the school for her grandson Robert. When he entered the room she greeted him with:

"'Close the door, Robert. I canna let ye gang to school the day. Ye maun lea' him oot noo.'

"'Lea' wha oot, Grannie?'

"'Him, him, Andrew—yer faither, laddie—I think my hert 'll brak.'

"'Lea' him oot o' what, Grannie? I dinna understan' ye.'

"'Lea' him oot o' oor prayers, laddie, an' I canna bide it.'

"'What for that?'

"'He's deid.'"

Then, a few days later, when Robert, reading the daily chapter, came upon Christ's words, "I pray not for the world," she said, "*He* was o' the world, and if Christ wadna pray for him, what for suld I?" For the theology to which she subscribed had a great power of hardening the heart.

This theology, with its terrors of Hell forever at hand, its tendency toward hardening character in a set and, however upright, yet an unlovely mould, was the condition which produced all of George MacDonald's novels. Against a background of stern Calvinism he has set some character who interprets God as the God of love and mercy. In the first of his novels, David Elginbrod himself is the wise and canny interpreter of God. David is a grand Scotch peasant-king, as the novelist calls him, and supposed to have been a descendant of the German mystic, Jacob Boehme. He is also the descendant of that Martin Elginbrod who had the "some fearsome" epitaph written upon his own tombstone:

"Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod;
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrod."

To the liberal and emancipated thinkers of to-day there is nothing shudderingly irreverent in this demand upon the Creator

to live at least up to a human standard of kindness; but, to the stern upholders of the stern and wrathful God of Israel of that time, it seemed a very daring appeal. The clergy of those days were more concerned for the justice and glory, than for the mercy and love, of God. A churchgoer then "wad hae heard a heap about the glory o' God, as the thing that God Himsel' was maist anxious aboot uphauding; jest like a prood crater o' a King; an' that he wad mak' men, an' feed them, an' clead them, an' gie them braw wives an' toddlin' bairnies, an' syne damn them, a' for's ain glory."

To combat this theory of a merciless God damning men "a' for's ain glory" was then the theme of novel after novel. David taught Margaret and Sutherland the wisdom and love of God, and these went out into the world, smoothing the pathway, unknotting the tangles, clearing away the evils and ameliorating the tragedies of life wherever they went with their acquired light. In "Robert Falconer," the communication is more direct, and Robert wins to the surety that love can conquer and rule the world, out of his own doubts and griefs, and then presents his more enlightened theology against the sterner and older order of his Grannie. In "Sir Gibbie," the little dumb boy was born an heir to the kingdom of light, and from the beginning he knew no life but that of love and service. An exquisite conception is that of the little cherub, Sir Gibbie, growing up in the streets of the city, uncared for, living like the sparrows on chance crumbs, yet, under the protection of Providence, the self-appointed guardian of all drunkards. Out of the love he had borne for his drunken father, he developed a perfect passion for playing guardian angel to drunk folk.

"If such a distressed human craft hove in sight, he would instantly bear down upon and hover about him, until resolved as to his real condition. If he was in such distress as to require assistance, he never left him until he saw him safe in his own door. The police asserted that wee Sir Gibbie not only knew every drunkard in the city, and where he lived, but where he generally got drunk as well—that one was in no danger upon whom Sir Gibbie was in attendance, to determine, by the shove on this side or that, the direction in which the hesitating, uncertain mass of stultified humanity should go. . . . He was least known to those to whom he rendered the most assistance. Rarely had he thanks for it, never halfpence, but not infrequently blows and abuse. . . . A certain reporter of humorous scandal, after his third

tumbler, would occasionally give a graphic description of what, coming from a supper party, he once saw about two o'clock in the morning. In the great street of the city he overhauled a huge galleon, which proved, he declared, to be the provost himself, not exactly *water-logged*, and yet not very buoyant, but carrying a good deal of sail. He might possibly have escaped very particular notice, but for the assiduous attendance upon him of an absurd little cock-boat, in the person of wee Gibbie. . . . Round and round the bulky provost gyrated the tiny baronet, like a little hero of the ring, pitching into him, only with open-handed pushes, not with blows, now on this side and now on that—not after such fashion of sustentation as might have sufficed with a man of ordinary size, but throwing all his force now against the provost's bulging bows, now his overleaning quarter, encountering him now as he lurched, now as he heeled, until at length he landed him high, though certainly not dry, on the top of his own steps."

In each book there is one simple person to whom the meaning of life, or, better, the philosophy of MacDonald, has been revealed, as in "Sir Gibbie" to the little baronet who had the reputation of being "not a' there," and to the old peasant woman Janet, who had gotten "so far above time and chance that nothing really troubled her, and she could wait quietly." She and Sir Gibbie were tarred with the same stick. As the canny farmer said, "They'll dee weel eneuch i' the ither warl', I doubt na, whaur naebody has to haud aff o' themsel's." No one has applied more continuously and consistently than has MacDonald the Socratic dictum that "no evil can befall a good man." Janet and Sir Gibbie, David and Robert perfectly exemplify this truth. If we sometimes smile at the anthropomorphic turn of the phrases, we who chiefly feel of the creative force that "His ways are not as our ways," we must at least admit that MacDonald's religion is identically the religion of all mystics in all time, and that his interpretation of life must stand or fall with the yogis of the East, Plotinus, Jamblicus, Proclus, Boehme, Tauler, "the little poor man" and a host of other illustrious lovers and believers. His intimacy with his Lord and Creator was as theirs, he spoke to Him more frankly, more often, than to any earthly friend. Janet never used the word "prayer"; she spoke of it as "holding the gate open." "O Lord," she prayed when she believed her husband to be drowning in the great floods, "Gin my bonnie man be droonin' i' the watter, or deein' o' cauld on the hillside, haud's han'. Binna far frae him, O Lord. Dinna let him be fleyt." For to her, not death, but the fear of death, was evil, for fear

was faithlessness. The presence in thought of the eternal good was to her the only reality, and was more and better than life, nay, was *life* itself.

"The one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in love with the forces at work—to do every moment's duty aright—that being the part in the process allotted to us, and let come—not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the eternal thought wills for each of us, has intended in each of us, from the first. If men would but believe that they are in process of creation and consent to be made—let the Maker handle them as the potter his clay, yielding themselves in respondent motion and submissive, hopeful action with the turning of His wheel—they would ere long find themselves able to welcome every pressure of that hand upon them, even when it was felt in pain, and sometimes not only to believe, but to recognize, the divine end in view, the bringing of a son into glory."

His theory of evil is that of all mystics; it is the finite mind that cannot see the whole, and mistakes the helpful and beneficent process for an end in itself, instead of the soil which must be the food of the flowering. Life was to him the waking of the human soul to knowledge of itself in the mirror of its thoughts and feelings, its loves and delights, seeing Nature reflected by slow filmy unveilings, in the mirror of humanity, her highest self.

In the attitude towards the visible world once more we find MacDonald's was the mystic's consciousness—the great love of space, the sense of spirit in the winds and storms, the love of trees and flowers, shade and sunshine, stars, waves, even the black interstellar spaces as the habitation of spirit, the visible garment of the Creator. To wee Sir Gibbie "a cold wind, a small forsaken solitary wind, moist with thin fog" was a friend to be met as he wandered about corners at night, and to be pitied because it seemed an aimless wanderer, while he was about the blessed business of serving. The very rocks and heather and the faces of the sheep reflected Divine Love.

"He would sit, motionless as a ruined god of Egypt, on a stone of the mountainside, islanded in space, nothing alive and visible near him, perhaps not even a solitary night-wind blowing and ceasing like the breath of a man's life, and the awfully silent moon sliding up from the hollow of a valley below."

The projection of the soul into the nature around, and nature's power to relieve the soul in turn of the narrow confinements of self, he knew well:

"When a man turns to look at himself, that moment the glow of the loftiest bliss begins to fade, the pulsing fireflies throb paler in the passionate night; an unseen vapor streams up from the marsh and dims the star-crowded sky and the azure sea; and the next moment the very bliss itself looks as if it had never been more than a phosphorescent gleam—the summer lightning of the brain. For then the man sees himself but in his own dim mirror, whereas, ere he turned to look in that, he knew himself in the absolute clarity of God's present thought out-bodying him."

MacDonald's five senses were very unevenly active. The main part of his knowledge and emotion comes to him through the eyes. He *sees* everything. The first few chapters of "Sir Gibbie" are entirely visualized; they describe scenes and people as they are presented to the eyes. It is significant that the opening sentence of "Robert Falconer" is: "Robert Falconer, schoolboy, aged fourteen, thought he had never *seen* his father." Then follow various memories in which he had glimpses of him. This predominance of vision is carried further in the visualized dreams that come to the characters. These dreams are very vivid and significant and definitely seen, as Robert's dream of seeing the tall man, in a blue coat with bright buttons, about to open the lid of the bureau; the little elderly man, in a brown coat and brown wig, who sought to remove his hand; the stalwart figure, in the shabby tartans, with a hand on the head of either of the others; and the stately Highlander, with his broadsword by his side, who laid his hand on the other's arm. Here was the fifth generation watching four generations of forebears, three of them trying to hold in control the evil intention of the fourth. This significance of vivid dreams passes over frequently into warnings and admonitions, and in "The Portent" to marked cases of second sight. A clairvoyant faculty nearly always belongs to an habitual visualizer.

Far behind sight, but second in importance, comes hearing. Despite the love of music, and above all of organ music, the amount of hearing in MacDonald's novels is very small. The sound of the human voice is rarely alluded to. The sounds in nature, taking into consideration the passionate love of the author for the outdoor world, are rarely defined. The singing of the burn occurs several times in "Sir Gibbie," echoes occur twice, but in the wind he notices the freshness and feeling of it against the skin rather than its rushing song. Smell, which plays so

large a part in the sensibilities of the French psychological school, notably in de Maupassant, is almost quiescent. It occurs two or three times when hungry people smell food; and I remember that he brings in the smell of a pine forest in "Robert Falconer," and oddly connects it with the pervasive sense of divine truth, as a thing in itself so invigorating that "some one must mean it." Of dermal sensations he has chiefly the feel of water and of wind against the flesh. Indeed, a large part of all his novels is the health-giving property of outdoor life, of exposure to wind and weather. Many of his educational theories are forecasts of modern well-tested truths.

His diction is overrun with words belonging to the heart—"heart-break," "heart-rending," "heartache," the "heart of a story," "heart of the Father," "love," "tenderness," "mercy," "the everlasting arms," "nestling," "the heart of being," etc.; but the word "mind" and the terms pertaining to mentality are almost lacking. Of his style in general one cannot say that it excels in precision or sophisticated elegance. His sentence structure is loose; his grammar, alas! not above reproach. But when he falls into the strong, sweet speech of his early life, into the Scots tongue, he is simply unparalleled. Epigram, wit, depth of emotion, profound significance and a tenderness such as one might fancy unutterable, flow from his pen. His wealth of moral maxims is not to be overlooked. The books are full of short, pithy bits of concentrated wisdom, as:

"Ilka crater 'at can aates ilka crater 'at canna; but the man 'at wad be a man, he manna."

"The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the next is transmission."

"There can be no better auxiliary against our own sins than to help our neighbor in the encounter with his. Merely to contemplate our neighbor will recoil upon us in quite another way."

"Gin the Lord lat auld age wither me up, He'll luik after the cracks Himsel'."

"A word is a word, but its interpretations are many; and the understanding of a man's words depends both on what the hearer is and on what is his idea of the speaker."

"Emulation is the devil-shadow of aspiration."

"The only hope of understanding lies in doing."

Of a kite, Robert says,

"It's queer 'at things winna gang up ohn hauden them down."

When one has said so much of MacDonald, one turns again to question why he is neglected. Compared with the people who are writing novels to-day,—and counting Meredith and Hardy amongst those who have ceased to produce,—he is a very giant amongst pigmies. If his anthropomorphism is somewhat distasteful to a more sophisticated age, it is easily translated into the speech of the purest mysticism. He was to his own age shockingly liberal, and to ours he is amazingly orthodox. When another generation or two shall have passed, certain religious peculiarities will have become historic quaintness, and a fuller appreciation than he has yet had is awaiting him.

His subject is a large one—namely, the coming to consciousness, not of the mind, but of the soul, of man. It is so large a subject that it admits of calm and meditative treatment. There is little or no literary cleverness, tricks, manners and gesticulations. If one call up Falconer or Elginbrod to mind, one remembers them large, patient, slow of movement and speech, but with no small nervous habits of body, like Deronda's grasping of his coat collar. Sir Gibbie, indeed, being wholly a spirit of love, into whom no notion of suspicion or hatred had ever entered, was in the habit of dancing for joy; but, in the main, the large characters are conceived theoretically and abstractly; they stand for a given frame of mind rather than a bodily attitude or gesture. In dealing with the Scotch peasant, the whole method is changed, and is concrete and realistic, and full of that wealth of detail which rises at the slightest touch of the spring which opens the door and lets in the flood of early memories.

The rare beauty of MacDonald's novels is their gift of wide horizon and repose. From the clever, mannered, nervous, swiftly moving stories of our own day, to turn back to his work is like coming out of the heated glare of the theatre into the blessed sunlight and the open meadows.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY W. D. HOWELLS, GERTRUDE ATHERTON, AND PRESIDENT
J. H. FINLEY.

THE thing least essential to one's pleasure in reading the little critical essays of Richard Hutton* is that you should agree with his prejudices or his judgments. In most of the instances it will be to your credit if you can agree with a critic so kind and so wise, but he would be the last to condemn you if you could not conscientiously think with him. This is a great comfort in reading him; for, after all, one likes to live. He has never the air of saying the last word on any point. Apparently, he knows that there are a great many words, and that the most of them, perhaps the best of them, are provisional merely. This, I hope, is only another way of saying that he is very liberating and enlightening, though I hope also that it is not pretending that he is always so. He would not be human, he would not even be English, if he did not err sometimes where doubt is a better thing than faith; but oftenest the reader will be the better for his company up and down a literary period including many of the great Victorians and some of the great Lincolnians, if we may honor our greatest writers with the name of our greatest President. Dickens, Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin, Bagehot, Clough are some of the Englishmen of whom he discourses, mostly after their deaths, when he is no longer incommoded in what seems a very gentle nature by the fear of his truth hurting them, and Emerson and Longfellow are the Americans with whom distance as well as death helps him out. To these, he adds, rather surprisingly, Harriet Beecher Stowe, of whose world-known, indefinitely undervalued novel he has the inspiration to say, in speaking of book-

* "Brief Literary Criticism." By the late Richard Holt Hutton. Selected from "The Spectator" and edited by his niece, Elizabeth M. Roscoe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ishness in literature, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is "a book of fresh out-of-door genius if ever there was one," and, therefore, to be classed with the masterpieces, which the indoor folk, the bookish folk, can never achieve, or recognize till they are dead.

But inspirations are not much in Mr. Hutton's way. One feels that he would have been rather shy of one if he had seen it or heard it coming his way. Yet now and then one so almost entirely agrees with him as to believe that he is all but entirely inspired, as, for instance, in his note on a passage of Mr. Sidney Colvin's *Life of Keats*. I call it a note, for the essay is so light as to be scarcely more than that, but it happens to be of the spiritual compass, the intellectual compass, of whatever is much larger than a note. In faulting Keats, on the side where he is alone vulnerable, for "the fine excess" which the poet held poetry should "surprise" by, and where he is least Greek, the critic suggests his own most admirable characteristic. There is no excess in him, he rather constantly surprises by his sanity, his charity, his generosity. A word expressive of all three of these qualities would be the synonym of criticism at its best.

Timidity is as far from this excellent critic as severity. He could say of Longfellow, one of the most perfect artists who have lived since those of the Greek anthology, that he finally "gained that singular grace of perfect simplicity—simplicity both instinctive and cultivated—which rejects everything adventitious, with a sure and steady antipathy," and he could say this at a time when much English criticism, unconscious of its own commonplaceness, was eagerly endeavoring to make itself good by calling Longfellow commonplace. Mr. Hutton courageously recognized at this awful moment, and in the midst of dangers which involved any lover of the poet with him, that Longfellow had "the simplicity of a really great classic, with all its points in relief, and with nothing of the self-conscious or artificial tone of one who wants to draw attention to the admirable insight with which he has grasped the situation." After this, one may allow the critic his belief that Longfellow "was not a great poet." To have the simplicity of "a really great classic" is almost enough.

The volume which has been compiled, with what seems very good judgment, from the author's contributions to "The Spectator" through a long series of years, is very representative

of that journal in temperament and principle. In one light, it is a collection of book notices, but book notices with such a difference that one sees at once the word will not fit. It is rather a group of delightful essays on literary men and literary subjects, prompted mostly by the death of the men and the life of the subjects. No trivial person or theme is here, to tempt the author to triviality, but the gentle dignity of all the discussions is as far as possible from the gravity which burdens the reader as from the austerity which browbeats him. There is a perpetual good-humor in the book, not perhaps the sunniness which would have suited it less, but the quiet shade of the indoor afternoon, and the soft lamp-light of the evening. The author thinks, and says in the first of his papers, that the greatness of English literature is because of its unbookishness; but there is one glory of the moon, and another of the stars; and while creative literature may well be unbookish, the criticism of it can hardly be blamed for its bookishness, or found the poorer for it. At any rate, though the author is always willing to have his theme in the public square, where untechnical people may help him judge it, he himself speaks as a scholar and a lover of study. He lets an air of discussion pervade his criticism. He does not lay down the law, nor harshly dispute others' opinions.

One could go on reading such books as his indefinitely, and could well wish that minor criticism could always be of some such make. There must and there will be, to the end, the spacious review, the elaborate study, the exhaustive analysis of this piece of this literature or that. In these the critic can return and return again to an author, classic or modern, but the book notice, which visits a new book or a new author, and has an early say about either, may well be of the modest bounds of the essays in this pleasant volume. If they could be always of its illimitable spirit, that would be an advantage which is not unimaginable, and which one might like to forecast for the work in the department here opening. I could wish all my fellow contributors the good taste, the good temper, the good nature with which Mr. Hutton bore his knowledge and his wisdom. I could not always promise so much for myself, but for the critics beginning young here, I do not see why I should not hopefully invoke his spirit for their own advantage and their readers'.

W. D. HOWELLS.

It is little to our credit, and ranks among the idiosyncrasies of literature, that three of the best works on American history, if not the three very best within their by no means limited range, should be by Britons: Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Trevelyan's "American Revolution," and now Mr. Frederick Scott Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton: An Essay on American Union."* The reason cannot be because a long perspective is necessary for historical building, for British historians have dealt as adequately with native blocks and teeming foregrounds; nor can it be that the calm judicial mind of a foreigner can best interpret a young country's struggle from chaos into national life, giving all the heroic surgeons their rightful niche, throwing the limelight upon achievements and events of the most significance to posterity; for we have calm judicial minds of our own, and no other foreigner save the Briton has ever written of us with a complete intelligence and sympathy. I fancy that a greater personal leisure and the inherited method of treating history in a spirit of serious and noble deliberation, combined with the larger vision acquired by contemplation of a deep historic background of infinite variety, explain the phenomenon in a measure; to say nothing of the sap that, welling from a common root, inclines the ancient tree to regard with an indulgent and paternal sympathy its precocious shoot across the way.

American historians, with few exceptions, are without repose in their style (dulness is no substitute), and that lofty attitude of mind and wide vision that leave the accident of personal nationality out of the question. The reason is, not only that the hurry of a young country sends its waves even to the study, but that, in nine cases out of ten, our histories and biographies have been turned out on the order of a publisher or to meet the requirements of a "series." Generally, they are intolerably dull, cut and dried, lacking altogether the warm human magnetism and the aristocratic leisure that make the best work of the British historians so delightful. When I was writing my own study of Hamilton, I was obliged to drink quarts of tea in order to wade through the published biographies of him. Never was a man so unfortunate in his would-be interpreters. Saving his son, whose pen was dipped in drab and who escaped an absolute

* "Alexander Hamilton: An Essay on American Union." By Frederick Scott Oliver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

neutrality by the violence of his prejudices alone, I found all of Hamilton's biographers perfunctory, bored, utterly without insight and sympathy. His wonderful personality seemed to have hidden itself with his dust in Trinity Churchyard, and those commissioned to write of him merely boiled down John Hamilton's mountain of words—drinking quarts of tea, no doubt—recognizing nothing beyond the bare bones of his achievements, and, while giving a few lines to the romantic circumstances of his birth, making not the slightest effort to dissipate one of the most interesting mysteries in history. No wonder Hamilton lay forgotten for a hundred years, and even for long after the three or four provocative lines in the "American Commonwealth"; although one might have fancied that the many fine paintings of him would have talked their own story into a thousand brains as ardent and sympathetic as his own.

Had Mr. Oliver's book appeared fifty years ago, Hamilton would have continued to be as vivid a beacon-light for coherence as Jefferson has been for disintegration; for high impersonal ideals, as his arch-enemy has been for the Declaration of Independence gone mad. Hamilton was by far the truer Democrat of the two—as a young student of Knox College demonstrated during last year's annual debate at the Hamilton Club of Chicago—because he had the good of the entire Republic at heart, was absolutely catholic and impartial in his arrangement of the nation's affairs, while bending all his energies toward making it so compact and solid that it should be impervious to assault without and within. His mind was universal, impersonal, unselfish; Jefferson's was sectional, beset by fads and enthusiasms, but with a gift of pose and prose that has enabled him to drive the illogical masses in the United States even to this day.

Nothing could have counteracted this pernicious force in American affairs, and enabled us to approach within a measurable distance of an ideal republic, but the persistence of the spirit of Hamilton, the ever-present realization that the entire country ran on his wheels, that its prosperity and greatness, its primal impulse of energy,—an energy in which we take a not too modest pride,—sprang from his brain; nothing but the inspiration of his extraordinary life, from nameless boyhood to the making of a nation destined to have no rival but Great Britain; of his poverty, his honesty, his free and ardent gift of the best that was in him, that a

loose cluster of States, abominably beset in every vital inch by as unpatriotic a people as history records, should be dragged from disease to health, wounds stitched, wrenched-off members strapped to the trunk, become a nation, and the nation have at least a chance for its life. And during a long and critical period, when we had so much need of him again, he was buried under a mountain of débris.

There is no life of which we have any record as inspiring as Hamilton's; and, to repeat, could Mr. Oliver's biography have appeared long since, it would have been an incalculable boon to the country. It is so broad, so generous, so just to both sides in its analysis of the great struggle for liberty, its estimates of all the actors in that picturesque drama, it is so evidently a labor of love in an infinite leisure, above all so classic in style, and so interesting as mere reading, that, in an era when the American public was more addicted to serious books than now, it would have become a handbook at once and exerted a powerful influence.

But it by no means comes too late. I am told that Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's really remarkable life of Lord Randolph Churchill has not sold a sufficient number of copies in the United States to pay for the typesetting. If that be true, the American public ought to be ashamed of itself; and there could hardly be a sadder commentary on the frivolity and shallowness of mind which concentration upon purely material things has bred, than in this neglect of a psychological and historic revelation of importance to all men, and of a fascinating story told in a literary style of the first order. There is, however, at the present moment, a second reason for the neglect of such a book. Since the war with Spain, the people of the United States have been so infatuated with themselves that they have taken no interest, literary or otherwise, in mere outlanders. This new ego, as rampant and vulgar as the yellow-rich, has bestowed an unprecedented popularity upon some of the dullest historical novels and social studies ever written, transformed Americanism into rank provincialism, and driven more than one man and woman, bored to extinction, out of the country.

But this very apotheosis of self will save Mr. Oliver's book from the fate of Mr. Churchill's. After all, Hamilton, even though denied the felicity of being born on the sacred soil of the future United States, became indisputably an integral part of

American life; and when the country awakes to the knowledge that it would have been considerably less without him, the day of his deification will not be far off. Meanwhile, the better class of Americans, those that ever hold themselves aloof from the periodical nonsense of their fellows, will welcome this book of Mr. Oliver's, not only as one of the few adequate biographies, and an almost inspired piece of literary workmanship, but as an illuminating account of a man and a period so often the victims of biased minds and indifferent pens.

But it has a still more significant chance of taking immediate rank as a classic. I hear constantly of Hamilton clubs being formed by young men all over the United States, frequently receive letters announcing an intention to make of the life and work of Hamilton a serious study as a preparation for the career of politics and the further dissemination of his precepts. These young men will be the first to welcome Mr. Oliver's book, and it will play a large part in their development; impressing them, as it cannot fail to do, with the fairness of its estimates; whereas the same deductions in the work of an American might, knowing the intense bias of most of our writers, leave them open to doubt.

I have only one criticism to offer, or rather one correction. Mr. Oliver, on page 15, remarks that it is impossible to accept Hamilton's illegitimacy as a matter of certainty. There is not the slightest doubt of it, as I demonstrated in the preface to "A Few of Hamilton's Letters." An examination of the Protocol of the Dealing Court in Christianstadt for the year 1768 (Archives of Copenhagen, Iceland Division) set this question at rest forever; the language, more legal than polite, is final. I insist upon this point, not only because it makes the career and achievements of Hamilton the more remarkable, but because it is of the greatest value psychologically in interpreting his singular and complex character.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THERE have appeared this year two noteworthy books, which together trace the history of the *university* from its origins in mediæval times to its evolved life, divers activities and problems in the present time and in our country. The first of these is Professor Friedrich Paulsen's work, in English translation, on

the German universities;* and the second, President Gilman's story of the genesis and life of the American university.† The path of this evolution, as the titles tell, leads by way of Germany; and not through the loved quadrangles of the great English universities which gave scholarly lineage, pattern and spirit to our American college. The university in the United States is, in its most recent development, more closely related to the German than to the English type in organization, atmosphere and aim. The number of American scholars who have studied in German universities has been great; and they, with others who have studied sympathetically at home the growing achievement of these institutions, not only in the training of scholars, but in the discovery and discrimination of new truth, have had much to do with the making of our present higher educational history. Out of this intimacy of academic relationship, other ties have been made or strengthened. Ambassador White is quoted to have said that it is due principally to Germany's universities that she has been looked upon "as a kind of second mother country."

The existence of this relationship, historical and sentimental, gives Professor Paulsen's intrinsically interesting book a special value and interest to American scholars, and especially to teachers and college and university executives and trustees. It not only presents in a systematic way the varied experiences through which the German university has come into its ascendancy among the world's universities, as a place of both teaching and research, but it discusses also such subjects as the relation of the university to the state, society and the church; the functions and difficulties of the university teacher; the freedom of teaching and the freedom of learning; methods of study; examinations, student societies and the professor's and student's relation to politics. Throughout these discussions and incidental expositions of the internal life of his own nation's universities, he keeps an honest pen, discerning the evil and the good, and he keeps also a patient, imperturbable, optimistic spirit. I know of no book discussing university problems and their solving which I can more

* "The German Universities and University Study," by Friedrich Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin; authorized translation by Frank Thilly, Professor of Psychology in Princeton University, and William W. Elwang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "The Launching of a University, and other Papers: a Sheaf of Remembrances." By Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President Emeritus of Johns Hopkins University. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

heartily commend to others who are working at these same problems.

There is an exhibition of the splendid spirit of the author in the chapter on the relation of the university to the church. Himself not of the Catholic faith, he makes answer to those who covet the distinction of the church of that faith: "I will not even renounce the hope that the German spirit may once again impart quickening intellectual and religious life to the Catholic Church as such"; and he takes hope of what has come about in this church "in countries where the English tongue prevails, especially America." This hope leads him to support the maintenance of a dual theological faculty, rather than the establishment of a purely Catholic university.

One of the hopes which we in America cherish is that the colleges and universities will preserve and foster a wholesome spirit of democracy; and it is comforting to our hopes to be assured that in Germany the universities are democratic. To this assurance, however, another is added, which is only measurably gratifying. While the universities "exclude none and put all upon an equality," there is created by them an "intellectual aristocracy," an "official nobility," consisting of all who have gone through a university and secured *entrée* to one of the learned or administrative vocations. This is gratifying as marking the substitution to some extent of intellectual achievement for wealth or lineage as a social standard. And the prize is so great that there is chronic overcrowding of the learned professions and a depressed economic condition within them,—so great that the author advises that the positions of state officials (and these include the teachers or many of them) ought not to be made too attractive from a financial standpoint. But, with all this, it is noted on the other hand that, within the student body, the "efforts of a social aristocratic group to isolate itself are constantly becoming stronger," and that the number of students drawn from the lower classes is diminishing. This latter tendency seems at one point to be approved by him, but he is also sensitive to the danger of excluding the poorer classes from the academic world, and the menace of such a policy to the solidarity of the nation.

That which will interest most strongly those who have to do with university administration in the United States is his consideration of the relation of the university to the state. The Ger-

man institutions are state institutions, founded, supported and administered by the government; but they are also independent corporations, in which instruction is given, search after new truth made and its results published to the world, with practically no interference on the part of the government. "The professor, once appointed, is left practically entirely to his own judgment and conscience." In referring to the American university, Professor Paulsen speaks of it as of the English type transplanted,—
"an autonomous corporation with whose internal management the state has nothing to do . . . self-governing . . . and by reason of endowments, self-supporting." One type of American university is indeed here defined: but there is another quite as vigorous with a population almost as great—the State university. Professor Thilly, the translator, makes clear the incompleteness of the author's characterization when, in his preface, he laments that there is more "paternalism" in the universities of this free country than in military Germany. If Professor Paulsen had consulted his translator, instead of the Harvard professor whom he quotes, I think he would not have made the further statement that our universities "are tending more and more to lay aside the character of State institutions . . . this taking place first in the Eastern States, but now also in the Western." The tendency, certainly in the West, seems to be strongly in the direction of the development of the State university, though in its government it is gradually approximating, in its freedom from external interference, that of the non-State institutions.

But, whatever the tendency may be here, it would appear that in Germany there is both a greater freedom to teach and a greater freedom to learn; there is less interference with the teacher, there is less compulsion from without upon the student. The latter is due in some measure, no doubt, to the fact that our universities in their collegiate departments undertake some of the work of the German gymnasium, and so have students of less maturity. The former implies a hampering here, whether of honest caution, partisan fear or personal selfishness, which in Paulsen's view is inimical to the highest development of the university and its greatest good to the state.

And this brings me to say a delayed word of the distinguishing feature of the German university. It is that it is a place both of research and of teaching. "Like the English university, it offers

a broad, deep course in the arts and sciences." "Like the French *facultés*, it offers technical instruction for the learned professions." It performs the function of both of these through its four faculties associated as a unit. But it does more. Besides being a school of instruction, it is the most important seat of scientific work in the state and the nursery of scientific investigation. It is both an *academy* and a higher *institution of learning*. The German university professor is "both a scholar, or scientific investigator, and a teacher of knowledge." And it is stimulus to this dual service that this book will give, more than all else, to American teachers and American scholars.

When one has read this rather compendious book, I would then commend to his reading the delightful sequel (for it follows historically and logically upon the other) which is presented in President Gilman's story of the launching of Johns Hopkins, the first university in the United States to be established upon lines following somewhat closely upon those of the universities described by Paulsen (though with but two faculties—philosophical and medical), the first institution to be organized here primarily for graduate work. Many reminiscences (from which the memories of the anxieties and perplexities of the first days have been for the most part excluded, that, as he intimates, they may die with him) are gathered, not alone from his experiences at Johns Hopkins, but also from those which were associated with the life and progress of other universities from Yale to the University of California. I do not know how to give intimation of the charm of these collected essays and addresses without somewhat detracting from it. It is largely of others that he has memories. It is of his associates that he speaks,—little of himself and his own great accomplished task. There are memories of Sylvester, Rowland, Adams, Craig and others who have gone from that first body of scholars; of some who are still teaching in the university; of distinguished scholars who visited her halls; and of scores of others who helped to do the great work of his day. It is a book whose pages were gathered for colleagues and friends, and especially for those whom he knew as students; and, as I am, happily, in one at least of those fortunate groups, I find its every page a source of pleasure. But it must carry its good far beyond those groups and into years far beyond his or their living.

J. H. FINLEY.

“CONISTON”

REVIEWED BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

READING “Coniston”* is very like spending a week in a remote New England village, stopping one’s newspaper and keeping away from the post-office. There is so much going to and fro in the world, there is such a mass of foreign news every morning, there are so many strange faces in the streets and so many unfamiliar names on the signs, that we often forget the older America and lose sight of the fact that there were once upon a time communities of “Americans” in Richard Grant White’s definition of that word—those whose ancestors came here before the Revolution. It is better, on the whole, to have the outlook and breadth of sympathy of citizens of the world; but it is very pleasant to live in a place where you know everybody and everybody knows you, and your grandfathers had the same acquaintance with one another in their day.

Coniston was a community of this sort. It was made up of men and women who were descended from English-speaking ancestors; they had been neighbors for generations; they knew about Paris and Vienna only by report, and the reports were very unfavorable to the moral tone of those cities; they had no Maeterlinck to perplex nor George Bernard Shaw to confuse them; they were not troubled by psychology, and the fog of Oriental religions had not descended upon them. Around the centres of village life—the store, the post-office and the church—the tide of life ebbed and flowed with the quiet motion of inland waters; the tumult of the sea was afar. There were great hills, and there was that reach of sky which no New England community lacked; and there was an abundance of human nature. The word “American” means a good deal more than it did even

* “Coniston.” By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

a generation ago, and a deeper and wider meaning will be read into it thirty years hence; but Coniston was a very pleasant place because there the word had its old meaning. There are still such places North and South; and, when the novelist who understands his business begins work in one of these communities, he stands in small need of foreign capital.

Mr. Churchill has always had a decided bent toward what may be called "Americanism"; that is to say, toward those movements in public life which have expressed distinctively American impulses, and those types of character which are the products of our soil and conditions. He has an instinctive feeling for the underlying and definitive forces in the country; and it is no assumption to say that he carries the map of the continent in his imagination and his memory. It is easy to find flaws in the construction and style of "The Crossing" and "The Crisis"; they would gain by condensation and by greater sensitiveness to diction; but no one can read them with an open mind and fail to recognize the presence of the historical imagination on an unusual scale, and the power of treating incidents of national significance in a dramatic way.

In these stories of national scope there is, in places, a lack of sharp individualization; the stage dwarfs the actors. In "Coniston," on the other hand, there is close, detailed and exact definition of personality; by localizing his story Mr. Churchill has gained in concentration, sharpness of outline, convincing clearness of characterization. Without changing his style he has given it a shorter focus, and by narrowing the field of vision brought his figures more distinctly before the eye. "Coniston" is as definitely an American story as "The Crossing" or "The Crisis," but it is a cabinet study as contrasted with a picture for the gallery; a local, rather than a continental, interpretation of the American spirit.

This explains the pleasant feeling of intimacy with the people which soon overtakes the reader of "Coniston"; the sense of dealing with real folk and not with dummies or caricatures. It is so easy to exaggerate the humorous side of rustic life that a good deal of very clever drawing of rural subjects is vitiated by overemphasis of shading. In "Coniston," on the other hand, there is no lack of humor, but there is that human sympathy without which humor distorts and corrodes. Any one who knows the

village store will recognize the loungers who exchange opinions and touch one another's weaknesses with awkward but well-directed witticism at that ancient exchange of gossip and other less interesting commodities. The loose-jointed talk which goes on among people who know so much about one another that a fund of common knowledge may be assumed, the raking fore and aft in which friends alone feel at liberty to indulge, the sly approach of which the victim remains unconscious and the guffaws with which the success of the well-worn device is greeted,—how admirably Mr. Churchill renders these facts of village life; and with what vividness he draws the features and gestures and reproduces the accent of the members of the informal club which regards itself as the arbiter of local affairs!

Of this old-time American rural village life Jethro Bass, the central figure and responsible but eminently likable hero of "Coniston," is the impersonation. The college-bred minister and squire represent its aristocratic tradition; Jethro Bass is the child of its democratic conditions. Without education, capital, influence or experience, but with ample resources of pluck, persistence, shrewd knowledge of men, native sagacity and a humor that is as directly a product of the soil as its crops, this self-made politician, who never made a speech nor lost his guileless innocency of manner, becomes the master of a State, and deals on even terms with the heads of great railroad systems. His deceptive stutter, deep-going rusticity and beguiling simplicity make him the object, but never the victim, of the schemes of more sophisticated but far less subtle persons than he; while his habit of winning without showing his cards, his original and individual humor, and his loyalty to persons if not to principles, make him a companion of whose methods it is impossible to approve, but who never for an instant becomes uninteresting or ceases to appeal to our sympathies. So much human nature has rarely been put into one person as Mr. Churchill has put into this old-fashioned country "boss," and reformers will do well to study this exponent of the Andrew Jackson conception of politics. In human interest, closeness of characterization and thoroughness of construction, Mr. Churchill has made a great gain in "Coniston"; a fresh, original and refreshing story of native American quality and spirit.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *August, 1906.*

IF this Government can help it, the second Peace Conference at The Hague will not end in failure. British naval and military policy for the moment is avowedly directed towards making that Conference a success, or at least towards throwing the responsibility for its breakdown, if breakdown there be, upon non-British shoulders. The temper of the present House of Commons is emphatically a Peace Conference temper. That is to say, it is more earnestly set than any Parliament of the last thirty or forty years on establishing, if possible, some international common ground for the reduction of armaments. Since the philosophical and somewhat dreamy Radicalism of the middle nineteenth century was swamped in the tides of Imperialism, there has been no Government so possessed by the large humanitarian spirit. In this it reflects, beyond question, the general trend, momentary or otherwise, of public opinion. We are witnessing a certain reaction against Imperialism, both as a policy and as a school of thought. The lesson of the South-African war has bitten deep. The continuous fall in consols and the stagnation in the money-market, which persist in spite of great activity in ordinary commerce, are doubtless referable to more than one cause. But, at the head of the various factors that have combined to produce them, every one places the effects of the struggle with the Boers. When people find consols all but down to 87, when their income tax still stands at a war level, when they consider how utterly their hopes of regeneration in South Africa have been belied—largely, no doubt, because those hopes were extravagant—and how complete a mockery has been made of the high, patriotic and really Imperial emotions with which they entered

on the conflict of 1899 by the importation of Chinese labor under semi-servile conditions, it is natural that they should turn with impatient disgust from a policy that has borne such bitter fruit. The rise of the Labor Party is a rough-and-ready measure of their alienation from the Imperialism of the last two decades. Putting national well-being above national security, and insisting that what England does at home is vastly more important than what she does in South Africa or anywhere else, the Labor men have fostered and intensified the spirit and the conditions to which they owe their success.

I do not say that even the Labor men can rightly be described as being for peace at any price. In the clash with Turkey a few months ago, there was a virtual unanimity of agreement, both in and out of the House, that, if the Sultan did not yield to diplomatic pressure, force would have to be employed against him. But it is fair to say that the Labor Party as a whole views with intense suspicion every indication of a forward policy, either in Colonial or foreign affairs, regards itself as the special guardian of the native races throughout the Empire, is meticulously critical of all moneys that are not voted for the purposes of social reform at home, and particularly of moneys that are spent on what it considers the unproductive form of armaments, and is apt to judge all such questions by standards that are more empirical than Imperial. The nation, as a whole, does not go so far as the Labor section. But three influences besides those I have mentioned are propelling it perhaps three-quarters of the way. One is a profound conviction, buttressed by innumerable facts, that in one great department of national defence, the Army, the country is not by any means "getting its money's worth." In the last ten years, military expenditure has increased by about \$45,000,000 *per annum*, without any proportionate increase in military efficiency. The second influence which stimulates the reaction against Imperialism is the advocacy, by some of the first soldiers of the age, of compulsory military service. The country feels, for one thing, that it cannot keep on indefinitely maintaining a voluntary army on its present extravagant basis. It feels, for another, that, unless proof can be furnished that economy and efficiency are not incompatible, it may be driven into the conscription which it loathes. Both motives urge it towards a substantial reduction of the Army estimates. And there is a third contribu-

ting influence more potent still. If armaments continue to absorb more and more of the revenue of the State, there will be little or nothing left for a constructive policy of domestic reform, unless Protection is called upon to pour money into the national treasury. In the general problem of defence, therefore, is involved, not merely a desire to set the world an example by being the first to reduce armaments, not merely an effort to extract twenty shillings' worth of utility from every pound spent, but a determination to ward off both Conscription and Protection.

The Government shares in and sympathizes with all these aspirations, and they have found within the last few weeks emphatic expression. On July 12th, Mr. Haldane introduced his Army scheme. It reduces the regular army by 20,000 men and knocks off nearly \$10,000,000 a year from the estimates. At the same time, by rendering the militia liable to service abroad and by using it for transport, ammunition, medical and other services (where at present only regulars are employed), Mr. Haldane claims that an expeditionary force 154,000 strong, fully equipped, and capable of instant mobilization, will be evolved if his plans are adopted. For wastage during the first six months of a war, Mr. Haldane looks to the militia, one battalion of which is to stand behind every regular battalion of the home army. For further expansion he falls back upon the volunteers, who are henceforward to be organized on a county basis and placed under the control of local associations. I am not enough of an expert in military matters to criticise this scheme. It has been dubiously received; but that means nothing. Mr. Haldane has one advantage on his side which his predecessors at the War Office were denied—he has time. The Government will last until the Septennial Act puts an end to its existence; and unless some incalculable political upheaval occurs, it will return to power, though with a diminished majority. Mr. Haldane, therefore, may reasonably be sure of from six to twelve years in which to translate his plans into practice; and, from what I know of him and from what I understand of the principles on which he is working, I feel a strong personal confidence that, long before he leaves the War Office, it will be recognized that he has solved the Army problem. His scheme, at any rate, preserves the voluntary system, makes for economy and efficiency, introduces, so far as the volunteers are concerned, the invaluable stimulus of healthy local

competition, and fully accepts what is known in England as the "blue-water principle"—the principle that this country may safely rely on its navy for home defence, except in the limited case of raids by small parties, which can be met and repelled by volunteer forces. These are the outstanding features of the scheme; and except to those who believe that some form of compulsory service would be as much a physical and moral, as a military, gain for England, they are sufficient. If Mr. Haldane proves unable with all the circumstances in his favor to apply them successfully, then the voluntary system of enlistment will have received a staggering, if not a fatal, blow.

After the Army, the Navy. British naval policy has hitherto been regulated in accordance with the "two-Power standard." That is to say, the Admiralty and Parliament have made it their business to see that the British Navy was more than equal to the combined fleets of the next two strongest naval Powers. No matter who the next two strongest Powers might be, no matter whether a combination between them for the purpose of attacking Great Britain was or was not a political possibility, no matter what their relations with one another or with Great Britain might be, our policy has been to add their fleets together and then see to it that our own was greater than the result. That policy has now been thrown over by the present Government. The Prime Minister declared on July 27th, during the debates on the Navy Estimates, that, when applied without reference to political likelihood, the two-Power standard was "of an almost preposterous kind." That is a very important statement, because it introduces into the calculations of the Admiralty a new set of factors. They have now to consider the strength of the British Navy in relation, not to any possible, but to any probable, combination that may be brought against it. Ship-building, in other words, is to be governed from year to year by the Government's forecast of the course of international politics, and the two-Power standard, instead of being a fixed and unalterable rule, is for the future to serve only as a "rough guide." "When you talk of the two-Power standard," said the Prime Minister, "you cannot quite get out of your mind who the two Powers are. When we hear elaborate calculations made as to what France is building and what Germany is building, is it really a very likely combination that France and Germany should be allied and should go to war with us?" Those

words are the knell of the two-Power standard, in the accepted meaning of the phrase.

Acting on the new theory of allowing strategy to be dictated by politics, the Government have been able to effect a saving of over \$12,000,000 in this year's naval programme. When they came into office, they took over the estimates and programme prepared by their predecessors. They have reduced both. Instead of four "Dreadnaughts," they are going to lay down three; instead of five ocean-going destroyers, they propose building two; the coastal destroyers they leave at the number contemplated by the late Government, namely, twelve; but, in place of twelve submarines, they only intend laying down eight. In this way a saving of two and a half millions sterling is effected. Moreover, with a special view to its effect on The Hague Conference, the Government propose for 1907-8 a ship-building programme that is wholly conditional on the results of the Conference. "Instead of the four armored vessels," said the Secretary to the Admiralty, "which it was originally intended to lay down in 1907-8, we propose to make provision for two armored vessels only, but with the proviso, to be stated in the Estimates, that a third armored vessel is to be laid down if the proposals in regard to the reduction of armaments laid before The Hague Conference prove to be abortive. Further, the amount to be taken for new vessels to be laid down in 1907-8 is to be limited to a small sum, and they will not be commenced till a late period of the year, and this emphasizes to The Hague Conference the good faith of the British Government in its desire to bring about a reduction of armaments."

It is, of course, impossible to say how far this example will influence the deliberations at The Hague. But there can be no question that in setting it the British Government is acting with perfect sincerity and with a whole-hearted desire to see it followed. Their way of going about it may be, as Mr. Balfour said it was, somewhat unsophisticated. "How," he asked, "do you prove your good faith to The Hague Conference by saying, 'It is quite true we have diminished our Army expenditure, but our striking force is fifty per cent. stronger'? How do you produce this feeling of implicit belief in the pacific intentions of England, if you say, 'We have cut down the Navy Estimates, but we have got a fine fighting Board of naval lords, and they tell us we are fully

equal to any two of you, even after the reduction'?" For that, it has to be borne in mind, is the claim which the Government makes on the authority of the four Sea Lords who constitute the Board of Admiralty; and it is this claim that most interests the country. The Sea Lords who last October recommended the original programme are the same Sea Lords who now recommend its reduction. Were they extravagant last October, and are they merely rational now; or were they rational ten months ago and are they risking the supremacy of the sea by their parsimony today; or has anything happened since last October to justify them in revising their estimates? These are the questions that the country is very earnestly asking itself. I believe, as a matter of fact, that the ship-building programmes of certain foreign Powers have not advanced so quickly as last year seemed probable; but it can hardly be doubted that what has chiefly influenced the Sea Lords to cut down their original programme is the advent of a new Government avowedly bent on economy. The realization of this has somewhat shaken the confidence of the country both in the Government and in the Board of Admiralty; the more so as it is fully grasped that the "Dreadnaughts" belong to a class apart, discredit all existing types of battle-ship, will be the first line of the future, cannot be joined in a squadron with other types without sacrifice of their special efficiency, and are of such overwhelming superiority—four "Dreadnaughts" are reckoned to be fully equivalent to eight vessels of the "King Edward" class—that the Power which first secures a squadron of the new leviathans will have command of the sea. For that reason, the country would rather have seen the original programme adhered to, and economies effected in other directions. That course has not been followed, and it seems certain that by 1910 the country will have fallen considerably below the two-Power standard in the new type of ship, and may conceivably possess only two or three more than France. But the country, conscious of its enormous lead at sea, is not greatly disturbed by the prospect, though it could have wished it otherwise. Meanwhile, by reducing both the Army and the Navy, and saving in all some \$20,000,000 a year, the Government has contrived to carry out its pledges to the letter. It may mean a greater expenditure in the future—for I am bound to say that The Hague Conference is already discounted; but, for the moment, all is well; and the session closed

on August 4th with a record of legislative achievement unparalleled since the days of Gladstone's first Ministry.

ST. PETERSBURG, *August, 1906.*

MY forecast of the fate of the Duma has unhappily come to pass; before the end of the month of July, the first Russian Parliament ceased to exist. As far back as the week when the Witté Cabinet received its notice to quit and was succeeded by the Administration of Goremykin, I ventured to predict that Duma and Government would quarrel irreconcilably, and that the people's representatives would be sent back to their homes without having left the Statute-book of the empire better than they had found it by a single measure. From that firm conviction I never swerved. In my last letter, while the deputies were still full of hope drawing up lists of Liberal Ministers and distributing the various portfolios among their friends, I wrote: "Whatever the attitude of the deputies, the final result will probably be the same. The Duma will be dissolved and new elections ordered, over which the Government will presumably do more than merely preside." And it could not be otherwise. The Duma and the Cabinet were two opposite poles, a pair of negations between whom reconciliation was impossible. The only question was how the break would come, whether the leading party in the legislature would deliberately seek or avoid it. As for the Government, it was firmly resolved to leave the odium of responsibility to the lawmakers turned lawbreakers.

At last the clash came, and came as a surprise to the very group that had provoked it. The Constitutionalists had done their utmost to bring it about; yet, when at last it had become inevitable and imminent they hugged the strange delusion that everything was moving smoothly and that their day of triumph was at hand. For hours, nay, for days, the palace chronicles affirm, Professor Muromtseff and several leaders of the Constitutionalists held themselves in readiness, with specially starched collars and cuffs, and the most correct thing in ties, awaiting His Majesty's gracious summons to Peterhof. The speeches, too, annalists aver, had also been carefully prepared, which would be addressed to the unwonted ears of the monarch who was henceforth to be weaned from power, and taught to reign but not to govern. He was to be transformed into a golden figurehead on

the ship of state. "The Duma deputies," Count Tolstoy was just then saying, "produce a comic impression upon me, because they resemble children who play at being adults." The prophet's cutting remarks were resented by politicians, but in this case, perhaps, he was not wholly wrong. Certainly, the picture of the pale faces of the deputies, rendered tragically solemn by the imaginary shadow of coming responsibility and by the courtly stiffness and dazzling whiteness of glazed starch, waiting confidently for what could not come, is not altogether devoid of a comic element. For, in lieu of the invitation to Peterhof, of the special train and court carriages to convey them thither, there came merely a brief notice to quit. A more bitter cut of the keen irony of Fate it would be difficult to imagine.

Towards the Russian nation Fate is even still more cruel. Take one of many instances. The Tsar, despite his grave defects, means well to his subjects, and has endeavored to show it in a very clumsy manner. Having recognized the terrible evil which the old system of misrule had wrought to the nation, he was making heavy personal sacrifices to remedy them. Thus, he voluntarily limited his absolute power; he solemnly promised to share it with the people; and he was really willing to work together with the nation's chosen spokesmen. But he dropped a little gall into the wine he set before them when he appointed Goremykin and Stishinsky to be the chief members of his Government. Thereby he undid what he had done. It was like constructing a piece of complicated machinery, and then destroying its mainsprings. On the other hand, the Duma was animated at the outset by intentions of the kind with which the floor of Tartarus is said to be paved. For here, too, there was a deadly solvent of all fruitful action,—the revolutionary spirit which, at first fitfully and then permanently, took possession of the men who had shortly before been moderate Liberals. It ought to have been manifest to everybody gifted even in a moderate degree with political sense that, between a Government which thus personifies reaction and a representative assembly which puts its faith in revolution, there could be no *modus vivendi*. This fact the clearer-headed members of the Government discerned from the outset and discounted accordingly; but the political instinct of the deputies was so far at fault that they believed firmly all would end well for them, and a Liberal administration be substituted for the Goremykin Cabinet.

Sancta simplicitas! It reminds one of the *naïveté* of Strauss, the Tübingen rationalist, who first shocked the entire Christian world by his Life of Jesus, and then applied for a cure of souls in Württemberg, for which he considered himself perfectly fitted. And his disappointment was great when it was refused to him on the ground that he was not a Christian. Justice compels the impartial observer conversant with the ins and outs of Russian politics to state that, in all this, both sides are to blame. The Tsar, when dismissing Witté's Cabinet, probably intended to govern either in a more or in a less Liberal sense than theretofore. In the latter case, his only intelligible course was to appoint official advisers who would gradually nullify the liberties which he had just bestowed; and, in the former, he should have had recourse to real progressive Ministers. In fact, he did neither one thing nor the other. On the one hand, he declared his resolve to continue to uphold the innovations which he had recently introduced; but, on the other hand, he raised to the post of Prime Minister an unflinching advocate of the old *régime* and to the position of Minister of Agriculture the recognized enemy of land reform. One cannot hope to explain such acts on any theory other than that Fate has taken the *dramatis personæ* of the Russian Tragedy into her own hands, and is treating them as puppets.

The Constitutionalist Democrats, commonly nicknamed "Kadets," formed the leading group in the Duma. They were more numerous than any other, better acquainted with parliamentary government, well organized and possessed of larger funds, of which they are said to have expended one million and a half rubles (about \$750,000) in the elections. Naturally, they looked for some return. For, professing to have at heart the establishment of legality in the land, they felt confident that the Tsar would soon find it to his interest to appeal to them to stay the inroads of anarchy. He doubtless would have done this if the Kadets had been independent. But it was obvious from the first that they were borne in on the crest of a revolutionary wave, at the highest point of which—where they were—was mere foam, and that underneath the spray were the depths of darkness. They could not dispense with the support of the extreme and revolutionary parties whom they were constantly forced to conciliate. The Kadets, unhappily for themselves, deemed it consequently necessary or advantageous to employ two sets of weights and

measures, to speak in two idioms, to smile sweetly upon the revolutionists and to wink significantly at the moderates. And they were ultimately overtaken by the fate which threatens all who strive to serve two masters. During the election campaign, for instance, they circulated two different versions of their proclamation, one to the educated burgher who respects property; and the other to the peasant who will not respect it until he has wrested the land from its present owners. In the former declaration, they promised to pay for the land which they would take away and distribute among the peasants. In the latter, they undertook to sequester the soil and hand it over to the horny-handed tiller, free of all charges, and without any compensation to the present landowners. In a word, they blew hot and cold, and termed it "parliamentary tactics." That was an unwise proceeding on the part of men whose cause claims to be identical with that of truth, justice, and liberty. And as the party began so it ended. In discussing the appeal to the people which was the proximate cause of the dissolution, they voted that the word "fair valuation" of the land should be struck out. And it was. What that means is obvious. Now, a popular cause should be tarnished by no pettifoggery, no tergiversations. Its word should be "yea" or "nay." Like Cæsar's wife it should be above suspicion. If the Kadet party had been this, the Tsar, who knows that the past cannot be recalled, who desires to be reconciled to the present and safeguarded in the future, would have requested them to take over the reins of government. But, if he believed that he could never trust Count Witté, he felt absolutely sure that he could put no confidence whatever in the Kadets.

For, besides talking in two different languages to the electors, did they not recoil from offending the very anarchists lest these should withdraw their support? When the abolition of corporal punishment was being discussed several weeks ago, the Kadets were asked by an earnest advocate of law-born liberty to condemn all murders indiscriminately by whomsoever committed. But the champions of legality and order refused. The deaths decreed by the Government they would stigmatize as immoral and abominable, but not the revolutionary *Vehmgerichte* that secretly condemned an unsuspecting and innocent man to death without hearing him, and then blew his brains out, sometimes in presence of his wife and children. They would not execrate or blame Rus-

sians who fired upon passengers in railway cars or wrecked whole trains by way of establishing a reign of terror. Now, could the Tsar, however liberal-minded, fail to note that significant refusal? Can he be blamed for not delivering himself up to the mercies of that political party? These shifty tacticians, in whose ranks were many clever theorists and self-sacrificing patriots, maintained their character to the last. When from lawmakers they were about to become lawbreakers and to issue a proclamation over the heads of Ministers to the Russian nation, an amendment was proposed by M. Ephremoff to this effect: "The Imperial Duma warns the population against all rioting and condemns violence from whatsoever it emanates." It was a warning calculated to tranquillize the population. It was also certain to reassure the Tsar and the peaceful elements in the empire. But the Kadets were hostile to the salutary exhortation, and in the Duma only forty-six deputies voted for it. All the others, therefore, were not absolutely opposed to rioting and the employment of violence. That was the unavoidable conclusion, and the Government drew it.

Yet the Duma, which refused to utter the quieting *quos ego* to the revolutionary winds, fulminated anathemas against the anti-Jewish rioters of Belostok. Why? A matter of tactics, says the moderate press. In the former case the Kadets would have endangered their future; in the latter they were promoting their own interests and attacking those of the Government. Double weights and double measures. And it was really those tactics which undermined the authority of the Kadets as a force of order and peace in the land, and warranted their enemies, on the Left as well as on the Right, in setting them down as revolutionaries, as the orators of the party of violence, as the forerunners of insurrection. And for a party whose real strength lies in its love of law and order and its loyalty to the constitution, such a rôle as that is simply ruinous. The revolutionists, of whom they admittedly stood in awe, treated them as tools that could be put to almost any use. On the 29th of July, shortly before the dissolution of the Duma, a very radical journal wrote:

"We are on the eve of a decisive step. We have it in our power to push the Duma on to the revolutionary road. The ranks of the burghers are quaking. Their right wing is prepared to retreat, is making ready to play false to the public cause. It behooves us to do everything we can to cut off their retreat."

The threat was serious, the boast was true. Down to that day, the Duma had, in lieu of attempting to solve urgent problems, instead of reforming the electoral law, giving equal rights to the Jews, satisfying the reasonable demands of the Poles, turning religious toleration into religious freedom, fought the Government and it did little else. Still, in spite of weak impulses and fitful velleities, it had theretofore very wisely confined the struggle to the constitutional domain. But, at last, intoxicated by its own eloquence, the Parliament forgot its *rôle*, neglected its interests, and, worse still, pushed aside the interests of the Nation and set itself to draw up an appeal to the people. That act was illegal, it was an encroachment upon the prerogatives of the Tsar. Perhaps it was necessary? Perhaps; if so, that is its justification. But in that case a revolution was necessary. Now, what could have rendered a revolution indispensable in the course of a single uneventful day? The fatal measure taken by the deputies was doubtless explicable as the result of great excitement. But, none the less, it seemed to impartial outsiders morally wrong and tactically unwise. It was a sin against the constitution which the Kadets claimed the almost exclusive right to defend. It was lawbreaking instead of lawmaking.

Again it must be admitted that the Duma had had provocation and precedent from the Tsar's advisers, whose policy was to the full as eccentric as its own. For example, the right of appeal to the country belongs exclusively to the Crown. Yet the Cabinet issued its famous declaration, addressing the Russian people directly over the heads of the deputies.

But, however often the Cabinet might have violated its own laws, the Parliament at least ought to have given an example of submission to them. Therein lay the secret of its influence, as Samson's strength had its source in his hair. And, since the address to the nation and the more violent appeal which was drawn up in Finland, the Kadet party has lost its prestige.

That is but one of the unpleasant aspects of the matter. There are others which are still more deplorable. Thus, the only praiseworthy motive which the Duma could have had in addressing the nation unconstitutionally was to wield its influence over the masses beneficently. Therefore it possessed, at least in its own estimate, considerable influence over the people. But why was that suasive power never used to hinder crime, to end the reign of

terror? Nay, why was it put forth to arouse the population against the authorities, who, though indeed contemptible, are the legally constituted powers in the Empire? Why shower down sparks on a powder-magazine if your object be really to hinder an explosion? In truth, the Duma's appeal to the people was not intended to work as a sedative. It was just the contrary. And for that reason it was a suicidal act on the part of the legislature. The Government wielded brute force only, whereas the Duma in general and the Kadet party in particular professed to rely solely on moral influence. Yet in an evil hour deputies forfeited their moral power and challenged their adversary to mortal combat. Of course, the Government accepted the challenge, and will use the armed force at its disposal if . . . In that "if" we may find the line of cleavage between revolution and evolution. If the army is loyal, the monarchy is safe. If the troops in Finland and the marines in Cronstadt may be taken as a fair sample of the rest, the Empire is on the eve of disappearing.

It was in Finland that the deputies, after the dissolution of the Duma, called upon the people henceforth to pay no taxes and provide no recruits. Here they clearly showed how thin the partition was that divided them from the revolutionists. This second proclamation was at bottom a call to insurrection as the *mujik* understands it. And, in truth, there was no need to urge him onward. He was already busy pillaging by day, burning by night. Manors, old family seats, art treasures, country houses, and even granaries filled with corn were being burned down without ruth. The flames gave light to panic-stricken women, old men, children who were trying to escape with their lives. In Bobroff alone, fifteen such enormous bonfires turned night into day, leaving impressions the memory of which will not soon die. The peasants burned the very corn, for lack of which many of their own brothers are starving. Truly, if the deputies of the Duma had any influence over the peasantry, religion, patriotism, humanity, would have enjoined them to wield it unhesitatingly in order to put an end to this pandemonium of anarchy.

They were besought to do so by their own constituents. Letter after letter came imploring them to interfere. Deputy Gvozdieff, for example, of the Province of Tula, received a petition containing a vivid description of the agrarian riots there, and imploring him to induce the Duma to calm the people. They had uttered

strong words when the Jews of Belostok were attacked, and they would doubtless do as much for the Christians.

A telegram was sent from Zadonsk by the voters there beseeching the Duma to take measures to stop all agrarian rioting, and to do this at once, before even the land question should be solved. But to these and similar cries of despair there was no response. Or, rather, there came one at last in the shape of the exhortation to the rioters to trample on the law!

In this way Duma and Government, the two institutions to whom the Russian people looked for succor in their dire straits, took to fighting each other, and adjusting their public policy to the exigencies of party tactics! Riots and bloodshed are now the order of the day. From all this lawlessness the country is suffering unspeakably. In consequence of strikes, of fires, of the stagnation in industry, prices of necessities have risen. The manufacturing firms refuse to bear the losses inflicted by strikes, and so the peasant and the workman have to bear them. The firm of Zindel, for example, has netted during the financial year just ended 24½ per cent. on its capital of six millions, while Morozoff's Glukhoffsky Works have yielded 36½ per cent. interest. These results were obtained despite the war, the armed insurrection and the series of strikes. How? Simply by raising the prices of cotton and other stuffs which the poorer classes are compelled to buy. Eighteen months ago a yard of printed calico cost about 5½ cents; now it cannot be had for less than 7. Other stuffs have risen in like manner from 4 to 5½ cents, from 5¼ to 7½, and from 14 to 17¾. The raw cotton heretofore used in Russian manufactures amounted to \$260,000,000 a year; at present only \$200,000,000 worth are employed; statisticians have calculated that the tax thus paid by the peasantry of Russia to the strikes amounts to about \$37,500,000. And it is increasing, for prices are still going up.

Again, the Duma, having exhorted the people to lawlessness, seems to have lost sight of the fact that the masses contain conservatives as well as revolutionists. If killing be no murder when committed by these, it must be equally blameless or praiseworthy when accomplished by those. If in Poland a train was held up and two generals shot dead by revolutionists, solely because they were generals, it is to be feared that prominent Liberals will be shot dead by Russian "patriots," who take the opposite side.

Already a beginning has been made. Professor Herzenstein, the author of the agrarian bill favoring expropriation, has been shot dead in Terioky, a little Finnish watering-place near St. Petersburg. It is to be feared that this is only the first step. Once let public opinion applaud political murder, and the moral sense of the community becomes distorted. In Russia, we are in presence of civil war carried on by means of assassination, incendiarism, mutinies of troops. If the army, or any large body of it, goes over to the revolutionists the days of the Dynasty are counted. In Sveaborg the soldiers have mutinied, in Cronstadt the marines, in the Caucasus the troops are reported to be disaffected, in Peterhof itself a regiment of the Guards recently proved disloyal and was publicly disgraced.

Meanwhile, the Tsar appears to be conscious of the seriousness of the peril. He has dismissed the three reactionaries in the Cabinet, and is appointing moderate Liberals in their places. The present Premier, Stolypin, is himself a moderate Liberal and an honest man. He hopes to carry the next elections, as a chess-player may hope to cry "check" and "mate" in a fixed number of moves. But, before that, he himself may meanwhile be checkmated. While Stolypin is busy in the constitutional sphere, the struggle is quickly passing to the revolutionary. If there be still any hope of warding off a sanguinary uprising, it can be done only by giving the Jews equal rights, by satisfying the just demands of the Poles, the Little Russians, the Armenians, Georgians, Lithuanians and Letts, by bestowing additional grants of land on certain categories of peasants, and by giving entire religious liberty to all. Against some of these concessions, however, the Emperor has set his face. For example, he has pledged his Imperial word not to consent to expropriation, and he is known to dislike the Jews. Still, if Mr. Stolypin should be more successful in coaxing him to give way than Count Witté was, things may perhaps improve. But the chances are slender. Why, above all things, did the Tsar fix March for the opening of the new Duma, instead of simply giving that as the time limit before the expiring of which the new legislature would assemble? Is it, in truth, because he is the man of Fate? I feel convinced that the new Duma must assemble before next March, or else it will not come together until a red wave of revolution has swept over the land.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, August 22.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

NINETY-ONE years ago THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was inaugurated as a quarterly. In that form it served its purpose and fulfilled its mission admirably for a period of sixty years. It then became a bi-monthly, and in 1878 a monthly, in which form it has rendered continuous service of no mean value to the present time. It now becomes a fortnightly in consonance with the spirit of the generation. From this day forward THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will have a distinctive policy. Its motto, "*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*," hallowed by age, and scrupulously safeguarded throughout its long and honorable career, stands. It will continue more earnestly than ever not only to permit, but to seek, expression of the best thought upon subjects of vital importance, from every conceivable point of view. But, in addition, it will hold and utter frank, unbiased, independent and, we hope, intelligent opinions of its own. Simultaneously will be incorporated in it a department charged with the consideration of serious current literature. Beginning with this number, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW becomes, so far as we know, the only fortnightly magazine in the English-reading world.

THURSDAY, August 23.

President Roosevelt's True Position.

WE confess to a natural liking for close reasoning, but we must say that the fine-spun logic of "Q" in this number, subtly simple though it is, is to our mind far from convincing. It may be, and in some cases doubtless is, true that, in striving for actual meaning, context, environment, temperament and what not must be accorded even greater importance than the mere letter of assertion. But, beneath all, at the very root, is motive, respecting which the clever analyst is curiously silent, possibly from ignorance. We happen to be in a position to supply the deficiency and, in-

cidentally, perhaps put a stop to a discussion which cannot fail to annoy a public servant who already has a sufficiency of troubles.

While the world was acclaiming the President's success in effecting peace between Japan and Russia, the remark was made to him that one certain outcome of that extraordinary achievement would be a mighty popular demand that he succeed himself. With simple candor he rejoined that he thought not, and he added that he had no illusions regarding the matter; that at that moment he was at the apex of moral authority and personal popularity; that he could not stay there, and could not hope to go higher; therefore, in these respects he must necessarily take the down grade. Whatever his conception of duty should impel him to do, in the effort he was bound to make to solve great problems, would engender bitter feelings and make enemies. There was no escape from that result. Consequently, as President, he should be far less efficacious and far less popular at the end of his term than at that time. He had appreciated that certainty on the day of his election, and he realized it more fully then, when at the pinnacle, than ever before. In view of these circumstances, it would be surprising if it should not be apparent to the next Convention that another could bear the standard with a better prospect of success. In any case, he personally was convinced that all he could accomplish as President would be achieved during his present term, and he simply would not accept a renomination.

Now, as "Q" would say, what is the deduction? That there could arise no possible contingency that might make it necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to heed a unanimous mandate of his country? Certainly not. The West *may* rise in armed rebellion against the East, as once upon a time the South did rise against the North; or we *may* be in the throes of a death struggle with Great Britain and Japan; or the Almighty *may* extinguish half of our population by a scourge of famine. In such an event, a transcendent duty would confront Mr. Roosevelt, and he, of course, would answer the call. But it is silly to imagine that such happenings are so likely that they need be even thought of. To a demand for continuance in service, for any reason less vital to the welfare of the Nation, such as might and quite likely will come from politicians to "save the party," which means "from office-holders to save their places," it may be accepted as a finality that no heed whatsoever need be anticipated from Theodore Roosevelt. The

work begun he will continue on the floor of the United States Senate.

FRIDAY, August 24.

One Disadvantage of Great Riches.

ONE pathetic phase attending the accumulation of great riches is the necessity of dying. A millionaire recently deceased never used the word "death," and always resented its utterance in his presence. We know another man, quite as rich in worldly goods, who suffers from the same dislike in a degree even more intense. A standing order maintains in his household that all obituary notices be clipped from newspapers before they reach his eye. It is not because he is fearful of consequences in the hereafter, for he sincerely believes himself to be a good man, and if his name were given the consensus of opinion would be that he has lived a better life than the majority of human beings. Having this conviction, and being satisfied further that he can rely upon the justice at least of the One in whose image he himself was created, he feels no apprehension of an untoward fate. He simply cannot bear the thought of dying. He loves to live to do good. It may be that, being human, he enjoys the distinction of his exceptional opportunities, and that, like Thomas Jefferson, he objects to going even to Heaven as one of a flock. The greatest of philosophers pronounced the building of a church or chapel by a rich man an act of cowardice. Mark Twain calls it hedging. But this man is not a coward; nor does he feel the necessity of currying favor with the Almighty. It simply is that the consciousness of what he can do now is present in his mind in every waking moment, and the apprehension that he may be less efficient in the beyond is what troubles him. A shrewd analyst of character once remarked that the reason why our present Chief Magistrate occasionally compromises with forces that he himself pronounces immoral and even vicious, is that he is constitutionally incapable of dying with a cause, being firmly convinced that even partial accomplishment is preferable to a mere possibility of complete resurrection. Whether or not this be true in the case of the President, it probably does apply to that of the very rich man. In business, it is the difference between certainty and speculation. Proverbially, the gambler does not fear to die. Death is only one of his many hazards. But the truly good man, having much to lose, not only in worldly possessions, but in opportunities for

doing good, is tormented often to the limit of endurance by his inability to pierce the clouds. Doubtless, if there were any prospect of success, a large fund could be raised to promote a Society of Inquiry that could discover what Cræsus is now doing, and whether or not, or in what way, he is enjoying himself. Those who have less to lose naturally have smaller cause for worryment. So on the whole not only the merely well-to-do, but the very poor, may comfortably assume a reasonable equality in the distribution of happiness during earthly existence. As to the immediate value of material possessions, probably Disraeli was not far wrong when he declared that the most contented man is he who is known to have an income of five thousand pounds and who really has twice as much.

SATURDAY, August 25.

A Novelist in Politics.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S novel, "Coniston," seems to us by far the best he has yet written. His people may be less romantic than the earlier creatures of his imagination, but they are more human and closer to the soil. Jethro Bass will surely live as a masterful type of a class rapidly passing into oblivion. It is a pity that at the last, in order to serve his sentiments, he was obliged to betray his latest ally; but, after all, it is difficult to perceive how else the way could have been cleared for the happy union of two loving hearts, a consummation, of course, essential to the satisfaction of the reader. It is not surprising that Mr. Churchill, who is young and ambitious like his namesake in England, should have been impelled by his chivalrous sense to avenge Jethro, and himself attack the railway monopoly which unhorsed his hero.

As a candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, we consider it unlikely that Mr. Churchill will go far, because of the fact that the old settlers on the granite hills not only are somewhat set in their ways, but undoubtedly regard him, although perhaps favorably and as a good advertisement for the State, as an acquisition so recent as to render political aspiration slightly intrusive, but that is wholly a local matter which certainly does not call for fun-poking from outsiders. The not unkindly satire of the *New York Evening Post* finds excuse in its cleverness, but the *Christian Advocate* sadly erred when it remarked: "To elect a man Governor because he has written a novel, unless he would have been

eminently suitable to elect if he had never written a novel, is as absurd as it would be to make the present Poet Laureate of England Lord Chief Justice." These words taken literally express a sound judgment, of course, but they really convey an impression which in the circumstances is unpardonable. We are not familiar with the editorial utterances of the *Christian Advocate*, but do not doubt they are of a class that deplores constantly the low state of American politics as indicated by the characters and purposes of office-holders. It ought, then, to rejoice over, rather than slur, a creditable candidacy. Such animadversions are quite as effective as greed itself in maintaining a low level of political life, in that they tend to bring public service under contempt. That Mr. Churchill is an amateur in politics is so much the better. We have had a sufficiency of professionals. He is at least intelligent, earnest, high-minded, a close student of political conditions and he has even served a valuable apprenticeship in the Legislature of his State. Would that there were more like him ready, willing, and eager, not only to accept, but to seek, honorable political preferment from their fellows! To all such is plainly due the moral support of religious journals especially, in place of caustic observations tending to their discouragement.

MONDAY, August 27.

American Journalism of To-day.

THE versatile Emperor of Germany is the latest critic of modern journalism. He deplores especially the lack of preparation on the part of those who engage in the business of moulding public opinion. To obtain recognition in the ministry, the law, medicine, or even dentistry, years of application resulting in tangible evidence of proficiency are required. This, he thinks, is as it should be, but in journalism, he asserts, a lad of twenty may sally forth, note-book in hand, make a collection of baseless rumors, and forthwith produce and publish articles which may set the world on fire. The Emperor is not the only one who cherishes this delusion respecting the method of making newspapers. Even in this enlightened country, many otherwise well-informed persons regard with a species of awe the smart young man seeking an interview. They behold in him one who possesses mysterious power and authority. As a matter of fact, he is only a gleaner of wisps of information, which in common with thousands of others find their way into the winnowing-machine. The man be-

hind, unseen by His Majesty and fellow critics, is the editor. It is his intelligence and judgment, hardened in the most severe school of mental development known to civilization, that determines what shall or shall not be given to the public. No other profession requires so perfect a combination of undoubted integrity, alert intellectuality and dispassionate mental balance; nor, in this country at any rate, does any other calling possess these qualities in so high a degree.

It is usual in the present day to deplore the so-called tendencies of American journalism, especially as manifested by newspapers of what is known as the yellow or drab variety. That there is substantial basis for this opinion is sadly apparent, but the most casual analysis quickly demonstrates that the percentage of evil is exceedingly small, and is too often recognized as typical simply because it is more blatantly in evidence. Study and reflection promptly dispel the illusion. Take, for example, the group of standard public journals whose announcements appear upon the advertising pages of this REVIEW. Ponder day by day, as we do with keen enjoyment, their editorial utterances, and very little time will be required to convince a fair mind that in self-respect, breadth of vision, quality of diction, true patriotism, hatred of wrong and love of right, fearlessness, accuracy of statement, and like qualities, they never before fulfilled their mission so worthily. The quality which first impresses one making this perusal is the striking individuality of each. Not so many years ago it was anticipated and freely predicted by masters of the craft that New York would soon become the heart and leader of American public journalism, and that all newspapers published elsewhere would be subordinated. But that time has not yet arrived, and, in point of fact, it seems more distant than ever.

We said that the most notable trait of these newspapers is individuality. Upon glancing again over the list and making a quick comparison with the journals of former days, we are disposed to revise this judgment and to pronounce acquired independence their most distinguishing attribute. Thirty years ago each of these great newspapers was bitterly partisan. To-day every one, without exception, is free and independent of political parties, cliques, and all contaminating influences. Best indication of all is their extraordinary and growing prosperity, conclusively demonstrating general public recognition and ap-

proval of true worth and creditable methods. If it be true, as Count Witté observed, that the newspapers are our real rulers, there need be no doubt of the tendency of the Republic towards saner and better government. The sea of American journalism was never so clear and clean as it is to-day. The yellow journal is but a bullfrog on the bank.

TUESDAY, August 28.

The Record of a Bad Example.

It will be a disappointment to Mr. Upton Sinclair to learn that he was not a pioneer in the discovery of the use of wrong labels upon packages of meat products. Years ago there was a Mr. Dickens, who prowled through queer places in England and wrote down his impressions. His literature was less violent than Mr. Sinclair's, and some might say that it was more artistic. The saving grace of humor, in any case, was never lacking. For example, Mr. Pickwick, attended by his faithful servant, sought rest and recreation in the shade of the trees. And then,—but let Mr. Dickens proceed:

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clock-work!"

"So he is," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. "Good boy, that. I'll give him a shilling, presently. Now, then, Sam, wheel away."

"Hold on, sir," said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. "Out of the vay, young leathers. If you walley my precious life don't upset me, as the gen'l'm'n said to the driver, when they was a-carryin' him to Tyburn." And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost dispatch.

"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquizing, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. "Wery good thing is weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it an't kittens; and after all, though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference?"

"Don't they, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not they, sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat. "I lodged in the same house vith a pieman once, sir, and a wery nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap, too—make pies out o' anything, he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep, Mr. Brooks,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be wery fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a-winkin' at me; 'they an't in season till the winter, though,' says he. 'Not in season!' says I. 'No,' says he, 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean?' says he. 'That I'll never be a party to the

combination o' the butchers, to keep up the prices o' meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, a-squeezing my hand wery hard, and vispering in my ear—'don't mention this here agin—but it's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a-pointin' to a wery nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beefsteak, weal, or kidney, 'cordin' to the demand. And more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one of 'em a mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes, and appetites wary!'"

WEDNESDAY, *August 29.*

The Value of a Little Knowledge.

WE know a man who has great interest in and little knowledge of things scientific. Fortunately well-to-do and free from the necessity of constant endeavor, he is able to acquire such information respecting modern developments as he can comprehend, and to make various and devious experiments of a nature which would be regarded generally as impracticable and wasteful. Such an one could not but be greatly stirred by the discovery of the mysterious force known as radio-activity. Forthwith he sought and obtained all existing data, few though they proved to be, respecting the qualities and adaptability of this incomprehensible energy. For a long time mystified and beginning to despair, he was greatly cheered by the news from Austria that the learned scientists of the Continent, in conference assembled, had discovered that the light of the sun was radio-active, and that water surfaces exposed to the sun's rays became charged with this mysterious force; therefore, he reasoned, there must be a material value and peculiar remedial and strengthening qualities in water surfaces.

How to demonstrate his theory was most perplexing, but he finally hit upon a plan. Through his woodland and meadows ran a brook. Presently he built a dam at such a point as to create a sheet of water of considerable size, upon which the sun's rays fell as constantly as the perpetual whirling of the earth permitted. Over the dam naturally and necessarily there dripped a steady stream of water from the very surface which he suspected to be surcharged with radio-activity. It happened that, being an American, the builder had a wife who had many nerves, one child who had what is often referred to as an everlasting cold, another afflicted with weakness of the spine, and a third who had indulged his tastes so lavishly that he had seriously impaired the operation of his digestive organs. He

himself suffered from no complaint except chronic laziness, but he could not ignore the fact that even this minor and un-reprehensible complaint had been noted at intervals, and, indeed, somewhat freely commented upon, by members of his family group, more especially perhaps by the ubiquitous and, of course, inestimable sister-in-law. The excellent purposes which he had conceived as a consequence of his theory he carefully refrained from announcing. When the dam was completed and all was in readiness for the actual test, having full knowledge of the inherent curiosity of human and especially feminine nature, he arose one morning an hour or two after the sun had made its appearance and beaten upon the surface waters of the pond, and proceeded stealthily to a platform which he had constructed furtively beneath the dam. There he revelled in the falling water with great glee, knowing full well that his action would be observed and surely imitated by those constantly tormented by the suspicion that he, or somebody else, might obtain some benefit or enjoyment of which they were balefully deprived. Cannily, as morning after morning he repeated the operation, he smilingly but firmly resisted all attempts to draw from him information respecting the effect of his experiment, but his anticipations were in due course of time fully realized. One by one the members of the family group fell under the spell; and, after the first somewhat terrifying experience, all yielded to the fascination of the buffeting of their bodies by surface waters presumably charged with radio-activity. And, curiously enough, it came to pass that nerves passed out of the real head of the family, leaving a sweetness of disposition notable theretofore by its absence, the perpetual cold of the second in authority disappeared, the weak spine became strong from what the commonplace family physician, knowing nothing of radio-activity, declared to be water massage, and the collegian recovered so completely from his indigestion that he was enabled to resume his position in the crew. Even the altogether admirable sister-in-law, who had begun to view with apprehension the multiplication of weighing-machines, succumbed to the hardening process of radio-activity bountifully applied, and with the firm determination characteristic of American ladies thus disposed, persisted with sufficient success to justify hope in an effort to attain slenderness.

Thereupon the impracticable theorist rejoiced greatly until, to his horror, he awoke to the fact that his own tendency to indolence was slowly but surely being dissipated. Nevertheless, he chuckles gleefully over his unbetrayed discovery of a universal cure, and never misses an opportunity to make a test upon an unsuspecting ailing friend. He declares upon his honor that his experiment has proved successful in every instance. And, oddly enough, he is, although impracticable, a truthful man.

THURSDAY, *August 30.*

Mark Twain's Autobiography.

THE proverbial irony of fate was never more clearly marked than by the fact that the life of the world's greatest humorist has consisted of a succession of personal tragedies. From the very beginning, when, at the age of three, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, now known to the world as Mark Twain, was forgotten by his parents, and left alone in a forsaken house, to the fateful day which lost to him, then ripe in years and reputation, the most sympathetic and helpful of companions, each milestone has recorded a bereavement that would have exhausted or embittered an ordinary mind. It was inevitable that intervals of great despondency should enter into a life period so darkly defined, and such, indeed, has been the case, to the regret and sorrow of those who have been blessed with his intimate acquaintanceship. But in his breast there lived a spirit which rose triumphant over all depressing emotions, and still continues, after half a century, to make joy for more millions of human beings the world over than any other now existing. An attempt, even by one accomplished in the art, to analyze the character of this unique human genius would be futile. Its phases are too multifarious. There is humor pre-eminent, wit unexcelled, philosophy rare, if uneven; repugnance, often violent, to wrong in any form; instinctive and invariable, though occasionally ill-timed, revolt against oppression of humanity whether by God or man; all supplemented by the reasonableness of a comrade, the kindness of a friend, the devotion of a lover and the sweetness of a child. These are qualities which only those possessing the privilege of intimacy with him can fully appreciate, but it is surely a boon of inestimable value to all who have laughed or cried, or at times become indignant, even savage, with Mark Twain, that having well passed the allotted period of physical life his mind remains so clear, his heart so strong,

and his art so masterful, that in peacefulness and with greater ease than ever before he is enabled to paint in beautiful diction the impressions that have illumined and, in turn, cheered and saddened his existence. It is a wonderful autobiography that he is writing,—wonderful, because of the variety of experiences it depicts, wonderful because of its truth, its sincerity, its frankness, its unhesitating and unrestricted human feeling. Much has been done, much remains to be done. It was the author's determination, at the beginning of his great task, that no part of his memoirs should reach the public until he should have passed away, but he finally yielded to the persuasions of those who were convinced that there might be pleasure for himself, as well as for an unlimited number of admirers and friends, in the presentation of such portions as could by no possibility give offence to any one now living.

The first of these chapters selected appears in this REVIEW. Other portions to follow in succeeding numbers will embrace all phases of personal experiences, characteristic comments upon passing events, the rollicking humor of early days, the wit of others known and appreciated, philosophies and foibles of the present generation, significant features of the most interesting period of American development, attachments at home, acquaintanceships abroad, all painted deftly and simply with no regard for sequence or stereotyped narration, but with the consummate art of the master. We have read perhaps a quarter of the million of words which will finally be written, and are convinced that a life story of such surpassing interest was never told before.

FRIDAY, August 31.

Secretary Root in South America.

A WISE Minister of State has been described as one who "should recognize evils from afar so as to prevent their growth in time, and should be able to discuss the disposition of people and what may be hoped for from peace and feared in war." It is a happy circumstance that the United States seems to have such a Minister of State in Mr. Elihu Root. Barring possibly the mission of Benjamin Franklin to France, no visitation by an authorized representative of this nation has been productive of so much probable benefit to so great a number of somewhat dissociated peoples as that of the Secretary of State to the South-American republics. In common, we believe, with a vast majority of Amer-

ican citizens, we have never been greatly disturbed by governmental attacks, however wrongful in theory, upon presumed monopolies or privileged corporations within the borders of our own territory. Only upon the assumption that cowardice might take possession of the courts established under the Constitution and that the spirit of equity in the minds of the people might become extinct, could apprehension of any very serious harm be justified. In our relations with other countries, however, there has undoubtedly developed a tendency towards abruptness of method, due to the possession of overwhelming power and authority, calculated to give rise to grave concern. Physical conditions and vast material resources have been and are now recognized as adequate safeguards against deliberate seeking of conflict with us by other Powers. The only danger has seemed to lurk in the extension or possible misapplication of the doctrine, resting upon a basis none too stable, enunciated by President Monroe. It is obvious that this principle could not be rightfully sustained by a nation having regard for a people's right to govern itself in its own way, except by the desire and with the cooperation of the sister republics of South America. Nor can it be denied that in recent years there has arisen in that section of the hemisphere a sense of resentment against what the inhabitants construed as a paternalistic, or even dictatorial, attitude on the part of the United States. It has been the honor and privilege of Secretary Root to dissipate this impression. That he has succeeded in his mission to a degree far exceeding the anticipations of even the President or himself, seems to be firmly established by the reports from the various countries which he has visited. His achievement of the most far-reaching importance doubtless is the apparently perfect understanding which he has reached with Señor Drago, who has come to be recognized as the foremost statesman of South America. The immediate result is expected to be a proposal to The Hague Convention, affirming the adherence of the republics of the two Americas to the principle of arbitration for the settlement of difficulties liable to arise between themselves, and asking for an expression of opinion upon the question of determining up to what point the use of force, for the recovery of public debts, can be authorized. It is in fact within the range of probability, although as yet there is no official information to that effect, that Secretary Root has gone so far as to pledge the cooperation of this nation in insisting with

the South-American republics that the use of any force whatsoever be denied as a matter of principle. But whatever may be the exact terms of the understanding, there can be no doubt that a tacit agreement, assuring common action on the part of all of the republics, including our own, has been reached. This in itself is a great accomplishment, and one which could have been effected only by the exercise of exceptional sagacity and consummate tactfulness. The inevitable effect will be the hastening of the economic and political development of the Southern republics, which in turn cannot fail to be followed by closer commercial relationship between the North and South Americas of inestimable value to both. From the present outlook, it would seem that history will record no such service to civilization in the Western Hemisphere by an individual officer of State, since the somewhat tentative pronouncement of President Monroe, as has just been rendered by Secretary Root.

SATURDAY, *September 1.* Mr. Bryan's Candidate for President.

VIEWING from afar his native land, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, by nature optimistic, detected unmistakable signs of the growth of an altruistic spirit in the hearts of his unduly well-to-do countrymen. To the mere making of large contributions to even laudable purposes, he observed in a recent conversation, he attaches no great importance; but the apparent seeking by the very rich of ways so to employ a portion of their excess as to accomplish the greatest good he regards as most significant. Their difficulty lies less in intent than in ignorance. They, or at least many of them, really wish to set a praiseworthy example by beginning a voluntary distribution of wealth; but their habit of mind forbids contemplation of any method that might involve waste. The danger of becoming a victim of imposition is also a constant deterrent against experimentation. A beaten path lighted by experience would be highly appreciated; but none can be found; the cultivation of the habit of giving is too recent. Suggestions can be had in plenty, of course, from those who have only advice to give, but only as a rule to be pronounced worthless by the stronger and perhaps narrower judgment of the accumulator and possessor. Opinions surely do differ greatly in such matters. There is scarcely a touch of similarity, for instance, between those of our greatest givers. The reader doubtless has particular views;

so have we; so has Mr. Bryan; so has everybody. Mr. Bryan's, by the way, both because of their novelty and of his exceptional personal prominence at this time, possess a peculiar interest. In giving at all, he maintains, one should give his best, and in the cases of successful builders of great properties or "captains of industry," as they are called, brains and experience, not the mere money product thereof, fill the requirement. Moreover, to be effective, one must be free and must be known to be free. Reducing the theory to practical application, Mr. Bryan hopes to live to see the day when a man who has acquired wealth by personal energy will divest himself of all interest in properties affected in any way by legislation, and invest the entire proceeds in the bonds of his country. Then there could be no question of singleness of purpose or of interests, sentimental or pecuniary, and the exceptional talent already demonstrated by notable success in private endeavor could be applied in such a way as to produce the maximum of results. There would be no pecuniary sacrifice—only a transfer of moneys invested into other and better securities, although at a lower rate of interest, for moral effect. This is the time of all times in history, to Mr. Bryan's mind, when the Nation needs as its President a man combining the splendid executive capacity proven by the upbuilding of a great industry with the altruistic spirit manifested by an act definitely and conclusively establishing his sincerity. In the conversation alluded to, Mr. Bryan added that he would a thousand times rather help to elect a man thus equipped than become President himself. It was impossible to resist the temptation to suggest that if all of our industrial captains should yield to the allurements, there would not only not be enough government bonds to go around, but too little money left in private investment to keep the cars running and the factories going. It suffices to add that, while evincing full appreciation of this danger, Mr. Bryan did not seem to regard it as imminent. We have no hesitation, therefore, in submitting the proposal for the respectful consideration of those who may be concerned.

MONDAY, September 3.

The Power of Sentiment.

WHAT is the impulse that causes wide-spread protestation against changes in spelling? There is nothing revolutionary in the proposal. Comparison of the words of Chaucer with those

now used shows the extent of evolution wrought by time without arousing resentment. Indeed, the fact is universally recognized that a language, like a human being, must undergo constant change or cease to live. Moreover, all admit that the spelling of hundreds of English words is not only unnecessarily confusing, but really absurd. And yet, as we have seen recently, an attempt to effect a general simplification or even a minor modification invariably incites a storm of disapproval. Why? Advocates of the so-called reform insist that all reason supports their effort and that opposition, therefore, must rest necessarily upon prejudice. But this is assertion rather than argument, and capable of use with equal force by the other side. We wonder if sentiment does not lie closer to the root of the antagonism than either reason or prejudice. Language itself becomes a part of one's being almost as early as love, and is cherished accordingly. The written word lags behind the one spoken, but soon becomes as dear. Even the reformers pause before reverence and inconsistently retain the "u" in "Saviour," while eliminating it from other words of like ending. It is a pretty saying that a rose by another name would smell as sweet, but it is not true. Mary Jane would not be Mary Jane if called Maud, and nobody would recognize John addressed as Clarence. The reformers seem to establish the rightfulness of their cause and the absurdity of opposition by noting the evolution in spelling in the short time that has elapsed since this inscription was written for the most famous of known tombs:

"Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

But who would manifest the daring or have the heart to suggest the change of a single letter?

TUESDAY, *September 4.*

Optimism Regaining Sway.

WE are really becoming optimistic. A year ago the country seemed to be a veritable den of iniquity. As exposure succeeded exposure, scandal had followed scandal so rapidly that one was left gasping for breath. Yellow journals could not be printed in sufficient numbers to satisfy the avidity of the masses. A muck-rake had become the sole requisite of success in the making of

periodicals. Ignorance vied with irresponsibility in desperate reaching for notoriety, in emulation of a conscienceless gambler who had blazed a lurid way. Shame was written upon honest countenances; depression rested upon the American spirit; the very atmosphere was surcharged with portent. There came no sudden change, but with almost mechanical certainty the clouds lifted one by one, until at last it seems safe to declare that sanity has resumed its wonted sway. The period has been one of excessive trial but of inestimable service. Now, with a sigh of relief, the intelligent, patriotic citizen begins to feel satisfied that the greatest of evils in our business and political being have been revealed, and he can join with his fellows in demanding correction, not in haste or passion, but soberly, rationally, insistently. Already it is evident that mere negative virtue will no longer fill the requirement of political preferment; exceptional and proven high-mindedness is exacted, as the autumn elections will surely demonstrate. So, too, in business is apparent a deeper sense of personal responsibility and keener appreciation of the value of a fair name. To be honest rather than smart has become good form. Hence the gradual but obvious yielding of pessimism to a feeling almost buoyant. Presently, having taken our severe lesson permanently to heart and sternly resolved that never again shall arise the need of such another, we may, by the grace of God, be permitted again to see the sun in all its pristine glory.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—II*.

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

II.

My experiences as an author began early in 1867. I came to New York from San Francisco in the first month of that year and presently Charles H. Webb, whom I had known in San Francisco as a reporter on *The Bulletin*, and afterward editor of *The Californian*, suggested that I publish a volume of sketches. I had but a slender reputation to publish it on, but I was charmed and excited by the suggestion and quite willing to venture it if some industrious person would save me the trouble of gathering the sketches together. I was loath to do it myself, for from the beginning of my sojourn in this world there was a persistent vacancy in me where the industry ought to be. ("Ought to was")

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29

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is better, perhaps, though the most of the authorities differ as to this.)

Webb said I had some reputation in the Atlantic States, but I knew quite well that it must be of a very attenuated sort. What there was of it rested upon the story of "The Jumping Frog." When Artemus Ward passed through California on a lecturing tour, in 1865 or '66, I told him the "Jumping Frog" story, in San Francisco, and he asked me to write it out and send it to his publisher, Carleton, in New York, to be used in padding out a small book which Artemus had prepared for the press and which needed some more stuffing to make it big enough for the price which was to be charged for it.

It reached Carleton in time, but he didn't think much of it, and was not willing to go to the typesetting expense of adding it to the book. He did not put it in the waste-basket, but made Henry Clapp a present of it, and Clapp used it to help out the funeral of his dying literary journal, *The Saturday Press*. "The Jumping Frog" appeared in the last number of that paper, was the most joyous feature of the obsequies, and was at once copied in the newspapers of America and England. It certainly had a wide celebrity, and it still had it at the time that I am speaking of—but I was aware that it was only the frog that was celebrated. It wasn't I. I was still an obscurity.

Webb undertook to collate the sketches. He performed this office, then handed the result to me, and I went to Carleton's establishment with it. I approached a clerk and he bent eagerly over the counter to inquire into my needs; but when he found that I had come to sell a book and not to buy one, his temperature fell sixty degrees, and the old-gold intrenchments in the roof of my mouth contracted three-quarters of an inch and my teeth fell out. I meekly asked the privilege of a word with Mr. Carleton, and was coldly informed that he was in his private office. Discouragements and difficulties followed, but after a while I got by the frontier and entered the holy of holies. Ah, now I remember how I managed it! Webb had made an appointment for me with Carleton; otherwise I never should have gotten over that frontier. Carleton rose and said brusquely and aggressively,

"Well, what can I do for you?"

I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book for publication. He began to swell, and went on swell-

ing and swelling and swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere. Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand, which comprehended the whole room and said,

"Books—look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are waiting for publication. Do I want any more? Excuse me, I don't. Good morning."

Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. I was then sojourning with my family at the Schweitzerhof, in Luzerne. He called on me, shook hands cordially, and said at once, without any preliminaries,

"I am substantially an obscure person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal dimensions that it entitles me to immortality—to wit: I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century."

It was a most handsome apology, and I told him so, and said it was a long-delayed revenge but was sweeter to me than any other that could be devised; that during the lapsed twenty-one years I had in fancy taken his life several times every year, and always in new and increasingly cruel and inhuman ways, but that now I was pacified, appeased, happy, even jubilant; and that thenceforth I should hold him my true and valued friend and never kill him again.

I reported my adventure to Webb, and he bravely said that not all the Carletons in the universe should defeat that book; he would publish it himself on a ten per cent. royalty. And so he did. He brought it out in blue and gold, and made a very pretty little book of it. I think he named it "*The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches*," price \$1.25. He made the plates and printed and bound the book through a job-printing house, and published it through the American News Company.

In June I sailed in the *Quaker City* Excursion. I returned in November, and in Washington found a letter from Elisha Bliss, of the American Publishing Company of Hartford, offering me five per cent. royalty on a book which should recount the adventures of the Excursion. In lieu of the royalty, I was offered the al-

ternative of ten thousand dollars cash upon delivery of the manuscript. I consulted A. D. Richardson and he said "take the royalty." I followed his advice and closed with Bliss. By my contract I was to deliver the manuscript in July of 1868. I wrote the book in San Francisco and delivered the manuscript within contract time. Bliss provided a multitude of illustrations for the book, and then stopped work on it. The contract date for the issue went by, and there was no explanation of this. Time drifted along and still there was no explanation. I was lecturing all over the country; and about thirty times a day, on an average, I was trying to answer this conundrum:

"When is your book coming out?"

I got tired of inventing new answers to that question, and by and by I got horribly tired of the question itself. Whoever asked it became my enemy at once, and I was usually almost eager to make that appear.

As soon as I was free of the lecture-field I hastened to Hartford to make inquiries. Bliss said that the fault was not his; that he wanted to publish the book but the directors of his Company were staid old fossils and were afraid of it. They had examined the book, and the majority of them were of the opinion that there were places in it of a humorous character. Bliss said the house had never published a book that had a suspicion like that attaching to it, and that the directors were afraid that a departure of this kind would seriously injure the house's reputation; that he was tied hand and foot, and was not permitted to carry out his contract. One of the directors, a Mr. Drake—at least he was the remains of what had once been a Mr. Drake—invited me to take a ride with him in his buggy, and I went along. He was a pathetic old relic, and his ways and his talk were also pathetic. He had a delicate purpose in view and it took him some time to hearten himself sufficiently to carry it out, but at last he accomplished it. He explained the house's difficulty and distress, as Bliss had already explained it. Then he frankly threw himself and the house upon my mercy and begged me to take away "The Innocents Abroad" and release the concern from the contract. I said I wouldn't—and so ended the interview and the buggy excursion. Then I warned Bliss that he must get to work or I should make trouble. He acted upon the warning, and set up the book and I read the proofs. Then there was another long

wait and no explanation. At last toward the end of July (1869, I think), I lost patience and telegraphed Bliss that if the book was not on sale in twenty-four hours I should bring suit for damages.

That ended the trouble. Half a dozen copies were bound and placed on sale within the required time. Then the canvassing began, and went briskly forward. In nine months the book took the publishing house out of debt, advanced its stock from twenty-five to two hundred, and left seventy thousand dollars profit to the good. It was Bliss that told me this—but if it was true, it was the first time that he had told the truth in sixty-five years. He was born in 1804.

III.

. . . This was in 1849. I was fourteen years old, then. We were still living in Hannibal, Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi, in the new “frame” house built by my father five years before. That is, some of us lived in the new part, the rest in the old part back of it—the “L.” In the autumn my sister gave a party, and invited all the marriageable young people of the village. I was too young for this society, and was too bashful to mingle with young ladies, anyway, therefore I was not invited—at least not for the whole evening. Ten minutes of it was to be my whole share. I was to do the part of a bear in a small fairy play. I was to be disguised all over in a close-fitting brown hairy stuff proper for a bear. About half past ten I was told to go to my room and put on this disguise, and be ready in half an hour. I started, but changed my mind; for I wanted to practise a little, and that room was very small. I crossed over to the large unoccupied house on the corner of Main and Hill streets,* unaware that a dozen of the young people were also going there to dress for their parts. I took the little black slave boy, Sandy, with me, and we selected a roomy and empty chamber on the second floor. We entered it talking, and this gave a couple of half-dressed young ladies an opportunity to take refuge behind a screen undiscovered. Their gowns and things were hanging on hooks behind the door, but I did not see them; it was Sandy that shut the door, but all his heart was in the theatricals, and he was as unlikely to notice them as I was myself.

That was a rickety screen, with many holes in it, but as I did

* That house still stands.

not know there were girls behind it, I was not disturbed by that detail. If I had known, I could not have undressed in the flood of cruel moonlight that was pouring in at the curtainless windows; I should have died of shame. Untroubled by apprehensions, I stripped to the skin and began my practice. I was full of ambition; I was determined to make a hit; I was burning to establish a reputation as a bear and get further engagements; so I threw myself into my work with an abandon that promised great things. I capered back and forth from one end of the room to the other on all fours, Sandy applauding with enthusiasm; I walked upright and growled and snapped and snarled; I stood on my head, I flung handsprings, I danced a lubberly dance with my paws bent and my imaginary snout sniffing from side to side; I did everything a bear could do, and many things which no bear could ever do and no bear with any dignity would want to do, anyway; and of course I never suspected that I was making a spectacle of myself to any one but Sandy. At last, standing on my head, I paused in that attitude to take a minute's rest. There was a moment's silence, then Sandy spoke up with excited interest and said—

“Marse Sam, has you ever seen a smoked herring?”

“No. What is that?”

“It's a fish.”

“Well, what of it? Anything peculiar about it?”

“Yes, suh, you bet you dey is. *Dey eats 'em guts and all!*”

There was a smothered burst of feminine snickers from behind the screen! All the strength went out of me and I toppled forward like an undermined tower and brought the screen down with my weight, burying the young ladies under it. In their fright they discharged a couple of piercing screams—and possibly others, but I did not wait to count. I snatched my clothes and fled to the dark hall below, Sandy following. I was dressed in half a minute, and out the back way. I swore Sandy to eternal silence, then we went away and hid until the party was over. The ambition was all out of me. I could not have faced that giddy company after my adventure, for there would be two performers there who knew my secret, and would be privately laughing at me all the time. I was searched for but not found, and the bear had to be played by a young gentleman in his civilized clothes. The house was still and everybody asleep when I finally ventured home. I

was very heavy-hearted, and full of a sense of disgrace. Pinned to my pillow I found a slip of paper which bore a line that did not lighten my heart, but only made my face burn. It was written in a laboriously disguised hand, and these were its mocking terms:

"You probably couldn't have played *bear*, but you played *bare* very well—oh, very very well!"

We think boys are rude, unsensitive animals, but it is not so in all cases. Each boy has one, or two sensitive spots, and if you can find out where they are located you have only to touch them and you can scorch him as with fire. I suffered miserably over that episode. I expected that the facts would be all over the village in the morning, but it was not so. The secret remained confined to the two girls and Sandy and me. That was some appeasement of my pain, but it was far from sufficient—the main trouble remained: I was under four mocking eyes, and it might as well have been a thousand, for I suspected all girls' eyes of being the ones I so dreaded. During several weeks I could not look any young lady in the face; I dropped my eyes in confusion when any one of them smiled upon me and gave me greeting; and I said to myself, "*That is one of them,*" and got quickly away. Of course I was meeting the right girls everywhere, but if they ever let slip any betraying sign I was not bright enough to catch it. When I left Hannibal four years later, the secret was still a secret; I had never guessed those girls out, and was no longer expecting to do it. Nor wanting to, either.

One of the dearest and prettiest girls in the village at the time of my mishap was one whom I will call Mary Wilson, because that was not her name. She was twenty years old; she was dainty and sweet, peach-bloomy and exquisite, gracious and lovely in character, and I stood in awe of her, for she seemed to me to be made out of angel-clay and rightfully unapproachable by an unholy ordinary kind of a boy like me. I probably never suspected her. But—

The scene changes. To Calcutta—forty-seven years later. It was in 1896. I arrived there on my lecturing trip. As I entered the hotel a divine vision passed out of it, clothed in the glory of the Indian sunshine—the Mary Wilson of my long-vanished boyhood! It was a startling thing. Before I could recover from the bewildering shock and speak to her she was gone. I thought maybe I had seen an apparition, but it was not so, she

was flesh. She was the granddaughter of the other Mary, the original Mary. That Mary, now a widow, was up-stairs, and presently sent for me. She was old and gray-haired, but she looked young and was very handsome. We sat down and talked. We steeped our thirsty souls in the reviving wine of the past, the beautiful past, the dear and lamented past; we uttered the names that had been silent upon our lips for fifty years, and it was as if they were made of music; with reverent hands we unburied our dead, the mates of our youth, and caressed them with our speech; we searched the dusty chambers of our memories and dragged forth incident after incident, episode after episode, folly after folly, and laughed such good laughs over them, with the tears running down; and finally Mary said suddenly, and without any leading up—

“Tell me! What is the special peculiarity of smoked herrings?”

It seemed a strange question at such a hallowed time as this. And so inconsequential, too. I was a little shocked. And yet I was aware of a stir of some kind away back in the deeps of my memory somewhere. It set me to musing—thinking—searching. Smoked herrings. Smoked herrings. The peculiarity of smo. . . I glanced up. Her face was grave, but there was a dim and shadowy twinkle in her eye which— All of a sudden I knew! and far away down in the hoary past I heard a remembered voice murmur, “Dey eats ’em guts and all!”

“At—last! I’ve found one of you, anyway! Who was the other girl?”

But she drew the line there. She wouldn’t tell me.

IV.

. . . But it was on a bench in Washington Square that I saw the most of Louis Stevenson. It was an outing that lasted an hour or more, and was very pleasant and sociable. I had come with him from his house, where I had been paying my respects to his family. His business in the Square was to absorb the sunshine. He was most scantily furnished with flesh, his clothes seemed to fall into hollows as if there might be nothing inside but the frame for a sculptor’s statue. His long face and lank hair and dark complexion and musing and melancholy expression seemed to fit these details justly and harmoniously, and the alto-

gether of it seemed especially planned to gather the rays of your observation and focalize them upon Stevenson's special distinction and commanding feature, his splendid eyes. They burned with a smouldering rich fire under the penthouse of his brows, and they made him beautiful.

I said I thought he was right about the others, but mistaken as to Bret Harte; in substance I said that Harte was good company and a thin but pleasant talker; that he was always bright, but never brilliant; that in this matter he must not be classed with Thomas Bailey Aldrich, nor must any other man, ancient or modern; that Aldrich was always witty, always brilliant, if there was anybody present capable of striking his flint at the right angle; that Aldrich was as sure and prompt and unfailing as the red-hot iron on the blacksmith's anvil—you had only to hit it competently to make it deliver an explosion of sparks. I added—

"Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt and pithy and witty and humorous sayings. None has equalled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he couldn't help it, he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around in him; when he speaks the diamonds flash. Yes, he was always brilliant, he will always be brilliant; he will be brilliant in hell—you will see."

Stevenson, smiling a chuckly smile, "I hope not."

"Well, you will, and he will dim even those ruddy fires and look like a transfigured Adonis backed against a pink sunset."

There on that bench we struck out a new phrase—one or the other of us, I don't remember which—"submerged renown." Variations were discussed: "submerged fame," "submerged reputation," and so on, and a choice was made; "submerged renown" was elected, I believe. This important matter rose out of an incident which had been happening to Stevenson in Albany. While in a book-shop or book-stall there he had noticed a long rank of small books, cheaply but neatly gotten up, and bearing such titles as "Davis's Selected Speeches," "Davis's Selected Poetry," Davis's this and Davis's that and Davis's the other thing; compilations, every one of them, each with a brief, compact, intelligent

and useful introductory chapter by this same Davis, whose first name I have forgotten. Stevenson had begun the matter with this question:

"Can you name the American author whose fame and acceptance stretch widest in the States?"

I thought I could, but it did not seem to me that it would be modest to speak out, in the circumstances. So I diffidently said nothing. Stevenson noticed, and said—

"Save your delicacy for another time—you are not the one. For a shilling you can't name the American author of widest note and popularity in the States. But I can."

Then he went on and told about that Albany incident. He had inquired of the shopman—

"Who is this Davis?"

The answer was—

"An author whose books have to have freight-trains to carry them, not baskets. Apparently you have not heard of him?"

Stevenson said no, this was the first time. The man said—

"Nobody has heard of Davis; you may ask all around and you will see. You never see his name mentioned in print, not even in advertisement; these things are of no use to Davis, not any more than they are to the wind and the sea. You never see one of Davis's books floating on top of the United States, but put on your diving armor and get yourself lowered away down and down and down till you strike the dense region, the sunless region of eternal drudgery and starvation wages—there you'll find them by the million. The man that gets that market, his fortune is made, his bread and butter are safe, for those people will never go back on him. An author may have a reputation which is confined to the surface, and lose it and become pitied, then despised, then forgotten, entirely forgotten—the frequent steps in a surface reputation. A surface reputation, however great, is always mortal, and always killable if you go at it right—with pins and needles, and quiet slow poison, not with the club and tomahawk. But it is a different matter with the submerged reputation—down in the deep water; once a favorite there, always a favorite; once beloved, always beloved; once respected, always respected, honored, and believed in. For, what the reviewer says never finds its way down into those placid deeps; nor the newspaper sneers, nor any breath of the winds of slander blowing above. Down there they

never hear of these things. Their idol may be painted clay, up there at the surface, and fade and waste and crumble and blow away, there being much weather there; but down below he is gold and adamant and indestructible."

V.

This is from this morning's paper:

MARK TWAIN LETTER SOLD.

Written to Thomas Nast, it Proposed a Joint Tour.

A Mark Twain autograph letter brought \$43 yesterday at the auction by the Merwin-Clayton Company of the library and correspondence of the late Thomas Nast, cartoonist. The letter is nine pages note-paper, is dated Hartford, Nov. 12, 1877, and is addressed to Nast. It reads in part as follows:

HARTFORD, Nov. 12.

MY DEAR NAST: I did not think I should ever stand on a platform again until the time was come for me to say I die innocent. But the same old offers keep arriving that have arriven every year, and been every year declined—\$500 for Louisville, \$500 for St. Louis, \$1,000 gold for two nights in Toronto, half gross proceeds for New York, Boston, Brooklyn, &c. I have declined them all just as usual, though sorely tempted as usual.

Now, I do not decline because I mind talking to an audience, but because (1) travelling alone is so heart-breakingly dreary, and (2) shouldering the whole show is such cheer-killing responsibility.

Therefore I now propose to you what you proposed to me in November, 1867—ten years ago, (when I was unknown,) viz.; That you should stand on the platform and make pictures, and I stand by you and blackguard the audience. I should enormously enjoy meandering around (to big towns—don't want to go to little ones) with you for company.

The letter includes a schedule of cities and the number of appearances planned for each.

This is as it should be. This is worthy of all praise. I say it myself lest other competent persons should forget to do it. It appears that four of my ancient letters were sold at auction, three of them at twenty-seven dollars, twenty-eight dollars, and twenty-nine dollars respectively, and the one above mentioned at forty-three dollars. There is one very gratifying circumstance about this, to wit: that my literature has more than held its own as regards money value through this stretch of thirty-six years. I judge that the forty-three-dollar letter must have gone at about ten cents a word, whereas if I had written it to-day its market

rate would be thirty cents—so I have increased in value two or three hundred per cent. I note another gratifying circumstance—that a letter of General Grant's sold at something short of eighteen dollars. I can't rise to General Grant's lofty place in the estimation of this nation, but it is a deep happiness to me to know that when it comes to epistolary literature he can't sit in the front seat along with me.

This reminds me—nine years ago, when we were living in Tedworth Square, London, a report was cabled to the American journals that I was dying. I was not the one. It was another Clemens, a cousin of mine,—Dr. J. Ross Clemens, now of St. Louis—who was due to die but presently escaped, by some chicanery or other characteristic of the tribe of Clemens. The London representatives of the American papers began to flock in, with American cables in their hands, to inquire into my condition. There was nothing the matter with me, and each in his turn was astonished, and disappointed, to find me reading and smoking in my study and worth next to nothing as a text for transatlantic news. One of these men was a gentle and kindly and grave and sympathetic Irishman, who hid his sorrow the best he could, and tried to look glad, and told me that his paper, the *Evening Sun*, had cabled him that it was reported in New York that I was dead. What should he cable in reply? I said—

“ Say the report is greatly exaggerated.”

He never smiled, but went solemnly away and sent the cable in those words. The remark hit the world pleasantly, and to this day it keeps turning up, now and then, in the newspapers when people have occasion to discount exaggerations.

The next man was also an Irishman. He had his New York cablegram in his hand—from the *New York World*—and he was so evidently trying to get around that cable with invented softnesses and palliations that my curiosity was aroused and I wanted to see what it did really say. So when occasion offered I slipped it out of his hand. It said,

“ If Mark Twain dying send five hundred words. If dead send a thousand.”

Now that old letter of mine sold yesterday for forty-three dollars. When I am dead it will be worth eighty-six.

MARK TWAIN,

(*To be continued.*)

REFORM AND REFORMERS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHEN a notorious Tammany official went on the stump and cried "To Hell with Reform," many simple folk were shocked and many less simple pretended to be shocked. But the blatant spoilsman was only voicing violently a sentiment which must often have been felt, more or less clearly, by many an honest man who happened to be endowed with a full share of the invaluable quality for which we have no better name than "sense-of-humor." It was this sentiment which moved Curtis (recalling the Brook Farmers) to assert that "no wise man is long a Reformer, for wisdom sees plainly that growth is steady, sure, and neither condemns nor rejects what is or has been," whereas "Reform is organized distrust." It was this sentiment which moved Lowell (having Garrison in mind) to declare that "there never has been a leader of Reform who was not also a blackguard."

In the "Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne, drawing on his experiences with the same group of enthusiasts that Curtis had associated with, warns us that "no sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he live exclusively among Reformers and progressive people, without periodically returning into the settled system of things, to correct himself by a new observation from that old standpoint." The biographer of Parkman tells us how that clear-eyed and high-minded historian was ever ready to "ride hard against idealists and Reformers," holding that transcendentalism was weakening to common sense and dangerous to practical aims. "The ideal Reformer," said Parkman, "is generally a nuisance when he tries to deal with the broad and many-sided questions involved in the government of nations." Colonel Higginson, after a wide experience of women and men, has assured us that "Reformers are like Eskimo dogs, which must be hitched to the

sledge each by a separate thong; if put in a common harness, they turn and eat each other up." And Emerson, after declaring that he liked best "the strong and worthy persons who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving," asserted that "the professed philanthropists, it is strange and horrible to say, are an altogether odious set of people whom one would shun as the worst of bores and canters."

Here is a striking unanimity of opinion, and if we are justified in suspecting a sinister motive in the frank desire of the Tammany office-seeker to send below the thing he had reason to hate, we can impute no mean motive to Lowell, to Curtis and to Higginson, who proved themselves active in good works. And if Hawthorne and Parkman and Emerson were never actual leaders in any specific improvement of public affairs, we know them as men of lofty character and of transparent sincerity. Why is it that these men, the very stuff out of which heroic chiefs are made, seem to be united in disliking and in distrusting not only the noble army of Reformers but also the sacred cause of Reform itself? They, at least, had no personal reason to think ill of it; they had no occasion to fear it; they were ever ready to do what might lie in their power to help along the millennium; and, if they held these hostile or contemptuous opinions, we may rest assured they had good and sufficient reasons.

It is not, of course, that they are not friends of progress and that they would not subscribe to Professor William James's declaration that "for morality, life is a war, and the service of the highest is a sort of cosmic patriotism, which also calls for volunteers." It is not that they would hesitate to approve of Whittier's advice to a youth of fifteen: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause." It is not that they were eager to renounce the doctrines of the Puritans and to adopt the practices of the Impuritans. It is not that they were prepared to accept as their own the bitter remark attributed to the late Thomas B. Reed, "When Dr. Johnson said that Patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, he did not foresee the infinite possibilities of the word Reform." But although Lowell and Curtis and Higginson might not be prepared to echo the sharp saying of that cynical but devoted public servant, none of them would fail to understand what Reed meant, and to appreciate the reasons which moved him to say it.

In any attempt to explain this attitude of theirs the first suggestion which forces itself on us is, that the Reformer is very likely to be lacking in the sense-of-humor, without which a man is more or less incapacitated from getting along comfortably with his fellows. By the very fact that he has set his heart upon the accomplishment of a single improvement, he has reduced his sense of proportion. He is likely to resemble the character in Ibsen's "Wild Duck," who is described as "suffering from chronic integrity in an acute form"; and he tends to have a certain likeness also to the character in Turgeneff's "Dimitri Roudine," who took himself so seriously that "he looked like his own statue erected by a national subscription." He feels himself exalted by the elevation of his own aim in life; and it is hard for him not to become convinced that he is right and always right, whereas the rest of the inhabitants of the globe are wrong and always wrong. Slowly but surely, as the years roll by, he comes to the conclusion that he alone possesses the secret of wisdom, and that he alone holds the universe by the tail.

When Charles Sumner was elected Senator, Theodore Parker wrote him, "I hope you will build on the Rock of Ages, and look to Eternity for your justification." Now, when a man is looking to Eternity and building on the Rock of Ages he may very easily accept himself as a prophet and believe that his denunciation of evil is the result of direct inspiration. In time, as he finds his burning words wasted on stubborn ears, he may be moved to the increasing virulence of invective which is prone to call forth, though never to justify, the retaliatory brutality of personal assault. Reform is tarnished, as Religion is stained, when those who declare themselves its followers discover themselves to be lacking in the ordinary decencies of civilization. There is no denying that there are to-day among the so-called anti-Imperialists and among those who are now urging Total Abstinence, as there were half a century ago among the Anti-slavery leaders, not a few, in good standing among their conscientious associates, who have proved themselves reckless in misrepresentation and malignant in imputing evil motives to their opponents. Apparently, some of those who plant themselves on a lofty pinnacle far above the common herd of mankind, to proclaim a higher rule of life than that which the rest of the world seems willing to accept, feel themselves thereby freed from the obligations prescribed for us

all by every-day courtesy, and sometimes even from those imposed by common honesty.

Something of the same unscrupulousness, due to intensity of conviction, has been discovered also in certain religious enthusiasts; and George Eliot,—so Mr. G. J. Holyoake has recently recorded,—held it as a solemn conviction, the result of a lifetime of observation, that, in proportion as the thoughts of men and women are removed from the earth in which they live to an invisible world, they are led to neglect their duty to each other. Whether this opinion of the emancipated novelist is well founded or not, there is justification for the belief that those who focus their thoughts on a single object, in which the rest of us take a less lively interest, and which is to be achieved only by protracted agitation, are very likely to be led after a while to see this single object out of all proportion and overshadowing everything else in the world. In time, opposition enrages them; and they begin to feel that it can be due only to the malign influence of a personal devil. They are firmly assured that he who is not with them is against them; and they are no longer in doubt that he who is against them is an enemy of mankind. Thus it was that Garrison, never a lovely character, was moved to denounce the Constitution of the United States, as “a league with Death and a covenant with Hell.” In violence, as in vocabulary, this is really not so very unlike the Tammany outcry, “To Hell with Reform.”

Even when the sincere Reformer of this type, the disinterested and public-spirited citizen, is able to refrain from vulgar outbreaks of temper, he may yet yield to the temptation of despising the heads and the hearts of all those who fail to be moved by his appeals and who refuse to look at the world from his special standpoint. It is difficult indeed for him not to feel self-satisfaction in his own superior sagacity and in his own more sensitive integrity; and this self-satisfaction is perilously close to conceit. By the very fact that he sees a need for action which others fail to see, he can hardly help thinking himself more far-sighted than the average. By the very act of taking trouble for the general good, when his fellows stand by inert, he is forced to find himself more public-spirited than other citizens. He is sorely tempted to regard his own coterie of come-outers as the sole reservoirs of virtue and of wisdom.

This leads him to resent bitterly all adverse criticism of his

acts; and it brings him sometimes to the verge of unscrupulousness. Conscious of his own rectitude, convinced of his own disinterestedness, assured of his own sagacity, devoted to the duty of hastening the delayed triumph of his cause, he is sometimes brought to accept the indefensible theory that the end justifies the means. He is sometimes only too willing to "fight the devil with fire." Now, a good man, who was also a wise man, would know that no maxim is falser than that which suggests this method of battling with Satan. Fire is the devil's own element, and he has never any fear of the flames. What he flees from is holy water; and the Reformer who allows the adversary the choice of weapons is a dead man before the ground is paced for the duel.

The Reformer of this type, sincere as he may be, devoted and disinterested, often narrows his outlook till he loses all sense of proportion; and, when violence of speech is followed by unscrupulousness of action, the last state of that man is worse than the first. As he develops these unamiable qualities he is increasingly unlikely to endear himself to his fellow men; and he is thereby thrown back on his associates, many of them already infected with similar failings. Or he is forced to fellowship with himself alone; and thus he is in danger of developing the deadly disease which has aptly been termed "moral egotism." As a shrewd observer has pointed out, "no egotism is so vulnerable as moral egotism; and in no field of action—not even in religion—is its influence more hurtful than in politics." Against this moral egotism few Reformers are immune, only those of complete sanity of body and mind, only those indeed whom nature has happily protected by a double proportion of that universal aseptic for which we have only an inadequate name—"the sense-of-humor."

After all, "the best of men are but men at their best," as the Puritan soldier said long ago; and Reformers of this type, ardent and sincere, although often violent and sometimes unscrupulous, need to be separated sharply from Reformers of another type, who almost justify Emerson's dismissal of them as "canters." Not quite do they justify it; for, although their purpose is less single and although their public spirit is contaminated by self-seeking, they are not altogether humbugs, and they do really believe in what they preach. They are honestly interested in the Reform they are advocating, even though they are far more interested in themselves. They urge it partly for its own sake, no

doubt, but partly also that they may claim credit to themselves for its accomplishment. They do not so much identify themselves with the movement as they identify the movement with themselves. They wish to see the cause conquer, but they are even more eager to push themselves into the best places in the triumphal procession,—not too far behind the big drum. They are ever voluble in interviews and vociferous on the platform; and they are never afraid to march up to the camera's mouth.

Far more than the over-strenuous enthusiasts of the first type do these self-advertising notoriety-seekers of this second type bring discredit on the movements with which they see their advantage in associating themselves. Even if they are not wholly hypocrites, they stand forth offensive in the sight of man. They justify Emerson's liking for "the strong and worthy persons who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving." They justify the hearty contempt which the better class of practical politicians, who are unpretentiously engaged in real work, so often express toward Reformers in general, and which the late Mr. Reed crystallized in the cynical saying already quoted. They are the originals of the sham Reformer whom Ibsen set on the stage in *Stensgaard* and whom Sardou satirized as *Rabagas*—although they often have commingled with their self-seeking somewhat more honesty of purpose than we find in the contemptible creatures etched by the Norwegian dramatist and by the Parisian playwright.

They are not plain hypocrites, like *Tartuffe*, for not only do they lack the depth of that appalling personality, but they are sincere, even if they are shallow. With them Reform is no mere cloak, snatched up hurriedly in the hour of need; it is the garment they have chosen to clothe themselves in, that they may take part in the parade. They are really soldiers in the cause whose uniform they wear, and they are volunteers also, but they have an eye to the bounty and to the pension. That they are marching forward with the flag never prevents them from seeking their own profit, often in devious ways. Some of the most contemptible intriguing it was ever my misfortune to behold was the work of one who was forever "holding high the banner of the Ideal"; and quite the most contemptible act of selfish cowardice within my knowledge was committed by one who stood before the public as the very embodiment of Reform, and who as a

Reformer was perfectly sincere, although undeniably self-seeking. When we come to contrast the two types of Reformer that have been considered, we find that it is difficult to draw a precise line marking off the one from the other. At the head of one type there is stalwart disinterestedness, and at the foot of the other there is shallow self-seeking, but in the middle they shade into each other by imperceptible degrees, since there is often more than a suspicion of self-esteem in the one and more than a leaven of sincerity in the other.

A third type there is, which it is not easy to set off sharply from the second. In this third class, we find the men whose fervor in behalf of a noble cause seems to have its source, more or less, in their desire to get into better company than their reputation would warrant. They seek to put forward their civic virtues as a plea in extenuation for their private looseness or their business laxity. They are the bad men who advocate one good thing, possibly because no man is absolutely bad, but more probably because they see in this advocacy a chance to associate themselves with good men, who would not otherwise be willing to fellowship with them. Reform makes strange bedfellows; and even men of the purest character are rarely over-particular in refusing the aid of voluntary allies whose own record is far from spotless. Perhaps it would be unfair to call them wolves in sheep's clothing, because the wolf rarely appears in that costume until after he has sated his hunger for lamb; but it is not unfair to describe them as black sheep who are seeking to smuggle themselves back into the flock of honest folk. Perhaps, again, it would not be just to dismiss them frankly as self-seeking hypocrites; but there is no injustice in suggesting that they are

"Ready to make up for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

Sometimes they persist in their own evil practices, while denouncing virtuously the ill deeds of others. For instance, one of the newspapers of New York, which was foremost in proclaiming the necessity of abolishing the spoils system and of introducing the Australian ballot, was at that time the property of a notorious railroad wrecker, who was using its financial columns to support his own stock-jobbing. But more often than not they pretend to have abjured sack and to desire to live cleanly. They re-

semble certain heroines of the modern drama, in that they have "a past" which they want to have overlooked or condoned in the present. Thus, some years ago, there appeared as the chief advocate of a so-called legal reform a lawyer of commanding ability whose own indefensible practices as the counsel of Fisk and Gould had brought him perilously near to being disbarred.

Another example is even more significant. In one of the largest cities in the Union a few years ago, in a truce of the interminable campaign against municipal misrule, suddenly half a dozen young men projected themselves into view as the conspicuous champions of civic virtue in its austere attitude. They stood up to be counted in favor of a procedure which did not commend itself to older and wiser leaders. They came out broadly in the full glare of the spot-light of newspaper notoriety. But who were these obscure Reformers who offered themselves up like imitators of Arnold of Winkelreid? However futile their act, at least their intention was worthy; and most people dismissed them from mind as merely misguided enthusiasts. But a gentleman with a wide acquaintance and a long memory happened to drop the remark in a club that it was not a little curious that two of these indiscreet Reformers had been partners in business with different friends of his, and that his friends had each of them been forced to dissolve the partnership from disapproval of the practices of the young men who were now prancing into the lists as knights of civic purity. He had mentioned no names; but another member of the club promptly spoke up and asked if Mr. So-and-so was meant, mentioning one of half a dozen. The answer was that Mr. So-and-so had not been in the mind of the first speaker. Whereupon the second said that Mr. So-and-so could be added to the other two; "He was my partner a few years ago, and I broke up the firm because I did not like the way he did business."

The examples of this type of Reformer are far less numerous than the examples of the two other types; but a Reform movement is singularly fortunate that has not among its adherents more than one man of this unworthy character, often thrusting himself into undue prominence. There is yet a fourth group, which is likely to be the largest of all, and also the least useful and the least estimable. This consists of the men and women who are forever longing for novelty for its own sake, and who wish

to see the established order change, merely because it is the established order, and merely because they themselves are too flighty to feel the need of keeping the ancient landmarks. They are not devoted to any one Reform in particular, but to all Reforms in general. They are wholly without the discrimination which warns us that, when a man is marching to a tune inaudible to others, he may be keeping step to the music of the spheres or he may be following the footsteps of the Rat-Wife.

They are the faddists, the freaks, the cranks, who take up with every passing whim of the moment and who tag themselves to the tail of every cause, whether it is wise or otherwise, incapable of espousing a true Reform for its merits, and ready to embrace a sham simply because it has been accepted by others as scatter-brained as they are themselves. To-day they may be vegetarians, who clothe themselves only in animal fibre; yesterday they revered the revelations of the spirit-rappers; to-morrow they will rely on absent treatment for the relief of chronic disease. They vaunt themselves as Theosophists for a season, only to appear the next year as Christian Scientists. We find them plentifully in the Salem witchcraft trials, in the more violent religious revivals, and again in the Transcendental movement. In the pages of Lowell's pungent papers on Thoreau, we have the brilliant record of his recollection of this riffraff of Reform as he had occasion to observe it in his youth. They cling to the skirts of every cause, impeding its advance and making it more or less ridiculous. Sometimes they are numerous enough to capture the control of the organization, which is sure to founder then, even if it was in sight of port. Sometimes they are weak-willed creatures who scarcely know what it is that they really want; and sometimes they are hysteric extremists who, in the apt phrase of the late Charles Dudley Warner, will not be satisfied until the President of the United States is a black woman.

When John Morrissey, prize-fighter and ward politician, once walked from his gambling-house at Saratoga to the town hall to size up a Reform convention then in session there, he came out promptly, declaring that he was not afraid of anything those fellows could do, since they were "only a lot of long-haired men and of short-haired women." What the ward politician treated with contempt, the practical man has no respect for. These feeble folk, light-witted and loud-voiced, are forever warning away the

hard-headed and strong-armed men of affairs, without whose sympathy no cause is likely to make much progress, and without whose active aid nothing lasting is likely to be accomplished. It is only when these men of affairs conquer their disgust for the creatures of this type, and ally themselves with the devoted enthusiasts of the first group, that any Reform begins really to have a chance of success. The enthusiasts supply the moral fervor, and the men of affairs supply the solid common sense, without an abundance of which nothing ever gets itself done in this world.

These men of affairs, not original enthusiasts and tardily converted by reasons which appealed to their intelligence, make up a fifth class of Reformer, the men interested in a specific cause and carrying it steadily to its final accomplishment without haste and without rest. They, and they alone, assure the victory. The original enthusiasts must convert them or nothing will happen; for until they are converted the case is hopeless. When they begin to join in sufficient numbers, the end is near; the cause is won, and the final triumph is then only a question of time. They are not the professed philanthropists whom Emerson shrank from; they are "the strong and worthy men who support the social order," but who have been made to see the danger of some special leak in the ship of state and who are willing to man the pumps and to lend a hand to the caulking, returning promptly to their own work whenever this single task is finished to their satisfaction. When they see that the time is come, they do not hesitate; they enlist "for three years or the war." They take up the good work, heartily, keeping their eye on that, and overcoming their distaste for the company they have to keep. They are resolved to get the job done, even if they have to labor by the side of the freak and of the fraud, of the wild-eyed crank and of the semi-repentant crook.

Mr. Morley tells us that Gladstone had "none of that detachment often found among superior minds, which we honor for its disinterestedness, even while we lament its impotence in result." In other words, Gladstone was a practical politician. He was constructive, and not merely critical. He was not a moral egotist, but a public servant, who helped to get things done. No doubt, the Abolitionists, in spite of their constant wrangling with one another, and in spite of their occasional lack of patriotism, did arouse the attention of the country and did help to centre it on

an evil that needed to be rooted up; but the slaves were freed by Lincoln, the very practical politician, who had at least one characteristic in common with Gladstone, in that he never mistook for "courage or independence the unhappy preference for having a party or an opinion exclusively for one's self." Lincoln was patient and long-suffering; he bided his time; he was at once persuasive and fearless, but he was never needlessly aggressive. He was wholly free from the unpleasant and unprofitable characteristic which Lowell declares to be a possession of too many Reformers—"that vindictive love of virtue which spreads the stool of repentance with thistle-burrs, before they invite the erring to seat themselves thereon."

It is not the amateur enthusiast who achieves lasting results, it is the professional politician of the higher type, a class far more numerous in this country than most of us are prepared to admit. He takes care of his fences, of course, but he serves the public faithfully to the best of his ability. He knows how to get things done, as he does not dwell alone in the clouds but keeps his feet firm on the soil. His idealism is practical, no doubt, but it is real enough. He is always an opportunist, taking the most he can get at the moment, however little it may be, and however insufficient he may deem it. He is not easily discouraged, for he knows only too well that "politics is one long second best"; and he is firmly resolved to get a little more the next time of asking, until which time he possesses his soul in patience, not having his heart set on any single cause. He finds solid comfort in the belief that in the very long run all Reforms are inevitable; they are certain to be established sooner or later; and if they never come to pass, the reason must be sought in the fact that they are not really Reforms, however plausible they may be.

This, indeed, is what most sharply sets off the practical politician of the better class from the narrower and more eager Reformers. He is a professional; and they are amateurs. He is free from the irascible impatience that makes them feverish. He is interested in many movements; and they have centred their energy on only one. He is likely to have far more confidence in the education of public opinion than in any swift overturning due to hasty legislation. Bitter experience has taught him that mere lawmaking is often worse than useless, since a law is never enforced properly when it has not public opinion behind it, and

since the law itself is easily obtained and easily enforced when it is only the crystallization of the wish of the people. The amateurs put far too much faith in special measures and in legislative devices of one kind or another. The professional has a deep contempt for these patent-medicines of lawmaking; and he does not expect human nature to be changed in the twinkling of an eye just because a bill has been passed by the legislature. He does not believe that bad men will renounce their evil ways overnight, or that the millennium will certainly arrive the morning after election.

But the amateurs, the ardent advocates of a single cause, lack this self-restraint just as they lack the sense of proportion. The more hectic and hysteric their impatience, the more bitter their disappointment at the delay of the one Reform they have espoused. And their language is often as bitter as their disappointment; for enthusiasm is like milk, in that even boiling will not always prevent it from turning sour. They are likely to suffer from acute attacks of moral dyspepsia, in which they feel that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. They think scorn of the rest of us whom they have failed to convert; and they pour out the vials of their wrath on us. Their exacerbated invective is often sad evidence of the wisdom of Mr. Morley's assertion that "love of truth is, more often than we think, only a fine name for temper." They are prone then to justify Curtis's opinion that "Reform is organized distrust." They are prompt to predict the direst of calamities, since mankind has refused so far to adopt their sole specific for all evils; and not infrequently they seem to regret that their prophecies of evil are not swiftly enough fulfilled.

These unlovely characteristics account for the repulsion which many a worthy citizen feels for the professed Reformers. He dislikes their vehemence; and he detests what seems to him their unpatriotic readiness to vilify their own country. He is swift to smile when he reads the contemptuous words of Emerson and Lowell and Curtis. But he is derelict to his duty as a good citizen if he is content to dismiss the Reformer from his mind and to go on his way self-satisfied, leaving things as they are and letting the affairs of the commonwealth take care of themselves. Eternal vigilance is the price of progress also; and he is not a good citizen if he is willing to relinquish full control to

the professional politicians, who are not all faithful servants of the Republic and who have in their ranks a large proportion of the baser sort, grasping and greedy spoilsmen, holding office for their own pocket all the time.

The mob of Reformers may be made up of men of every degree of sincerity and disinterestedness, and it may include all the varieties differentiated in the preceding paragraphs. Some of its members may be narrow and impetuous; some may be perfervid and foolish; some may be self-seeking and unscrupulous; and only a few may be unselfish and wise and efficient. We may smile at their exaggerations and at their diatribes; we may laugh at their conceit and their absurdities; we may be irritated by their perversities; but it is only at our peril that we stop our ears absolutely to their appeals and their warnings. Reformers, lofty or lowly, perform a needed function; and in the social machine even the eccentric and the crank are useful.

We ought not to let our sense of humor overcome our sense of duty. We may scoff at Reformers if we like, but we ought to work with them, when we must, profiting by their zeal and utilizing their energy. Even if there is warrant for suspicion sometimes, there is ever a core of true disinterestedness at the centre; and, after all, even the long-haired men and the short-haired women may be agents in the uplift which gives a higher hope for humanity in the future. To refuse, once for all, to join hands with Reformers, because of distaste for some of their deeds and of disgust at some of their work, is to stand by while the clock of progress is stopped. It is to help to stiffen the body politic into a Chinese lethargy. It is to renounce the keen pleasure of struggling sturdily for the establishment of justice. It is to lag lazily behind, when nobler men are striving to prove the everlasting truth of a fine saying of Pascal's, which has been rendered into rhythmic English: "Ebbing and flowing, yet ever progressing, the tides of life creep up the sands of Time."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN AMERICA.

BY JOHN BARRETT, AMERICAN MINISTER TO COLOMBIA.

THE people and press of the United States might profitably give more attention to our sister American republics. The ignorance of Latin America that prevails to-day in the United States is almost universal.

It is not an exaggeration to state that a most critical period is at hand in the relations of the United States with the Latin-American republics. There is immediate reason for taking a new view of them, for recasting our ideas of them, and for arriving at a true appreciation of our southern neighbors, their peoples, their politics, their national, commercial and educational development, and their racial or peculiar traits, tendencies and associations as these affect the interests of the United States.

We have been running too great a time on the wrong track, and there is sure to be disaster ahead for our moral prestige and commercial influence unless we switch quickly to the right and safe road. Although this is not a discussion of international politics, which for obvious reasons the writer cannot take up, but rather a consideration of the attitude of our people and press as a whole to these countries, it can be said that nothing more salutary for the inauguration of a new era has happened than President Roosevelt's *coup* in sending Secretary Root to South America. Mr. Root has shown himself a great engineer of international comity and accord. He has had an opportunity to survey the whole field, propose new lines and changes of grade, and, in some instances, tear up old and dangerous tracks.

Our Ministers, Consuls, and Special Commercial Agents in South America have undoubtedly performed excellent work, and their reports are full of important information, but the percentage of persons who read such data is unfortunately too small and

largely confined to one class—exporters and manufacturers. The interest and opinion of these business men are, of course, of considerable influence, but they can accomplish little unless backed by the weight of general public interest and opinion.

We have been giving so much attention to Europe, and our travellers have spent so much time and money there on business and pleasure, that we have not adequately realized the fact that Europe has been devoting itself to a study of South America, that Europeans have been flocking as travellers and investors to all parts of it, and that to-day Europe has a moral and material hold in such countries as Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, which gives it the major interest in their foreign trade and the chief share in the profits resulting from the development of their gigantic resources.

There can be no criticism of England, Germany, France, Italy and Spain for the efforts they are putting forth in Latin America for the extension of their moral influence and their export trade. They are setting an admirable example to the United States.

The talk about German exploitation of Brazil for colonization purposes is pure buncombe. The writer has visited the southern Brazilian provinces of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina and Paraná, where most of the Germans reside, and he has seen no more reason for Brazil to fear ulterior purposes on the part of Germany than has the United States because Germans form a large percentage of the population of New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee. The Germans make excellent Brazilian citizens, while loving the Fatherland from association and respecting the Emperor for his great personality. Any effort in the United States to arouse feeling against Germany, because of German immigration to South America and the preservation of their feeling of kinship with the Fatherland, is as foolish and harmful as it would be to assert that Italy has colonial intentions in Argentina because one-third of the population of that country are Italians. When it is understood that European nations have no actual intention of acquiring territory in South America, and that the United States has no imperial designs there, the unrest and suspicion resulting from the unfriendly and foolish stories in the European and South-American press will cease.

There is abundant room in Latin America for both European and American commercial and moral expanse; but if the

people of the United States deliberately fail to take advantage of these opportunities, Europeans cannot be blamed for pushing ahead all the more earnestly, nor South-Americans chided because they are more sympathetic towards Europe and Europeans.

If a fiftieth of the money spent in the development of our trade in Asia had been spent to advance our export and import trade with Latin America, that trade would be double or triple what it now is. Our sister republics are nations of like historical sympathies, races of kindred blood. In Latin America we have a field most inviting in every respect. There is no fancied or real peril there of undesirable immigration, there is no possibility in another generation of our encountering dangerous manufacturing rivalry from them, and there is every reason for binding closer the ties of friendship between the peoples of the two Americas.

Far be it from the purpose of the writer to decry the commercial and political importance of Asia. In fact, he has always been a sincere and earnest advocate of the development of our material and commercial interests in China, Japan, Siberia, Korea, Siam, and the Philippines, and he believes that the United States should make all reasonable effort to extend its markets in trans-Pacific lands; but he desires to point out by comparison the advantages that would result if we should give to our sister republics of South America attention, effort and money proportionate to that bestowed upon the fascinating but unrelated empires of Asia.

To convince the man whose mind has a practical turn that the game is worth not only the candle but the brilliant illumination of a whole electric-light plant, as it were, a few statistics are quoted from the excellent report recently made by the Bureau of Statistics. Everybody interested in the purely commercial view of this part of the world should read carefully that monograph, published about July 1, 1906.

That Latin America is worthy of our best efforts at legitimate material exploitation is proved by the fact that its total foreign trade, exports and imports, amounted in 1905 to over \$1,700,000,000. Of this magnificent total, \$1,000,000,000 were sales and \$700,000,000 purchases. Of the first total, the United States bought of Latin America \$350,000,000, and of the second it sold to Latin America \$189,000,000. There is, therefore, a balance of trade against the United States of approximately \$160,000,000. Although these figures show that the United States buys thirty-

five per cent. of Latin America's sales and sells in turn to it twenty-seven per cent. of its purchases, such statistics would be misleading if not analyzed. For instance, this twenty-seven per cent., not large in itself, is made up principally by the group of countries bordering on the Caribbean, and among them chiefly by Mexico and Cuba. In contrast we note that Brazil, the empire republic, with an area equal to that of the United States and a population greater than that of Mexico, bought from the United States only eleven per cent. of its imports; that Argentina, whose foreign trade is now larger than that of either Japan or China, purchased only fourteen per cent. of her imports from the United States; that Chile, which has quadrupled her commerce in a decade, wanted from us only nine per cent.; and that Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia made demands of only six per cent. Peru, which is much nearer the United States,—only ten days from New Orleans—took no more than eighteen per cent., and Ecuador—two days from Panama and eight from New York, but three weeks from Europe by the shortest route—required only twenty-five per cent. Leaving out Colombia and Venezuela with Central America and Mexico, we find ourselves face to face with the disappointing truth that the major portion of South America bought only fourteen per cent. of its imports from us. We could easily supply part of the remaining eighty-six per cent. if favorable conditions were provided.

What is the matter? And by this question reference is not made to our commerce alone. What is responsible for our lack of real understanding of each other, for our failure to strike the note of true mutual confidence, for that intangible but potent factor in our international intercourse which not only acts unfavorably on the moral, and hence on the commercial influence of the United States in South America, but retards the evolution of that splendid sisterly accord and comity which should characterize the Pan-American family? In discussing this vital point, the writer speaks frankly and sincerely, because he hopes for the early dawn of a new era. We may have Pan-American Conferences galore, we may send every Secretary of State to South America, we may be blessed with a succession of Presidents animated by the same high ideals as Mr. Roosevelt, and we may cover every part of Latin America with comprehensive reports of Ministers, Consuls, and Special Agents; but if we do not get at the

basic conditions of the situation, we will be permanently distanced by Europe in this international competition.

Perhaps the strongest influence that works against the United States is the difference in lineage; and yet this difference in lineage is so little regarded by us in our relations and intercourse that it is a far greater obstacle than it should be. The average North-American insistently ignores the Latin point of view, and too often undertakes to impose his own ideas where they are not acceptable. Instead of yielding, he persists, with the result that he not only fails to accomplish his object, but makes it more difficult for the American who succeeds him. There are exceptions to this rule—some excellent exceptions—men who to-day are successful in their different businesses and pursuits, and who make up the list of successful Americans in such cities as Mexico, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Rio Janeiro, and Lima, but they accentuate the necessity of inaugurating adaptable methods.

The North-American overlooks the fact that the Latin-American has been schooled from childhood in an entirely different environment from his own, in the study of a different national history, literature, philosophy, politics and business. As a result, the American does not understand the Latin, nor the Latin the American. Despite our vaunted Yankee adaptability, there is no doubt that the average European more readily accepts the Latin-American point of view than does the North-American.

As corollary to this suggestion, there should be emphasized one feature of the North-American attitude which is most harmful to our prestige and influence, especially in the powerful and progressive republics, like Brazil, Argentina and Chile. As described in one of the writer's recent official reports, it can be rightly called our "Holier than Thou" attitude towards everything Latin-American. Nothing is more irritating than this; and, although the Latin, schooled in politeness, says little about it, he resents it at heart. The constant and even perhaps unintentional or unconscious assumption on the part of our press, of our Ministers and statesmen, of our investors and scholars, and of our business and professional men, that we surpass Latin America in every respect cuts to the quick and does immeasurable harm. It is an undeniable truth that five-sixths of the North-American newspapers and general comment that reach the press and public of Latin America reveal a tone, note or suggestion of patronage

that the Latin-American detects as quickly as the pointer scents his quarry. In addition to this, there is the almost total disregard by North-American newspapers of important Latin-American news, political movements, and national development, while the same papers record in exaggerated terms incipient and abortive attempts at revolution. On the other hand, London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, and Rome newspapers publish more Latin-American news despatches in one week than the papers of New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans do in a month. The editorial comment also in North-American papers often shows such total ignorance of real conditions that excerpts are often reprinted in Latin-American papers and referred to as evidence of Yankee carelessness and lack of real interest.

Very few North-Americans realize the spirit of national pride and patriotism that characterizes the Latin-American. The commercial sentiment of the times has not deadened his sentimental side as much as it has that of other races. He is proud of his country's history, its heroes, its past and present achievements, and of its opportunities; he is chagrined to see that the North-American knows little or nothing of such things, and he contrasts therewith his own knowledge of the history and progress of the United States. It is a pity that our common schools and colleges do not give more time and attention to Latin-American history and development, past and present. How few American boys can tell anything of the achievements of Bolivar and San Martin, and yet it is a grave question if these men did not show qualities of courage and persistency in their field of operation equal to that of George Washington. How few North-American scholars and men of culture or breeding realize the existence in the South-American countries of excellent universities, advanced scientific and commercial institutions, literary societies and groups of progressive thinkers, writers, poets, historians, editors, painters, sculptors, architects, and professors, as highly gifted, and as numerous in proportion to population, as those of the United States and Europe.

Too often the idea prevails in North America that the Latin-American is not quite up to the standard in blue blood and in the essential characteristics of social intercourse. What a sad error! Even in so isolated a capital as Bogota, there is a large refined element of men and women that would grace the most exclusive

salons of New York, London and Paris—in whose veins runs blood that traces back in unmixed purity to the old families of Spain. In every capital of Latin America there is a greater proportion of highly educated people, in the true meaning of the term, than in the average city of the United States, and it is astonishing to find the number of men and women who have been trained in the best schools of Europe. Nearly every high-class Latin-American, whether he be a professional man or a merchant, speaks French fluently as well as Spanish; of how very, very few North-Americans is this true!

The clubs of Buenos Aires are as fine as those of New York, while those of Rio Janeiro, Mexico, Santiago, Montevideo, Lima, and Bogota would meet the fastidious tastes of the club habitués in our average cities. The high-class Latin-American women inspire admiration for their personal beauty and their devotion to family. There is less domestic infelicity in all Latin America than in the city of Chicago. This is not intended to be a reflection on North-American women, to whom all the world pays homage, nor upon Chicago; it is simply a statement of fact.

The statistics of crime for Latin-American cities are so remarkable in comparison with those of similar North-American cities that the less said on that subject the better for Yankee pride. The worst scandals in the politics of Latin America, even when developed in the favoring surroundings of revolutions, do not rival the scandals that are constantly being unearthed in the political and business life of our great republic. Buenos Aires, with one million population, is better governed, at half the cost, than any city of similar size in the United States, while Rio Janeiro, with seven hundred thousand people, spends five times as much money on public improvements as St. Louis or Baltimore, and yet governs itself at smaller cost. Mexico City is a model to many of our large cities in good government, in attractiveness and economy of administration. It would be a good idea if some of the representatives of our American municipal-study societies would visit Latin America as well as Europe.

North-Americans having relations with Latin America must learn either Spanish, Portuguese or French. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that, if this is not recognized and more generally practised, we must give up hope of mastering the field. It is safe to say that ninety-five per cent. of European business men,

travellers or scholars who go to Latin America can speak or write Spanish or French. While Spanish or French is needed for all countries except Brazil, Portuguese or French should be spoken by all those who would satisfactorily visit or successfully do business in that great nation of growing importance in the world's affairs. That the writer is not wrong in urging this point of language is proved by the constant reference of Latin-Americans to the ignorance of North-Americans in this respect. We all know how much an exchange of calls does to promote friendship; we know how much the visiting of an important centre by the people of other places does to promote trade between them; and yet we expect to develop friendship and trade with Latin America when only a few of us go to Latin America, and even fewer Latin-Americans come to the United States.

It is estimated that not one per cent. of North-Americans who travel abroad include South America in their itinerary, while not more than twenty per cent. of Latin-Americans travelling abroad seek the United States in their voyaging. Although more of them come to us, except in the case of Mexico, than we send to them, interchange of travel is so small as to have little beneficial effect. There are several reasons for this condition, among which is our lack of steamship facilities.

On this point, indeed, too much cannot be said, not only because it is very important, but because it can and should be immediately changed. The advantage is now entirely with Europe and the disadvantage is wholly with the United States. This is not in any sense an argument for or against so-called "ship subsidies," but a plain, square statement of fact. At the present time there is not one first-class, fast, up-to-date, express passenger or mail steamer running between any North-American port and the ports of the great nations of South America. In contrast to this, is to be noted the remarkable fact that Europe has nine different lines of large, commodious, modern, fast steamers, giving frequent and excellent service between its chief ports and those of Latin America. Many of these boats will rival those of the northern trans-Atlantic lines in the luxury of their accommodations.

It is true that there seems to be an abundance of freight-steamer between the United States and South America, but no South-American—and the number of these who travel is increasing annually—will take a freight, cattle or small steamer for

the United States, when he has the selection of many lines of passenger, express and fast steamers to all parts of Europe; and, of course, when he is in Europe, if he is a merchant or any kind of importer, he will naturally make his purchases there.

To-day everybody appreciates the vast importance of mail connections and their bearing on trade development. The merchant, or any person in Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Chile, who writes a letter to Europe requiring a reply, can get an answer in two-thirds the time needed in average communications with the United States. With such a situation as to travel and mails staring them in the face, it is high time that North-American business interests did something to remove this heavy handicap.

This discussion would not be complete without reference to the International Bureau of American Republics at Washington. While this institution has been doing good work within its limitations, it is to be hoped that its scope and plans will be broadly extended so as to bring direct advantages to all American nations. Special buildings should be erected for its use, and its practical utility enlarged in a score of possible and practicable ways.

The bogie of revolutions is held up so constantly by North-Americans in all they write and say about South America, that the great and peaceful nations, from Mexico to Argentina, feel that a deliberate effort is made to belittle their condition of peace and progress. There is no doubt that the epoch of successful political revolutions has passed in these leading nations. The history of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru and Mexico is proof of this contention, and there is strong evidence that Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Uruguay and Paraguay are tired of civil strife. The recent outbreak in Guatemala, San Salvador and Honduras served to emphasize the state of peace in Mexico, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. There is a tendency in the United States to exaggerate an occasional spasmodic attempt at revolution into a dangerous rebellion, when it is no more serious than some of our strikes or lynchings. If we will be fair in this respect, progressive Latin America will be grateful and appreciative.

It is not desired that this article should appear either alarming or optimistic, but one can detect that the attitude of the greater proportion of the influential Latin-American press is not actively favorable to the United States. The tendency is undoubtedly the other way, although the dignity of such attitude is creditable to

the Latin newspapers. It is self-evident that the press would not have this leaning if it were not supported by the people and winked at by the governments, which exercise more or less supervision over their political comment.

For the last five years, and especially during the last year, the writer has read carefully and regularly the principal newspapers of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru and Mexico, and conducted an extensive correspondence with representative Latin-Americans. He believes that in this way he has ascertained the sentiment of Latin America on many points, particularly those pertaining to the United States. It has also been his experience to serve as American Minister in three Latin republics—including Argentina, whose marvellous progress and growth compare most favorably with that of the United States and Japan—and to attend, as one of the delegates of the United States, the second Pan-American Conference at Mexico in 1901. All this is said in the simplest spirit of modesty, in order to awaken the interest of those who might otherwise regard this argument as superficial, or merely the passing story of a man who holds a brief for our sister republics. It is not for a moment suggested that there are not numerous other Americans, either at home or resident in Latin America, that there are not some newspapers and other periodicals, that there are not other writers, who understand the situation thoroughly and even better than the writer, but it is not to them that this appeal is addressed. The motive of this article is, on the other hand, to reach the great majority of people and papers that have never directed their attention to Central and South America, or have looked with distorted vision or prejudiced opinion.

If the writer has appeared to present the better side of Latin America, while making comparisons, and to point out some shortcomings of North America, he has done so with regard for the facts, for we too often hear only the unfavorable side of Latin America and the great and good things of the United States. This treatment may do Latin America much good in developing a new view and a clearer appreciation of her present status and progress, and it will certainly do no harm to the United States, inasmuch as the Latins already have heard and read volumes on our greatness. It may prompt us to remove the beam from our own eye before pointing out the mote in that of Latin America.

JOHN BARRETT.

SUFFRAGE—A RIGHT.

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER.

WHEN the first organized demand for the suffrage was made by women in 1848, they designated it as a *right*. The leaders of the movement during the succeeding fifty-eight years have continued steadfast in their assumption that, in a republic, the ballot is a citizen's right, and that in the United States women citizens are arbitrarily and unjustly deprived of this right.

At the beginning of our Colonial life, so many qualifications were imposed that about three-fourths of the male colonists were without a vote. By the close of the seventeenth century, however, the views of personal freedom had so broadened that the right of every law-abiding man to individual representation was established in all the colonies (except in case of those without a vestige of property), and disfranchisement was enforced only as a punishment. Those persons who at the present day hold to the flabby doctrine that the suffrage is a privilege and not a right, are recommended to make a study of what happened when England attempted to take from the colonies their "power of consent," or, in other words, their vote. In the whole history of the revolution which began with this first attempt and ended with the surrender of Cornwallis—a period of about forty years—never is the suffrage named but as a *right*. As early as 1741, when it was first proposed by England to tax the colonies, Benjamin Franklin was consulted, and in his answer he said:

"Compelling the colonies to pay money for their own defence without their consent . . . would be treating them as conquered enemies and not as free Britons, who hold it for their undoubted *right* not to be taxed but by their own consent, given through their own Representatives. . . . The colonists do not deserve to be deprived of the *native right of Britons*, the right of being taxed only by Representatives chosen by themselves."

The culmination came in the Stamp Act of 1765. Patrick Henry hurled his defiance at the Mother Country in the Legislature of Virginia. James Otis issued his famous pamphlet declaring that "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny." A General Congress met in New York and adopted a Declaration that it was "the undoubted *right* of Englishmen that no taxes be imposed upon them but with their own consent."

The grievances of the colonists had been heavy and numerous, but this usurpation of the power to levy taxes being the climax explains why, in all their protests, the question of taxation plays so important a part. In October, 1765, the Massachusetts Legislature, in an address to the Governor, declared:

"There are certain *original, inherent rights* belonging to the people which the Parliament cannot divest them of consistent with their own constitution; among these is representation in the same body which exercises the power of taxation."

Two days later, the Legislature passed this resolution:

"There are certain essential rights . . . which are founded in the law of God and Nature and are *the common rights of mankind* . . . that no man can justly take the property of another without his consent, and that upon this original principle the right of representation in the same body which exercises the power of making laws for levying taxes . . . is evidently founded."

The colonists were assured that they were "virtually" represented, and Samuel Adams answered indignantly:

"We have been told that we are 'virtually' represented; that we are put upon a footing with Birmingham, Manchester and other towns in England which send no Representatives and yet are taxed. But have not those towns a *constitutional right* to be represented? And, if they choose to waive it, can that be a good reason for taxing the colonists without representation?"

In a notable speech, James Otis quoted from Lord Coke:

"The very act of taxing exercised over those who are not represented appears to me to deprive them of one of their most essential *rights* as freemen, and, if continued, seems to be in effect an entire disfranchisement of every civil right."

In the writings of Mr. Adams at this momentous period are many such assertions as the following:

"There can be no constitutional right to tax the subject in a body where he is not represented. . . . The Acts of Parliament and the

British constitution consider every individual person in the realm as present in that High Court by his Representative upon his own free election. This is his indispensable privilege. It is founded on the Eternal Law of Equity. It is an *Original Right of Nature*."

In 1768, the Massachusetts House of Representatives sent an address to the Lord Chancellor of England, which declared:

"The position that taxation and representation are inseparable is founded on *the immutable law of nature*; but the Americans had no representation in the Parliament when they were taxed. Are they not, then, unfortunate in these instances in having that separated *which God and Nature joined?*"

And the Lord Chancellor responded:

"My position is this—taxation and representation are morally inseparable. The position is founded in a law of nature—nay, more, it is itself *an eternal law of nature*."

The Legislature sent an address to William Pitt, affirming "*the indisputable right* of all men . . . to be present in person or by representation in the body where they are taxed"; and in the House of Commons, January 14th, 1766, he said:

"This kingdom has no right to lay a tax on the colonies. . . . There is an idea in some that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here. . . . The idea of a virtual representation of America in this House is the most contemptible that ever entered the head of a man. It does not deserve a serious refutation. The Commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of this, *their constitutional right*, of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it."

The Massachusetts Legislature memorialized the other Colonial Assemblies on the continuation of the "infringement of their natural and constitutional rights." Virginia joined in defiant resistance. Great Britain, blind and deaf, responded in 1773 by forcing on them the Taxed Tea. The next year witnessed the assembly and proceedings of that revolutionary body, the Continental Congress, which said in its petition to the King, "We do not solicit the grant of any *new right*," but declared, "The foundation of liberty, and of all free government, is a *right in the people* to participate in their Legislative Council."

It seems incredible that any one could assume that the first colonists regarded the suffrage as other than an absolute *right*.

We come now to another vital period in the development of our nation—that ushered in by the Declaration of Independence. This document was framed by the greatest statesmen of that or any other time in our country's history, and in one immortal paragraph it fixed the status of republican government forevermore:

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness; that to secure these rights Governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed*; that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends it is *the right of the people* to alter or abolish it and to institute new Government.”

In the arraignment of the King, it says:

“He has refused to pass laws for the accommodation of large districts of people unless these people would relinquish the *right* of Representation in the Legislature, a *right inestimable* to them and formidable to tyrants only.”

The sum total of the grievances of the colonists may be comprised in the single statement that Great Britain was determined to govern them *without their consent*, and that such government was an unbearable tyranny. In the words of Franklin:

“Those who have no voice nor vote in the election of Representatives do not enjoy liberty, but are absolutely enslaved to those who have votes and to their Representatives.”

Thomas Paine wrote:

“The right of voting for Representatives is the *primary right* by which other rights are protected. To take away this right is to reduce men to a state of slavery, for slavery consists in being subject to the will of another, and he that has not a vote in the election of Representatives is so in this case.”

Later, Alexander Hamilton declared in the “Federalist”:

“The mode and manner in which the people shall take part in the Government of their creation may be prescribed by the Constitution, but the *right itself* is antecedent to all constitutions. It is inalienable and can neither be bought nor sold nor given away.”

And James Madison said:

"Let it be remembered that it has ever been the pride and the boast of America that the rights for which she contended were *the rights of human nature*."

When the seven years' war was ended, which firmly established this noble principle, the States appointed delegates who met in Philadelphia and spent nearly four months in preparing the Constitution of the United States. Here were gathered the finest flower of the new nation—Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Gerry, Rutledge, Pinckney, Rufus King, Roger Sherman, Robert and Gouverneur Morris—an unsurpassed galaxy of statesmen. On most of the vital points they were able to reach an agreement; but, on all matters relating to suffrage and representation, the arguments were so long and vehement that Dr. Franklin had to beg for moderation and coolness, and at last to ask prayers for this purpose! It was unanimously admitted that "the people would risk every consequence rather than part with so dear a *right*," but the point at issue was how it should be regulated. Madison expressed it:

"The right of suffrage is certainly one of the fundamental articles of representative government and *ought not be left to be regulated by the Legislatures*."

In this Constitutional Convention of 1787, the suffrage was universally recognized as the *pivotal right* on which all others turned. Its proceedings show clearly the prevailing sentiment, to let the States regulate this in all matters pertaining to State and local government; but there was a determination on the part of many delegates that the Constitution should control the election of members of the National Congress. A compromise was finally effected, but Section 4 provides that "The Congress may at any time by law make or alter these regulations." When James Madison was questioned later as to the meaning of this clause, he answered that Congress reserved this power because, "should the people of any State by any means be deprived of the right of suffrage, it was judged proper that it should be remedied by the General Government." That is, it could *restore the suffrage* to the people.*

* Let this point be borne in mind when a decision of the United States Supreme Court is referred to, further on, to the effect that the General Government has no control over suffrage.

Luther Martin, Attorney-General of Maryland, a member of the convention, said afterwards to his State Legislature:

“Those who advocated equality of suffrage took the matter up on the original principles of government. They urged that all men, considered in a state of nature, before any government is formed, are equally free and independent, no one having any right or authority to exercise power over another, and this without any regard to difference in personal strength, understanding or wealth; that, when such individuals enter into government, they each have a *right* to an equal voice in its formation, and afterward have each a *right* to an equal vote in every matter which relates to their government. . . . Every person has a *right* to an equal vote in choosing that Representative who is to do for the whole. . . . If we were to admit that, because a man was more wise, more strong or more wealthy, he should be entitled to more votes than another, it would be inconsistent with the freedom and liberty of that other and would reduce him to slavery. . . . The disfranchised might not feel their chains, but they would, notwithstanding, wear them, and whenever their master pleased he might draw them so tight as to gall them to the bone.”

No one, whatever may be his personal opinion, can read the history of our Government up to this point without the conviction that its founders, like the colonists, regarded the suffrage as an inherent, inalienable, absolute *right*. Was Woman included in the magnificent scheme?

We must accept the probable fact that at no time did the illustrious forefathers entertain the idea of including women in their claim of an “inherent right” to individual representation. They conscientiously held that man was divinely endowed with complete authority over woman. Of the equality of women with themselves, in any respect, they had not the smallest conception. The fight for political freedom was made on the ground that those who paid taxes should have a voice in the levying and spending of these taxes. Suffrage and office-holding were based on the ownership of property. The women of those early days were usually married as soon as they were old enough, and by the laws no wife could own a dollar’s worth of real or personal property, not even the clothes she wore. All she might have at marriage, all she might acquire, passed at once into the possession of the husband. Thus she had no claim for representation on account of taxation. No schools were provided for girls in Colonial days; they knew only what their uneducated mothers taught them; in the best families they learned simply reading, writing and

enough arithmetic to keep the household accounts, while the masses of them were without even this simple education. The demands of pioneer life on women, added to those of the large families which were the rule, left little time for interests outside of domestic life. Tradition, custom and conditions combined to prevent their participation in public affairs. It is, therefore, not unreasonable that the men of that age should have entirely failed to recognize the "inherent right" of women to every privilege they claimed for themselves. That those women, in spite of their handicaps, fully earned the highest recognition is shown by the records of their toil, hardships, self-sacrifice and personal heroism during all those exacting years of Colonial settlement and Revolutionary War; and there is ample evidence that some of the most progressive made strong protest against their exclusion. The records also show that some women did vote in the early days of Virginia and Massachusetts; and that New Jersey in her State Constitution, July 2d, 1776, gave the suffrage to all qualified "inhabitants," and this continued in force till 1807, when the Legislature took away from women this Constitutional right! There is much reason for believing that, by the time the Constitution was formed, women had begun to manifest considerable desire for recognition, since in the first draft of this document, made by Hamilton, he used the words "men" and "male" a number of times. It is a rather peculiar circumstance that in the final draft they were not once used, but "people," "persons" and "citizens" were substituted. One is almost justified in believing that this was done intentionally, in order not to erect barriers in case the States should at any time desire to make women electors. Another significant indication that women might have been putting forth some claims is seen in the fact that every State Constitution, but one, carefully placed the word "male" in the suffrage clause.

In 1868 the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted which declares:

"Sec. 1.—All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States.

Sec. 2.—But when the *right to vote* at any election . . . is denied to any of the *male* inhabitants of such State . . . or in any way

abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such *male* citizens shall bear to the whole number of *male* citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

Thus, for the first time, the word "male" was put in the National Constitution, because to omit the adjective would be to open the gates to woman suffrage. The amendment was soon found insufficient to protect the negro man in the exercise of the suffrage, and the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted:

"Sec. 1.—*The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.*"

Notice the language of these two amendments, the only ones in the National Constitution bearing directly on the suffrage: "when the *right to vote* is denied to any of the male inhabitants"; "*the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied.*" Could there be a more explicit recognition of the citizen's *right* to a vote? Before the passage of these amendments, no such right ever had been "conferred" on citizens of the United States, and yet they were passed for the exclusive purpose of protecting this right. If it were not an "inherent" right, where did these citizens get it? It was in fact a right of citizenship which had been fully recognized since the Declaration of Independence, when the "subjects" of the King became "citizens" of the United States. The few slight restrictions on its exercise by men had been practically eliminated for the past half-century. By Supreme Court decision women and negroes had been declared not citizens, but as soon as these decisions had been annulled by Section I of the Fourteenth Amendment, and both became citizens, they entered at once into this *citizen's right*. A penalty is provided for the denial of this right to male citizens, and none for its denial to women; but this simply leaves woman with no protection in the exercise of it when the State chooses to deny it to her.

Later, when troops were sent into certain States under the Force Bill, the Attorney-General said, in instructing the United States Marshals and asking the assistance of all loyal citizens: "It is upon such countenance and support that the United States mainly rely in their endeavor to enforce *the right to vote which they have given or secured.*"

Could any language declare more plainly than this, first, that the suffrage is a right, and, second, that the United States *can* secure it to citizens and protect them in the use of it?

Many prominent lawyers, members of Congress and others believed that the Fourteenth Amendment did unquestionably entitle women to vote, and consequently, acting under legal advice, a number of women attempted to vote at the Fall elections of 1872. Among these were Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. Virginia L. Minor, of St. Louis, Mo. Miss Anthony's vote was accepted and she was afterwards arrested, refused a trial by jury and was fined by the Judge. Mrs. Minor was not permitted to register, and she brought suit against the election inspectors.

In the December term of 1872, the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision in what was known as the "Slaughter House Cases," and, as this was the first test of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Court entered into a very thorough discussion of its provisions, saying in the course of it:

"A few years' experience satisfied the author of these two amendments (13th and 14th) that . . . they were inadequate for the protection of life, liberty and property, without which freedom to the slaves was no boon. They were in all those States deprived of the *suffrage*. . . . Hence the Fifteenth Amendment, which declares that 'the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied.' The negro, having by the Fourteenth Amendment been declared to be a *citizen* of the United States, *is thus made a voter in every State in the Union.*"

Does not this decision of the United States Supreme Court clearly establish that citizenship, by the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, carries with it the right to vote? But, when Mrs. Minor, having been refused this right, took her case to this same Court, it rendered a decision which in brief was as follows:

"The United States has no voters of its own creation. The National Constitution does not define the privileges and immunities of citizens. It does not confer the right of suffrage upon any one, but the franchise must be regulated by the States. The Fourteenth Amendment does not add to the privileges and immunities of a citizen; it simply furnishes an additional guarantee to protect those he already has."

Here we have a direct contradiction of a previous decision by practically the same Court, with no governmental or political changes in the mean time to alter conditions, but it simply had

to be made as the only means of barring women from the franchise. If any one doubts this statement, let him examine another decision of the United States Supreme Court made in 1884, in the case of Jasper Yarbrough and others, of Georgia, sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for preventing a negro from voting for a Congressional candidate:

"Counsel for petitioners, seizing upon the expression of the Court in the case of *Minor vs. Happersett*—that 'the Constitution of the United States does not confer the right of suffrage upon any one'—without reference to the connection in which it is used, insists that the voters in the present case do not owe their *right to vote* in any sense to that instrument. But the Court was combating the argument that the right was conferred on *all* citizens, and therefore upon women as well as men."

Another paragraph of the Yarbrough decision reads thus:

"The Fifteenth Amendment, by its limitation of the power of the States in the exercise of their right to prescribe the qualifications of voters in their own elections, and by its limitations of the power of the United States over that subject, clearly shows that the *right of suffrage* was considered to be of supreme importance to the National Government, and *was not intended to be left within the exclusive control of the States*. . . . In such cases this Fifteenth Article does *proprio vigore* substantially confer on the negro the right to vote. . . . This new constitutional right was mainly designed for citizens of African descent."

Compare with this the previous decision in the *Minor* case which said: "The National Constitution does not confer the right of suffrage upon any one, but the franchise must be regulated by the States."

The opinions of men eminent in the development of our nation, that the suffrage is the *inherent right* of every citizen of the United States, might be quoted almost indefinitely; and that we should be now nearly half-way into the second century of our national existence with this right denied to one-half of these citizens is the strangest anomaly ever witnessed in a Government.

In this long contest, women have not remained quiescent, leaving men to fight their battles. Their first organized rebellion against disfranchisement began about the middle of the nineteenth century under the intrepid leadership of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and their able and courageous associates. It has been often said that no great revolution comes from below. Each one must have its beginning in the

brain of the intellectually superior, who are capable of discerning the origin of those wrongs and oppressions which the masses suffer without the knowledge that relief is possible. There is no reason why the revolution against the injustice imposed upon women should prove an exception to this rule. In this, as in all reforms, a few master minds and dominant spirits have led the revolt. In all the magnificent utterances which preceded the War of the Revolution, in all those which roused the country to the contest for the abolition of slavery, will be found none to transcend the impassioned arguments of Mrs. Stanton for justice to woman. Never in the Senate of the United States was there an address more logical, dignified and statesmanlike than that of Miss Anthony in 1873 defending her right to vote. The speeches of American women demanding a voice in their own government, many of them preserved for posterity in the four large volumes comprising the *History of Woman Suffrage*, deserve high rank among the masterpieces of oratory. In 1854, Mrs. Stanton said in an address prepared for the New York Legislature:

"We would know by what authority you have disfranchised one-half the people of this State? You who have so boldly taken possession of the bulwarks of this republic, show us your credentials, and thus prove your exclusive right to govern not only yourselves but us. . . . Can it be that here, where we acknowledge no royal blood, no apostolic descent, that you, who have declared that all men were created equal, would willingly build up an aristocracy which places the ignorant and vulgar above the educated and refined—an aristocracy that would raise the sons above the mothers who bore them? Would that the men who can sanction a Constitution so opposed to the genius of this Government, who can enact and execute laws so degrading to womankind, had sprung, Minerva-like, from the brain of their father, that the matrons of this republic need not blush for their sons! . . . In behalf of the women of this State, we ask for all that you have asked for yourselves in the progress of your development, since the 'Mayflower' cast anchor beside Plymouth Rock; and we ask this on the ground that the rights of every human being are identical."

In her speech on Constitutional Rights, Miss Anthony said:

"The moment you deprive a person of his right to a voice in the Government, you degrade him from the status of a citizen of a republic to that of a subject. It matters very little to him whether his monarch be an individual tyrant, as the Tsar of Russia, or a 15,000,000-headed monster, as here in the United States; he is a powerless subject, serf or slave, not in any sense a free and independent citizen. . . . If we once

establish the false principle that United States citizenship does not carry with it the right to vote in every State in this Union, there is no end to the petty tricks and cunning devices which will be attempted to exclude one and another class of citizens from the right to the suffrage. It will not always be the men combining to disfranchise all women; native-born men combining to abridge the rights of all naturalized citizens, as in Rhode Island. It will not always be the rich and educated who may combine to cut off the poor and ignorant; but we may live to see the uncultivated day-laborers, foreign and native-born, learning the power of the ballot and their vast majority of numbers, combine and amend State constitutions so as to disfranchise the Vanderbilts, the Stewarts, the Conklings and the Fentons."

Hundreds of quotations might be made from the speeches of the brave women who have led this long struggle for the rights of millions of their own sex.

The utter blindness and callousness shown in this vital matter was strikingly illustrated in the platform adopted by the National Republican Convention of 1888, which opened with this ringing declaration:

"We recognize the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen to cast one free ballot in all public elections, and to have that ballot duly counted. We hold the free and honest popular ballot, and the just and equal representation of all the people, to be the foundation of our republican government."

Leading women at once telegraphed to the chairman of the Convention asking if that statement included the women of the United States, and he answered: "I do not think the platform is so construed here!"

If we accept the simple premise that our Government is founded upon individual representation, the conclusion is inevitable that the franchise belongs equally to every citizen and is, therefore, a *right*. But the situation has been so befogged and bewildered by court decisions, constitutional amendments and lingering remains of the old monarchical spirit, that many persons still regard it merely as a privilege which may be justly withheld. No! The *right to vote* was recognized in the first town meetings of the colonies three centuries ago; it was forever secured in the Declaration of Independence, and it took practical and concrete form in the grand preamble, "We, the People . . . to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution." When men in a Territory or

State elect a convention of male delegates, and they frame a constitution and, in this, they limit the suffrage to males, and then it is submitted to votes of men only and declared adopted, they have violated these principles in the most brazen manner.

The decision of the Supreme Court in *Mrs. Minor's case*—that “the United States has no voters of its own creation,” that “the franchise must be regulated by the States”—is reduced to an absurdity by the language of the Fifteenth Amendment: “The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State.” If the United States has no voters of its own creation, and the suffrage must be regulated by the States, why was it necessary to forbid the United States to deny or abridge it? And if the suffrage is a matter wholly pertaining to the States, what is meant by the words, “The right of citizens of the United States to vote”? They certainly imply that being a citizen of the United States carries with it the right to vote; and, if such is the case, how can a State forbid the exercise of a national right?

Some qualifications for the suffrage are essential, but they should be made solely for the good of the vote. The property qualification has met with so little favor that it has been generally abolished. The educational is necessarily so slight that it has been practically annulled. Some period of mental development must of necessity be required, so twenty-one years is the age universally agreed upon, and of course the insane and the idiotic must be excluded. It is right that some standard of moral fitness should be recognized, and therefore convicted criminals are barred out. But by what rule of common sense, by what law of equity, do the States of this Union make sex a qualification for exercising the suffrage? Children, lunatics, idiots and felons belong in the governed class, they are incompetent or unfit to govern; but what moral or constitutional right have men to put all women in this governed class? As minors, the State treats both sexes strictly as equals; it educates them for life with the public funds in precisely the same manner; but, when they reach the age of twenty-one, it says to the men, “Henceforth you are political sovereigns”; to the women, “Henceforth you are political subjects.” It is the most irrational, outrageous and inexcusable situation that exists in the whole world.

From a logical and an ethical standpoint, the women of the

United States have exactly the same right to a voice in their own government that men have. The reason they do not possess it legally and constitutionally is that in the beginning men arbitrarily monopolized this citizen's right, and by keeping all legislative and judicial authorities in their own hands they have held it. In every succeeding generation of women the sense of this injustice has grown stronger. They realize now, as never before, that they have just as much at stake in the Government as men have, that they share equally the advantages of a good, and suffer equally the evils of a bad, administration. They feel, as never before, their responsibility concerning sanitation of cities, condition of streets, schools, labor, wages, charities, reforms—every question which relates to the welfare of the people; and they understand, as never before, their utter powerlessness without the ballot.

Even if men governed women with supreme wisdom and fairness, their usurpation of power would be none the less a violation of the natural rights of those governed without their consent. But they have not so governed, and not on the statute-books of any nation will be found laws which grant to women exactly the same justice as to men. This is true even in the United States, where the laws are more favorable to women than in any other country. The only permanent safety for any class lies in its ability to defend itself.

At first thought, it is incomprehensible that American men so keen in their sense of justice, so insistent in their demand for "fair play and a square deal," should so utterly ignore, should indeed persistently refuse the constitutional rights of women. It must be remembered, however, that a dominant class never extends a right or shares its power so long as it is able to retain these exclusively for itself, and that they are won by the governed class only after long and strenuous contest. The moment any class obtains the franchise, it opposes the extension to any other class. The Pilgrims and Puritans kept it closely within their own church membership. When property-holders were reluctantly admitted, they in turn prevented for many years the admission of those without property. The Know-nothing or American Party was formed to keep the franchise as long as possible from immigrants. White men held it from black, until forced to grant it through a long and costly war.

The main question now is, when the last remaining dominant class will share its assumed authority with the last remaining governed class.

Have we no men of the present great enough to complete the work of the great men of the past—to secure the Rights of Woman as their forefathers secured the Rights of Man? This can be adequately done in but one way—by supplementing the Fifteenth Amendment with a Sixteenth, which shall say, “The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.” By proposing such an amendment to be acted upon by the State Legislatures, Congress would place the question in the hands of representative bodies. Women would then be spared the degradation of begging the individual voters, many of them most brutal, ignorant, immoral and intemperate, for permission to have a voice in their own government. They could make their arguments and appeals, with some dignity and self-respect, to men who had been selected by the various communities as lawmakers and custodians of public interests. They would also have the immense advantage of trusting their case to the decision of hundreds instead of millions.

There is no weight in the contention that the National Constitution must never again be amended. To accept this view would be to hold ourselves forever governed by the action of men long since passed from the world and its constantly changing conditions. They builded well for their day and generation, but they could not wholly anticipate the future. There is no reason to believe that they intended to abrogate that immortal preamble to the Declaration of Independence which says: “To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it.”

Our present form of government is most assuredly destructive of these ends, in so far as women are concerned, when it deprives them of the same share in it that men possess, and therefore it is the duty of the people to alter it in such manner as shall guarantee to all citizens full protection of their inalienable rights.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY URBAIN GOHIER.

ON the eve of May 1, 1906—Labor Day in France—the leading anti-Republican dailies of Paris published editorials headed “The Revolution at Hand.” They declared to be true the wide-spread rumor that the General Confederation of Labor, which represents the various French trade-unions, had decided upon a general strike for May 1st, that all the revolutionary forces were to muster and that an attempt would probably be made to bring about the long-expected Social Revolution. As an important political campaign was then in progress—the whole Chamber of Deputies was to be chosen a few days later—these anti-Republican newspapers naturally exaggerated these pretended dangers, raked up and forged all kinds of sensational documents, made capital out of the most insignificant incidents, and, in a word, did everything in their power to influence the popular vote. On the other hand, and also for political reasons, the Government gave out that there was some ground for fearing that the public peace might be disturbed; so something akin to martial law was proclaimed at Paris and in several other large French cities, where armed forces were concentrated as if a formidable insurrection were to be crushed.

But the much-dreaded May 1st came and went and nothing happened, except that the anti-Republican elements of the population, frightened by their dailies, fled to the country or over the frontier and so aided by their absence in the formidable defeat which their party sustained at the polls. But, though nothing happened this time, M. Jules Guesde, one of the most ardent propagandists and most respected leaders of the French Socialists, predicts that the long-expected upheaval will occur at the next general elections in 1910. But, whether or not this prediction will prove to be true, there seems to be no doubt that the event is sure

to come about sooner or later; for, to-day, the French lower classes—the People—find themselves brought face to face with the upper classes—the Bourgeoisie—just as the latter, at the end of the eighteenth century, were brought face to face with the upper classes of that time, the Nobility. Then the Bourgeoisie was called the Third Estate, of which class Abbé Sieyès wrote: “What is the Third Estate? Nothing. What ought it to be? Everything. What does it ask to be? Something.” The French lower classes of to-day—the People—are beginning to take this formula and apply it to themselves.

The French Nobility has disappeared as a class. It has even lost much of its social prestige.

As regards the clergy class, its overthrow has been accomplished in France by the law passed in 1901 abolishing the Catholic Congregations, by that voted in 1905 putting an end to the Concordat, and that which goes into effect this present year suppressing all State aid to priests and churches of every denomination. So all that is now left standing of the three famous orders of the time of the first Revolution is the Bourgeoisie. The revolutionary assemblies of that stormy period were composed exclusively of men drawn from this class. At Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, the revolutionary movement was set a-going by the rich bankers, ship-owners and manufacturers of those important cities. The famous Marseilles battalion which led in the attack on the Tuileries was made up almost exclusively of well-to-do young men. At Nantes, it was the wealthy burgher class which instigated the fierce acts of suppression of the revolt of the Vendéans and royalists. The most stylish ladies of this class witnessed and applauded the public drownings and other atrocities of the representative of the Convention, Carrier, and participated in his worst orgies.

Along with priests, monks and aristocrats, it was especially the common people whom the Bourgeoisie guillotined, shot, burnt and drowned by the thousands. As this Bourgeoisie needed popular aid against its enemies, it turned for this purpose towards the workmen of the cities, dazzled them with “glittering generalities” and led them to expect a share in the booty. With the aid of their brawny arms and well-handled muskets, it struck some hard blows, kept up civil war and overthrew the throne and its supports. Then it turned this plebeian horde against mon-

archical Europe in order to consolidate its own conquests. But it kept all the booty for itself. The country people got only a poor share in the land confiscated from the Nobility and Clergy, while the working classes of the cities received nothing. And at the same time that this greedy Bourgeoisie secured almost all of the material benefit, it grasped all of the political and social advantages associated with the powers of government.

Before the opening of the States General, even in the *cahiers*—the addresses sent up to the capital stating the needs and necessary reforms of the various parts of France—the demands of the Bourgeoisie against the privileges of the Nobility and Clergy were always accompanied by objections to the popular claims. While the Bourgeoisie reveals already an ardent desire to become the possessor of the domains of the Nobility and Clergy, which desire was finally gratified, this same Bourgeoisie requests the enactment of severe laws and the organization of a strong police force to prevent the starving peasants from gleaning after the reaper, from picking the bunches of grapes left on the vines after the vintage, or from turning loose their cows to graze on the common. In a word, the work of the legislative bodies of the French Revolution may be summed up as the confiscation of all social wealth and political power to the profit of the Bourgeoisie alone. Legislation was as inflexible as it was ingenious in its purpose of keeping down the Fourth Estate, by preventing it from acquiring property; by at first paralyzing and finally suppressing its electoral rights; by prohibiting the right of association; in fact, by isolating it and handing it over defenceless to the tyranny of the upper classes.

In a word, about all the lower classes owe to the Revolution is the right to sell their labor to the landowner or the manufacturer, without, however, reserving the right to strike or to form trade-unions of any kind; and the right to offer themselves as food for cannon in the great political wars of the past century and later in the conflicts waged for reasons of pure financial speculation. During the whole of the nineteenth century, the Bourgeoisie never deviated from the political line which it had laid down. It did not hesitate to turn towards the credulous People for the defence of “the conquests of the Revolution”—that is to say, the conquests of the Bourgeoisie—thus using the People as a shield against the counter-attack of the classes which the Bourgeoisie had

plundered. And yet, at the same time, it kept the People under a yoke, shutting them out from all the avenues that led to power, preventing them from any concerted action to win their rights and improve their condition, especially keeping them in ignorance, and, when teaching them anything, cramming their heads with false ideas, lies and legends.

It is the People who do the fighting during the Revolution of 1830; and throughout the reign of Louis Philippe, the Bourgeoisie, master of the situation, recompenses the People by shooting them down in various street disturbances. In 1848, the People again comes to the front and receives in payment the "June Massacres." During the Second Empire, the Bourgeoisie alone governs and reaps. In May, 1871, the last remnant of the old-time Paris People is annihilated by the bloody suppression of the Commune.

The exclusiveness of the privileged Bourgeoisie came out well at the time of the election last February of a successor to M. Loubet. M. Doumer, Deputy and President of the Chamber, announced himself as a candidate for the presidency of France. Thereupon, M. Clémenceau and M. Jaurès began a violent campaign against him. They did not discuss his opinions or his political shortcomings; they simply declared every morning in the editorial pages of their journals that he was an "upstart,"—M. Doumer happening to be a working-man who has managed to squeeze into the preserves of the Bourgeoisie. Clémenceau, Jaurès, Loubet, Fallières, all belong to the Bourgeoisie class, made up of lawyers, doctors, professors, officers, etc., who have supplanted the quondam nobles. The intrusion of the "upstart" Doumer would have unsettled the fundamental laws of the régime!

But now, after more than a century of deception and suffering, the French lower classes are beginning to perceive that they have been duped. This determined awakening finds its expression in Socialism. These lower classes demand the abolition of hereditary individual property; that is to say, the People would abolish hereditary property just as the Bourgeoisie abolished hereditary nobility. In fact, all the arguments which the Bourgeoisie used against hereditary nobility are now being turned against hereditary property.

Against the privileges of the nobles, the Bourgeoisie argued in this wise: All men ought to be born equal as regards their rights;

though there can be no remedy for natural inequalities, such as health, beauty, strength and intelligence, so there must be social inequalities. When a man distinguishes himself by his works or by services rendered to the commonwealth, it is only right that he be honored therefor, that he be awarded some compensation, for in this wise are labor and fine actions encouraged. But it is absurd that the distinctions and advantages conferred on this man should be handed down to his descendants. It is ridiculous that a baby should find in his cradle power and high rank, the right to command and enjoy a life of privilege simply because one of his ancestors "did something"; because his father or grandfather was a great soldier, judge or official, especially as there is often nothing very wonderful in all this and, as was most often the case, this ancestor may have robbed merchants on the highway, pandered to the passions of his prince or built his fortunes on the sacrifice of wife and daughters, for immorality of one kind or another has created more counts and dukes than deeds of daring and devotion to the State. It is nonsense and often positively bad that the grandnephews of a brigand or a pimp should derive perpetual advantages from such a source; and where the titles of ancestors are of most honorable origin, the claims of heirs to inherit these titles may be morally and intellectually of the weakest nature. Such was the reasoning of the French Bourgeoisie when it abolished hereditary nobility.

And the People, in its turn, argues as follows against the privilege of property: If a man distinguishes himself by his superior faculties and intelligent labor, and especially if he contributes to the general happiness, it is only right that he have a comfortable time in life, for in this wise is useful effort encouraged. But it is absurd that the good things which the great citizen has fairly won in the struggle for existence should be handed down indefinitely to his children and children's children. It is ridiculous that a babe should be born rich, just as it is ridiculous that he should be born noble; that he finds in his cradle the right to stand at the head without having labored to get there, the right to enjoy without having produced anything, especially if he should happen to be vicious, lazy, idiotic. And why is all this granted him? Sometimes, because the author of his being was intelligent and industrious, but much oftener because this progenitor was a bold trickster, a pirate of finance, a man who failed

rich, a fashionable debaucher; and for this it is that his descendants are to dominate ordinary mortals. The man in the street thinks this is a little too much and is apt to ask why, if the reasoning of the Bourgeoisie was good, any flaw can be found in the like reasoning of the People.

Before the Revolution of 1789, the Bourgeoisie enjoyed the right of hereditary property; the only thing it envied was the privilege of nobility. So it destroyed the latter and preserved the former. The People, which enjoys no advantages, suffers from the privilege of property much more than did the Bourgeoisie from the privilege of nobility, so that its desire to destroy the cause of its evils is as natural as that of the Bourgeoisie of 1789. The privilege of nobility hurt only the pride of the Bourgeoisie, whereas the privilege of property affects the dignity and the body of the People in every circumstance of material, intellectual and sentimental life.

It is useless for the Bourgeoisie to answer that property can be acquired by the People. The Bourgeoisie was also able to squeeze into the noble class. By good luck, intrigue, exceptional services or female influence, members of the Bourgeoisie now and then succeeded in penetrating into the privileged order. The same thing is true to-day concerning a man of the People in his relations with the upper classes, though a proletariat become bourgeois cuts the same absurd figure as a bourgeois turned noble; two generations of grotesqueness are necessary to make these "upstarts" appear quite at home in their new surroundings. But these accidents are not to be taken into the account. They are like the lucky number in a lottery. Such a slight chance of rising no more satisfies the People than it did the Bourgeoisie. Therefore, the situation in respect to the Proletariat and the Bourgeoisie is to-day just what it was at the end of the eighteenth century in respect to the Bourgeoisie and the Nobility. But the struggle to right things will be harder and longer under the Third Republic, because the Bourgeoisie of the twentieth century is much better armed, more clever and resolute than were the orders which it dispossessed at the end of the eighteenth century.

Towards the end of the old régime, many aristocrats and nearly all the high clergy had ceased to believe in the legitimacy of their privileges, so that they defended them with little energy. But the Bourgeoisie of to-day will suffer itself to be cut to pieces before it will give up its wealth, which is its very soul, its god, its all.

The most ultra-radicals in matters political show themselves terribly conservative in matters economic. When the Bourgeoisie attacked the nobles, the former was the equal of the latter in riches and their superior in culture and talents; the first was vigorous, while the second were worn out. In the approaching "irrepressible conflict," the threatened Bourgeoisie has all the advantages on its side save that of brute force. It has all the money; it has the experience, the light, the knowledge derived from the study of history and men; it has the gift of cunning. It controls the wheels of the enormous governmental machine. The Bourgeoisie stands in the midst of the People, much as a battalion of European soldiers, armed with repeating rifles and machine-guns, disciplined, confident in its own valor and the talent of its leaders, stands in the midst of a horde of savages, undisciplined and provided only with cutlasses and javelins.

The Bourgeoisie controls the education of the People and hides from it everything that it ought to know. The former purposely teaches the latter a false history. The People is given to understand that it was enfranchised by the bourgeois Revolution. When the workmen of the European Continent demand "the three eights," some of them are aware of the fact that this reform already exists in the Anglo-Saxon countries; but all are ignorant of this other fact that, during the Middle Ages, in an immense number of labor corporations and cities, a work-day was often only nine, eight or even seven hours long. Nor have they ever been told that every Saturday, and on the eve of over two dozen holidays, work was stopped everywhere at four o'clock.

How many peasants in the French Republic know anything about the communal life of the Middle Ages, about the general assemblies where the heads of the families, including widows, named the tax-collectors, the mayor, the priests, the guards of the fields and forests, the head of the school? How many peasants have been told that the communes then owned large commons, that they enjoyed very large rights over the lord's meadows and woods, that these vast communal domains were seized, these other rights called into question, reduced and finally suppressed, thanks to the Revolution, by the new bourgeois owners, who showed themselves more rapacious, avaricious and audacious than ever were the much-abused feudal lords? Robbed of what had been the common property of their fathers, unable any longer to live from

the cultivation of the fields where their fathers had toiled and often prospered, the peasants flocked to the cities, entered the factory - prisons and became proletariants. And the impudent Bourgeoisie that has reduced them to this unhappy lot now has the effrontery to pretend that to them they owe their liberty.

Perhaps the cleverest act of the Bourgeoisie has been its exploitation of the spirit of patriotism. The feudal lords never thought of this. Having established their domination over the land, they accepted the task of defending it against all enemies. During the Middle Ages, it was a generally accepted principle, which was as just as it was logical, that every man owed military service to the country in proportion to his wealth, especially in proportion to his landed wealth. The person who owned nothing had nothing to defend, and so was not expected to do military service. In the fourteenth century, when Philippe le Bel carried on his wars in Flanders, he exempted from military service any who did not possess at least six thousand dollars, two-thirds of which was in real estate. Until the bourgeois Revolution, nobody was forced into the army and the soldiers were paid, which, as is unknown to many Americans and Englishmen, is not the case to-day in the great conscript armies of Continental Europe. It was the Bourgeoisie, become sovereign, that invented obligatory and unpaid military service. In the earlier forms of this conscript system, the rich could escape by furnishing a substitute, and thenceforth military service was in inverse ratio to one's fortune. Those who enjoyed all the advantages of life were thus freed from all the disagreeable duties of the régime,—the monotony and immorality of the barracks and the perils of the battlefield; the pariahs of society alone were to rot in the former and perish on the latter. After 1870, when substitutes were abolished, the Bourgeoisie again escaped the heaviest part of the burden; by a payment of three hundred dollars, their sons served but one year, while the poor were kept in the army five long years. Later, the possession of the bachelor's degree exempted the young bourgeois from two years out of the three then required, and they were freed entirely from serving in the colonies. To the latter more dangerous military work only the sons of the People were assigned.

The ancient régime kept in check the working classes by mercenaries, generally Swiss, Germans or Irish. But the bourgeois

régime of to-day decimates strikers by the hands of the sons of these very strikers; proletariants are shot down by proletariants, an arrangement which is as economical as it is amazing. The fact is that an absolutely collectivist régime could be the only justification of universal obligatory military service.

The feudal lords, having got possession of all the land, of course never dreamt of preaching the doctrine of worship of country to a landless population, especially as they themselves did not practise it. The Turennes and the Condés served alternately the foreigner against France and France against the foreigner. Many of the great generals of those days and a multitude of minor officers were really men without a country. Was there ever a more brilliant type of "French" nobility than Bassompierre, the favorite of Henry IV, who was really a German baron named von Betstein? From John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, who died in 1346 for France, down to Maurice of Saxony, the victor of Fontenoy, many were the foreign nobles who fought under the French flag. And what a large number of French nobles have served foreign nations. Naturally the governing classes of those times had not the impudence to demand patriotism of the common people.

As a matter of fact, the modern French Bourgeoisie is no more patriotic than was the Nobility of the ancient régime. Its enterprises and speculations are of an international character. Its capital is employed against the best interests and safety of its country, just as readily as a feudal condottiere lent his military talents to the enemy. And yet this same Bourgeoisie presents to the People the idea of "native land" as an idol whose worship is required and which is protected against defamation by very severe laws. At the trial in Paris last December of the members of the International Anti-Military Association, out of twenty-six prisoners found guilty by a jury composed exclusively of persons from the burgher class, twenty-four were working-men.

To sum up, then: in the struggle now under way between the Third Estate, absolute master for over a century, and the Fourth Estate, which wishes to have its turn at the good things of life, all the arms are in the hands of the Bourgeoisie. But the People as a mass is formidable and not to be despised; and the question is whether the tiger will be devoured by the rats!

URBAIN GOHIER.

SELLING AMERICAN SECURITIES ABROAD.

BY CHARLES A. CONANT.

THE recent successful flotation in Paris of a loan of \$50,000,000 by the Pennsylvania Railway has attracted attention to a movement which has been gaining in volume for several years. The proposals have been many for introducing American securities upon the Paris market, but their fulfilment has been delayed by difficulties growing out of the French system of taxation and the peculiar organization of the Paris market. To tap the great reservoir of French savings has, however, been the persistent ambition of many American financiers, and recent circumstances have proved favorable to their projects.

Old American houses, like Morgan, Harjes and Company and John Munroe and Company, have always done a solid but unostentatious business in American securities with special clients, but their normal activities have been directed in other channels. Within a few years, however, there have sprung up in Paris nearly a dozen offices of American or French-American banking and bond houses offering securities to the French public. Several American stock - brokerage firms and bond houses have opened offices in Paris, or are contemplating doing so. It has even been suggested that quotations on the New York Stock Exchange be cabled to Paris at frequent intervals during each day, in spite of the fact that the difference in time would make the hours during which the New York Exchange is open correspond to the time from three to eight o'clock in Western Europe. It is probable that a serious bar to such a project would be interposed by Government ownership of the telegraph in France, since the Government would be less disposed than private enterprise to adapt its service to business needs by giving precedence and special service for Stock Exchange quotations.

While there has always been a large investment of English and Continental capital in America, several recent events and tendencies promise to broaden the sources of supply, especially by opening the resources of France, which have heretofore been invested only to a limited extent in Anglo-Saxon lands. Perhaps the most tangible and obvious of these influences has been the great decline in Russian securities on the French market. The opening of the war with Japan caused a panic on the Paris Bourse, which carried down Russian Government three-per-cents. of 1891 from 83 to 73. Successive defeats of the Russian forces on land and sea had their depressing influence from time to time, but it was still possible, as late as April last, to float a new Russian five-per-cent. loan at 90 in Paris, Berlin, and even to a small extent in London and New York. Cloud has gathered upon cloud on the horizon of Russian international affairs, until at last the three-per-cents. sold in July last as low as 57, and even the five-per-cents. are a dozen points below the price at which the loan was issued.

Even before the war, French and Belgian investors who had put their money into Russian industrial securities had suffered from the partial collapse of the elaborate structure built up by Count Witté during the ten years of his service at the Russian Ministry of Finance. Count Witté was a man of foresight and constructive genius, and laid out a policy for the development of an industrial Russia which bore valuable fruit and will continue to bear fruit in time to come. If the policy of tariff protection is ever justified, it is in founding the industries of an undeveloped country. But such efforts, whether in Russia, Japan or America, usually invoke the penalty which follows interference with normal economic law in seeking to erect too rapidly a heavy structure on too slender foundations. Russia reaped this penalty in 1901. The output of her new mills and factories was greater than her population would absorb. It could not be exported at protection prices. In reality, however, it was the foreign investor rather than the Russian promoter who suffered. He found that mines and mills which had been having a large output and promising large net earnings had suddenly turned to scrap-iron. From these conditions Russia might soon have recovered but for the war, and probably she will recover eventually when an orderly government meets the demands of a contented people.

Inevitably, with some \$500,000,000 of savings piling up in France annually, the eyes of the French investor are turned towards new fields. Among the most promising of these fields is America. The accumulation of savings in France is of a special interest to the outside world, because so little new capital is needed in France to replace the wear and tear of existing equipment and create new. The fact that population is stationary is responsible in part for this.

Discussion of new openings for American securities in Europe, therefore, necessarily centres to a large degree upon France, because of the difference between her economic position and that of other countries. These other countries fall into two classes—those which already take American securities in considerable amounts, and those which do not take them because they require their surplus capital at home. In the first class may be included Great Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland. In the second class are Italy, Austria-Hungary, Spain, and Russia. The German Empire occupies an intermediate position, being capable of investing considerable sums abroad, while at the same time absorbing a large portion of saved capital in the extension of her own enterprises.

The British market is already familiar with American securities, but in recent years there has been a heavy demand at home for capital to meet the waste of war and the need for industrial extensions. The process of reconstructing the railways has been going on quietly in Great Britain, following the campaign of education begun some years ago by Mr. George Paish, of the London "Statist," along lines similar to those pursued in America, but much more modest. Larger cars and train-loads and heavier locomotives have required the strengthening of bridges and improvement of terminals, which has demanded from the railways issues of additional stock. The vast surplus of capital saved annually in England is also employed in a large degree in the enterprises which grow out of the extension of colonial power which follows the drum-beat of British authority around the world. Capital was absorbed by hundreds of millions by the war in South Africa and by the necessary work of reconstruction which followed. The taking over of private undertakings by the municipalities has also consumed many millions, contributing to increase municipal indebtedness in Great Britain as long ago as

1904 to £469,000,000, or a sum more than two and a half times the bonded debt of the United States. Such enormous demands for capital have threatened to fetter the international money-market by leaving little available for legitimate banking purposes.

The Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland are rich in accumulated capital. The Netherlands, much more than the other two countries, has been a buyer of American securities, until the amount held there has come to about \$700,000,000. The Dutch made money when they took United States six-per-cent. bonds during the Civil War at 60; and they have been shrewd enough to pick up many railway securities at bargain prices at times when these were kicking about the American market without a purchaser. Not so much of the savings of Belgium and Switzerland has gone into American securities, but they are gradually turning in our direction. The Belgians, who are enterprising promoters, did a great deal to lead the French into Russian industrial enterprises, and have shared in the losses and regrets which the collapse of those enterprises has caused.

The countries which require their own capital at home,—Italy, Austria-Hungary, Spain and Russia,—keep it there by the simple economic law of paying for its use higher returns than can be earned abroad. Italy has advanced by leaps and bounds during the past dozen years. The deficits which paralyzed the Treasury and injured public credit prior to the scandals of 1893 have been succeeded, under the rigid economy and able management of such finance ministers as Sonnino and Luzzatti, by a modest surplus every year, until the consolidated debt issued at five per cent., hanging long below par, is about to be refunded under favorable conditions at three and three-quarters per cent. This is a low rate, however, for the loan of capital in Italy. The standard rate of discount at Genoa and Milan remains steady at five per cent., and deters the departure of Italian capital for foreign lands, German capital, attracted by this high return, has been poured in large amounts into Italian banking and financial enterprises.

Austria and Hungary are both awakening to a new economic activity which requires all their surplus resources. This is especially true of Hungary. The manner in which Budapest, the capital of Hungary, is gaining over Vienna, is indicated by this com-

parison of the commercial paper discounted at the Austrian and Hungarian headquarters of the Austro-Hungarian Bank:*

Discounts at end of year	Vienna. Crowns.	Budapest. Crowns.
1875.....	102,218,638	33,706,362
1890.....	106,507,806	71,377,140
1900.....	138,544,011	100,400,091
1905.....	181,557,072	179,417,263

The economic experience of Russia has been brought so much into view by the war that it is not necessary to do more than note the fact that Russia is still a poor country, for her great area and population, and will not for many years be able to invest her capital in foreign securities unless some of her well-to-do citizens are driven to it by confiscation and anarchy at home.

If certain American enterprises, including "industrials," appear to be somewhat speculative to the conservative Continental mind, the experience of the last few years, even in government securities, has shown that large profits have been made ultimately by those who have taken certain risks, while, upon those who have purchased what were considered "gilt-edged" securities, serious losses have fallen. The staid investor who would touch nothing but Consols saw them fall in price from 113 $\frac{1}{8}$ in 1898 to 85 in 1904, while the more venturesome speculator upon whom he frowned when he dipped into Italian and Spanish rentes has seen the former rise from 83.80 in 1895 to 105 in 1905, under the enlightened policy of United Italy, and the latter advance from a depression of 34.50 at the crisis of the war with America to a quotation in July last of 95.70. The Government of Spain acted with good faith and self-sacrifice in dealing with her foreign obligations after the war. Interest continued to be paid in full, not only upon the "exterior debt," and upon the Philippine debt commuted with the United States by the Treaty of Paris, but even upon the Cuban debt, for which liability was distinctly repudiated in the treaty by both Cuba and the United States.

Thus the securities of these countries have been rising, while those of the rich and well-established countries have fallen, because the supply of surplus capital reached its maximum when quotations were at the highest and before the waste of the Span-

* The figures for the earlier years, expressed in florins, have been converted at the rate of two to one into crowns, the present monetary unit of Austria-Hungary.

ish, Boer and Japanese wars changed radically the relations between demand and supply.

An important element which is acting upon the minds of the old *noblesse* of France and the conservatives of other Continental countries in seeking safe investments, is the growth of Socialism in Europe. Another inspiration to the transfer of great quantities of French capital into Italian, Spanish and other foreign securities, has been the Church separation law in France, which has confiscated to the State real property of great value belonging to the religious orders and congregations, and warned them to place their movable property beyond the reach of French officials. The movement in France against the Church is only one of the many symptoms of the gradual growth in Europe of a spirit which is hostile to vested rights and the security of investments. Its influence was felt in the fall of the balances on deposit in the national savings-banks from 4,429,400,000 francs at the close of 1901 to 4,305,700,000 francs at the close of 1903.

The growth of Socialism and of hostility to the Church is a powerful undercurrent of politics in almost all Continental countries. While French clericals and conservatives have transferred much of their wealth temporarily into the securities of Italy, Spain and Austria, it is keenly recognized by the more far-sighted among them that this policy affords only temporary safety. Italy set the example of a vast confiscation of Church property, with inadequate compensation, immediately after the troops of Napoleon III ceased to support the Papal authority at Rome. Austria is still clerical and conservative, but Hungary and the other states which are not German are straining at the leash, and threaten to overturn the Austrian hierarchy as soon as the respected and conservative Francis Joseph ends his long reign. In Hungary every sober preparation is being made for an independent national life. A magnificent parliament house at Budapest, quarters for the bank which surpass in magnificence those at Vienna, and an extension of the royal palace to double or triple its old proportions have all been finished within the last half-dozen years, to welcome the new King of Hungary who shall revive the glories of Stephen and Michael and John Hunyadi. Even if Austria were willing to accept with complacency the break-up of the Empire of the Hapsburgs, a score of questions,—like the new customs tariffs or the control of Bosnia,—are likely

to bring the two countries to the brink of war. Austria, therefore, is not a safe depository of conservative investments. In Italy and Spain, also, no one knows at what moment Radicalism and Socialism may take the bits in their teeth and follow France in a new series of confiscations and oppressive taxes. Already, at the very moment when the venerable head of the Catholic Church is protesting against a law which denies freedom of worship in France to those who will not join the state-ordained corporations, the government of Spain is proposing similar measures in the land of Philip II, and threatening hostile legislation against the ministers of religion fleeing across the border from France.

In looking towards America as a safer field for investment in order to escape the march of Socialism, the conservatives of Europe do not fail to realize that Socialism is making headway also in America, but they feel that Anglo-Saxon law and traditions are a safeguard against violent confiscation,—that, even if England or America should enter upon a policy of acquiring private wealth for public purposes, it would be done in that spirit of conservatism and justice which has ever been the distinguishing trait of Anglo-Saxon peoples. The policy of the United States towards the religious orders in the Philippines has been an illuminating lesson of this sort. The willingness to pay the full value amicably agreed upon for the property of orders alien to the new government, and hated by the masses, has set an example of American policy which has borne much favorable fruit.

Even apart from any Socialistic motive, the pressure of taxation in France is constantly becoming heavier in order to meet the demands for modern armaments and the multiplication of public functionaries. The late ministry of M. Rouvier was forced by its Socialistic supporters, and much against the supposed normal inclinations of its head, to take up the subject of an income tax; and the present ministry, in spite of the high reputation of M. Clémenceau, has felt compelled to follow in the same path with a zeal which promises definite legislation within a short time. The income tax, already domesticated in conservative England, would be endurable in itself if it were proposed in lieu of other taxes, but when it is to be superimposed upon stamp taxes upon every form of document, transfer taxes upon real estate which almost prohibit transactions, window taxes, railway and theatre ticket taxes, check taxes and government monopoly of

matches and tobacco, it threatens to impose a load upon the back of French capital and enterprise which will cause it to stagger and fall back in the race with economic rivals. The succession tax alone proposed in the new French budget, rising above twenty-five per cent. for large fortunes given to others than near relatives, will prove a prolific mother of evasion and concealment and the expatriation of French savings to foreign fields.

The sale of American securities in Europe is not a novelty, but heretofore they have found a smaller market in France than in England, Germany and Holland. Frenchmen have recently begun to buy quietly small lots of American securities through the old-established exchange houses. There are several obstacles, however, to a large distribution of American securities in France, some of which will be removed by the broadening of the market, and others which are of a more serious character.

The French have always relied to a large degree upon their bankers and notaries in making investments. What these men recommend the average middle-class investor takes, without seeking information in detail for himself. In many cases, he does not care to see the securities, but accepts a receipt for his investment. This confiding spirit on the part of the French investor greatly aided some of the large French banks in unloading Russian industrials and other doubtful securities upon him prior to the Russo-Japanese war. The ability to place large issues successfully strengthened the arms of the big banks in crushing the provincial bankers. The Paris bankers not only accumulated immense resources themselves, but by absorbing the important new issues they left nothing for the provincial bankers to offer their customers. This fact, with its consequences, may prove helpful in the introduction of American securities. One of the new Franco-American enterprises derives its strength from the cooperation of the syndicate of three hundred provincial bankers, which was organized to fight the *Crédit Lyonnais* and which will welcome good American securities to distribute among its clients.

Among the obstacles to be overcome in winning investors are the recent upheaval in life-insurance, the investigation of Pennsylvania Railway management, the attacks upon the meat-packers and similar events, which have had a somewhat disturbing effect upon the conservative mind. They have tended to create the impression that American financial management is lacking in hon-

esty and conservatism. Upon the whole, however, the attacks upon the insurance companies have already to a considerable extent spent their force. It was naturally for the interest of the European companies to magnify the seriousness of the troubles in the three big American companies, and to spread the impression that these troubles affected the financial status of the companies as well as details of management. Perhaps among more far-sighted Continental investors, however, the fact that the American insurance companies and American financial institutions have ridden successfully through such a storm justifies the deduction that they must be fundamentally sound. In this respect, shrewd financiers in Europe realize that enterprise in the United States is out of its swaddling-clothes and that no such serious fall in values is again to be feared as marked the panic of 1873 and the railway reorganizations which followed the panic of 1893.

In order to afford a popular market for American securities in France or any other country, it is necessary not only that the securities should be good, but that they should be readily marketable. The Pennsylvania Railway has attained this result by having its securities issued through houses of reputation and listed on the Bourse. This will enable the holder of these securities who desires to dispose of them to find a market on the regular exchanges, and to know by the daily quotations at what price he can sell. It is almost essential also to a successful flotation upon a large scale that the holder of the securities shall be able not only to sell them, but to borrow on them. This has been attained in the case of the Pennsylvania Railway loan by the fact that, as it is listed, the leading banks, including especially those which took part in the flotation, are ready to loan upon it the usual proportion of market value. If securities less widely known are introduced on the market, as is contemplated by the Banque Franco-Américaine, the same object can be accomplished by the readiness of the issuing bank to loan a fixed percentage of market value.

One of the most serious obstacles which have heretofore prevented large offerings of American securities in Paris has been the French tax laws. Foreign securities, when quoted on the Paris Bourse, have been subjected to a complication of taxes upon the issue, the transfer and the income, which are so elaborate that even competent attorneys find it difficult to determine just how they may be applied in particular cases by the bureau of the

fisc, which in such matters exercises a wide latitude. Just what arrangement was made by the Pennsylvania Railway has not been officially announced, but the fact that the securities are selling free of existing taxes to the buyer indicates that a lump sum was paid to the *fisc* and apparently charged up by the railway to the cost of floating the loan. There are American corporations which would willingly submit to a considerable shave on this account; but heretofore the stronger ones have been unwilling to meet in advance the heavy taxes which would fall upon them under the French law if strictly interpreted. One provision of the law which has prevented other issues was not a serious obstacle in the case of the Pennsylvania. This was the requirement that a company listing securities must pay taxes upon at least one-tenth of the total issue. As the whole of the issue was made in this case in France, this requirement was not a hardship; but it is obvious that it would have been an insurmountable obstacle to listing the stock of the Steel Corporation, if it had been necessary to pay taxes upon \$100,000,000 when a sale in France was expected for perhaps only \$25,000,000.

The burden of the French taxes has been such that many devices have been adopted to escape them. One such device, which meets the difficulty of paying a tax upon too large a proportion of capital, is that of a holding company. Such a company is able to make an issue of debentures which are sold exclusively in France and which comply fully with the requirements of the *fisc* in regard to taxation. It is not necessary to list or pay taxes upon the varied lot of securities which lie behind the debentures. This is the method of attracting French capital which has been adopted by the Speyer syndicate.

Notwithstanding devices of this sort, the taxes imposed upon the listing and sale of securities on the Paris Bourse have begun to be felt upon the economic progress of France. It has been known for several years that thrifty French investors transferred both their security holdings and their bank accounts to the foreign branches of the Crédit Lyonnais and other French banks, principally in Brussels and Geneva. Just how far this process had gone in reducing the visible wealth of France was recently brought out by de Foville, the eminent French economist, in an article in "*L'Economiste Français*." He showed that the annual average amounts passing through the tax office under the succession

tax had fallen from 6,930,000,000 francs, for the five years ending with 1895, to 6,869,000,000 francs for the five years ending with 1900, and to 6,489,000,000 for the four years ending with 1904. Without by any means adopting the conclusion that this marked decline in the average property assessed for succession taxes was due exclusively to the taxes on securities, M. de Foville declared:

"The legislator has shown himself for the last ten years so severe, even malevolent, towards capital under all forms, that many capitalists have sought to put themselves beyond the reach of his pursuit. The foreign banks have opened their doors and their vaults eagerly to the fugitive millions, and certain projects which are being announced may intensify still further this centrifugal movement, which would naturally contribute in a certain measure to the impairment of the estates subject to assessment."

The prospect is not unfavorable, then, for the flow of many millions of French money into American securities if American enterprises and American policy prove worthy of confidence. Stock-jobbing, laws and measures hostile to property rights, confiscation of private wealth without due compensation, or the sweep of Socialist triumph in American politics will arrest the flow and drive the conservative French investor back to the resources of his own country or those of neighboring countries, where the right to enjoy in declining years what one has gained by the sweat of his brow in early days is still respected. The French government will not interfere with the outflow of French capital on protective grounds, because it is not needed at home. It may seek to retain it for purposes of taxation, and with this end in view recently allowed it to be given out that an international conference was under consideration to prevent what in America is called "tax-dodging"—the transfer of property across the frontier to the community where it is least taxed. This would not only be a difficult project in itself, but it would find little sympathy in those countries which are benefiting by the use of French capital,—Belgium, Switzerland and America. If such measures are ineffective between communities and states in a common union, they are likely to be nearly futile between independent states in checking the operation of the fundamental law of capital,—that where security and confidence exist, it will flow to that country where it will earn the highest net return.

CHARLES A. CONANT.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

IT seems probable that the history of these times will have something to say about William Randolph Hearst, the conditions which made him useful, the men who opposed him, and the results that he achieved.

History usually asks, and gets unsatisfactory answers to, the following questions concerning a man of interest:

What conditions made him important? What kind of a man was he to look at—eyes, size, clothes? What was his temperament? What did he actually accomplish? What did he plan to do? There is interest in these questions to-day. For Hearst is more generally discussed than any other man in the country. There will be interest in these questions many years from now, for conditions, combined with Hearst's good ambition and his power to influence public opinion, must make him, barring accident, an important force in the present stage of national and world-wide development.

What opportunities do present conditions offer to a man of Hearst's character and resources?

Conditions in this country to-day offer opportunities, and present a need of original thought and strong character as great as any the world has seen.

Human laws and happiness are based upon material conditions, largely upon commercial and industrial conditions. The world is undergoing a great change, competition has been replaced by organization, the importance and the opportunity of the individual are disappearing. The selfish career of "the little man for himself" is soon to be a thing of the past.

The world offers marvellous opportunities to a man of force who can see what is happening and what is needed. The world

needs balanced men with minds open to new truths. Our system of organized industry, replacing on strictly feudal lines an earlier military feudalism, gives an opportunity to progressive men.

Folly and thoughtlessness seek to-day, as ever in the past, to go backward. There are foolish minds that talk of "smashing the trusts," as there were foolish stage-coach drivers that talked of smashing the early locomotives. The world offers a chance to the man who can see that every new development with power behind it is at first a menace, and then a blessing.

Men have seen the seat of power transferred from the stone castle on the hill to the steel bank in Wall Street. They know that the new power will endure until some higher shall come to replace it. They are anxious to know whether they see in Hearst a man able to take advantage of conditions, clear-headed enough to realize that the new economic development must be employed for the people,—intelligent enough to know that the talk of destroying and of going back is folly.

What sort of a man is William Randolph Hearst to look at?

He is a big man—an excellent thing, since it gives him the strength to stand the worries of many newspapers, and the worries of many faithful followers and foolish enemies. He is more than six feet two in height, very broad, with big hands and big feet, a strong neck that will stand up for a long time under a heavy load. His hair is light in color, and his eyes blue-gray, with a singular capacity for concentration.

His dress of late has been the usual uniform of American statesmanship, combining the long-tailed frock coat and the cowboy's soft slouch hat.

The first impression that Hearst gives is one of bigness. And the second is that of being a listener. Those who see him invariably talk to him a great deal more than he talks to them. When the meeting is over Hearst is apt to know more about the other man than the other man knows about him.

Mr. Hearst has a great deal of nervous as well as physical strength. This enables him to be patient with many men, and many employees, that constantly demand his personal attention and personal answer. He is able, when necessary, to do with little sleep. And his mind works normally at all hours.

He has well developed the power, without which no man succeeds as a political leader, of concentrating his energies on one thing.

Hearst has good-nature and cheerfulness, even under trying conditions. The men who work for him like him on this account. They like him especially, because when things go wrong he takes the blame on himself. A man owning nine newspapers and a number of periodicals published in five different cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is certain to have a great many foolish things done and said in his name. The public holds Mr. Hearst responsible for all the foolish things that his editors think of. Mr. Hearst fills his position well. He knows how to make his men useful, and to keep them useful by taking always more than his own share of the blame.

Hearst, as I have said, is silent, and he can listen. He will sit stooping over on his chair, drumming with his fingers, looking up earnestly at the face of the man who is talking. He is able to recognize with the first few words the fact that the man isn't going to say anything, and after that he doesn't even hear him talk. It is an admirable display of politeness, free from self-sacrifice.

Very lucky for Hearst is the fact that his interests, and therefore his vitality, are not scattered. There is absolutely nothing that he cares for except his family, his newspapers, and his public work in politics. He never goes to a race-track, the race-horses that he inherited with his father's property were turned out to amuse themselves on a ranch.

He takes absolutely no interest in financial speculation, cares for money only because of the power that it gives to reach the public, and to scatter ideas through newspapers. It is impossible to interest Hearst at all in any mere money-making scheme. A well-known American financier once said, "That man Hearst is a queer and foolish young fellow. I waited three hours outside of his office to persuade him to take ten thousand shares of —— at ten dollars a share, and could not see him."

The stock mentioned had since gone above 100, and the Wall Street man was amazed that he had been unable even to talk to an editor who might have made more than a million dollars by giving him five minutes of his time. This seems important, for while it is difficult to conceive that a man of any intelligence should be interested in money except for the work that can be done with it, we know that the best energies of our country at this moment are diverted to aimless money-making.

Those who would understand the hostility of other newspapers to Mr. Hearst must know the effect that he has had upon the pocketbooks of those newspapers.

The Hearst newspapers have constantly advocated good wages and the eight-hour day. Unionism rules in all mechanical departments of the Hearst undertakings.

Since his arrival in New York, Mr. Hearst has frequently and voluntarily added greatly to wages in the mechanical departments of his newspapers. The result has been that the other newspapers have been compelled to pay the wages that Hearst paid voluntarily. His refusal to join in any association planned to keep down wages has been painful to his fellow newspaper-owners.

Very important in Hearst's temperament is the fact that he does not take himself too seriously. For that reason, the results that he achieves do not make him feel satisfied. There must be an indefinite extent to his energies and struggles in public life, because nothing that he could achieve—however important—would seem to him really worth being proud about.

Hearst has in his mind a clear view of history—of which he is a constant and passionate student. He is able to review at a glance the progress of human beings from their primitive origin to this present primitive condition which we call civilization.

What has Hearst done thus far?

He has created what was essential to his work, a powerful machine for influencing public opinion.

He has built his newspapers up to a daily circulation of two millions. And that circulation is increasing constantly.

Every day Hearst is able to talk with two million American families scattered everywhere in this country. His newspapers are published in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. And they will soon be published in many other cities.

With this enormous circulation Hearst is able every day to spread the truth and reply to falsehood. The constant bitter efforts that are made to misrepresent him fail, for his voice reaches farther than the voice of any other man in the country. There has never before been assembled in this world an audience such as that which Hearst commands, and therefore it is safe to say that there has never been a man possessing his peculiar influence and power for good.

The building up of this tremendous engine of publicity is his

greatest accomplished work, undoubtedly. And with that engine his real work is still to be done.

He has made dishonest wealth disreputable throughout the nation. He has convinced the people that the rule of organized capital is not American government or honorable government. He has been the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction, the basis of improvement, this country has seen.

Hearst has made innumerable fights in the interest of the people at his own expense, with great expenditure of money and of personal energy. Various trusts have been fought by him through the courts and up to the Supreme Court. He certainly has the honor of being hated more deeply by the public enemies of this country than any other man in it. A mere enumeration of the lawsuits that he has begun and prosecuted on behalf of the public welfare fills out a considerable pamphlet.

Mr. Hearst is already the greatest awakener and director of public opinion and of public anger against injustice that the country has seen in many years.

In the way of actual good, Hearst has accomplished much by his influence in increasing the distribution of money.

He has sided with workmen in just fights against corporation employers and has helped them to win. This means that additional money has been divided among the families of working people instead of being added to dividends on watered stocks.

Tens of millions a year are added to the incomes of wives and mothers in this country because of Hearst's activity in promoting the legitimate distribution of wealth.

What are Hearst's plans for the future?

He means to be a useful man in his country, working within the law for the betterment of conditions. His confidence is in the general intelligence of the people, and the fight that he has on hand just now is to make universal suffrage a reality, an expression of the public will.

Hearst will prove to be a creative as well as a corrective force in this country. It will not satisfy him to be known merely as a rich man who was unselfish, honest, just and fearless. He is among those who realize that a country which could comfortably support two thousand millions of beings ought surely now to support in plenty and free from worry all men willing to work.

Those who oppose Hearst are largely corporation men, who

allow their pocketbooks to think for them, who are influenced by the selfish dread that Hearst's plans for making others better off might possibly spoil their plans.

The honest business man, the man of fortune honestly acquired, has no need to worry about the political activities of Hearst. Hearst is a believer in the American system. He realizes that human beings work in obedience to the instincts within them, and that one of the strongest human instincts at present is the desire to possess property. He knows that human society must be a reflection of human nature, and cannot be based on repression.

He himself is a large owner of property. His newspapers represent an enormous investment. He is compelled to pay out for labor and material more than fifteen millions per year to keep them going. He owns more than a million acres of land; he is engaged in agricultural pursuits on a very large scale; he is an owner of mines.

Through his newspapers he is interested in the success of every business man. The advertising patronage of successful business men alone makes the existence of his newspapers possible.

His newspapers depend also upon the good-will of the people. Every day of his life he is subjected to "the referendum," the power of recall about which the radicals talk so much. Two millions of men who buy his newspapers each day can stop buying any day they please, and make an end of the Hearst newspapers.

It is greatly to his credit that he has travelled so fast and far with all this heavy baggage of property. It can truly be said of him that the property which he owns has not in any way controlled his opinions. His opinions have controlled his property.

Hearst represents unselfishness in public life. In need of nothing personally, he is not satisfied while others fail to thrive as they should in a country such as this.

He is ambitious, without personal conceit. He is extremely tenacious. He is absolutely temperate, free from fondness for dissipation of any kind. He is a man of unusual physical and mental strength. He has a great machine of publicity with which to work. His chance, therefore, of achieving real reputation in the annals of our slow progress toward civilization seems good.

The attacks and slanders aimed at Hearst have been conceived by dull minds and have been inevitably ineffective. It is true that he is not an easy man to attack. But those who have at-

tacked him because he menaced their plans for plunder have gone about their work with incredible stupidity. In his enemies he has been unusually fortunate. One was a convicted forger, one was convicted of manslaughter, a third of national repute is openly accused of blackmail and offers no defence.

Hearst does not drink any alcoholic stimulant. He does not smoke—he neither lashes nor stupefies his faculties. But he combines a realization of the rights of others with temperance in his own life.

A man influential in the New York State Prohibition party telephoned from the Prohibition Convention, asking if Hearst would accept their nomination for Governor. He replied:

“I feel greatly honored by the suggestion because of the high character of the men in your party. But I could not properly present myself as a leader of Prohibitionists, for while I am individually a total abstainer, I do not advocate prohibition. I believe that drunkenness must be fought by argument, and especially by better material conditions. Prosperity, in my opinion, is the enemy of excessive drink. And poverty is the direct cause of drunkenness.”

That is typical of Hearst's attitude toward men in general.

There is no doubt that Hearst is destined to succeed in politics as he has succeeded in the newspaper profession. Unlike many others in politics he is independent of the bosses, independent of organized capital, independent of everything but the final judgment of the people. He has power to appeal every day to that judgment, and to wipe out falsehood as fast as it is written.

There is no doubt that Hearst will be elected President of the United States if he lives. He represents intelligent, conservative protest against the usurpation of national power by corporations. The only real strength opposed to him is that of dishonest organized capital, and that cannot permanently control the people.

Hearst has already triumphed over his unscrupulous enemies. He is the most popular individual in the United States to-day.

Many men will live to be ashamed of slanders invented or circulated concerning Hearst.

It is not possible now to name a recognized public enemy, without naming at the same time one of Hearst's enemies. Soon it will not be possible to mention an intelligent good man without mentioning a sympathetic, friendly follower of the career of William Randolph Hearst.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH.*

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE problem of our age is the proper administration of wealth, so that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship. The conditions of human life have not only been changed, but revolutionized, within the past few hundred years. In former days there was little difference between the dwelling, dress, food and environment of the chief and those of his retainers. The Indians are to-day where civilized man then was. When visiting the Sioux, I was led to the wigwam of the chief. It was just like the others in external appearance, and, even within, the difference was trifling between it and those of the poorest of his braves. The contrast between the palace of the millionaire and the cottage of the laborer with us to-day measures the change which has come with civilization.

This change, however, is not to be deplored, but welcomed as highly beneficial. It is well, nay, essential for the progress of the race, that the houses of some should be homes for all that is highest and best in literature and the arts, and for all the refinements of civilization, rather than that none should be so. Much better this great irregularity than universal squalor. Without wealth there can be no Mæcenæ. The "good old times" were not good old times. Neither master nor servant was as well situated then as to-day. A relapse to old conditions would be disastrous to both—not the least so to him who serves—and would sweep away civilization with it. But whether the change be for good or ill, it is upon us, beyond our power to alter, and therefore to be accepted and made the best of. It is a waste of time to criticise the inevitable.

* This article was published in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in June, 1889, and is republished at Mr. Carnegie's suggestion.—EDITOR N. A. R.

It is easy to see how the change has come. One illustration will serve for almost every phase of the cause. In the manufacture of products we have the whole story. It applies to all combinations of human industry, as stimulated and enlarged by the inventions of this scientific age. Formerly articles were manufactured at the domestic hearth or in small shops which formed part of the household. The master and his apprentices worked side by side, the latter living with the master, and therefore subject to the same conditions. When these apprentices rose to be masters, there was little or no change in their mode of life, and they, in turn, educated in the same routine succeeding apprentices. There was, substantially, social equality, and even political equality, for those engaged in industrial pursuits had then little or no political voice in the State.

But the inevitable result of such a mode of manufacture was crude articles at high prices. To-day the world obtains commodities of excellent quality at prices which even the generation preceding this would have deemed incredible. In the commercial world similar causes have produced similar results, and the race is benefited thereby. The poor enjoy what the rich could not before afford. What were the luxuries have become the necessities of life. The laborer has now more comforts than the farmer had a few generations ago. The farmer has more luxuries than the landlord had, and is more richly clad and better housed. The landlord has books and pictures rarer, and appointments more artistic, than the King could then obtain.

The price we pay for this salutary change is, no doubt, great. We assemble thousands of operatives in the factory, in the mine, and in the counting-house, of whom the employer can know little or nothing, and to whom the employer is little better than a myth. All intercourse between them is at an end. Rigid Castes are formed, and, as usual, mutual ignorance breeds mutual distrust. Each Caste is without sympathy for the other, and ready to credit anything disparaging in regard to it. Under the law of competition, the employer of thousands is forced into the strictest economies, among which the rates paid to labor figure prominently, and often there is friction between the employer and the employed, between capital and labor, between rich and poor. Human society loses homogeneity.

The price which society pays for the law of competition, like

the price it pays for cheap comforts and luxuries, is also great; but the advantages of this law are also greater still, for it is to this law that we owe our wonderful material development, which brings improved conditions in its train. But, whether the law be benign or not, we must say of it, as we say of the change in the conditions of men to which we have referred: It is here; we cannot evade it; no substitutes for it have been found; and while the law may be sometimes hard for the individual, it is best for the race, because it insures the survival of the fittest in every department. We accept and welcome, therefore, as conditions to which we must accommodate ourselves, great inequality of environment, the concentration of business, industrial and commercial, in the hands of a few, and the law of competition between these, as being not only beneficial, but essential for the future progress of the race. Having accepted these, it follows that there must be great scope for the exercise of special ability in the merchant and in the manufacturer who has to conduct affairs upon a great scale. That this talent for organization and management is rare among men is proved by the fact that it invariably secures for its possessor enormous rewards, no matter where or under what laws or conditions. The experienced in affairs always rate the MAN whose services can be obtained as a partner as not only the first consideration, but such as to render the question of his capital scarcely worth considering, for such men soon create capital; while, without the special talent required, capital soon takes wings. Such men become interested in firms or corporations using millions; and estimating only simple interest to be made upon the capital invested, it is inevitable that their income must exceed their expenditures, and that they must accumulate wealth. Nor is there any middle ground which such men can occupy, because the great manufacturing or commercial concern which does not earn at least interest upon its capital soon becomes bankrupt. It must either go forward or fall behind: to stand still is impossible. It is a condition essential for its successful operation that it should be thus far profitable, and even that, in addition to interest on capital, it should make profit. It is a law that men possessed of this peculiar talent for affairs, under the free play of economic forces, must of necessity soon be in receipt of more revenue than can be judiciously expended upon themselves; and this law is as beneficial for the race as the others.

Objections to the foundations upon which society is based are not in order, because the condition of the race is better with these than it has been with any others which have been tried. Of the effect of any new substitutes proposed we cannot be sure. The Socialist or Anarchist who seeks to overturn present conditions is to be regarded as attacking the foundation upon which civilization itself rests, for civilization took its start from the day that the capable, industrious workman said to his incompetent and lazy fellow, "If thou dost not sow, thou shalt not reap," and thus ended primitive Communism by separating the drones from the bees. One who studies this subject will soon be brought face to face with the conclusion that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends—the right of the laborer to his hundred dollars in the savings-bank, and equally the legal right of the millionaire to his millions. To those who propose to substitute Communism for this intense Individualism the answer, therefore, is: The race has tried that. All progress from that barbarous day to the present time has resulted from its displacement. Not evil, but good, has come to the race from the accumulation of wealth by those who have the ability and energy that produce it. But even if we admit for a moment that it might be better for the race to discard its present foundation, Individualism,—that it is a nobler ideal that man should labor, not for himself alone, but in and for a brotherhood of his fellows, and share with them all in common, realizing Swedenborg's idea of Heaven, where, as he says, the angels derive their happiness, not from laboring for self, but for each other,—even admit all this, and a sufficient answer is, This is not evolution, but revolution. It necessitates the changing of human nature itself—a work of æons, even if it were good to change it, which we cannot know. It is not practicable in our day or in our age. Even if desirable theoretically, it belongs to another and long-succeeding sociological stratum. Our duty is with what is practicable now; with the next step possible in our day and generation. It is criminal to waste our energies in endeavoring to uproot, when all we can profitably or possibly accomplish is to bend the universal tree of humanity a little in the direction most favorable to the production of good fruit under existing circumstances. We might as well urge the destruction of the highest existing type of man because he failed to reach our ideal as to favor the destruction of Individualism, Private Property, the Law

of Accumulation of Wealth, and the Law of Competition; for these are the highest results of human experience, the soil in which society so far has produced the best fruit. Unequally or unjustly, perhaps, as these laws sometimes operate, and imperfect as they appear to the Idealist, they are, nevertheless, like the highest type of man, the best and most valuable of all that humanity has yet accomplished.

We start, then, with a condition of affairs under which the best interests of the race are promoted, but which inevitably gives wealth to the few. Thus far, accepting conditions as they exist, the situation can be surveyed and pronounced good. The question then arises,—and, if the foregoing be correct, it is the only question with which we have to deal,—What is the proper mode of administering wealth after the laws upon which civilization is founded have thrown it into the hands of the few? And it is of this great question that I believe I offer the true solution. It will be understood that *fortunes* are here spoken of, not moderate sums saved by many years of effort, the returns from which are required for the comfortable maintenance and education of families. This is not *wealth*, but only *competence*, which it should be the aim of all to acquire.

There are but three modes in which surplus wealth can be disposed of. It can be left to the families of the decedents; or it can be bequeathed for public purposes; or, finally, it can be administered during their lives by its possessors. Under the first and second modes most of the wealth of the world that has reached the few has hitherto been applied. Let us in turn consider each of these modes. The first is the most injudicious. In monarchical countries, the estates and the greatest portion of the wealth are left to the first son, that the vanity of the parent may be gratified by the thought that his name and title are to descend to succeeding generations unimpaired. The condition of this class in Europe to-day teaches the futility of such hopes or ambitions. The successors have become impoverished through their follies or from the fall in the value of land. Even in Great Britain the strict law of entail has been found inadequate to maintain the status of an hereditary class. Its soil is rapidly passing into the hands of the stranger. Under republican institutions the division of property among the children is much fairer, but the question which forces itself upon thoughtful men in all lands is:

Why should men leave great fortunes to their children? If this is done from affection, is it not misguided affection? Observation teaches that, generally speaking, it is not well for the children that they should be so burdened. Neither is it well for the state. Beyond providing for the wife and daughters moderate sources of income, and very moderate allowances indeed, if any, for the sons, men may well hesitate, for it is no longer questionable that great sums bequeathed oftener work more for the injury than for the good of the recipients. Wise men will soon conclude that, for the best interests of the members of their families and of the state, such bequests are an improper use of their means.

It is not suggested that men who have failed to educate their sons to earn a livelihood shall cast them adrift in poverty. If any man has seen fit to rear his sons with a view to their living idle lives, or, what is highly commendable, has instilled in them the sentiment that they are in a position to labor for public ends without reference to pecuniary considerations, then, of course, the duty of the parent is to see that such are provided for *in moderation*. There are instances of millionaires' sons unspoiled by wealth, who, being rich, still perform great services in the community. Such are the very salt of the earth, as valuable as, unfortunately, they are rare; still it is not the exception, but the rule, that men must regard, and, looking at the usual result of enormous sums conferred upon legatees, the thoughtful man must shortly say, "I would as soon leave to my son a curse as the almighty dollar," and admit to himself that it is not the welfare of the children, but family pride, which inspires these enormous legacies.

As to the second mode, that of leaving wealth at death for public uses, it may be said that this is only a means for the disposal of wealth, provided a man is content to wait until he is dead before it becomes of much good in the world. Knowledge of the results of legacies bequeathed is not calculated to inspire the brightest hopes of much posthumous good being accomplished. The cases are not few in which the real object sought by the testator is not attained, nor are they few in which his real wishes are thwarted. In many cases the bequests are so used as to become only monuments of his folly. It is well to remember that it requires the exercise of not less ability than that which acquired

the wealth to use it so as to be really beneficial to the community. Besides this, it may fairly be said that no man is to be extolled for doing what he cannot help doing, nor is he to be thanked by the community to which he only leaves wealth at death. Men who leave vast sums in this way may fairly be thought men who would not have left it at all had they been able to take it with them. The memories of such cannot be held in grateful remembrance, for there is no grace in their gifts. It is not to be wondered at that such bequests seem so generally to lack the blessing.

The growing disposition to tax more and more heavily large estates left at death is a cheering indication of the growth of a salutary change in public opinion. The State of Pennsylvania now takes—subject to some exceptions—one-tenth of the property left by its citizens. The budget presented in the British Parliament the other day proposes to increase the death-duties; and, most significant of all, the new tax is to be a graduated one. Of all forms of taxation, this seems the wisest. Men who continue hoarding great sums all their lives, the proper use of which for public ends would work good to the community, should be made to feel that the community, in the form of the state, cannot thus be deprived of its proper share. By taxing estates heavily at death the state marks its condemnation of the selfish millionaire's unworthy life.

It is desirable that nations should go much further in this direction. Indeed, it is difficult to set bounds to the share of a rich man's estate which should go at his death to the public through the agency of the state, and by all means such taxes should be graduated, beginning at nothing upon moderate sums to dependents, and increasing rapidly as the amounts swell, until of the millionaire's hoard, as of Shylock's, at least

“—— The other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state.”

This policy would work powerfully to induce the rich man to attend to the administration of wealth during his life, which is the end that society should always have in view, as being that by far most fruitful for the people. Nor need it be feared that this policy would sap the root of enterprise and render men less anxious to accumulate, for to the class whose ambition it is to

leave great fortunes and be talked about after their death, it will attract even more attention, and, indeed, be a somewhat nobler ambition to have enormous sums paid over to the state from their fortunes.

There remains, then, only one mode of using great fortunes; but in this we have the true antidote for the temporary unequal distribution of wealth, the reconciliation of the rich and the poor—a reign of harmony—another ideal, differing, indeed, from that of the Communist in requiring only the further evolution of existing conditions, not the total overthrow of our civilization. It is founded upon the present most intense individualism, and the race is prepared to put it in practice by degrees whenever it pleases. Under its sway we shall have an ideal state, in which the surplus wealth of the few will become, in the best sense, the property of the many, because administered for the common good, and this wealth, passing through the hands of the few, can be made a much more potent force for the elevation of our race than if it had been distributed in small sums to the people themselves. Even the poorest can be made to see this, and to agree that great sums gathered by some of their fellow-citizens and spent for public purposes, from which the masses reap the principal benefit, are more valuable to them than if scattered among them through the course of many years in trifling amounts.

If we consider what results flow from the Cooper Institute, for instance, to the best portion of the race in New York not possessed of means, and compare these with those which would have arisen for the good of the masses from an equal sum distributed by Mr. Cooper in his lifetime in the form of wages, which is the highest form of distribution, being for work done and not for charity, we can form some estimate of the possibilities for the improvement of the race which lie embedded in the present law of the accumulation of wealth. Much of this sum, if distributed in small quantities among the people, would have been wasted in the indulgence of appetite, some of it in excess, and it may be doubted whether even the part put to the best use, that of adding to the comforts of the home, would have yielded results for the race, as a race, at all comparable to those which are flowing and are to flow from the Cooper Institute from generation to generation. Let the advocate of violent or radical change ponder well this thought.

We might even go so far as to take another instance, that of Mr. Tilden's bequest of five millions of dollars for a free library in the city of New York, but in referring to this one cannot help saying involuntarily, How much better if Mr. Tilden had devoted the last years of his own life to the proper administration of this immense sum; in which case neither legal contest nor any other cause of delay could have interfered with his aims. But let us assume that Mr. Tilden's millions finally become the means of giving to New York a noble public library, where the treasures of the world contained in books will be open to all forever, without money and without price. Considering the good of that part of the race which congregates in and around Manhattan Island, would its permanent benefit have been better promoted had these millions been allowed to circulate in small sums through the hands of the masses? Even the most strenuous advocate of Communism must entertain a doubt upon this subject. Most of those who think will probably entertain no doubt whatever.

Poor and restricted are our opportunities in this life; narrow our horizon; our best work most imperfect; but rich men should be thankful for one inestimable boon. They have it in their power during their lives to busy themselves in organizing benefactions from which the masses of their fellows will derive lasting advantage, and thus dignify their own lives. The highest life is probably to be reached, not by such imitation of the life of Christ as Count Tolstoi gives us, but, while animated by Christ's spirit, by recognizing the changed conditions of this age, and adopting modes of expressing this spirit suitable to the changed conditions under which we live; still laboring for the good of our fellows, which was the essence of his life and teaching, but laboring in a different manner.

This, then, is held to be the duty of the man of Wealth: First, to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and after doing so to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer, and strictly bound as a matter of duty to administer in the manner which, in his judgment, is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community—the man of wealth thus becoming the mere agent and trustee for his poorer brethren, bringing to their

service his superior wisdom, experience, and ability to administer, doing for them better than they would or could do for themselves.

We are met here with the difficulty of determining what are moderate sums to leave to members of the family; what is modest, unostentatious living; what is the test of extravagance. There must be different standards for different conditions. The answer is that it is as impossible to name exact amounts or actions as it is to define good manners, good taste, or the rules of propriety; but, nevertheless, these are verities, well known although undefinable. Public sentiment is quick to know and to feel what offends these. So in the case of wealth. The rule in regard to good taste in the dress of men or women applies here. Whatever makes one conspicuous offends the canon. If any family be chiefly known for display, for extravagance in home, table, equipage, for enormous sums ostentatiously spent in any form upon itself,—if these be its chief distinctions, we have no difficulty in estimating its nature or culture. So likewise in regard to the use or abuse of its surplus wealth, or to generous, free-handed cooperation in good public uses, or to unabated efforts to accumulate and hoard to the last, whether they administer or bequeath. The verdict rests with the best and most enlightened public sentiment. The community will surely judge, and its judgments will not often be wrong.

The best uses to which surplus wealth can be put have already been indicated. Those who would administer wisely must, indeed, be wise, for one of the serious obstacles to the improvement of our race is indiscriminate charity. It were better for mankind that the millions of the rich were thrown into the sea than so spent as to encourage the slothful, the drunken, the unworthy. Of every thousand dollars spent in so-called charity to-day, it is probable that \$950 is unwisely spent; so spent, indeed, as to produce the very evils which it proposes to mitigate or cure. A well-known writer of philosophic books admitted the other day that he had given a quarter of a dollar to a man who approached him as he was coming to visit the house of his friend. He knew nothing of the habits of this beggar; knew not the use that would be made of this money, although he had every reason to suspect that it would be spent improperly. This man professed to be a disciple of Herbert Spencer; yet the quarter-dollar given that night will probably work more injury than all the money

which its thoughtless donor will ever be able to give in true charity will do good. He only gratified his own feelings, saved himself from annoyance,—and this was probably one of the most selfish and very worst actions of his life, for in all respects he is most worthy.

In bestowing charity, the main consideration should be to help those who will help themselves; to provide part of the means by which those who desire to improve may do so; to give those who desire to rise the aids by which they may rise; to assist, but rarely or never to do all. Neither the individual nor the race is improved by alms-giving. Those worthy of assistance, except in rare cases, seldom require assistance. The really valuable men of the race never do, except in cases of accident or sudden change. Every one has, of course, cases of individuals brought to his own knowledge where temporary assistance can do genuine good, and these he will not overlook. But the amount which can be wisely given by the individual for individuals is necessarily limited by his lack of knowledge of the circumstances connected with each. He is the only true reformer who is as careful and as anxious not to aid the unworthy as he is to aid the worthy, and, perhaps, even more so, for in alms-giving more injury is probably done by rewarding vice than by relieving virtue.

The rich man is thus almost restricted to following the examples of Peter Cooper, Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, Mr. Pratt of Brooklyn, Senator Stanford, and others, who know that the best means of benefiting the community is to place within its reach the ladders upon which the aspiring can rise—parks, and means of recreation, by which men are helped in body and mind; works of art, certain to give pleasure and improve the public taste, and public institutions of various kinds, which will improve the general condition of the people;—in this manner returning their surplus wealth to the mass of their fellows in the forms best calculated to do them lasting good.

Thus is the problem of Rich and Poor to be solved. The laws of accumulation will be left free; the laws of distribution free. Individualism will continue, but the millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor; intrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself. The best minds will thus have reached a stage in the

development of the race in which it is clearly seen that there is no mode of disposing of surplus wealth creditable to thoughtful and earnest men into whose hands it flows save by using it year by year for the general good. This day already dawns. But a little while, and although, without incurring the pity of their fellows, men may die sharers in great business enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and is left chiefly at death for public uses, yet the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was his to administer during life, will pass away "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," no matter to what uses he leaves the dross which he cannot take with him. Of such as these the public verdict will then be: "The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced."

Such, in my opinion, is the true Gospel concerning Wealth, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the Rich and the Poor, and to bring "Peace on earth, among men Good-Will."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

CAUSES OF THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

BY GENERAL FAUSTINO GUERRA PUENTE, LEADER OF THE
INSURRECTIONISTS.

The following article for the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was dictated to William Inglis by General Faustino Guerra Puente (Pino Guerra), the leader of the Cuban Alzados, or Insurrectionists. Colonel Charles Hernandez, a peace envoy from the Association of Veterans, translated General Guerra's words from Spanish into English. The interview took place on Wednesday, September 5th, in General Guerra's headquarters in the field, a tobacco barn near the village of Jibaro in the famous Vuelta Abajo, province of Pinar del Rio, 175 miles southwest of Havana.

THE revolution was begun in this way. We Cubans have our laws and our Constitution. We have also an electoral law. The day is appointed by the Constitution for the election of President, Vice-President, senators, representatives and governors of provinces. When the work of electioneering was begun, Don Tomas Estrada Palma, who up to a few months before the election had not belonged to either the Moderate or the Liberal party, joined the Moderate party. From that day the chiefs of the Moderate party commenced to use such tactics as to impede all the rights to which the Liberals, according to the Constitution, were entitled. The first thing they did was to name a Cabinet, of the Secretaries of the President, called by their own party a "Cabinet of Battle." At that time (last September) the President named as Secretary of the Government Department, which had all to do with the elections, policing and armed forces of the island, a Judicial General, who on becoming Secretary of the Government ordered all the forces in his power—the Rural Guard and police—in combination with the Judicial Department to incarcerate all of those who were not in favor of the election of the candidates named by the Moderate party.

As a result, the candidates of the Liberal party, finding it

impossible to organize their forces for the election, and standing in fear that their principal leaders were in constant danger—for oppression had gone so far that some were shot at and some were killed—retired from the election. They knew that in the presence of the force that was being used by the Government departments it would be impossible for them to have an honest election.

Another cause of this uprising is the fact that the Government was using money of the Treasury for causes known only to the Government and for the benefit of a few of the leaders of the Moderate party who had become rich in a few days. Furthermore, laws which had been enacted to enhance the prosperity of the country the Government refused to carry out because to do so would not benefit a few of the leaders—namely, Tomas Estrada Palma; Rafael Montalvo, Secretary of the Government; Freyre de Andrade, President of the Chamber of Representatives; Domingo Mendez Capote, Vice-President; Senator Carlos Dolz, Senator Carlos Fonts Sterling, and Senator Frias, the assassin of Villuendas. Villuendas was one of the principal leaders of the Liberal party, a young man of prestige, who had fought all through the War of Independence, a lawyer and one of the most intelligent and progressive young men of Cuba.

A third cause of the uprising is that the Government has diverted the one million dollars voted for the purpose of public improvements in the province of Vuelta Abajo and has used that money for the purpose of arming and paying the same guerrillas who fought the Cubans during the War of Independence. These are the men the Government is using to try to quell this uprising which is now in progress all over the island.

I am satisfied that a great majority of the veterans of the War of Independence are in favor of the movement to uphold whatever Government is elected honestly, and will obey and enforce the Constitution and the laws of the country.

I state emphatically that I have no favorite for the office of President or any other position in the Government; but I will stand until the last in order to have the wrong that has been done rectified in an honorable way to all concerned.

You ask why this uprising has been begun at this time instead of last winter. The answer is because we thought that after the elections were over, President Tomas Estrada Palma, who was

always considered to be an honest man, would drop all party affiliations and would govern by the Constitution and the law, a thing which he has not done. He has ignored the Constitution and the law and has let himself be managed by the leaders of this so-called Moderate party.

You ask whether the Liberals are fighting in the expectation of capturing Havana or of intervention by some other Power. I believe the outcome will be that, step by step, this movement will open its way into Justice, which was not done by those who conducted the election of the President for the Moderate party.

I cannot answer your question as to whether we seek intervention. That answer must come from our executive committee at headquarters. I am simply a soldier, obeying the orders of the Central Committee.

Will the property of foreigners in Cuba be protected or destroyed? I cannot answer that. Ask the Central Committee. I am only a soldier obeying orders. Personally I hope there will be no destruction.

Perhaps you would like to know who is my candidate for President? I have none. If Tomas Estrada Palma should be elected by a fair vote, I would give him my whole support. But the present conditions are intolerable. If the American people had to endure such a Government as Palma's is to-day, they would not permit it to remain in power five days.

FAUSTINO GUERRA PUENTE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, AND LOUISE
COLLIER WILLCOX.

"LINCOLN, MASTER OF MEN."*

For almost half a century biographers and historians have been engaged in collecting the facts concerning Abraham Lincoln, and their records are voluminous and fairly complete. It still remains, however, for skilled and discreet special students to sift those facts, and to present them in such fashion that their true significance may be appreciated by those who would test the quality of "the first American," and in this valuable work Mr. Rothschild is very largely a pioneer.

Certainly, the trail which he has blazed through the forest of facts displays keen judgment, and he arrives at his objective with unerring accuracy.

Starting inauspiciously through the tangle of unconvincing stories associated with Lincoln's youth, many of them rooted in the unreliable reminiscences of alleged boyhood companions and early settlers of the Dennis Hanks variety, the author moves swiftly forward, and the reader soon follows him with confidence and appreciation. "Lincoln, Master of Men," is his theme, and measurement and comparison are the key-notes of his argument.

In six graphic chapters he portrays his hero's experiences with Douglas, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Frémont and McClellan, demonstrating how his genius triumphed over "The Little Giant," won "The Premier's" esteem, utilized the Chief Justice's talents, curbed the War Minister's arrogance, neutralized "The Pathfinder's" mischievous self-aggrandizement and suf-

* "Lincoln, Master of Men." Alonzo Rothschild. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ferred "The Young Napoleon" to expose his own limitations. All of these leaders were, of course, men of extraordinary ability, self-confident and resourceful, gifted with strong personality, and inspired with as much patriotism as egotism permits; but Lincoln's eulogists, only too often, convey a contrary impression. Mr. Rothschild is, however, admirably judicial in his treatment of these distinguished statesmen and soldiers, illustrating and emphasizing all their strong qualities, and allowing Lincoln's supremacy to force itself upon the reader with something of the conviction which must have dominated the great emancipator's peers.

Other writers, it is true, have recognized the remarkable attributes of Lincoln's associates and rivals; but the usual method is to depict them as giants at the commencement of his administration, and then belittle them until they appear mere midgets beside the Chief who overtops them, not because he himself has grown, but because they have gradually shrunk. Possibly, this may be true of Frémont and McClellan; but it is far from true of either Douglas, Seward, Chase or Stanton. Each of these men developed strength rather than weakness in the days of peril. Douglas, holding his rival's hat on Inauguration Day and touring Illinois to exert his powerful influence for the Union cause, was a far greater statesman than when he posed as the idol of the Democracy. Seward found himself long after he had, as "Premier," indited his pompous and insolent "Thoughts for the President's Consideration." Chase was a broader and generally abler man when he retired from the Cabinet than when he entered it, and Stanton was infinitely stronger at the close of the war than he had been at its beginning.

Lincoln encouraged the aptitudes of each of these men, and much of their development was due to the generous opportunities he afforded for their growth. Without a thought of self, he imparted his own strength to all their patriotic undertakings and maintained his supremacy without an effort. This is the true measure of his greatness.

Were there nothing else in Mr. Rothschild's pages but the demonstration of that point, they would still be worth a careful study, but there is more, and much more, value in his work. With unmistakable craftsmanship and keen discernment, he discloses Lincoln's methods of approaching, disarming and conquering his

jealous allies and ambitious rivals, shows how he cured one of superiority and another of contempt, and how he handled them all to the end that the nation might receive the best they had to give, regardless of his personal feelings. It is, of course, in his daily relations with those forceful men that Lincoln's tact, self-restraint and rare judgment show to best advantage, and there is a lesson for rulers of men in almost every encounter between the great Executive and his masterful ministers. Possessed of power such as few men have ever wielded, and provoked as perhaps no other ruler by the insolence of office, Lincoln steadfastly remained calm and just, and his reproofs couched in the language of sorrow or regret effected what the harshest upbraidings would never have accomplished. Chase, Stanton and Seward have all of them suffered from the indiscreet publication of correspondence teeming with invective, petulance and cheap self-glorification, but not one mean or angry word has been traced to Lincoln's pen; and to-day the South can find no syllable of offence in all the utterances of the most tireless critic of slavery. Lincoln was not a saint, however, as many of his eulogists would have us believe. He was distinctly human—so very human that he could recognize and appreciate the various points of view from which his associates, opponents and critics looked upon the momentous questions of the day and hour. Intent upon his great objective, he yielded all matters of minor importance, but not contemptuously or with the indulgent air of a superior intelligence, but understandingly and sympathetically, firm in his belief that others saw the goal as clearly as he did and were travelling toward it with him, although by different roads. Only a very human personality could have been so closely in touch with the minds of other men. This is the open secret of his mastery.

All this is clearly and entertainingly set forth in Mr. Rothschild's volume; and although probably all the facts in his pages can be found in the biographies or histories, they are so well presented that even the special student reads them with fresh interest.

It is, of course, well-nigh impossible for any author to handle such a mass of details without an error of any kind, and Mr. Rothschild's reference to the "required *two-thirds* vote" in the Chicago Convention is merely a slip which supplies the saving exception to his rule of accuracy.

A word should be said for the make-up of this volume, which is a model of convenience, for both the general reader and the specialist. Instead of the annoying side or foot notes, the authorities (which read like Richie's "List of Lincolniana") are tabulated in an alphabetical index, and the valuable supplemental notes are likewise collected under the various chapter headings at the end of the book, which closes with a general index of most satisfying qualities. All these details enhance the practical value of such a work, and it is to be hoped that other historical essayists will profit by its notable example.

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.

GEORGE MEREDITH.*

To see a new edition of George Meredith is like being young again, and how one envies those enthusiastic youngsters of literature who will, by means of this reissue of Messrs. Scribner, meet the great master for the first time. Who can ever forget his first reading of "Richard Feverel," and all that it meant to his heart and his head! For some of us who love literature the most romantic thing that ever happens to us is the reading of a great book for the first time. The first time we read the "Odyssey," the first time we read the "Morte d'Arthur," the first time we read "Romeo and Juliet," the first time we read Keats—and rapidly to descend to modern instances, the first time we read "Sartor Resartus," "Walden," "Leaves of Grass," and "Marius the Epicurean." There are, of course, many other books that live in our hearts like the memories of our first love—if the comparison be strong enough—those sacred formative books of the spirit, that come to us with such thrilling force and fragrance in the eager dawn of our lives; but, of all modern books, none, perhaps, meant so much to the young heart—of twenty years ago—as "Richard Feverel." It is, I think, long since a commonplace of critical acknowledgment that perhaps nowhere out of Shakespeare has the bloom and wonder of young love been so magically expressed as in those heart-breaking, beautiful chapters in which Lucy and Richard meet by the river. I speak of "Richard Feverel" in particular, because, as has usually happened with a great writer, Mr. Meredith seems to me to have concentrated all

* New Pocket Edition of the Works of George Meredith. Sixteen Vols. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

his gifts in this one book with masterly spontaneity: his romance, his philosophy, his comedy, his epigram, his humorous characterization, his tragedy, his irony, and, above all, that valiant spiritual faith in "the upper glories," which, in combination with his fearless acceptance of the realities of life, makes the final significance of his writing. Spiritual faith is to be judged by the amount of doubt it holds in solution. Much so-called faith is merely a refusal to see, to look at what we call the "hard facts of life"; but the value of Mr. Meredith is that he looks them all straight in the face, and yet believes in the radiant indestructibility of the spirit. No so-called "realist" was ever more scientific, more accurate in observation, more conscientious to record; and thus his optimism has a consoling masculine ring, which one misses in the sentimental cheerfulness of the professional optimist.

But I must not seem to imply that Mr. Meredith is a philosopher using the novel merely as a means of animated illustration. He is first of all a great creative artist, with an unusual combination of gifts; and he seems to me unique in his power of showing what a many-stringed instrument the novel can be. No novelist has ever done so many things at once with the novel as George Meredith, except Balzac. Many novelists have given us strong and accurate presentation of human drama and character, but one has felt that the minds that portrayed them were unequal to the significance of their material — good story-tellers, clever mimics, with no interpretative sense of that infinite something which fills the smallest actions of men with a wistful poetry. To be really a great novelist you must be a poet as well, and it is the poetic quality behind all Mr. Meredith's brilliance that gives his novels their peculiar dignity and impressiveness, and a quality of piquant intensity which, after reading him, makes other novelists seem curiously opaque and mundane.

This intense spiritual quality of his work has all the more authority in the case of a novelist who so evidently, as we say, knows his world, and is such a brilliant and accurate observer of social types and human character, gifted with so worldly a wit, and wielding such a lash of satire. Think of the range of power in the hands that could set Lucy and Richard by the river, and yet portray with such masterly comedy the sophisticated world of "The Egoist"; and, yet again, could write with swordlike strength the story of Italian liberty as in "Vittoria." As one goes over

Mr. Meredith's books, this remarkable many-sidedness of his power seems separately illustrated by each one. No two books are alike, but each reveals some quality not found in the others. But all, of course, are linked together by the common bond of that wonderful fantastic style which has always been, and probably always will be, a barrier between Mr. Meredith and the great majority of readers. Even the faithful have been known to grow exasperated occasionally over its bewildering vagaries—over such passages, for example, as the opening lines of "One of Our Conquerors"; and the first chapter of "Diana of the Crossways" is certainly one of the hardest nuts to crack in literature. To read "The Egoist" "at sight," so to speak, is as difficult as to read at sight a fugue of Brahms. Yet, admitted the frequent hardness of the nut, the question is—is it worth cracking? And to that question there can, of course, be only one answer. If a reader will not take the trouble to wrestle with a difficult master, the loss, obviously, is his own. And, indeed, seeing the subtle psychological nature of much of Mr. Meredith's material, it seems hard to conceive of any other style being adequate for his purpose—just, as in the case of Walter Pater, his much-misconceived style grows organically out of the subject-matter he strove to present.

Yet, as with Browning, Mr. Meredith's obscurity has been considerably exaggerated, and the wonderful beauty and power, the lyrical simplicity and swordlike swiftness of it at its best have been too little dwelt on. Particularly in the descriptions of nature, and in the descriptions of women—Mr. Meredith's wonderful women—does it rise to heights of rapture and loveliness unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, by any prose in the English language. And, as to the wit of the writing, there is hardly need to speak of it, for Mr. Meredith is easily the greatest epigrammatist of his time; and his epigrams, like all the rest of his writing, are illuminated and energized by that profound spiritual and poetic insight of which I have spoken.

It is natural to write first of Mr. Meredith as a novelist, but there are those for whom he is first of all a poet, those who, aside from "Richard Feverel," value most his "Modern Love," and his unique nature-poetry,—his "Songs and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth"—more filled with the very breath of nature, the smell of green leaves and the aromatic mould, than any other nature-poetry in English. It is strange to think that such poetry should

have waited so long for the comparatively meagre recognition that it is at last receiving—that “Modern Love” should have slept for over twenty years in a first edition, in spite of Mr. Swinburne’s impassioned praise. However, the poets are found of their own, and it is not the many readers, but the few, that count. In the hearts of “that acute and honorable minority,” Mr. Meredith is securely enthroned, and the man who wrote “Love in the Valley” can have no doubt of his position among English poets. There has been no space for illustrative quotation from his prose, but let me, by way of decorative tailpiece to my article, end with two of the loveliest verses ever written:

“Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
 Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star;
 Lone in the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
 Brooding o’er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar.
 Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
 So were it with me if forgetting could be will’d.
 Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
 Tell it to forget the source that keeps it fill’d.

“Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
 Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
 Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
 Threading it with color, like yewberries the yew.
 Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
 Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
 Maiden still the moon is; and strange she is, and secret;
 Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.”

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

“THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE.”*

AMERICA has been fairly successful during the last two generations in the production of sectional novels; for some reason, too intricate to trace, we seem impotent as regards the universal novel, that form of which the Russia of to-day is past master.

Those whose memory reaches back twenty years or so to the publication of “John Ward, Preacher,” Mrs. Deland’s first notable success, will see growth in ease and grace of handling in “Helena Richie,” even some progress in liberality of thought and breadth of vision, but that which is lacking to make a seriously

* “The Awakening of Helena Richie.” By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

fine novel is intensity, depth and strength of emotion, and this is our national defect. The story is lightly and delicately touched with conventional and innocuous views of morality, and the sorrows of life are decorously veiled.

Goethe once defined good society as that which furnished us with no material for poetry; and Symonds noted how hardly should those who wore evening clothes enter into the kingdom of the plastic arts. A quite recent essayist, in pointing out what an anachronism an *Œdipus frenzy* would be to-day, exclaims upon the power of a liveried footman to quench unseemly emotion. It is something of this sort, a certain undue reverence for appearances, for the outer conventional garb of life, which tends to make American fiction seem, in comparison with the more ruddy products of other nations, rather sterile and stingy. We are led, no matter what the theme, along a surface pageant of pleasantness, and no hint is ever allowed of the underlying chasms, of the sheer precipices to right and to left of the narrow path, of the surging, black waters of mortal anguish before and after.

If one take account of the events of Mrs. Deland's novel, and bar out the comforting and agreeable *dénouement*, we find the situation to be intrinsically as tragic as that of "Anna Karénina," for example. Helena is a woman whose child has been murdered by a drunken husband (it is worth while to examine the delicately veiled allusions to this deed, and to ask ourselves if horrors are really lessened by the vague words in which we cloak them). She then enters into an irregular relation with a coarse and selfish man, and lives a dozen years apparently as detached from human intercourse, friendships, external relations, as that model of all forlornness, Jeanne, in de Maupassant's "*Une Vie*." Old Chester, where Helena takes up her abode in the "Stuffed Animal House," overcomes her reserves, however, and she enters into social relations, only to cause the suicide of a young and promising poet, a paralytic stroke and the final death of a picturesque and crabbed old genius, and to sow division in the married harmony of an excellent and upright doctor and his hard-working, over-tired, much-serving and much-saving wife, appropriately named Martha. Baldly stated, this would seem to be the groundwork of a tragic novel, but nothing is further than tragedy from the general effect of Mrs. Deland's book. On the contrary, it is most pleasant and delightful reading. It is a

swift and graceful skimming over the laughing surfaces of life, and no real grip upon or understanding of emotion touches with tragedy the picture of the individual broken upon the wheel of the social system.

The background of Old Chester is as charming as ever. The quick, keen perception of the *outside* of character, "its tricks and its manners," is incomparably done. In the detachment, the undeviating pursuit of the personal interest, young Sam's Sam and the younger David are bits of observation which reach high-water mark. These two characters are akin in their lack of relation, their self-absorption, and Sam's Sam's ability to listen unconcernedly to his father's attacking tirade while he notes a good phrase for his drama is only a decade removed from David's imperturbable and questioning insistence upon his own line of investigation. This crisscross of human interests is humorously and delightfully hit off over and over again, as in Mrs. Richie's waiting for the stage which is to bring her lover to arrange for the marriage, postponed twelve years, shutting her eyes to bear her impatience while she sends David to look and report, while David, with nonchalant, curt answers as to the stage, continues his theological researches as to God's food,—“Does He eat us? He *must*; chickens don't go there.” Such touches are delightfully incongruous and whimsical. David, indeed, lends charm and merriment to the whole book. He pursues metaphysical inquiry with the unabated zeal of childhood. “Are fish happy when people eat them?” and his stumbling upon the question, “Can you ever get back behind a thing that is done? Can God?” is only the infant wording of Mr. Swinburne's outcry—

“Can God restore one ruined thing,
Or He who slays our souls alive
Bid dead things thrive?”

But Dr. Lavendar's tender optimism strikes the answer, that God is always beginning again, and that there is no known human experience of pain or of sin that may not be the gate of heaven.

The finest dramatic point in the work is the scene in which young Sam, the poet, strikes his grandfather in the face, but young Sam was young enough and poetic enough to force dramatic situations. The real stroke of genius after the creation of David is old Benjamin, that solitary soul so intimate with the

great dead, so cut off from the small living. On his death-bed, his final cynical jokes, the attempt of the soul that is flitting out into the unknown to express the individual form of consciousness to the very last, in the application of the words, "Crito, I owe a cock to Æsculapius. . . ." "The debt is paid. Hey? I got the receipt"—these flashes give one the little thrill of delight that only answers to a very keen glance into the true nature of individuality.

Helena Richie herself is faintly, thinly conceived. Her consciousness is too elementary to feel seriously about, and one only wonders that such grave events can hang themselves upon so slight a character. Her awakening by means of David, the leading back of a bruised and sullied soul by the hand of a little child into the quiet joys and the little exaltations of innocence and service, are not deeply enough felt to make a serious impression.

Dr. Lavendar, too, it would seem, stumbles lamentably once or twice in this book. His attitude of accusing judge in his interview with Helena, his final sending her out into the night without escort, as a sort of punitive humiliation, his refusal to leave her in charge of David, and then putting the child in the coach with her as a "surprise package," may have helped in the conventional structure of the story, and to give the little jump up of unexpectedness which the modern slightly built novel deems so important an element, but which detracts from the sense of truth and seriousness and from the reverence which the author intends us to feel for this well-known character.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

WORLD-POLITICS.

PARIS: WASHINGTON.

PARIS, *August, 1906.*

WE may hope that French politics will gradually become quite simple and intelligible, and no longer the nightmare of entanglement which they used to be. A few comprehensive questions and a knowledge of the political temperament of a few leading men ought soon to enable even the casual reader to form an accurate idea of the situation of this country. In fact, the present writer has never found it so easy a task as to-day to unite brevity with lucidity. Almost everything is said the moment we state that pure politics—that is to say, the private interests of a few individual deputies or Ministers,—are fast receding into the background and making room for all-important social questions.

The first week of the new legislature was entirely devoted to a debate—which some people may have been tempted to call “academic,” but which, in fact, was of preeminent practical interest—between Jaurès and M. Clémenceau. Nearly three hundred in the Chamber were elected as Socialists or Radical-Socialists, and Jaurès could well imagine himself the real leader of the majority. As a matter of fact, twenty or thirty questions which were to be put to the Minister of the Interior, M. Clémenceau, were brushed aside as insignificant, and the very question which was furnishing M. Jaurès his theme—the alleged rough handling by the Government of the Courrières strikers—was soon dismissed as secondary, and all the attention of the Chamber was centred on the one comprehensive question: Was the democracy to go on wasting her time and resources on anticlericalism and mock reforms, or were steps to be taken for the benefit of the working classes? The almost universal applause of the Chamber testified that the audience of the great Socialist orator was awake at last

to the necessity of entering a new field of parliamentary labor. Clearly a new leaf had been turned, and we were entering upon a new phase of the Revolution begun more than a century ago. Industrialism and democracy mean attention to the rights and possibilities of the millions, and the *prolétaires'* votes have been too long represented in Parliament without any advantage accruing to them from their so-called share in the government.

To put it in newspaper language, it appears evident that, during the next four years, nine out of ten questions mooted in the French Chamber will have Jaurès or one of his lieutenants as their exponents; and whenever no other solution can be propounded, the Socialist solution will be taken for granted.

The difficulty is that the Socialists' solutions of side issues too often presuppose the wholesale admission of their fundamental doctrine, for which not everybody is prepared. Six or seven months before the election, Jaurès had promised, in the grandiloquent language of which he is a master, to submit to the coming Chamber a "*vaste texte législatif*," a sort of code of the future *Civitas*, which would bring Socialist theories down to the parliamentary level. The work had been planned, he said, by some of his friends, and was nearly complete. M. Clémenceau, after hearing with good-humored irony the attacks made by Jaurès on his *bourgeois* policy, insisted on obtaining definite information as to various consequences apparently entailed by the Socialist programme. For instance, M. Jaurès advocated the nationalization of railways and mines, and, generally, of the industrial property held until now by large companies: did he mean that the proprietors thus ousted were entitled to some sort of compensation or not? To this embarrassing question M. Jaurès refused at first to give an answer; after a few days, he said that, if compensation should ever be given, it must be in the Socialist currency, *i. e.*, the tickets representing articles of daily necessity, and not the worthless gold they are intended to supersede. This, being interpreted in the flippant language of the present *Civitas*, amounted to nothing better than "monkey's coin"; and it appeared once more that the Socialist reconstruction was likely to be effected by force, and not through sweet reasonableness. Clémenceau exploded his opponent's fallacies one after the other, and he did so without sparing the cutting sarcasm which has made him so formidable in ten successive Parliaments.

At the end of his speech, very little remained of the Socialist leader's address, beyond the general statement that nothing has been done so far for the working classes, that the efforts of Parliament ought to be directed to industrial and economic questions, and that the adjustment of rights and wrongs can only be slow and progressive, and must be the work of experience rather than of debates and of theories. Social questions, then, will henceforward be the order of the day.

Will they be dealt with according to the Socialists' quick-working methods, or, on the contrary, given up to a majority of rich men, whose chief anxiety seems to have been, above all, to keep them in the background? The division of the Chamber, at the conclusion of Clémenceau's address, leaves no room for doubting that the day of the Socialist party has not dawned yet. The majority in favor of the Minister numbered upwards of four hundred—one of the largest on record; and it appears evident that the Radical-Socialists, in spite of their name and programme, will follow the leadership of Clémenceau, not of Jaurès.

The Minister of the Interior may have no exceptional title to the name of "statesman"—what man ever had who took office for the first time at the age of sixty-five?—but he undoubtedly belies the notion that an ironist, with a tendency to point out, above all, the absurd or impossible sides of a policy, finds himself powerless the moment he has to meet the difficulties of government. M. Clémenceau's weakness is probably to think government easy, and to regard as dunces some of his predecessors who plodded through the work he himself does offhand. But the light and easy manner which he has carried from literature into the exercise of power does not prevent his being a dexterous, keen-sighted and rather masterful Minister. To all intents and purposes, it is he and not M. Sarrien who is the head of the Cabinet, and he showed himself quite equal to the task on two difficult occasions, viz.: the general election, which he conducted with adroitness and a proper degree of cynicism, and the beginning of the session, when, as I have just said, he managed to rob M. Jaurès of his programme without committing himself to his methods.

Since then he has gone to work, as he said he would, and has succeeded in passing an Income Tax Bill, which is a first step in the way of practical reforms. As a net result of two months' parliamentary work it is remarkable, and more than has ever been

achieved in the same length of time. While the Bill was under discussion, the Old Age Pension Bill was gradually being brought into working order, and there is every reason to hope that this great democratic measure will henceforward be something better than a platform commonplace or a chapter of "Utopia" in statistics and figures. The long-despaired-of Bill enforcing a weekly holiday for workmen was also passed. The numberless difficulties attending its regular enforcement have not been cleared away yet by the Council of State, and may be, for many years to come, in the way of its general application; but, wherever those difficulties are not insuperable, the Act will be given a chance. It may be rather hard that a democracy should have had to wait so long for such preeminently democratic reforms, but there is comfort in the notion that a few weeks or months were sufficient to bring them into existence at last. M. Clémenceau may boast that, had it not been for him, they would probably be still looked upon as impossibilities by the very men in his majority who spoke of them as measures of the first importance.

Improvement meaning expense, M. Clémenceau would be badly off if he were not supported by an able Minister of Finance. M. Poincaré happens to be the very man he wants. Like his colleague, M. Poincaré has a wider outlook than the ordinary politician. He is a *connoisseur* in literature and philosophy, and an excellent writer. He is a sober, cool-headed orator, with a good deal of intellectual austerity under his graceful manner, and a sworn foe to vagueness and pretence. The habit of Ministers of Finance was to deny deficits, and dress up balances as much as appeared necessary to secure a favorable vote. M. Poincaré has given up the practice. On the eve of the election he owned to a deficit of over two hundred million francs; and he had nothing to say against the Old Age Pension Fund if the Chamber allowed him to raise yearly an extra sixty-five million francs where they could be found.

This honest policy seems likely to exclude every other where politics are superseded by redistribution of property. At any rate, the Chamber must have realized that no other was possible, as there is no golden mean between Mr. Jaurès's confiscations and M. Poincaré's new taxes, and they have given the Minister full leave to scrape together his sixty-five millions as best he can. The task is not easy. The French have been overburdened ever

since they had to pay the Prussian war indemnity, and the chief danger to the Republic is a comparison that will often recur between the light Budgets of the Second Empire and the heavy ones to which we have been accustomed since. The least addition to the taxes is often resented by the very classes in whose behalf it is made, and the common workman is well aware that his bread may depend on the millionaire's indulgence in luxury. M. Poincaré seems to have partly succeeded in filling his exchequer without creating too much anxiety. There will be a duty on works of art and curios, and another—which, unfortunately, is only an anticipation of the Income Tax Act—on exchange operations. Moreover, M. Poincaré is going to seek two other sources of revenue in quarters likely to please the Socialists. Five thousand men of the Colonial troops will be disbanded, and the transfer of property through collateral inheritance will be liable to a duty of thirty per cent. instead of twelve. This means the complete absorption by the state of property, not in the direct line, within four generations, and the Socialists could hardly demand a more stringent measure. It cannot be very popular, and M. Poincaré wound up the speech in which he demonstrated the necessity of this tax with a pathetic appeal to the patriotism of the taxpayers and a promise to establish a special scale in favor of smaller fortunes.

All this is very clear. It seems evident that France, after being for some years dragged into the groove of the social and economic reforms which are the chief interest of cultivated men, from America to Germany and from England to Japan, is at present growing conscious of the advisability of this policy.

But even this higher view of politics has its danger, and may be occasionally dimmed by old prejudices. It has been often said that the French nation cares much more for equality than for liberty, and the history of the past century certainly bears out the observation. When they speak of equality, the French unfortunately nearly always mean levelling. The new departure we are witnessing may result, nay, must some day result, in bettering the general conditions of life; but a high ideal does not always meet with its immediate reward, and prudence and wisdom should accompany it. So much has been said by the Socialists and echoed by the Radicals concerning the necessity of improving the condition of the working classes, and, by hook or by crook, enlisting rich citizens in the work, that some capital has been frightened

out of France. M. Poincaré acknowledged the fact in the tribune. Several milliards have crossed the frontier, and will naturally be employed by Swiss, Belgian and Italian bankers in Swiss, Belgian and Italian enterprises. The threats of a more or less immediate nationalization of the French railways is sure to encourage a migratory movement in the direction of American railways, which is, so far, more spoken of than really visible, but will become a fact the moment the capitalist who is not a professional financier becomes used to a foreign check-book. No purpose can be gained by impoverishing a country, and France is certainly ceasing to be the large bank with the millions of small safes that it used to be. The staunch Socialist is blind to these ominous symptoms, because his dream shows him countries always too large for their inhabitants, but a financier like M. Poincaré sees the danger and points it out with an outspokenness that bespeaks its seriousness.

These are some hopeful signs that the French politician will become practical by dealing at last with practical affairs. The "*Matin*" published some time ago an article in which M. Pelletan, the most obdurate of pure politicians, took a mischievous pleasure in showing that the Income Tax Act framed by the Minister of Finance was unworkable. But the public took this for what it was, literature, and paid much more attention to the articles devoted to the Custom House differences with Spain and Switzerland, and to another by M. Caillaux, in which this very able financier and ex-Minister demonstrated that real disarmament is much more the suppression of underhand tariff wars than the reduction of some items in the War Budget. Such a statement, only a year ago, would have been perfectly unintelligible to the newspaper reader, and we must be improving. Political peace will certainly help social wisdom, but wisdom has never been more necessary.

WASHINGTON, August, 1906.

DURING President Roosevelt's temporary relief from the cares though not from the responsibilities of administration, the principal topics of political discussion in the Federal capital have been the impression made by Secretary Root on the Latin-American peoples; the elaborate preparations made in many States to welcome Mr. William J. Bryan on his return from foreign parts; and the contest going on between the two chief political parties for the control of State Legislatures and Executives and

of the next Federal House of Representatives. There is no doubt that the success of Mr. Root's visit to South America has transcended expectations. That the head of our State Department, justly regarded as Mr. Roosevelt's principal adviser, should have traversed thousands of miles of ocean in a United States war-ship to meet personally and confer with the leaders of public opinion in Latin-American republics was rightly looked upon as an unprecedented compliment, deserving of the most cordial recognition. What might have proved, however, only an interesting interchange of courtesies seems likely to have a profound and lasting international significance. In Brazil, to be sure, the temper of the public men and of the people at large was known to be already favorable to the friendliest relations with the United States. We have never had any trouble with the Brazilians, either when they were the subjects of an empire, or since they have adopted a republican régime. As the descendants of Portuguese who have never loved the Spaniards, the Brazilians viewed with indifference or complacency the discomfiture of Spain in our recent contest with that Power, and, constituting as they do a strong and prosperous nation, thoroughly qualified to meet its obligations, they have no reason to resent the Roosevelt deduction from the Monroe Doctrine, which would impose upon us the duty of intervening, by the assumption of the revenue-collecting function, between weak and indebted American commonwealths and their European creditors. There is another fact conducive to an amicable understanding, namely, that our country is the largest consumer of Brazil's coffee, and one of the best customers for her hides and rubber. There was every reason, therefore, sentimental and commercial, why Mr. Root should look forward to a hearty, and even effusive, reception in the Brazilian capital. Whatever he may have hoped for, it was more than fulfilled. It is doubtful whether any visitor to Rio de Janeiro ever evoked, or could evoke, a more fervent and imposing demonstration of good-will. As festivity followed festivity during the days of his sojourn, he was made to feel that he, personally, and the country which he represented, possessed not only the esteem and respect, but the confidence, of the Brazilian people. That the confidence was well deserved he proved by a series of speeches well adapted to set forth the community of sentiment and interest welding together American republics, and to allay misgivings, if any such

existed, concerning the possible wish of the United States to assert a species of protectorate over less powerful neighbors in the Western Hemisphere. In those speeches, freighted with good sense and instinct with sincerity, the Secretary seems to have builded better than perhaps he knew. Addressed primarily to Brazilians, they were made known by telegraph to Spanish-American capitals, and had an auspicious effect on the attitude of those cities toward the approaching American visitor.

When Mr. Root's tour was contemplated, it was pointed out that, while he was certain to be treated in Uruguay, Argentina and Chile with the ostensible civility due to his official station, he might be disappointed if he reckoned on a genuine and ardent exhibition of popular trust and liking toward a spokesman of the great republic of the North. Spanish-speaking Americans cannot help seeing in the United States the possessor of Florida and of the vast Louisiana Territory, which once belonged to Spain. They cannot but see in us the Power which less than sixty years ago deprived Mexico of Texas and California. With our resolve to give Cuba independence they could not but sympathize, but they would have been unfilial, could they have surveyed unmoved the quick and irresistible blows by which we forced their mother country to give up Porto Rico and the Philippines, and to drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation. In their case, moreover, there is no strong motive of commercial self-interest to counter-balance suspicion of our purposes. From Uruguay and Argentina we take some of their hides and wool, but their other products find our own commodities competitors in the British market. Then, again, it is precisely the feebler Spanish-American commonwealths that have most to dread from Mr. Roosevelt's assumption that, in spite of the Monroe Doctrine, European creditors have a right to enforce upon American debtors by an appeal to arms the payment of debts arising out of contract. Mr. Roosevelt's offer to avert possibly calamitous applications of that principle by interposing for the purpose of collecting customs revenue and apportioning it equitably between a defaulting debtor-republic and its European creditors could hardly be expected to impress the jurists of Montevideo and Buenos Aires, who uphold, and wish to see incorporated in international law, the doctrine that contractual obligations are not enforceable by a resort to war. For all these reasons, those familiar with the real feeling entertained

by Spanish-speaking Americans for the United States were disposed beforehand to regard with some uneasiness, if not anxiety, the prolongation of Mr. Root's tour beyond Rio de Janeiro. Happily, all such apprehensions have been belied, and the wisdom of the tour has been vindicated amply, for misunderstandings have been cleared away, and the bonds of friendship and fraternity have been riveted.

How long the boom of Mr. Bryan for the next Democratic nomination for the Presidency will last, nobody pretends to predict. It is certain that there are as yet no signs of its culmination, much less of its collapse. State Convention after State Convention in the West has endorsed his candidacy. It is true, indeed, that these impressive proofs of present popular favor are given almost two years before the meeting of the Democratic National Convention, and are in no wise binding on that body. Mindful of this fact, some of Mr. Bryan's more sagacious friends have expressed regret that he did not postpone his home-coming for about a twelvemonth. For by such a prolonged period of absence he would lessen the ground for reproaching him with persistent office-seeking, would make the ultimate outpour of public sentiment in his favor seem more spontaneous, and—what is most important—would free himself from the temptation of posing as a national "boss," and interfering in local disputes. He has already made what, from a view-point of policy, should possibly be accounted the mistake of calling upon Mr. Sullivan to resign the post of national committeeman for Illinois. Whether or no Mr. Bryan is right in holding the St. Louis Convention unjustified in seating the Hopkins-Sullivan delegation, it might have been judicious and expedient for him to wait and let that act be reversed and condemned by the Democracy assembled in convention two years hence.

As regards this year's political campaign, interest is settled mainly on the contests in Maine, Iowa, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. Nobody believes that the Republicans can be beaten in Massachusetts, inasmuch as the Stand-Patters, although they control the party organization, are astute enough to put forward again for the Governorship a tariff-revisionist. In Maine, except in the district represented in Congress by Mr. Charles E. Littlefield, who is vehemently opposed by the Federation of Labor, the fight turned on the question whether prohibition of the

manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages should be expunged from the State Constitution, or allowed to remain in it. In Iowa some of the newspaper organs of the Stand-Patters, who were beaten by Governor Cummins the other day in the State Convention, are calling upon their readers to support the Democratic nominee. As between two revisionists, they say, they prefer the straight goods to blended. Enormous as was the plurality given by Iowa to Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 (upwards of 158,000), it is conceivable that the bolt of the Stand-Patters may acquire sufficient proportions to prevent the reelection of Governor Cummins. It was, we may recall, with the aid of many Republican votes, that a Democratic nominee, Mr. Horace Boies, was made Governor of Iowa some sixteen years ago. In Ohio, although no Governor is to be chosen this year, it will be worth while to note whether, in the election of other State officers, the Democracy's candidates can obtain something like the plurality which their nominee for the Governorship secured in 1905 in spite of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had swept that commonwealth by more than 255,000 only a twelvemonth before. The situation in Pennsylvania is also interesting. The Keystone State gave Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 the astounding plurality of 505,000; yet only a twelvemonth later the Democratic nominee for State Treasurer was elected with the aid of the votes of Republican reformers. A similar fusion exists this year, only now it is a Republican reformer, Mr. Lewis Emery, who is endorsed by the Democrats for the Governorship. There is this difference, too, that, last year, the Prohibitionists were included in the coalition against the nominee of the regular Republican organization, while this summer they have brought out a candidate of their own. After all, however, the attention of the nation seems likely to be concentrated on the contest for the Governorship in the State of New York, which has often been doubtful in non-Presidential years. At the hour when we write it seems certain that there will be three candidates in the field, namely, the nominee of the Republican Convention, who will be either Governor Higgins or Mr. Charles E. Hughes (who carried out the investigation of life-insurance companies); Mr. W. R. Hearst, who will be put forward by his own organization, the Independence League; and the nominee of the regular Democratic Convention, who, it now seems probable, will be Mr. William Travers Jerome.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *September 10.*

A Holiday for Capital.

HOLIDAYS have ceased to be rare even in this workaday nation. Although still far behind England, where enforced leisure takes precedence over necessary toil, we nevertheless have to our credit the establishment of a sufficient number of days of recreation to arouse restiveness among the Puritanic shades, and scarcely a year passes without having added one to the accumulation. Of the distinctively national festal days, the Fourth of July continues to maintain its own, but Thanksgiving Day, for some unaccountable reason, has ceased to be held in observance outside of New England, and Fast Day has become a mere spectre of the past. Instead, we have universal recognition of Washington's Birthday, while commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday is becoming more and more general. In due time, Grant surely, Cleveland possibly, and Roosevelt, of course, will be accorded the tribute of appreciation already paid to their illustrious predecessors. It is a curiously interesting and perhaps significant fact that our latest holiday, Labor Day, has already won a place in the first rank of general recognition, if not celebration. Theoretically, if, as we believe, everybody in America does or ought to work, no holiday merits wider observance. Its peculiar significance lies in the fact that Labor Day has come to be regarded as a time of special recognition of those who toil with their hands. Really, therefore, it is by tacit assent a class holiday, since every one acknowledges that manual labor is but one of the factors of progress in civilization.

Having in mind the consideration due to the weaker partner or competitor, as the case may be, might it not be well to set aside a holiday for downtrodden capital? This would afford the capitalist an opportunity, now notable by its absence, for the expression of

his views. Just as on Labor Day the radical leader makes a point in his public utterance of emphasizing his conservatism, so on Capital Day the possessor of vast accumulations might dwell, with convincing earnestness, upon his innate sympathy with his presumably less fortunate brethren, and point the way, for his associates, at any rate, to live better and broader lives. Under present conditions, the millionaire is at a disadvantage as contrasted with the spokesmen of the toilers. Politicians either disregard him entirely, or tolerate him only in secret conference. The newspapers indicate full appreciation of the fact that he is but as one to a hundred among readers, and even the ministers are disposed to yield to the allurements of popularity with the multitude. Instinctive regard for fair play would seem to warrant the making of an opportunity for a class which, though numerically weak, is financially strong, and, after all, is essential to the prosperity and happiness of the community. Indeed, in seriousness, we are convinced that the thought of extending consideration in some form to capital in this time of national perturbation need not be dismissed as necessarily idle. It probably is quite true that its most conspicuous representatives who have suffered serious discomfort during the past few years have received no more than their arrogance and intolerance merited; but there can be no question that the lesson has gone home and developed in them a spirit of reasonableness and an earnest desire to meet their rightful obligations, as gratifying as it is novel.

In common with the great majority of our countrymen, we have never felt and do not now feel any moral incumbency to safeguard the interests of the very rich. They have proven themselves quite competent in the past to protect their own affairs, and there is no manifest indication that their cunning has departed. But the time will come, if indeed it has not already arrived, when all American interests should cooperate, for the common good, at least when rivalry with other countries is involved. It is right and necessary to correct abuses which have ensued inevitably from our exceptionally rapid material development, but it is not the part of wisdom to bestow upon foreigners an undeserved benefit in consequence. The recent declaration, for example, of the greatest, most successful and most widely known of our corporations, to the effect that its business abroad is being seriously injured by the continuance and virulence of

newspaper attacks at home, seems to us worthy of the serious attention of rational and patriotic citizens. The foreign trade won by our supremely capable corporations surely ensures in no small degree regular employment and wide-spread benefits to our own citizens. To deliberately check its growth, or to harass its managers unnecessarily in their efforts to hold and acquire the markets of the world, is action so foolish as to be almost criminal. The biting off of one's nose for the mere purpose of spiting one's face has never proven advantageous. Moreover, however we may deplore those wrongful methods in domestic competition now in process of eradication, there is no reason why Americans at home should not rejoice, as the English people even glory, in the commercial triumphs of their countrymen abroad. For ourselves, somewhat timidly yet without serious apprehension, inasmuch as we lack political aspirations and have no intention of seeking pennies in great numbers through the publication of a lively newspaper, we have only God's forgiveness to ask for saying that we are frankly proud of each and every great American corporation which has distanced its competitors in the commercial arena of the world. We do not believe in the morals, wisdom or efficiency of the established policy of our older English relatives of washing all of their dirty linen in private, but we do go so far as to insist upon the fatuity of stretching a clothes-line from Liverpool to Hong-kong for the information and delectation of our common rivals. In all cases and at all times, if this Nation is to endure, right must and shall prevail; but the attendant truth need not be overlooked that undue, flagrant exploitation of wrong for the gratification and advantage of competitors is, from a nationally commercial viewpoint, quite as harmful as failure to correct the evils themselves.

TUESDAY, *September 11.*

A Droning Young Socialist.

"WHY I am a Socialist" is an ancient title, under which many men, and women, too, of diverse minds have undertaken to enlighten the world. Reasons "why," as set down, have been so numerous and so various that an attempt at recapitulation would be futile, but we think we are safe in assuming that the basis has been invariably that most estimable quality commonly designated as "altruism." But we have developed among us a new school of philosophy, whose expounders refuse to permit their unwilted intellects to be shackled by tradition. It is without appreciable

shock, therefore, that we are awakened by an explication whose chief characteristic, aside, of course, from its hidden merit, is its artless novelty. The expositor is one of the youngest of our teachers. His grandfather was a poor printer, who built up a great newspaper in the metropolis of the West, and died happy in the knowledge that he had bequeathed to his descendants an honored name and the wherewithal to carry forward the admirable work that he had so well begun in the service of the community. That the accumulation painfully acquired by him for the purpose of assuring the essential independence of his public journal would be regarded by any of his natural successors as a personal embarrassment doubtless never occurred to that simple mind. Yet such is the pitiable case, and the predicament in which the grandson now finds himself is clearly set forth over his own signature in an article bearing the alluring caption, "Confessions of a Drone."

When a rich and free-spoken young man, not known to be irrevocably averse to the fascinations of fame, raises aloft a banner such as that, one is apt to sit up and contemplate with pleasurable anticipation the possible advent of a Rousseau or, at least, a George Moore. But our earnest young friend really has little to confess. Speaking "as a type, not as myself the individual," he states that he has an income of between ten and twenty thousand dollars a year; he spends all of it; he does no work; he produces nothing. Once upon a time, he served as a reporter for the newspaper created by his grandfather and earned fifteen dollars a week. For some reason not given, this occupation developed unsatisfactory features, and so he became a "type." As such he now appears before an unenlightened public primarily as an expositor of the principles of Socialism and incidentally as a horrible example. Altruism finds no abiding-place in his creed. His difficulty lies wholly in dissatisfaction because he is not obliged to work for a living, and because others receive more than they earn. Some time ago, there was another Teacher, often spoken of as a Socialist, whose advice was sought by a young man in very much the same position as our melancholy drone. The mind of that young man, too, was troubled and he sought a remedy. The answer is found in Matthew xix, 21: "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor." It is a simple solution, and one quite as efficacious to-day as it was nineteen hundred years ago. Human nature undergoes little change from the wear of time. That young man also

went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions, and, we dare say, he too became a type and continued to drip bitter tears upon coupon-clipping scissors.

We would not ask so much of our ingenuous philosopher as the Saviour required of his predecessor. The most we would venture to suggest to him is that he unite his capital and energy, cease to be a type and do something worth while. He owes that much at least to the memory of the grandfather who toiled earnestly, though mistakenly, to make a wider opportunity for an addlepated descendant. Our droning Socialist need feel no apprehension of the failure of such a union. All the requisites are at his command. He has money for use and a craving for toil. Brains he can buy in the open market.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.

English and American Men.

It is so seldom that what we occasionally speak of with a touch of pride as "the American spirit" evokes from foreigners expressions other than sarcastic, that an exceptional reference is worthy of note. Such an one appears, in connection with a study of Mark Twain's work, in that excellent English journal called "The Outlook," which makes the following admirable expression of apparently genuine appreciation:

"Mark Twain has probably been read by multitudes of us who have never really come within range of the author's personality, that strange mingling of misanthropy and charity, coolness and enthusiasm, which makes the man cynic and crusader by turns, so that he stands out as the most eminent scoffer in a scoffing nation, and, at the same time, as the supreme American example of the kind of disposition which provides us here with pro-Boers, pro-Zulus, and other much-abused and earnest children of the race of Barebone. *Eve's Diary* might be called some harsh names by different kinds of mental invalid; but nobody who used words correctly could call it frivolous on laying it down. Its writer is one of the least frivolous men living. The morals and religion of this iconoclast are tougher plants than will readily grow in the minds of a later generation. They were sown in the heroic age of the United States, before the discovery of the West and before the vast invasions from Europe, days when there seemed to be something stirring within the nation that meant greatness as well as size and wealth; when the American problem, of which the bare conditions are now seen to be scarcely yet laid down, seemed already to be visibly working itself out on the lines ordained. Those hardy spiritual qualities are more or less visible in every extravaganza from Mark Twain's pen, and not least

so in this short piece and in the *Extracts from Adam's Diary*, published some years ago. He has despaired of men, but never of Christian morals, democratic principles or women."

To those who continue to read the autobiography begun in this REVIEW, the accuracy of this appreciation will become increasingly apparent. In the next number, for instance, will be found a striking illustration of the author's undying faith in the goodness of womankind. This "determination to idealize woman at the expense of man," as "The Outlook" puts it, "has always been one of the most American things about Mark Twain. The conception, present all through this little book, of man as the gross materialist, with no sense of beauty and no faintest stirring of the artistic impulse, both of which are regarded as in the nature of woman, is an American conception. It probably corresponds to the facts of American life, but it would be hard to make out a case for it from the general history of our species." We are not sure that materialism is peculiar to the American among Anglo-Saxons. Certainly, brutality is not, and there is room for argument respecting vulgarity, despite the pretensions of an aristocracy untutored except in manners. But acrimonious discussions based solely upon assertion are profitless. So long as every one concerned is satisfied with his own doings, there is no occasion for fretful argument. If Englishmen consider it the part of wisdom to belittle their women, and American men see fit to idealize theirs, what cause for complaint have any except those objectively affected?

THURSDAY, September 13.

Permanence of a Helpful Pastime.

A SOMEWHAT distinguished commentator upon current events is distressed by what he terms the "hypertrophy of golf." What he means to say, in plain English, is that the recent improvements introduced, represented in particular by rubber balls and long-handled clubs, may make proficiency so easy as to impair the present interest in the game. As an example confirming his apprehension, he notes that professionals nowadays find no difficulty in circling the longest courses with less than seventy strokes. This to our critic's mind means the likelihood of changing golf to mere cross-country pedestrianism, and he longs for a recurrence of the good old days when "the putting of little balls into

little holes with instruments very ill-adapted to that purpose" was more onerous. It would be a pity, indeed, if the fears of our friend should be realized, even in a minor degree. Golf has ceased to be a fad. It has become an institution of very great value to the community. It affords practically the only sane recreation for men of middle age, who stand most in need of open air and moderate exercise. It is upon this class, not upon professionals or limber boys who perform marvellous feats, that the permanence of the pastime depends; and, despite the forebodings noted, we are convinced from experience and observation that this reliance has a substantial basis. No invention as yet has been wrought that can effect a material improvement in the quality of golf played by one who has passed his fortieth birthday. Constant practice and strict attention to the unsatisfying merit of accuracy may improve the performance of such an one to the extent of from five to ten strokes, but no more. With the passing of years, one becomes staid physically as well as mentally and morally. We venture the assertion that even with the aid of the modern improvements, the number of strokes required by a very large majority of middle-aged men who indulge in the pastime regularly, is nearer one hundred and ten than ninety. To them the invention of the rubber balls and the long handles was, and continues to be, a happy circumstance, relieving somewhat the discouragement attending the inevitable recognition of the bitter truth that exceptional proficiency could not thereafter be attained. So far as we have been able to perceive, the game has lost none of those exasperating features which constitute its chief charm; nor is there any lack of competitive joy among the wise who have come to recognize the desirability of restricting their associations on the links to those of their own limited capacity. We are happy, therefore, to dispute the assertion that this boon to middle-age is in danger of impairment; and, as evidence of the accuracy of our conclusion, we would not hesitate for an instant to accept a truthful account of the personal experiences of the obviously middle-aged commentator whose mind is troubled.

FRIDAY, *September 14.*

The Farm and Prosperity.

THE time to look ahead is when there is no apparent necessity for doing so, because then only can the benefit of clear vision and calm judgment be obtained. It is well, therefore, for us

Americans, now in the days of our abundance and prosperity, to reflect, not with the pessimism of dire foreboding, but with the sagacity of prudence, upon the certainties and probabilities of the immediate future. That individually we have become spend-thrifts we well know, but we are comforted by the thought that for the many there is an admixture of good with the evils even of improvidence. Moreover, it seldom happens that segregated error exacts a general penalty.

The serious question is whether, as a people or a Nation, we are making such provision as lies within our power, and as it is, of course, our manifest duty to make, for the future. Mr. James J. Hill, to whose far-sight is due his notable achievement as a constructor of railways, thinks not. The country, he declares, is not only living upon but exhausting its material capital, especially in taking from the earth, in increasingly large quantities, the coal and iron which cannot be replaced, while simultaneously neglecting the cultivation of the soil whose productivity may be replenished indefinitely. Fifty years hence, says Mr. Hill, with the authority of an expert, the better part of our coal will have been consumed and iron will have become a precious metal. How then, he pertinently inquires, are the two hundred millions of human beings who will then inhabit the United States to be fed and clothed? The requirements will then be twice as great as now and the capacity of earning from industrial occupations reduced substantially, if not indeed to a minimum.

This contrast, if one be able to comprehend its full significance, is sufficiently portentous, but even so it does not present the complete picture. A yet graver menace Mr. Hill detects in the steady and rapid decrease, amounting to hundreds of millions in a decade, in the values of farming lands and buildings. In brief, the exhaustible source of our wealth is being utilized under enormous pressure, while that which may be replenished indefinitely is being permitted to wither away. To avert the rude awakening sure to ensue from the spectacle, now often beheld upon a smaller scale in England, of millions walking the streets and demanding, not charity, but, work, the only way seems to lie in concentration of endeavor to encourage such scientific cultivation of the soil as has lifted France into the first position of stable prosperity. The haphazard character of our present agricultural methods is indicated by the fact that our

yield per acre is barely one-third that of Belgium or even England. Moreover, farming, although the most healthful of occupations and productive of the truest independence, has yielded to the allurements of gregariousness and ceased to be attractive. The first counteractive step proposed by Mr. Hill is the establishment by the Federal government of a model farm in every agricultural county in the Union, in the hope, not only of reviving interest in the pursuit which has ever been the backbone of human existence, but also of producing direct, tangible results.

Deep-seated repugnance to the practice of paternalism in any form would ordinarily induce us to turn a deaf ear to such a proposal, but the manifest gravity of the situation so plainly depicted surely wins for this one a clear title to serious consideration. In any case, it possesses a peculiar appeal in the fact that it savors of constructive rather than of regulative and revolutionary statesmanship, such as is now affected by conspicuous leaders of the great political parties. Comfort is found in the estimate that the application of enlightened methods to the tillage of the land now actually available, without reclamation from the wilderness of a single acre, would meet the needs of more than six hundred millions of people. But possession without utilization suffices only for folly. Wisdom searches the horizon with far-seeing eyes and permits no moment, seemingly auspicious for the making of provision for the future, to flit by unheeded.

SATURDAY, *September 15.* Mr. Brisbane's Eulogy of Mr. Hearst.

It is now, we believe, a demonstrable fact that there is in the flesh such a person as William Randolph Hearst. Until comparatively recently there was ground for suspicion that there really existed only a name, which in due time would find its proper place, not on the pages of commonplace biography, but in books of mythology. Record was made of the fact that forty-three years ago a son was born to George and Phoebe Hearst, and that he was named and probably christened William Randolph. It was also known that a tall young man answering to the name flitted furtively through a few of the class-rooms of Harvard College. There was a rumor to the effect that the same individual managed a newspaper in San Francisco, subsequently purchased the remnant of a journal in New York, and established similar vehicles

of expression in other cities. It was also certain that the name had appeared upon political ballots as representing a candidate for Congress, although at the time there was a general supposition that the purchase-price of such appearance had been paid for another. From time to time, also, often simultaneously with time-honored accounts of the apparition of sea-serpents before the eyes of trustworthy sailors, there came reports of physical manifestations at one place or another of this curiously elusive personality, but the number of witnesses able and willing to testify was so small, and believed generally to be so much influenced by pecuniary considerations, that the suspicion that a mere spectre was represented by the name continued to seem well grounded, until about a year ago. Then all doubts were set at rest by the actual appearance of a live, breathing individual in the act of making a speech in support of his own candidacy for political preferment. But the mere disproving of the illusion was not sufficiently conclusive to make it certain that the being was really human and not, perhaps, after all, only a force. Happily, the perplexing question is definitely and authoritatively resolved in this REVIEW by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the brilliant Socialistic teacher of primary truths and falsehoods, who finds his audience among the readers of the Hearst newspapers. A study of the article clearly indicates that there is a dual personality. There is, undoubtedly, a physical being, because Mr. Brisbane describes him; but the description is really incidental. It is as a force, after all, that Hearst is considered by Mr. Brisbane. As such, therefore, we are bound to regard him, although a brief glance at the personal ingredient of the composition may not be amiss.

Frankly, we are disposed to think that we could have made out a better case than Mr. Brisbane has achieved for his friend. Certain ambitions are common to the great majority of men. One likes to be well regarded by his fellows, and to reap the benefits of social recognition by his equals and superiors. The spirit of caste is still strong in the breasts of inheritors of good names and great riches. That Mr. Hearst should have deliberately set aside these advantages, we consider to have been of itself distinctly creditable. That he should have hazarded his large fortune upon an attempt to develop his aims is sufficient evidence of his daring, if not, indeed, of his moral courage. That he should now

glory in the fact that his associations are practically confined to those who are in a large measure dependent upon him, indicates an innate power of peculiar intensity. That he should have driven his adventurous enterprises to a consummation successful from the view-points of both commercialism and desired notoriety speaks well for his indefatigability. That, without protest, he should have permitted the public to infer that his achievements rest chiefly upon the mental activities of his associates indicates his breadth and freedom from the curse of jealousy. That he should never have forfeited the loyalty of a single one of his capable associates evinces a praiseworthy kindness of disposition. That he should have held, throughout his adventures, the essential and unswerving support of a proud, high-minded, and conservative mother is a fact of which any man might well be proud. Herein we have touched upon evidences of the possession by Mr. Hearst, the individual, of admirable qualities which make a pleasing impress upon a fair mind.

But there is another and a very dark side of Hearst the force, which literally engulfs these manifestations. Desire of accomplishment, courage, generosity to one's helpers, industry, persistence, kindness—all fade into insignificance in the absence of the one supreme element of true manhood. The closest scrutiny of Mr. Brisbane's enthusiastic eulogy does not reveal a solitary reference to character or methods. A single note runs through the entire eulogium—success, for whatever motive, good or base, by whatever means, right or wrong—success! Mr. Brisbane has caught and set down, we believe with precision, the actuating spirit. There is no reason to doubt that an intelligent force, such as Hearst has proven himself to be, should be able to comprehend moral responsibility. We must assume, therefore, that he deliberately spurns to recognize it. The key-note of his journalism is assault. At times the object richly deserves stern rebuke; at times, not. It matters not to Hearst. Guilty and innocent, right and wrong suffer alike. Brutality is the sole requirement of the onslaught. Apology, retraction, correction are words unknown to the Hearst school of journalism. Is it surprising that Mr. Brisbane could find no more to say of the character of the energy?

"Hearst," says his eulogist, is "the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction that this country has seen." This may or may

not be correct. There was another journalist, of the name of William Lloyd Garrison, who instigated revolt against oppression, but nobody ever questioned the purity of his motives, the disinterestedness of his action, or the nobility of his soul. Could Mr. Brisbane say as much of Hearst? Surely he must perceive the distinction between appealing to the latent good, and the smouldering evil, in human breasts. "Hearst is intensely practical." Indeed, yes. He rails at trusts, and tries to build one; he denounces political corruption, while squandering money for delegates; he objects to bossism, yet aspires to autocracy; he beseeches favors from a great political party, and then betrays it; he shamelessly trades with the very men whom he has denounced as political and personal criminals; he abruptly ceases to attack one whom he has branded a scoundrel in the hope of winning that one's evil influence to gratify his own ambition; he professes with his lips individualism and Americanism, while in his newspapers he preaches confusion and communism.

Such a condition surely would justify a severe arraignment of any offender, but for reasons frankly noted we feel no call to indulge in harsh treatment of Mr. Hearst, the individual. Nevertheless it is fitting and indeed a manifest duty, in connection with the publication of Mr. Brisbane's eulogy, to set down calmly and dispassionately the simple facts respecting Hearst, the force. They are substantially as follows: As a journalist, though keen, enterprising, and resourceful, he is a burning disgrace to the craft; as a politician, though shrewd and at times even sagacious, he is no more scrupulous than the basest of those whom he has stigmatized as criminals; as a partisan, though earnest and efficient in appealing to the masses, he is a traitor; as an office-holder, he is preeminent in shameful neglect of his duties; as an agitator, his delight consists in revelling in the incitement of evil passions; as a dual personality, though possessed of many engaging qualities, he is so utterly devoid of character, so unsteady in even his own recklessness, so faithless to his professed ideals, so scornfully disregarding of moral responsibility, so addicted to detestable practices in efforts to gratify his ambitions, so sinfully persistent in stirring the caldron of discontent, envy, and hatred, as to be a living and glaring reproach to American civilization.

MONDAY, *September 17.*

Author and Critic.

HAPPILY, there is no absolute standard of excellence in either creative or critical writing; one mind's meat is another's poison; all virtually depends upon the point of view. Obviously, Mrs. Willcox, who analyzes Mrs. Deland's "Awakening of Helena Richie" in this REVIEW, stands fixedly upon a pedestal of emotional strenuosity. The modern Russian novel is her model. She prefers "underlying chasms" to mere "surface pageants of pleasantness," and "surging, black waters of mortal anguish" to "graceful skimming over the laughing surfaces of life." Hence her dissatisfaction with Helena, to our mind surely the most pathetic, and in some respects the finest, feminine character in fiction since Hester. But to our critic her appeal is faint, her consciousness is too elementary, the leading back of her bruised and sullied soul by the hand of a little child is not deep enough to make a serious impression. To the prophet Isaiah the method seemed peculiarly touching, and the ultimate effect foretold by him surely has not lacked impressiveness. It is "conventional," we admit, in the sense that the number of bruised and sullied souls thus led back is countless, but wherein does an "innocuous view of morality" apply? That restive spirits should chafe at the fetters of conventional morals we can understand, because there are and in the nature of things can be no other morals. To advocate unconventionality in morals is to uphold immorality itself. But why "innocuous," in a disparaging sense? Surely, a harmless is preferable to a harmful view of even despised ethics. There is no bigotry in Mrs. Deland and no lack of breadth in Dr. Lavendar. Both breathe compassion and sweet reasonableness without denying that sin must reap its just penalty. Helena was no Isolde; in "surging, black waters of mortal anguish" she would have uttered one plaintive cry and gone down to oblivion—and rest. Instead, she was required to live and suffer, as she had loved, to the limit of her restricted capacity. Her punishment, therefore, was fit. That she was weak and commonplace, and incidentally in consequence doubly appealing, affords no reason for censure. It is not necessary that the heroine of a tragedy should be eternally wretched, or even perpetually conscious of the tragedy itself. The dawning of a sense of moral calamity upon a shallow nature is Mrs. Deland's theme, and it was the very indifference of character complained of that drew

most heavily, though most successfully, upon her artistic resources. It is a "sectional" novel, yes; so is the Russian. The former's emotion is reserved; the latter's exuberant; we prefer the one, Mrs. Willcox the other. Happily, as we remarked at the outset, there is room for all—even for critics, if such there be, who, in stress of severe application, necessarily adopt the self-same "skimming-over" process which in others they find so deplorable.

TUESDAY, *September 18.*

The American Boy.

It seems to us that the quality of the boy now growing up in this country is peculiarly fine. He is not only less obstreperous and egotistical, but clearer and cleaner minded than the lad of twenty years ago. His advance physically will be manifest to any one who will compare the figures in a class photograph of to-day with those of yesterday. He is taller, straighter, better-featured, finer-haired, handsomer and more like a thoroughbred in every way. The exercise to which much of this improvement is attributable may be no more zealous, but it seems to be less spasmodic, more consistent and better adapted to its true purpose. As an inevitable sequence, his habits have become more regular, improving in turn his manners. Altogether, he has become attractive, partially in what he might resent being called a girlish sense, as the effect of his greater delicacy, but chiefly in a purely masculine way, since in point of reality he was never before so manly or so scrupulous of his personal honor. His mother is the one chiefly responsible for this happy evolution. Thirty years ago, her prototype donned a cap and became frankly middle-aged at marriage. From that day the principal feature of her personal appearance, her figure, ceased to interest her especially, and at forty she was satisfactory to a degree as a mother but utterly worthless as a comrade and a helper. To-day, at forty-five she is her daughter's equal in appearance, and usually, we believe, her superior in the possession of that mysterious, indefinable, yet peculiarly fascinating, quality known as "charm." She has not only maintained, but enhanced, her attractiveness by growing with, as well as for, her children. It is this daily association from babyhood with her to whom instinct accords earliest reverence that has refined the boy. The father may have been no less congenial as a comrade, but circumstances

have minimized in a comparative sense his helpfulness as a friend. Himself the product of a generation less carefully trained, and possessing the self-satisfaction of personal success, he is unable to perceive the desirability of a change in method tending to broaden development. Hence his patronizing attitude, his disposition to continue to treat as a child the son rapidly approaching manhood. It is the mother, persisting in being a girl, who is glad to be regarded and treated by the boy as an intellectual equal. To her, therefore, belongs the credit of a transformation which we believe to be clearly perceivable, and which bodes the greatest good to this vast American organism which soon will require the finest mental and moral fibre yet demanded by civilization.

WEDNESDAY, *September 19.*

Cuba and Colonies.

PLAINLY now it is but a question of time, and apparently a short time at that, when the United States will be obliged to undertake the government of Cuba. The sooner the inevitable happens, the better it will be, in our judgment, for all concerned. No valid objection can be made as yet upon the ground that we have not kept faith. Not only has our Government maintained an attitude of strict disinterestedness, but our people have manifested a spirit of helpfulness by investing many millions of dollars in Cuban plantations, mines and railways. These investments, as well as others made by residents of England and Spain, are specifically entitled to protection, under our promise made, not only to Cuba, but to the entire world, at the time of the settlement of the Spanish-American war. Humanity makes a yet stronger demand. Cuba must not again be permitted to suffer a long period of internal strife and the consequent devastation. Every observer now recognizes that intervention will be essential to the fulfilment of the responsibility we assumed, and apparently the administration is making the requisite preparations. The question is no longer one of fact but of method. What shall be the ultimate status of Cuba in relation to the United States? is the problem to be solved. Obviously, if unable to maintain order, she is, despite her great resources, unfit to exercise the prerogatives of Statehood. Indeed, she could hardly be admitted as a territory, while her peaceable neighbor, Porto Rico, continues to occupy her present anomalous position. It is a pity, but we fear a fact, however deplorable, that Congress must devise some

practicable method of assuring to our outlying possessions, if such they must eventually be termed, stable and competent governments. Mere protectoracy could not endure for long. The method is too antiquated and too complex to prove satisfactory or beneficial to the parties in interest. At present we have a Governor of Porto Rico designated by the President, a Governor-General and Chief Justice in the Philippines serving under the Secretary of War, a tentative territorial arrangement in Hawaii, and a vague reliance upon faith that the Almighty will care for his children, as the safeguard of the inhabitants of uncounted small islands in the Pacific Ocean.

The indefinite continuance of this shiftless and systemless arrangement is intolerable from any conceivable standpoint. The only solution seems to be the frank recognition of the responsibilities that have been assumed or forced upon us, and the establishment of a colonial organization, the head of which, as a member of the Cabinet, will exercise an authority similar to that of the Under Secretary for the Colonies in Great Britain. It is a serious undertaking, teeming with the possibilities of political danger and international strife, thereby necessitating the maintenance, for many years at any rate, of a great Navy, in order to avoid open or secret alliances with other Powers; but there seems to be no escape from the apparent decree of destiny. If, then, we are driven to the reluctant conclusion that it must be done, let it be done as quickly as intelligent performance will permit, with the greatest attainable freedom from the trammels of partisanship in a task of such magnitude as to demand real unity of action.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—III.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

VI.

TO-MORROW will be the thirty-sixth anniversary of our marriage. My wife passed from this life one year and eight months ago, in Florence, Italy, after an unbroken illness of twenty-two months' duration.

I saw her first in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charley's stateroom in the steamer "Quaker City," in the Bay of Smyrna, in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year. I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York in the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish—and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last day of her life. Under a grave

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VOL. CLXXXIII.—NO. 600.

37

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and gentle exterior burned inextinguishable fires of sympathy, energy, devotion, enthusiasm, and absolutely limitless affection. She was *always* frail in body, and she lived upon her spirit, whose hopefulness and courage were indestructible. Perfect truth, perfect honesty, perfect candor, were qualities of her character which were born with her. Her judgments of people and things were sure and accurate. Her intuitions almost never deceived her. In her judgments of the characters and acts of both friends and strangers, there was always room for charity, and this charity never failed. I have compared and contrasted her with hundreds of persons, and my conviction remains that hers was the most perfect character I have ever met. And I may add that she was the most winningly dignified person I have ever known. Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invites worship, but commands it. No servant ever left her service who deserved to remain in it. And, as she could choose with a glance of her eye, the servants she selected did in almost all cases deserve to remain, and they *did* remain. She was always cheerful; and she was always able to communicate her cheerfulness to others. During the nine years that we spent in poverty and debt, she was always able to reason me out of my despairs, and find a bright side to the clouds, and make me see it. In all that time, I never knew her to utter a word of regret concerning our altered circumstances, nor did I ever know her children to do the like. For she had taught them, and they drew their fortitude from her. The love which she bestowed upon those whom she loved took the form of worship, and in that form it was returned—returned by relatives, friends and the servants of her household. It was a strange combination which wrought into one individual, so to speak, by marriage—her disposition and character and mine. She poured out her prodigal affections in kisses and caresses, and in a vocabulary of endearments whose profusion was always an astonishment to me. I was born *reserved* as to endearments of speech and caresses, and hers broke upon me as the summer waves break upon Gibraltar. I was reared in that atmosphere of reserve. As I have already said, in another chapter, I never knew a member of my father's family to kiss another member of it except once, and that at a death-bed. And our village was not a kissing community. The kissing and caressing ended with courtship—along with the deadly piano-playing of that day.

She had the heart-free laugh of a girl. It came seldom, but when it broke upon the ear it was as inspiring as music. I heard it for the last time when she had been occupying her sick-bed for more than a year, and I made a written note of it at the time—a note not to be repeated.

To-morrow will be the thirty-sixth anniversary. We were married in her father's house in Elmira, New York, and went next day, by special train, to Buffalo, along with the whole Langdon family, and with the Beechers and the Twichells, who had solemnized the marriage. We were to live in Buffalo, where I was to be one of the editors of the Buffalo "Express," and a part owner of the paper. I knew nothing about Buffalo, but I had made my household arrangements there through a friend, by letter. I had instructed him to find a boarding-house of as respectable a character as my light salary as editor would command. We were received at about nine o'clock at the station in Buffalo, and were put into several sleighs and driven all over America, as it seemed to me—for, apparently, we turned all the corners in the town and followed all the streets there were—I scolding freely, and characterizing that friend of mine in very uncomplimentary words for securing a boarding-house that apparently had no definite locality. But there was a conspiracy—and my bride knew of it, but I was in ignorance. Her father, Jervis Langdon, had bought and furnished a new house for us in the fashionable street, Delaware Avenue, and had laid in a cook and housemaids, and a brisk and electric young coachman, an Irishman, Patrick McAleer—and we were being driven all over that city in order that one sleighful of those people could have time to go to the house, and see that the gas was lighted all over it, and a hot supper prepared for the crowd. We arrived at last, and when I entered that fairy place my indignation reached high-water mark, and without any reserve I delivered my opinion to that friend of mine for being so stupid as to put us into a boarding-house whose terms would be far out of my reach. Then Mr. Langdon brought forward a very pretty box and opened it, and took from it a deed of the house. So the comedy ended very pleasantly, and we sat down to supper.

The company departed about midnight, and left us alone in our new quarters. Then Ellen, the cook, came in to get orders for the morning's marketing—and neither of us knew whether

beefsteak was sold by the barrel or by the yard. We exposed our ignorance, and Ellen was full of Irish delight over it. Patrick McAleer, that brisk young Irishman, came in to get his orders for next day—and that was our first glimpse of him. . . .

Our first child, Langdon Clemens, was born the 7th of November, 1870, and lived twenty-two months. Susy was born the 19th of March, 1872, and passed from life in the Hartford home, the 18th of August, 1896. With her, when the end came, were Jean and Katy Leary, and John and Ellen (the gardener and his wife). Clara and her mother and I arrived in England from around the world on the 31st of July, and took a house in Guildford. A week later, when Susy, Katy and Jean should have been arriving from America, we got a letter instead.

It explained that Susy was slightly ill—nothing of consequence. But we were disquieted, and began to cable for later news. This was Friday. All day no answer—and the ship to leave Southampton next day, at noon. Clara and her mother began packing, to be ready in case the news should be bad. Finally came a cablegram saying, "Wait for cablegram in the morning." This was not satisfactory—not reassuring. I cabled again, asking that the answer be sent to Southampton, for the day was now closing. I waited in the post-office that night till the doors were closed, toward midnight, in the hope that good news might still come, but there was no message. We sat silent at home till one in the morning, waiting—waiting for we knew not what. Then we took the earliest morning train, and when we reached Southampton the message was there. It said the recovery would be long, but certain. This was a great relief to me, but not to my wife. She was frightened. She and Clara went aboard the steamer at once and sailed for America, to nurse Susy. I remained behind to search for a larger house in Guildford.

That was the 15th of August, 1896. Three days later, when my wife and Clara were about half-way across the ocean, I was standing in our dining-room thinking of nothing in particular, when a cablegram was put into my hand. It said, "Susy was peacefully released to-day."

It is one of the mysteries of our nature that a man, all unprepared, can receive a thunder-stroke like that and live. There is but one reasonable explanation of it. The intellect is stunned by the shock, and but gropingly gathers the meaning of the words.

The power to realize their full import is mercifully wanting. The mind has a dumb sense of vast loss—that is all. It will take mind and memory months, and possibly years, to gather together the details, and thus learn and know the whole extent of the loss. A man's house burns down. The smoking wreckage represents only a ruined home that was dear through years of use and pleasant associations. By and by, as the days and weeks go on, first he misses this, then that, then the other thing. And, when he casts about for it, he finds that it was in that house. Always it is an *essential*—there was but one of its kind. It cannot be replaced. It was in that house. It is irrevocably lost. He did not realize that it was an essential when he had it; he only discovers it now when he finds himself balked, hampered, by its absence. It will be years before the tale of lost essentials is complete, and not till then can he truly know the magnitude of his disaster.

The 18th of August brought me the awful tidings. The mother and the sister were out there in mid-Atlantic, ignorant of what was happening; flying to meet this incredible calamity. All that could be done to protect them from the full force of the shock was done by relatives and good friends. They went down the Bay and met the ship at night, but did not show themselves until morning, and then only to Clara. When she returned to the stateroom she did not speak, and did not need to. Her mother looked at her and said:

“Susy is dead.”

At half past ten o'clock that night, Clara and her mother completed their circuit of the globe, and drew up at Elmira by the same train and in the same car which had borne them and me Westward from it one year, one month, and one week before. And again Susy was there—not waving her welcome in the glare of the lights, as she had waved her farewell to us thirteen months before, but lying white and fair in her coffin, in the house where she was born.

The last thirteen days of Susy's life were spent in our own house in Hartford, the home of her childhood, and always the dearest place in the earth to her. About her she had faithful old friends—her pastor, Mr. Twichell, who had known her from the cradle, and who had come a long journey to be with her; her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Crane; Patrick, the

coachman; Katy, who had begun to serve us when Susy was a child of eight years; John and Ellen, who had been with us many years. Also Jean was there.

At the hour when my wife and Clara set sail for America, Susy was in no danger. Three hours later there came a sudden change for the worse. Meningitis set in, and it was immediately apparent that she was death-struck. That was Saturday, the 15th of August.

"That evening she took food for the last time," (Jean's letter to me). The next morning the brain-fever was raging. She walked the floor a little in her pain and delirium, then succumbed to weakness and returned to her bed. Previously she had found hanging in a closet a gown which she had seen her mother wear. She thought it was her mother, dead, and she kissed it, and cried. About noon she became blind (an effect of the disease) and bewailed it to her uncle.

From Jean's letter I take this sentence, which needs no comment:

"About one in the afternoon Susy spoke for the last time."

It was only one word that she said when she spoke that last time, and it told of her longing. She groped with her hands and found Katy, and caressed her face, and said "Mamma."

How gracious it was that, in that forlorn hour of wreck and ruin, with the night of death closing around her, she should have been granted that beautiful illusion—that the latest vision which rested upon the clouded mirror of her mind should have been the vision of her mother, and the latest emotion she should know in life the joy and peace of that dear imagined presence.

About two o'clock she composed herself as if for sleep, and never moved again. She fell into unconsciousness and so remained two days and five hours, until Tuesday evening at seven minutes past seven, when the release came. She was twenty-four years and five months old.

On the 23d, her mother and her sisters saw her laid to rest—she that had been our wonder and our worship.

In one of her own books I find some verses which I will copy here. Apparently, she always put borrowed matter in quotation marks. These verses lack those marks, and therefore I take them to be her own:

Love came at dawn, when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories' bloom and sun were rife;
Love came at dawn, when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at eve, and when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."

The summer seasons of Susy's childhood were spent at Quarry Farm, on the hills east of Elmira, New York; the other seasons of the year at the home in Hartford. Like other children, she was blithe and happy, fond of play; *unlike* the average of children, she was at times much given to retiring within herself, and trying to search out the hidden meanings of the deep things that make the puzzle and pathos of human existence, and in all the ages have baffled the inquirer and mocked him. As a little child aged seven, she was oppressed and perplexed by the maddening repetition of the stock incidents of our race's fleeting sojourn here, just as the same thing has oppressed and perplexed maturer minds from the beginning of time. A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them, and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year; at length, ambition is dead, pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release is in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them—and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; there they have left no sign that they have existed—a world which will lament them a day and forget them forever. Then another myriad takes their place, and copies all they did, and goes along the same profitless road, and vanishes as they vanished—to make room for another, and another, and a million other myriads, to follow the same arid path through the same desert, and accomplish what the first myriad, and all the myriads that came after it, accomplished—nothing!

"Mamma, what is it all for?" asked Susy, preliminarily stating

the above details in her own halting language, after long brooding over them alone in the privacy of the nursery.

A year later, she was groping her way alone through another sunless bog, but this time she reached a rest for her feet. For a week, her mother had not been able to go to the nursery, evenings, at the child's prayer hour. She spoke of it—was sorry for it, and said she would come to-night, and hoped she could continue to come every night and hear Susy pray, as before. Noticing that the child wished to respond, but was evidently troubled as to how to word her answer, she asked what the difficulty was. Susy explained that Miss Foote (the governess) had been teaching her about the Indians and their religious beliefs, whereby it appeared that they had not only a God, but several. This had set Susy to thinking. As a result of this thinking, she had stopped praying. She qualified this statement—that is, she modified it—saying she did not now pray “in the same way” as she had formerly done. Her mother said:

“Tell me about it, dear.”

“Well, mamma, the Indians believed they knew, but now we know they were wrong. By and by, it can turn out that we are wrong. So now I only pray that there may be a God and a Heaven—or something better.”

I wrote down this pathetic prayer in its precise wording, at the time, in a record which we kept of the children's sayings, and my reverence for it has grown with the years that have passed over my head since then. Its untaught grace and simplicity are a child's, but the wisdom and the pathos of it are of all the ages that have come and gone since the race of man has lived, and longed, and hoped, and feared, and doubted.

To go back a year—Susy aged seven. Several times her mother said to her:

“There, there, Susy, you mustn't cry over little things.”

This furnished Susy a text for thought. She had been breaking her heart over what had seemed vast disasters—a broken toy; a picnic cancelled by thunder and lightning and rain; the mouse that was growing tame and friendly in the nursery caught and killed by the cat—and now came this strange revelation. For some unaccountable reason, these were not vast calamities. Why? How is the size of calamities measured? What is the rule? There must be some way to tell the great ones from the

small ones; what is the law of these proportions? She examined the problem earnestly and long. She gave it her best thought from time to time, for two or three days—but it baffled her—defeated her. And at last she gave up and went to her mother for help.

“Mamma, what is ‘*little things*’?”

It seemed a simple question—at first. And yet, before the answer could be put into words, unsuspected and unforeseen difficulties began to appear. They increased; they multiplied; they brought about another defeat. The effort to explain came to a standstill. Then Susy tried to help her mother out—with an instance, an example, an illustration. The mother was getting ready to go down-town, and one of her errands was to buy a long-promised toy-watch for Susy.

“If you forgot the watch, mamma, would that be a little thing?”

She was not concerned about the watch, for she knew it would not be forgotten. What she was hoping for was that the answer would unriddle the riddle, and bring rest and peace to her perplexed little mind.

The hope was disappointed, of course—for the reason that the size of a misfortune is not determinable by an outsider’s measurement of it, but only by the measurements applied to it by the person specially affected by it. The king’s lost crown is a vast matter to the king, but of no consequence to the child. The lost toy is a great matter to the child, but in the king’s eyes it is not a thing to break the heart about. A verdict was reached, but it was based upon the above model, and Susy was granted leave to measure her disasters thereafter with her own tape-line.

As a child, Susy had a passionate temper; and it cost her much remorse and many tears before she learned to govern it, but after that it was a wholesome salt, and her character was the stronger and healthier for its presence. It enabled her to be good with dignity; it preserved her not only from being good for vanity’s sake, but from even the appearance of it. In looking back over the long vanished years, it seems but natural and excusable that I should dwell with longing affection and preference upon incidents of her young life which made it beautiful to us, and that I should let its few small offences go unsummoned and unrebuked.

In the summer of 1880, when Susy was just eight years of age,

the family were at Quarry Farm, as usual at that season of the year. Hay-cutting time was approaching, and Susy and Clara were counting the hours, for the time was big with a great event for them; they had been promised that they might mount the wagon and ride home from the fields on the summit of the hay mountain. This perilous privilege, so dear to their age and species, had never been granted them before. Their excitement had no bounds. They could talk of nothing but this epoch-making adventure, now. But misfortune overtook Susy on the very morning of the important day. In a sudden outbreak of passion, she corrected Clara—with a shovel, or stick, or something of the sort. At any rate, the offence committed was of a gravity clearly beyond the limit allowed in the nursery. In accordance with the rule and custom of the house, Susy went to her mother to confess, and to help decide upon the size and character of the punishment due. It was quite understood that, as a punishment could have but one rational object and function—to act as a reminder, and warn the transgressor against transgressing in the same way again—the children would know about as well as any how to choose a penalty which would be rememberable and effective. Susy and her mother discussed various punishments, but none of them seemed adequate. This fault was an unusually serious one, and required the setting up of a danger-signal in the memory that would not blow out nor burn out, but remain a fixture there and furnish its saving warning indefinitely. Among the punishments mentioned was deprivation of the hay-wagon ride. It was noticeable that this one hit Susy hard. Finally, in the summing up, the mother named over the list and asked:

“Which one do you think it ought to be, Susy?”

Susy studied, shrank from her duty, and asked:

“Which do you think, mamma?”

“Well, Susy, I would rather leave it to you. *You* make the choice yourself.”

It cost Susy a struggle, and much and deep thinking and weighing—but she came out where any one who knew her could have foretold she would.

“Well, mamma, I’ll make it the hay-wagon, because you know the other things might not make me remember not to do it again, but if I don’t get to ride on the hay-wagon I can remember it easily.”

In this world the real penalty, the sharp one, the lasting one, never falls otherwise than on the wrong person. It was not *I* that corrected Clara, but the remembrance of poor Susy's lost hay-ride still brings *me* a pang—after twenty-six years.

Apparently, Susy was born with humane feelings for the animals, and compassion for their troubles. This enabled her to see a new point in an old story, once, when she was only six years old—a point which had been overlooked by older, and perhaps duller, people for many ages. Her mother told her the moving story of the sale of Joseph by his brethren, the staining of his coat with the blood of the slaughtered kid, and the rest of it. She dwelt upon the inhumanity of the brothers; their cruelty toward their helpless young brother; and the unbrotherly treachery which they practised upon him; for she hoped to teach the child a lesson in gentle pity and mercifulness which she would remember. Apparently, her desire was accomplished, for the tears came into Susy's eyes and she was deeply moved. Then she said:

“Poor little kid!”

A child's frank envy of the privileges and distinctions of its elders is often a delicately flattering attention and the reverse of unwelcome, but sometimes the envy is not placed where the beneficiary is expecting it to be placed. Once, when Susy was seven, she sat breathlessly absorbed in watching a guest of ours adorn herself for a ball. The lady was charmed by this homage; this mute and gentle admiration; and was happy in it. And when her pretty labors were finished, and she stood at last perfect, unimprovable, clothed like Solomon in all his glory, she paused, confident and expectant, to receive from Susy's tongue the tribute that was burning in her eyes. Susy drew an envious little sigh and said:

“I wish *I* could have crooked teeth and spectacles!”

Once, when Susy was six months along in her eighth year, she did something one day in the presence of company, which subjected her to criticism and reproof. Afterward, when she was alone with her mother, as was her custom she reflected a little while over the matter. Then she set up what I think—and what the shade of Burns would think—was a quite good philosophical defence.

“Well, mamma, you know I didn't see myself, and so I couldn't know how it looked.”

In homes where the near friends and visitors are mainly literary people—lawyers, judges, professors and clergymen—the children's ears become early familiarized with wide vocabularies. It is natural for them to pick up any words that fall in their way; it is natural for them to pick up big and little ones indiscriminately; it is natural for them to use without fear any word that comes to their net, no matter how formidable it may be as to size. As a result, their talk is a curious and funny musketry clatter of little words, interrupted at intervals by the heavy artillery crash of a word of such imposing sound and size that it seems to shake the ground and rattle the windows. Sometimes the child gets a wrong idea of a word which it has picked up by chance, and attaches to it a meaning which impairs its usefulness—but this does not happen as often as one might expect it would. Indeed, it happens with an infrequency which may be regarded as remarkable. As a child, Susy had good fortune with her large words, and she employed many of them. She made no more than her fair share of mistakes. Once when she thought something very funny was going to happen (but it didn't), she was racked and torn with laughter, by anticipation. But, apparently, she still felt sure of her position, for she said, "If it had happened, I should have been transformed [transported] with glee."

And earlier, when she was a little maid of five years, she informed a visitor that she had been in a church only once, and that was the time when Clara was "crucified" [christened]. . . .

In Heidelberg, when Susy was six, she noticed that the Schloss gardens were populous with snails creeping all about everywhere. One day she found a new dish on her table and inquired concerning it, and learned that it was made of snails. She was awed and impressed, and said:

"Wild ones, mamma?"

She was thoughtful and considerate of others—an acquired quality, no doubt. No one seems to be born with it. One hot day, at home in Hartford, when she was a little child, her mother borrowed her fan several times (a Japanese one, value five cents), refreshed herself with it a moment or two, then handed it back with a word of thanks. Susy knew her mother would use the fan all the time if she could do it without putting a deprivation upon its owner. She also knew that her mother could not be

persuaded to do that. A relief must be devised somehow; Susy devised it. She got five cents out of her money-box and carried it to Patrick, and asked him to take it down-town (a mile and a half) and buy a Japanese fan and bring it home. He did it—and thus thoughtfully and delicately was the exigency met and the mother's comfort secured. It is to the child's credit that she did not save herself expense by bringing down another and more costly kind of fan from up-stairs, but was content to act upon the impression that her mother desired the Japanese kind—content to accomplish the desire and stop with that, without troubling about the wisdom or unwisdom of it.

Sometimes, while she was still a child, her speech fell into quaint and strikingly expressive forms. Once—aged nine or ten—she came to her mother's room, when her sister Jean was a baby, and said Jean was crying in the nursery, and asked if she might ring for the nurse. Her mother asked:

“Is she crying hard?”—meaning cross, ugly.

“Well, no, mamma. It is a weary, lonesome cry.”

It is a pleasure to me to recall various incidents which reveal the delicacies of feeling that were so considerable a part of her budding character. Such a revelation came once in a way which, while creditable to her heart, was defective in another direction. She was in her eleventh year then. Her mother had been making the Christmas purchases, and she allowed Susy to see the presents which were for Patrick's children. Among these was a handsome sled for Jimmy, on which a stag was painted; also, in gilt capitals, the word “Deer.” Susy was excited and joyous over everything, until she came to this sled. Then she became sober and silent—yet the sled was the choicest of all the gifts. Her mother was surprised, and also disappointed, and said:

“Why, Susy, doesn't it please you? Isn't it fine?”

Susy hesitated, and it was plain that she did not want to say the thing that was in her mind. However, being urged, she brought it haltingly out:

“Well, mamma, it *is* fine, and of course it *did* cost a good deal—but—but—why should that be mentioned?”

Seeing that she was not understood, she reluctantly pointed to that word “Deer.” It was her orthography that was at fault, not her heart. She had inherited both from her mother.

MARK TWAIN.

THE GREAT REFORMS SECURED IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

WE have been often told that it is the unexpected which happens; and certainly nothing could have been more unexpected to those who, for an entire generation, have been endeavoring to secure the restoration of government by the people to the voters of the imperial Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, than the thoroughgoing and far-reaching changes which have been so unexpectedly introduced there, and which have completely reversed the evil political conditions which for many years have existed in that State.

The readers of this REVIEW were told, in the number for last January, of the overwhelming victory for honest politics which had just been won, not only in the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, but throughout the entire State, and of the overthrow, at the polls, of the corrupt and criminal organization of which the majority masqueraded as Republicans while the minority masqueraded as Democrats, which organizations had so long dishonored Pennsylvania; for the Democratic annex to the Republican organization was quite as corrupt and criminal as that organization itself. In that article, the numerous sources of strength possessed by these so-called organizations were set forth in detail, and it was there declared that:

“It is not the persons, but the system which is the object of attack, and against the system the attack ought to be relentlessly maintained until the last vestige of it is driven out of American politics. ‘Bossism’ has indeed been the curse of our politics for a long while past; and, if ‘government of the people, by the people and for the people’ is to continue, that evil system, leading to all abhorrent forms of debauchery, corruption and degradation of the public service, must absolutely disappear. In striving for its disappearance, however, there is

no need for undue condemnation of those who are responsible for its continuance, if they will abandon their evil ways, and placing themselves upon an equality with all other persons desiring to enter the public service, submit their qualifications to the impartial judgment of the voters; but, with less than that concession, no true friend of honest politics can ever be satisfied."

It was added:

"The confederates of the evil system we are considering ought not to be too severely blamed. The long condition of base and degrading bondage has been slowly doing its evil work upon their character. It had, of course, grown by what it fed upon. Its demoralizing influence had spread into every hamlet of the Commonwealth, for everywhere could be found some person, more or less influential, who was a beneficiary or hoped to be a beneficiary, in one way or other, of this powerful combination; while the country press was generally subsidized by it, so that it seemed chimerical to imagine that men no longer young and tired of the strifes and antagonisms of life, would live to witness the redemption of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania from their low-minded and craven-hearted servitude."

These wise words of Secretary Taft in reference to Ohio were quoted:

"Those who brought about the defeat of the machine cannot afford to lie back on their oars and think they have won a lasting victory. They have merely carried the first entrenchments. What is needed is the earnest attention and work of young men entering politics, with the unselfish desire to make them better, and who will strive for open conventions and a free choice by the people of all candidates for office. Such a victory will not be completed for several years."

Indeed, to thoughtful men, however much encouraged by the splendid result of the strenuous conflict which lasted in Pennsylvania from May to November of last year, the prospect of thorough success was even less encouraging than it seemed to Secretary Taft in Ohio. It is, indeed, doubtful if a corrupt and degrading political system was ever so strongly entrenched as that which Senator Quay, on his death, bequeathed to his successors in the management of the Republican party and its Democratic annex in Pennsylvania. It possessed unlimited control of free transportation for all who would serve it, and the baneful influence of this source of corruption could hardly be exaggerated. It reached everywhere, and it alone was sufficient to hold to their allegiance to the bosses of both corrupt organiza-

tions many thousands of active workers in the party ranks. Even subordinate henchmen in unimportant districts were able to transport the families of their subordinates free of cost wherever they wished to go, while members of the city councils of Philadelphia and Pittsburg used this source of graft without limit, and often obtained tickets, not to be used for travel, but to be sold for their money value for the benefit of their retainers. Then, too, these organizations had entire control of the State treasury. By the corrupt use of the moneys of the State they had previously driven two cashiers to suicide, and at the psychological moment of the canvass of last year the third victim of their wrong-doing killed himself. It is believed that every depository of the State moneys poured money into their lap in return for the favors thus accorded.

They also had the entire force of national office-holders throughout the State, as they absolutely controlled their appointments to office; while the same fact was true of almost every office-holder within the State, ranging from the mayors of cities to the janitors of public buildings. They controlled the higher ranges of the public service as well, and almost all of the judges on the bench, State and national, owed their places to their favor. Meanwhile, what are called the financial interests were closely allied with them, because they held in their hands the giving or withholding of the franchises for public-service corporations, whether of greater or lesser value, many of which had been or might be chartered to rob the public under the thin disguise of watered securities.

In addition to all these sources of strength, the evil system had gradually grown up, as has been so fully shown in the insurance investigations of New York, of allowing corporations, no matter what was the business in which they were engaged, to make large contributions of money to political organizations at each recurring election; so that their treasuries were always overflowing, and they were thus enabled to make grants of money to their supporters whenever the occasion justified it. It can easily be imagined, therefore, how unassailable these serried cohorts of dishonest politicians of both parties, herded together for the single purpose of robbing the people, had become, and how distant seemed, even to the most hopeful spirits, the day when their destruction could be fairly expected. The contest was likely to

extend certainly over many years; and the main hope of success was in continued, and still continued, appeals to the innate moral sense of the voters, until the majority of them were convinced that the Eighth Commandment was of imperative obligation in politics as well as in all the other relations of life.

It was, therefore, with the greatest possible surprise that the victors in the contest of last year, within a week after their victory, learned that Governor Pennypacker, who had been chosen for that office by the late Senator Quay alone, and had been nominated and elected by these organizations in obedience to Senator Quay's commands, had called an extra session of the Legislature, and had indicated, among other subjects for legislation: an Act providing for a thorough reform in the management of the State treasury in the interest of the taxpayers; an Act providing for the personal registration of voters; an Act providing for the better government of large cities; and Acts abolishing fees and establishing fixed salaries in the offices of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Insurance Commissioner, both of which departments had been the objects of vigorous assault during the canvass.

It was at once seen, and with the greatest delight, that here was a beginning for such legislation as would at least tend to lessen some of the evils under which the people had been so long groaning without prospect of relief. We had hardly recovered from the agreeable surprise of this first important step, when the President and Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company startled us still more agreeably by decreeing the drastic and absolute abolition of free transportation over their lines from December 31, 1905. As this action was promptly followed by the other railroads of the State, it was at once apparent that a most serious blow was thus struck at the system which had been so long assuming to itself the right to govern Pennsylvania as its members thought to be for their own personal interest. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether any step since taken has been so fruitful of advantage to the cause of honest politics as this action of the railroad companies in abolishing passes; for it at once reduced, with reference to transportation at least, every leader, as well as every henchman, of these organizations to the same level on which their fellow citizens stood; that is, each of them from the first day of January, 1906, would have to march to the ticket-office and buy his ticket and pay for it.

Before the delight at this action had fully subsided, Governor Pennypacker issued an additional proclamation, adding to the subjects for legislation at the special session: Laws to regulate the primary elections; to establish a civil-service system; to designate the uses to which moneys may be applied by candidates, political managers, and committees, in political campaigns, both for nominations and elections; and to require the managing committees and managers of all political parties to file, with a designated official, at the close of each campaign, a detailed statement in writing, accompanied by affidavits of the amounts collected and the purposes for which they were expended.

And now, at last, the good bark of State was started on a hopeful voyage, and it only remained to see how far the Legislature, when it met, would comply with the evident wishes of the Governor to meet the demands of the people for thoroughgoing and far-reaching reform legislation. For it must be remembered that the sincerity of the Legislature was even more thoroughly and more justly distrusted than that of the Governor had been. They had, indeed, but a few months before held high revel at the State Capitol, not only violating all the principles of sound and honest government, but violating them with an insolence which made their misconduct the harder to bear. It is not too much to say that they ran riot in legislative misconduct, and that it seemed as if there was no action looking to the plunder of the people, and to their further degradation while being plundered, which a majority of those legislators would not have enjoyed enacting.

The reformers, however, showed a practical sagacity in the presence of this crisis for which they cannot be too highly praised. Young men, new to the political field, acted as if they were trained veterans in politics; for, taking the Governor at his word and assuming that the Legislature would act upon his proclamations in good faith, they devoted themselves, in season and out of season, to the task of formulating the measures which he had indicated were to be the subjects of the session, so as to secure for the people the best possible results in case their enactment could be secured.

The story of their success is so astonishing as to be almost incredible. The extra session assembled at the State Capitol on January 15th, 1906, and adjourned thirty days thereafter; and yet, in that short interval it placed upon the statute-books laws

which have transformed the political life of Pennsylvania, by opening the avenues of political preferment to every man in the State who wishes to serve the public, and enabling him to appeal to the confidence of his fellow citizens, free from the slightest concession to any master. So that when they had adjourned, and the laws they had enacted had been approved by the Governor, the great blessing of government by the people had been restored to the citizens; and government by bosses had been obliterated, unless a majority of the voters prefer such government.

The first act of importance was an act for the better government of cities of the first class, which greatly strengthened the permanency of tenure of competent and faithful employees, by eliminating all political consideration; and then it enacted this drastic provision:

“No officer, clerk or employee of any city of the first class or of any department, trust or commission thereof, shall be a member of, or delegate or alternate to, any political convention, nor shall he be present at any such convention except in the performance of his official duty. No officer, clerk or employee of any city of the first class, or of any department, trust or commission thereof, shall serve as a member of, or attend the meetings of, any committee of any political party or take any active part in political management or in political campaigns, or use his office to influence political movements or influence the political action of any officer, clerk or employee of any such city department, trust or commission.”

This cut up by the roots one of the most offensive manifestations of the power of the organizations, that of using for their own political purposes persons employed and paid to serve the public only; so that political conventions in Philadelphia and Pittsburg were, in many cases, as absolutely controlled by the office-holders as if no other citizens had a right to participate in them.

There had also long existed an odious system of assessing, by means of some of the employees, all the other employees of the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia such percentage of their salaries as the persons in control of the organizations chose to demand from them; and the next act of the Legislature struck down this abuse by enacting that:

“No officer, clerk or employee under the government of any city of the first class within this Commonwealth shall, directly or indirectly,

demand, solicit, collect or receive, or be in any manner concerned in demanding, soliciting, collecting or receiving, any assessment, subscription or contribution, whether voluntary or involuntary, intended for any political purpose whatever."

They next proceeded to lift the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, as they subsequently lifted that of the Insurance Commissioner, out of the realm of graft, by affixing to each office a definite, lawful salary, and requiring all other fees and perquisites of every kind whatever to be turned into the public treasury,—reforms which had been long vainly demanded.

The next act was of far greater importance than either of the preceding, and in itself alone would constitute a reversal of the base conditions under which the people of Pennsylvania have been living for more than a generation; for it provides a uniform method of electing, at primary elections, the officers of all parties and their delegates to State and national conventions, as well as of making nominations for public offices. It also provides for the payment of the expenses of these primary elections, and makes violations of its provisions misdemeanors, with adequate punishment therefor.

It will be seen, therefore, that nominating conventions are abolished. Such conventions had, in the early history of the country, faithfully served the purpose of fairly expressing the wishes of a majority of the voters of each party; but during the years in which political grafters had been consolidating their system, these gatherings had become mere instruments in their hands for giving nominations to such persons only as they knew would serve them without conscience and without question. And all classes of officials, from Senators of the United States down to coroners in counties, have been named in the same autocratic manner and with the same contemptuous disregard of the rights of the voters to be heard upon the subject. This system had so far eaten out the spirit of independence natural to the American breast that for years past hardly anybody seriously thought of offering himself as a candidate for any office in Pennsylvania, unless he could secure the support of the acknowledged masters of his party. With that support he was sure of nomination, and without it he knew he had no chance whatever of receiving it. The law under consideration has destroyed those conditions; and, after it takes effect, any citizen may freely appeal to his fellow

citizens for their support for any office in their gift; for, if a sufficient number of his fellow citizens indicate their preference for him at the primary elections, he will be the nominee of his party; and if not, he will have been given a free field and a fair fight, and that is all any honest man ought to ask.

The Act in question does not extend to the nomination of candidates for the United States Senate, but the State of Oregon has enacted an admirable and practicable law governing that subject, and there is no reasonable doubt that such a law will be presented at the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature and will be adopted. Even, however, if no such law is passed, the voters at the primaries to nominate members of the Legislature, can express their preference for United States Senator, and their wishes would be sure to be respected. If that is done, every office in the gift of the voters of Pennsylvania will be restored to their own absolute control, if they see fit to exercise such control; and of course all free government depends, in the last analysis, upon the willingness of the citizens to give enough of their time and thought and labor to secure the best men for any office in their gift. All that legislation can do is to remove from their path the artificial obstacles to the expression of their will which the cunning and greed of professional politicians have so long interposed, and in Pennsylvania those obstacles are now removed.

The next subject with which the Legislature dealt was that of the scandals and suicides which had arisen from the partisan manipulation of the State treasury and the great funds at its disposal for deposit. Here, also, the members seem to have acted in good faith, and to have provided a reasonably safe and conservative measure for preventing those sacred funds from being hereafter, as they have been in the past, the plaything of the organizations, and of safeguarding them in the interest of the people to whom they belong.

They next turned their attention to providing a method for the personal registration of voters in all the considerable cities of the State, including cities of the first, second and third classes. The frauds at the elections in our great cities have long been a subject of cynical and contemptuous boasting by the members of both organizations. For more than a quarter of a century, they have simply treated the ballot-boxes as a means whereby they could provide any majority for any candidate, or for any proposi-

tion submitted to the voters which they thought desirable. Indeed, the history of frauds upon the ballot in Philadelphia, if ever compiled by those conversant with the subject, will present one of the most deplorable records in the history of human depravity. The ballot-box is to the good citizen what the communion-table is to the good Christian. It is a sacred thing. And yet for long years it has been polluted and degraded with an impudent cynicism which is beyond belief. By the Act in question, which is very carefully and elaborately drawn, the commission of any fraud upon the ballot-box for the future has been made so difficult, as well as so dangerous, as to make it an unprofitable occupation even for the most hardened criminal. The Act required the Governor to appoint, not later than June 15th, 1906, a Board of Registration Commissioners for each of said cities, and it is due to Governor Pennypacker to say that he has discharged this important duty in a manner which met the approval of every fair-minded citizen; for he selected gentlemen of unblemished character, fairly representative of each of the political parties; and it can hardly be doubted that hereafter each qualified elector in those cities will be allowed to vote once and once only, and to have his vote honestly counted, and none other than such qualified electors will be allowed to approach the polling-place.

Then, in due course, we reach another act of great public utility. It is an act to regulate nomination and election expenses, and to require an account of all such expenses to be filed, and providing penalties for any violation of its provisions. It is a careful and searching piece of legislation, clearly defining what expenses are admissible and excluding all others, and allowing, upon the demand of a proper number of electors, a public audit of any such expenditures. So that hereafter, if there is an adequate public spirit to enforce the provisions of the Act, which ought not to be doubted, nobody can use a dollar for an improper purpose in the State of Pennsylvania, to secure either his nomination or his election to any office.

The last Act in the series is, perhaps, of equal importance with any of the others; for it is an admirable Act, applying true, practical, sensible civil-service methods to all appointments to subordinate offices in the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia. It was very carefully drafted by gentlemen thoroughly familiar with

the subject, who have been for years vainly endeavoring to secure such legislation; and there is every guarantee, from the character of the members of the Civil Service Boards, that its provisions will be carried into full effect. To all persons who are familiar with the very great advantages which have accrued to the national service from the existence of the Civil Service Commission at Washington, it will be a source of unfeigned gratification that an Act similar in scope and purpose to the Act of Congress establishing that Commission has now lifted the subordinate employees of those great cities out of their degrading servitude to political masters, and placed them upon the plane of self-respecting servants of the public, with a tenure secured to them so long as they are capable of discharging their duties and devote themselves to those duties with proper assiduity.

Such, in brief outline, are the welcome and happy changes which have taken place in the political conditions in Pennsylvania since the present year began: first, the abolition of passes; then the placing of the offices of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Insurance Commissioner upon an honorable and honest basis of salary only; then an Act compelling the officers and employees of the great cities to attend to the duties for which they are paid by all the taxpayers, and to desist from meddling with politics and from taking any active part in political management or in political campaigns; then an Act prohibiting any officer, clerk or employee of such city from soliciting or receiving any assessment, subscription or contribution, whether voluntary or involuntary, intended for any political purpose whatever; then the invaluable Act abolishing nominating conventions, and providing for nominations at primary elections by the voters themselves and under the same safeguards as are provided for elections to office; then the Act to protect the State treasury from further depredations by politicians and conserving the public moneys to be used only in the public interest; then the Act providing for the personal registration of voters in all the considerable cities of the Commonwealth, so as to make tampering with the ballot-boxes or the casting of illegal votes so difficult, as well as so dangerous, as to be practically unprofitable, if not absolutely impossible; then the Act regulating the expenditures of any candidate for either nomination or election and containing this most important provision:

"No officer of any corporation, whether incorporated under the laws of this or any other State, or any foreign country, except corporations formed for political purposes, shall pay, give or lend, or authorize to be paid, given or lent, any money or other valuable thing belonging to such corporation to any candidate or to any political committee for the payment of any election expenses whatever."

Finally, came the Act to regulate and improve the civil service of the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, making violation of its provisions a misdemeanor and providing penalties for such violation.

Surely, it is not too much to say that these laws, taken together and in connection with the abolition of passes by the railroad companies, have effected what may be fairly called a political transformation in Pennsylvania. It is, of course, very likely that errors or omissions will be discovered in some or all of these laws sufficiently grave to require additional legislation, and great care ought therefore to be observed by the voters when deciding upon the persons to whom shall be committed the government of the State, in both its executive and legislative departments; for none but sincere friends of honest politics ought to be entrusted with any office whatever. These admirable laws, indeed, like most other good things in this world, are not automatic, and they will require the self-denying patriotism of all good citizens, in season and out of season, to make them thoroughly effective. Their mere enactment, however, has already had a most excellent effect upon the politics of the Commonwealth.

The platforms presented to the voters for their choice by all the parties soliciting their suffrage this fall are of an admirable character, professing allegiance to excellent principles of government, and demanding the enactment of such additional legislation as the public interest may seem to require; and upon those platforms each party has nominated unexceptionable candidates; so that for the first time for many years, in the political history of Pennsylvania, it may be truly said that every ticket presents the names of gentlemen who can be supported by their fellow citizens with reasonable faith that, if elected, they will discharge the duties committed to them free from allegiance to any master, and with a view only to the interests of the public as they understand them. It is, therefore, in very truth, a return to government by the people, but the people must take care of their own

government. They must attend the primary elections, and exercise their choice among the candidates; and they must attend the elections themselves, to discharge their duty as good citizens by voting for such candidates as they believe best represent the true welfare of the great State of which they ought to be again proud to be electors.

The years which bring the philosophic mind bring also a sense of proportion and a serenity of spirit which enable one to cast all personal ambitions and all personal animosities into "the limbo of forgotten things." In discussing, therefore, the subject of this paper, if any expressions which appear to be unduly strong have found their way into it, they are inspired, not by ill feeling towards individuals, but only by that hatred of political corruption which has had more or less complete possession of the writer all his life. There is not a person in any degree responsible for the evils which are herein condemned whose political advancement, if honestly and fairly won in an open field and a fair fight, would give rise to any criticism, except criticism of the electors for the lack of wisdom in their choice. But now that the field is open and the fight is fair, it is for the voters to choose the candidates they prefer, and they will do so.

These great reforms have come so suddenly that it is not easy to believe in their existence or, if they exist, in their beneficence; but there they are and they speak for themselves. It is true that they have come too late to be of service to many of the veteran fighters in the cause of honest politics; but, happily, they have come in time to enable some of the elders and all younger men to challenge the judgment of an unbossed and unbought electorate upon their fitness for the offices to which they aspire. Such a consummation is an ample recompense for all past labors, arduous and seemingly hopeless as they were, and its blessings are fitly recognized only by reverently thanking God that we have been spared as free men to again salute the free Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND THE DRAGO DOCTRINE.

BY GEORGE WINFIELD SCOTT, LL.B., PH.D., CARNEGIE INSTITUTION,
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ON July 21st, the representatives of twenty-one American States convened at Rio de Janeiro for the third session of the International Conference of American States.

The last Conference was held in Mexico City, and lasted from October 22nd, 1901, to January 22nd, 1902—just three months. At that Conference, three important agreements were formulated relative to arbitration and the peaceful settlement of international disputes: First, a protocol to adhere to the Hague Convention of 1899 (it will be remembered that Mexico and the United States were the only American states invited to the Hague Conference); second, a treaty of compulsory arbitration, which was signed by ten delegations and has since been ratified by six of the Republics; third, a treaty for the arbitration of "all claims for pecuniary loss or damage," which was afterwards ratified by six of the states, including the United States. This treaty was to be operative for five years from the date it should be ratified by five of the American states. It went into force March 24th, 1905.

At the recent Conference at Rio de Janeiro, only one new question relative to the modes for settling international disputes was scheduled for discussion. It read:

"A resolution recommending that the second Peace Conference at The Hague be requested to consider whether and, if at all, to what extent the use of force for the collection of public debts is admissible."

This question may be said to have had its origin in the war which Great Britain, Germany and Italy made against Venezuela, in 1902, to force the acknowledgement and payment of the pecuniary claims which their respective subjects held against Venezuela.

At that time, Dr. Luis Drago, Minister of Foreign Relations of the Argentine Republic, addressed a communication to the United States relative to the forcible collection by a foreign state of the public debt owned by its subjects. Dr. Drago seems to have expressed no doubts about the legal right of creditor states to force the payment of those pecuniary claims which have their origin in the ownership of the bonds of a debtor state. He merely sought to have the United States adopt, as supplementary to its Monroe Doctrine policy, a further policy to the effect "that the public debt [of an American state] cannot occasion armed intervention, nor in any wise the actual occupation of the territory of American nations, by an European power."

Dr. Drago called attention to the fact that "the collection of loans by force implies territorial occupation to make it effective; that territorial occupation means the suppression of the Governments of the countries on which it is imposed"; that there was considerable European expression in favor of establishing colonies in South America; and that, he feared, under the guise of "financial interventions," the yearnings, evidenced by that expression, might be suddenly stimulated and gratified.

Without commenting on the grounds, or lack of grounds, for such anxiety or on the wisdom of the proposal, attention is called to the difference between the proposition originally urged by Dr. Drago and the question formulated for discussion at Rio de Janeiro. Señor Drago proposed a question of policy for the Pan-American states.* The resolution under consideration at Rio de Janeiro involved the submission to the next Hague Conference of a question of law, to which, it is respectfully submitted, there can be but one answer.

Law and Practice.—When it is recollected that states are in legal theory equally independent; that the rules which regulate their relations are supposed to afford to one the same general rights and obligations that are afforded to another; that these rules have, as yet, developed no formal, superior judicial or administrative authority; that, in consequence, to every state is

* The Calvo Doctrine has to do with the principle of law, observed between the first-class Powers, which requires subjects to exhaust the judicial remedies of the debtor-state before their state interposes to present their claims diplomatically. It was urged by Señor Calvo, for many years the distinguished Minister of the Argentine Republic at Paris, that this rule should be observed by the first-class Powers in their transactions with the Latin-American states.

accorded the right to determine for itself when its rights have been invaded; that every state which considers itself aggrieved enjoys the sole right to decide the redress which it shall exact, and whether in the given case it has exhausted all the peaceful remedies to secure redress; that the use of force or war is a recognized legal remedy by which states may settle their differences; that every state is, in legal theory, accorded complete sovereignty over the persons and properties within its jurisdiction; that, as a consequence of this, every injury to the person and property of foreign subjects within its jurisdiction may be legally ascribed to the act of the state itself; that an injury to the subject of a state is to that extent, in law, an injury to the particular state; that states, like individuals, are entitled to maintain a reputable existence, and to protect themselves from debilitation and destruction; that their dignity and reputation, their economic and social welfare, are so intimately bound up in the maintenance of the persons and property of their subjects that they are compelled to guard jealously every invasion of their international rights—when these facts are recollected, it would seem that the answer to the question, “whether and, if at all, to what extent the use of force for the collection of public debts is admissible,” must be that, as a matter of legal right, each state determines for itself both the conditions under which it is justified in using force, and the extent to which it shall go in the use of force, to collect the public debts due its subjects by another state.

States have, from time to time, and generally, declined, for reasons of domestic expediency, to exercise their legal right to collect the public bonds of foreign states due their subjects, but they have never admitted that they did not have the right to do so.

It is the general practice of states in these matters to afford to their subjects only their unofficial good offices. They have desisted from giving further help: sometimes to encourage their subjects to invest their capital at home or in the colonies, sometimes because it was considered incompatible with the dignity of the state to allow itself to become a debt-collection agency for unprincipled speculators, sometimes for fear their motives might be misunderstood by sister states, and unforeseen international complications thereby raised.

But, as pointed out in the oft-cited circular of Lord Palmerston in 1848 to the British representatives in foreign states, “it might

happen that the loss occasioned to British subjects by the non-payment of interest upon loans made by them to foreign Governments might become so great that it would be too high a price for the nation to pay . . . and in such a state of things it might become the duty of the British Government to make these matters the subject of diplomatic negotiations."

The year before, in 1847, Lord Palmerston had taken occasion in Parliament to indicate the right of the British Government to make war against Spain for the recovery of the public debts due British subjects; and, in connection therewith, he stated: "This is a question of expediency, and not a question of power; therefore, let no foreign country which has done wrong to British subjects deceive itself by a false impression either that the British nation or the British Parliament will forever remain patient under the wrong."

In declining, in December, 1861, to participate in the concerted action of Great Britain, France and Spain to force Mexico to settle the claims, including public debts, due their respective subjects, Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, said: "The President does not feel himself at liberty to question, and he does not question, that the sovereigns represented have undoubted right to decide for themselves the fact whether they have sustained grievances, and to resort to war with Mexico for the redress thereof, and have a right, also, to levy the war severally or jointly."

Further, it should be noted that the International Arbitration Tribunals, which have held that they had no jurisdiction to receive and decide bond claims "in the absence of express language to that effect" in the treaty establishing the Tribunal, have expressed no doubt whatever as to the legal right of a state to press such claims for payment by any means which its own domestic and foreign policy might dictate. Such, for example, was the opinion of Sir Frederick Bruce, who acted as umpire in the arbitral settlement between the United States and Colombia under the Convention of February 10th, 1864.

It can probably be stated without fear of contradiction that no state has ever resorted to force to collect from another state the public debt due to its subjects, where the acknowledgement and payment of the debt was the sole subject of difference between them. Nations are not likely to make war for such a cause alone. One day's war would cost more than the whole debt due.

Perhaps the instances in which the deferred payment of the public debt has been most nearly the sole cause for resorting to force, are the intervention of 1861 by France, Great Britain and Spain in Mexico, and the intervention of 1902 by Germany, Great Britain and Italy in Venezuela. In both instances, the subjects of the intervening Powers had suffered, at the hands of the delinquent states, repeated and serious injuries through violence and the denial of civilized justice. In both cases, it has been alleged that the ostensible reasons for intervening were not the real ones. However that may be, for the motives of states as of individuals are not accurately comprehended, it can be safely asserted that, as a general rule, creditor states have shown a considerate disposition toward debtor states, and this from the purely selfish reasons to which attention has already been called.

Where the finances of states have become utterly deranged from various causes—such as the ravages of civil and foreign war, a corrupt, extravagant and overmanned financial service, conducted without proper means of accounting—it has frequently happened that the creditor states have been able, through diplomatic negotiation and pressure, to take over temporarily the administration of the finances of the country. This is what happened in Egypt in 1879, in Greece in 1898, and in San Domingo in 1904.

In some instances claims, arising from non-payment of bonds, without having been the subject of prior diplomatic negotiation, have been presented by the counsel of a creditor state to an International Arbitration Tribunal established by treaty to hear and decide "all claims" against either state. With one exception, the Tribunals have declined to take jurisdiction on the ground that the claims had not been diplomatically presented and could not, therefore, have been intended by the High Contracting Parties to be embraced within the description "all claims." And, though it seemed to be admitted that this objection would not be applicable to other than bond claims, yet it was applicable to them merely because of the special policy of non-interposition which states ordinarily pursued in these cases.

Effect of Arbitration Treaties.—It has been thought by some that the establishment of The Hague Arbitration Tribunal affected to some extent the rules of international law, by making it incumbent upon states to arbitrate their differences and not to resort to the use of force. This is a mistake. The obligation, or

rather the lack of obligation, to arbitrate remains the same, except possibly that there is an indefinite moral obligation imposed by the civilized public opinion of the world. And even international law is made up of more determinate stuff than this!

On the belief that The Hague Arbitration Convention of 1899 had "altered international law," it was urged by the counsel for Venezuela, Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh, in the Preferential Treatment case at The Hague, that "the question as to whether or not Great Britain, Germany and Italy are entitled to preferential or separate treatment in the payment of their claims against Venezuela" required the Tribunal to decide "whether the war [waged] was justified or not," and that this was "the whole marrow of the question" submitted for decision.

The Tribunal, however, held that it "was not called upon to decide whether the three blockading Powers had exhausted all pacific methods in their dispute with Venezuela, in order to prevent the employment of force"; in fact, it considered itself "absolutely incompetent to give a decision as to the character or nature of the military operations."

Some have been misled as to the significance of The Hague Convention in international law by the language of Article XIX of that Convention, in which reservation was made that, "independently of existing general or special treaties, imposing the obligation" to arbitrate, the Signatory Powers should have "the right to conclude" at any time "new agreements, general or special, with a view of extending the obligation" to arbitrate. The phrase "extending the obligation" relates to any "obligation" which might be subsisting under arbitration treaties that were at the time in force between the parties, not to any "obligation" to arbitrate imposed by The Hague Convention—because, unfortunately, there was none. All proposals to make arbitration in any way obligatory were turned down by the Conference.

The Hague Convention, therefore, omitted entirely the giving of any jurisdiction to the Tribunal it set up; it merely provided an arrangement for the arbitration of international disputes, and left each state free to decide whether in a given case it would invite, or if invited, would refuse the remedy of arbitration.

The "epidemic" of arbitration treaties which has followed The Hague Conference shows the same hesitancy on the part of nations to give to arbitration in any wise a certain and definite juris-

diction. Of the fifty-odd treaties which have been signed "with a view of extending the obligation" to arbitrate, only a few give a jurisdiction—only a few make arbitration obligatory. Under none of the others is it possible for one state to summon another to the Arbitral Court. Under none of the others is any definite question of international dispute unconditionally segregated for arbitration. Under each of the other treaties, the state has reserved for its own decision, whenever a question of difference shall arise, whether the particular question shall be arbitrated. If at such time, which would ordinarily be a time of more or less national excitement and feeling, the state should decide that it was compatible with its "vital interests," "national honor," "independence" or "constitution" to arbitrate, then it might extend an invitation, or accept an invitation, to arbitrate.

To sum up, the present situation in *law* as regards the necessity to arbitrate international disputes instead of resorting to force is in no wise different, with the minor exceptions mentioned, from what it was before The Hague Conference.

Question at the Next Hague Conference.—The question at the next Hague Conference should be, it would seem: Are the civilized states so much in favor of peace that they are willing to agree, in order to make a positive but slight start in this direction, to set apart for settlement by arbitration a portion, however small, of the matters which give rise to international disputes?

The giving of a definite and unconditional jurisdiction to arbitration would act as an entering wedge. Gradually, this jurisdiction might be extended, as the early writs in England extended the jurisdiction of the courts. Gradually, the states might be expected to discover that their "national honor" and "vital interests" are not jeopardized by referring their differences to the arbitrament of law. Gradually, states, and the society of which they are composed, might be expected to acquire the habit of submitting international disputes to the decision of international tribunals in which they have confidence. Gradually, the crude arbitration arrangements of the present would be perfected, and that confidence in the fairness and judicial attitude of the arbitrators which is fundamental to the reign of law would come to exist. Gradually, the attachment of the property of an alleged debtor, in advance of a judicial investigation into the merits of the debt—a procedure unknown to the English common law—would

cease as between the states. Gradually, states would consider that it is unbecoming the high dignity and standards of justice which they should maintain, to lend their great powers to the collection of the often falsely exaggerated claims of unprincipled speculators, supported by merely *ex parte* evidence.

To give to the Arbitration Tribunal a definite and unconditional jurisdiction, however small to begin with, would put it beyond the legal capacity of states to confound their "national honor," etc., in a time of necessarily keen public feeling, with what would, in an ordinarily calm state of the public mind, be considered a mere lawsuit.

If, then, the civilized public opinion of the world is so much in favor of peace that it is willing to venture a slight but positive step in the direction of the reign of law in the settlement of international differences, the question arises: What are the matters which are giving rise to international disputes that can, with safety to the "vital interests," "national honor," etc., of states be unconditionally segregated for this purpose?

A strong argument might be presented for the setting apart for peaceful settlement, at all times, of all disputes incident to the collection of public debts arising from money loaned by subjects to foreign states, or, at least, for deferring the right to use force till after the alleged debts have been judicially examined and the sum due ascertained. "The propositions" in the note of Dr. Drago of December, 1902, described by Mr. Hay as "ably set forth," incidentally mention some of the reasons why international arbitration tribunals might be given jurisdiction over disputes relative to the public debts due foreigners.

Several cogent arguments, it would seem, can be advanced for a jurisdiction of this subject, which are not applicable to other classes of international pecuniary claims. Thus: "The capitalist who lends his money to a foreign state always takes into account the resources of the country and the probability, greater or less, that the obligations contracted will be fulfilled without delay." He generally takes advantage of the necessities of the borrowing state, and exacts discounts and interest accordingly. He knows that he is loaning his money to a sovereignty which is accorded by law the right to give or withhold the usual remedies of civil suit. He is aware that all debts of a state exist subject to the state's being in position to pay them without embarrassment to

its existence; and that, in law, the state is the sole judge of its ability to pay at any particular time. He knows that modern conditions require states to expend vast sums of money for the development and maintenance of their various public works; that, in the long run, all states must uphold their credit; and that, to accomplish this, the debtor states must observe a decent husbandry and keep good faith in their obligations. He knows that the legal relation of the delinquent debtor to his creditors has some points of difference from the legal relation of a state to foreign subjects whose person and property, while within the jurisdiction of the state, are injured, and who are denied civilized justice; that in the transaction of buying the bonds of a foreign state he is accepting the promise of the state in return for his property; and that the loss of one's property through a breach of promise is not so direct an injury as a loss occasioned without a promise.

If the various foregoing considerations are sound, the Conference at Rio de Janeiro did well not to adopt the resolution originally formulated for its consideration which had for its object the requesting of the next Hague Conference to consider a rule of international law which it would seem impossible to question. What the Conference did do was formally "to recommend to the Governments represented therein that they consider the point of inviting the Second Peace Conference at The Hague to consider the question of the compulsory collection of public debts; and, in general, means tending to diminish between nations conflicts having an exclusively pecuniary origin." The resolution adopted by the Conference is very indefinite, but it is probably an improvement on the one formulated for its consideration.

It is generally expected that some American state, perhaps the United States, will "consider the point" and present "the question" to the next Hague Conference. It is to be hoped that the question will be formulated for the consideration and action of the Conference with due regard to international law, foreign politics and the practical object to be attained, and that, by a treaty to which all states are party, International Arbitration will be given an unreserved jurisdiction of a small portion of the matters which are giving rise to disputes between states.

GEORGE WINFIELD SCOTT.

EDUCATIONAL RECIPROCITY.

BY CHARLES F. BEACH, JR., PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN LAW AND
INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

WITH Treaties of Reciprocity, in the abstract, we have long been familiar. Mr. Blaine began to preach us that gospel many years ago, and now few dispute the proposition that, under existing conditions, no form of effort for promoting international good relationship is more efficient than a fairly adjusted reciprocity treaty, whereby each country gets something and gives something in return. We began years ago our efforts for reciprocity in trade; but, while the politicians have been haggling and hesitating over their commercial treaties and have made no very great progress withal, the schoolmen have devised a reciprocity of quite another sort, a reciprocity in education, and are reaching out with it to the ends of the earth. The result is that we now have, and are to have in future, reciprocal relations in higher education with each of the chief countries of Europe as the outcome, not of formal treaties entered into by the President and the Senate with foreign potentates, but of informal arrangements between some of our chief schools of learning and the great European universities—treaties of educational reciprocity between schools and scholars on the two sides of the Atlantic. Nothing in the way of reciprocal relationship between nations is more interesting and inspiring or bigger with promise of good results.

We know all about the work of American and European scholars as professors and teachers in the schools of backward and partially civilized countries, like China, Japan and Turkey, where their assistance has been sought as a means of importing learning to promote national advancement. But what we are here considering is quite another story. It has to do, not with Europeans and Americans going into the outer darkness as educational pioneers,

to teach civilization to those who have it not, but with their goings and comings on equal terms among themselves, to get acquainted educationally each with the other, to explain and to expound themselves to each other; each carrying to all the rest whatever is choicest and most distinctive and distinguishing in his own intellectual kit; each country giving as much as it gets, and getting a thousand times more than it gives. Each thus takes on, at first hand, not only much useful knowledge, but also something of the highest culture of all the rest, broadening each his view of the others, correcting his judgment, and thus coming to know even as he is known. That the professors and scholars of the dominant nations are thus exchanged in considerable numbers, and admitted to teach systematically each in the universities of all the rest, and to expound their several political, social and philosophical systems to each other in an orderly and consecutive way, year after year, writes a new chapter in the book of knowledge. It is not only something quite new in education, but it has something better to recommend it than its novelty; it signifies much for a better mutual understanding, for closer relations between the nations; it imposes itself as a barrier to misunderstanding, recrimination and war — something that makes for peace more than a dozen Hague conferences (with any discussion of disarmament barred) or five-and-twenty Pan-American congresses.

The beginnings of this form of international reciprocity are to be traced to the work of *l'Alliance Française*, an institution of much importance and value in promoting knowledge of the French language in foreign countries. With its headquarters in Paris, and branches in every part of the world, it has for many years carried on an active propaganda everywhere on behalf of the French language and literature and civilization. It has been especially active and successful in this country, and several years ago French professors, under its patronage, began to come to the United States to give lectures in French at Harvard and elsewhere. That seems to have suggested to Mr. James H. Hyde, who had known of and appreciated this work as a student at Cambridge, the foundation which he made three years ago at the Sorbonne for an annual course of lectures there in English by a Harvard professor. This course was inaugurated in the autumn of 1904 by Professor Barrett Wendell, who gave an attractive

series of lectures, or conferences, to a numerous audience in the great Amphithéâtre Richelieu at the Sorbonne, during the winter of 1904-05, on American ideas and ideals as disclosed in our literature. Last winter, Professor Santayana continued the work on the Hyde foundation in a course of lectures on American philosophy; and the work thus begun is to be carried on during the coming and future years by members of the Harvard faculty. These lectures have already attracted a very flattering interest and attention in Paris, and are bringing forth peaceable fruits an hundredfold in strengthening and increasing the traditional good understanding between educated Frenchmen and educated Americans. I understand that the parallel work at Harvard—French in Cambridge and English at the Sorbonne—goes on apace, each winter finding, by way of reciprocity, one of the Paris faculty in Boston.

Aside from the initiative of *l'Alliance Française*, the Baron de Coubertin is, more than any one else, the father of this internationalization of educational facilities. By his successful efforts to revive the Olympic games, his foundations of French prizes at Princeton, Tulane, Leland Stanford and the University of California, his stimulating promotion of athletics à l'Anglaise in the French schools, to all which he has devoted much of his time and money; by his persistent writing and speaking, and by all the infectious enthusiasm which he has been able to inject into his efforts, he has called wide attention to the subject and made thoughtful men everywhere think seriously about it. Whatever may be accomplished in this direction anywhere in the world will be very much the result of his intelligent initiative.

Next in order of time after the Harvard-Sorbonne exchange of professors, comes my work in Paris. This began in fact about the same time as Mr. Hyde's professorship, in the summer of 1904, by an invitation from the Faculty of Law of the University of Paris to undertake there a course on American law, which I accordingly did during the session of 1904-05. It was at the outset a question whether the work should be done in English or in French. Professor Barrett Wendell, across the rue Saint-Jacques, was doing his work in English, and doing it very successfully; and, following that example, it was at first proposed that I also speak English. But, upon consideration, and in view of the fact that very few of the law students could follow an English lecture,

it was finally decided that it would be unwise to try to impose a new subject and a strange language at once upon a body of students for whom either the subject or the language alone would be a sufficient tax on attention, and my work was therefore done in French. I usually give, however, at the conclusion of the lectures a short talk in English, using up in that way about the last ten minutes of the hour. The results of the first year's work were thought to be such that I was asked to go on for a second year (1905-06). At the suggestion of some members of the Faculty, I varied the work a little during the second year, broadening the scope of it and making the subject American law and institutions. I gave this course last year, not only at the Faculty of Law in Paris, but also at the University of Lille, spending half of each week at the latter place. Next year (1906-07), it is proposed that I continue the work in Paris and at Lille for the first half of the year, and at Bordeaux and Toulouse during the second half. In succeeding years the plan is gradually to enlarge the scope of the work, so as to give to the students in four of the chief universities of France, in a series of courses, a general view of our American law and our social and political institutions, somewhat as Blackstone did at Oxford on the Viner foundation for the English lawyers of his time.

So much for the work in Paris, where educational reciprocity was born. As soon as the success of the work had been demonstrated on the Mont Sainte-Geneviève, they caught at the idea in Germany. The Kaiser took it up with enthusiasm, and Mr. James Speyer's foundation of the Theodore Roosevelt Chair of American Institutions at the University of Berlin has made the work of Columbia men possible and permanent in that important institution of learning. This course was inaugurated last winter by Professor Peabody of Harvard. At his first lecture, a letter was read from the President of the United States, giving the work his high sanction and endorsement, and the Emperor himself had a seat on the rostrum. With this brilliant start, the success of the work in Germany seems assured. President Hadley of Yale and Professor Burgess of Columbia are to be the lecturers there during the coming winter. Meantime, the Germans are manifesting their practical interest in the work by the reciprocal establishment at Columbia, by the Prussian Ministry of Education, of a Chair of German History and Institutions, to be known as the

Kaiser Wilhelm Chair, to be filled each year by some eminent German scholar. Under this foundation, Professor Heinrich Schumacher of the University of Bonn is to lecture this winter in New York.

A similar educational alliance, along the lines already laid down in Paris and Germany, has also been concluded during the present summer between Italy and the United States, whereby Italian professors are to lecture at several of our chief schools, especially at the University of Chicago and the University of Pennsylvania; and, reciprocally, American professors are to give courses in several of the chief universities of Italy. This is the result of negotiations between Dr. Joseph S. Kennard, acting on behalf of certain American institutions, and two commissioners—Messrs. Villari and Crezaro—appointed for the purpose by the King of Italy, who has himself manifested the liveliest interest in the project. A royal decree was issued calling the especial attention of Italian scholars and educators to the matter, and emphasizing its importance from a national point of view, with the result of enlisting the cordial support of the best people of Italy. The formal details, as finally arranged under royal sanction, contemplate the recognition of the diplomas of American colleges by Italian institutions of learning, and *vice versa*, so that scholars in one country can be admitted *ad eundem* to university study in the other. The reciprocal study of the English language in Italy and of the Italian language in this country is provided for. The degree of Doctor of Laws recently conferred by the University of Pennsylvania upon the King and its formal acceptance by His Majesty were among the pleasant episodes of these negotiations. This opens to us anew the door to the abounding store of Italian culture, and fitly supplements the work of the American Academy of Art and the American School of Archæology in Rome. We shall, perhaps, have some day an American *Prix de Rome* as a capstone.

The Rhodes scholarships are the nearest approach we have to a similar educational alliance with England; but American professors have occasionally been heard in the English universities for many years past, and English professors in our colleges are almost a matter of course. There is, however, and as of course less reason for such an exchange of professors between America and England than between this country and the leading coun-

tries on the Continent of Europe. We know more about England and she has therefore less to teach us; or, to put it another way, our learning, having come to us largely through the English language, is inevitably impressed with an English character, and is English already in its essence. What we want, therefore, in this matter of educational reciprocity more especially, is an infusion of Continental and not purely English ideas and ideals. The Rhodes scholarships may, however, very well suggest to some ingenuous American who is at once large minded, philanthropic and millionaire, a counter foundation to bring foreign youths to our American universities as students. With us such a foundation should be stripped of insularity and broadened so as to include students from France, Germany, Italy and other Continental countries, as well as from England.

It is interesting to note, as a reflex of this internationalization of university instruction, that during the present year the ministers of Public Instruction in France and Germany have arranged for an exchange between the public schools of those two countries of their respective teachers of language, so that the grammar-school scholars of the two countries may each learn the language of the other from native teachers. A similar arrangement is also proposed between France and England. It is stipulated that teachers, to be qualified for this work, must be *au fait* in the other language. The educational pilgrimages for English grammar-school teachers, organized by Mr. Alfred Mosely, in London, which are to bring some five hundred or more of the common-school teachers of Great Britain to the United States during the coming winter, to observe our school methods and to study our pedagogics, in a way represent an interesting movement in the same direction. I think there is little doubt that these grammar-school exchanges are a direct result of the agitation for reciprocity in university instruction of the last few years, which may suggest the thought that in this matter—as, for example, in the use and application of electricity in the arts—we are, as the phrase is, only on the threshold.

In spite of the success which attends the work at the Sorbonne on the Hyde foundation, which is done in English, it is, I think, very generally conceded that if a professor of one country is really to reach the mind and heart of any considerable body of students in another country, he must teach in the language of

that country. If we are to enjoy an educational Pentecost, each student must hear in his own tongue. Accordingly, in the arrangements for work in Berlin next winter, our American professors are to lecture in German, and the German professors who come to us will speak English. It is not quite the same thing as between France and this country, since the acquisition of the French language is an universal desideratum, and our students hear a Frenchman, therefore, gladly in his own tongue. It may, however, even here be a question whether, speaking in French to an American audience, a French savant does not teach the French language more than he teaches the subject discussed.

An interesting feature of the work at the University of Berlin, on the James Speyer foundation, has been the commencement of an American library in that university. A thousand volumes on American history and various phases of American development have already been sent to Berlin. They are given shelf room and catalogued separately in a room set apart for the purpose, and are thus made accessible for study and reference. The plan pursuant to which my work is carried on at the Faculty of Law in Paris also contemplates the creation there of an adequate American reference law library. There is, it is a little curious to note, no single collection of American law-books anywhere in Europe at all adequate to any extended or serious study or research. At the libraries of the several Inns of Court in London, as well as in the finer and more extensive library of the Incorporated Law Society in Chancery Lane, a few American law-books are to be found; and at the Ministry of Justice in the Place Vendôme French lawyers can find a meagre assortment of our legal text-books, and some broken sets of our statutes and law reports. Elsewhere in Europe there is practically nothing. Neither a student of our law in Europe, nor a member of our bar called there on professional business, nor an investigator in comparative jurisprudence has anywhere access to a complete working American law library. It is, therefore, thought to be very desirable to establish in Paris such a library on a foundation adequate to its proper maintenance. Continental jurists, as a rule, know, in fact, comparatively little of the Common Law. Whereas we study the Civil Law as the foundation of our Equity and as the basis of much of our more modern Common Law system, and consequently have at least an adequate general notion of it,

European lawyers, for their part, seldom undertake to know much about our law. They are disposed to look upon the Common Law as a formless jumble of Germanic customs, without much scientific basis or merit as a system. Furthermore, although in all our better law schools the Civil Law is systematically taught and studied, no real attention is paid to the Common Law in any European scheme of legal training; and, although our reference law libraries in this country contain good collections of works on the Civil Law, the libraries in Europe contain little of our law aside from a few treatises written by European lawyers about it. The desirableness of at least one good American law library in Europe is, therefore, not in question. Aside from its value from an educational point of view, its usefulness to American lawyers visiting Europe on business for their clients would amply justify its creation and maintenance.

From the general standpoint of the educational reciprocity of which we have been speaking, the overshadowing importance of the work in Paris is well suggested by the fact that there are ordinarily from 15,000 to 18,000 students in regular attendance on the various courses at the university, of whom some 5,000 are in the Law School. Thus there are in Paris more than twice as many university students as in any German university, and about half as many as at all the twenty or more German universities put together. We have three times as many students as at any American university, six or seven times as many as at Oxford, and ten times as many as at Cambridge. Furthermore, this multitude of students comes not from France alone, but consists of ingenuous youth from every other country in Europe, and from almost every other country in the world. It is verily a cosmopolitan company—that throng of students in the *Pays Latin*—all come up to Paris to learn its language and to take on and to take home its civilization, as well as to eat of the bread of knowledge at the schools. I think that I myself must have made, in the course of my work, the personal acquaintance of students of not less than twenty nationalities. I recall the following: men from France, Germany, England, the United States, Canada, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Switzerland, China, Russia, Brazil, Bolivia, Scotland, Ireland, Austria, Turkey, Persia, Belgium and Spain. There may have been others. The composite character of this body of students, drawn together from the ends of the earth, not

only constitutes one of the charms of teaching in Paris, but it is a chief element of its exceptional usefulness. Here, as nowhere else, one reaches the whole world.

As an American, it has been a source of lively regret to me that so few American students are to be found in this goodly company. I have wondered why remote Rumania and half-barbarous Bulgaria and Servia send ten young men to Paris where we send one. From Germany and Russia it is twenty-five to one. The class-rooms swarm with German students, and there are many from Russia and South America. I have not understood why the unrivalled facilities that Paris offers for the study of any branch of human knowledge are less appreciated by us than by others. It has seemed to me, as the result of long residence in Europe, that if a young American can spend but one year in European study he can ill afford, from the point of view of the highest culture, to spend much of that time away from Paris. A practical acquaintance with the French language is of the first importance for every educated man of the world. Moreover, the life in Paris—its art, its music, its drama, its galleries, museums and libraries, its lectures, salons and exhibitions, with all its high-wrought cosmopolitanism—all this, the fine flower of modern civilization, is, in itself, a liberal education, the like of which is not afforded anywhere else; so that, upon the whole, I cannot doubt that, whatever else one may gain by residence and study in some remote and provincial university town, the graduate student from America gains most from his year or two in Europe if he takes up his abode in the Latin Quarter and sits down at the table of the Mother of the Universities.

CHARLES F. BEACH, JR.

OXFORD.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THE friendly gentleman in our railway carriage who was good enough to care for my interest in the landscape between London and Oxford (I began to express it as soon as we got by a very broad, bad smell waiting our train, midway, in the region of some sort of chemical works) said he was going to Oxford for the Eights. Then we knew that we were going there for the Eights, too, though as to what the Eights are I have never been able to be explicit with myself to this day, beyond the general fact that they are intercollegiate boat-races and implicate Bumps, two of which we saw with satisfaction in due time. But while the towers of Oxford were growing from the plain, a petrified efflorescence of the past, lovelier than any new May-wrought miracle of leaf and flower, we had no thought but for Oxford, and Eights and Bumps were mere vocables no more resolvable into their separate significances than the notes of the jargoning rooks flying over the fields, or the noises of the station where each of our passengers was welcomed by at least three sons or brothers, and kept from claiming somebody else's boxes in the confiding distributions from the luggage-vans. As our passengers were mostly mothers and sisters, their boxes easily outnumbered them, and if a nephew and cousin or next friend had lent his aid in their rescue in the worst cases, it could not have been superfluous. The ancient town is at other times a stronghold of learning, obedient to a tradition of cloistered men in whom the cloistered monk of other days still lingers, but at this happy time it was overflowed to its very citadel by a tide of feathered hats, of clinging and escaping scarfs, of fluffy skirts in all angelic colors; and I should not be true to that first impression of the meetings at the station, if I did not say that the meeters were quite lost, and well lost, in the multitude

of the met. When they issued together from the place these contributed their advantageous disproportion to the effect of the streets, from which they swept the proper university life into corners and doorways, and up alleys and against walls, before their advancing flood.

Our own friend, who, lief and dear as any son or brother or nephew or cousin of them all, came flying on the wings of his academic gown to greet us at the station, had in a wonderfully little while divined our baggage, and had it and us in an open carriage making a progress into the heart of the beautiful grove of towers, which, nearer to, we perceived was no petrification, but a living growth from the soul of the undying youth coming age after age to perpetuate the university there. We began at once to see the body of this youth chasing singly or plurally down the streets, in tasselled mortar-boards, and gowns clipped of their flow, to an effect of alpaca jackets. Youth can, or must, stand anything, and at certain hours of the morning and evening no undergraduate may show himself in Oxford streets without this abbreviated badge of learning, though the streets were that day so full of people thronging to the Eights and the Bumps that studious youth in the ordinary garb of the unstudious could hardly have awakened suspicion in the authorities. We were in fact, driving through a largeish town, peopled beyond its comfortable wont, and noisy with the rush of feet and wheels far frequenter and swifter than those which set its characteristic pace.

Our friend knew we were not, poor things, there for a tumult which we could have easily had in New York, or even in London, and he made haste to withdraw us from it up into a higher place at the top of the Radcliffe Library, where we could look down on all Oxford, with the tumult subsiding into repose under the foliage and amid the flowers of the college gardens. It is the well-known view which every one is advised by the guide-books to seize the first thing, and he could not have done better for us, even from his great love and lore of the place, than to point severally out each renowned roof and spire and tower which blent again for my rapture in a rich harmony with nothing jarring from the whole into any separately accentuated fact. I pretended otherwise, and I hope I satisfactorily seemed to know those tops and deeps one from another, when I ignorantly exclaimed, "Oh,

Magdalen, of course! Christ Church! And is that Balliol? And Oriel, of course; and Merton, and Jesus, and Wadham—really Wadham? And New College, of course! And is *that* Brasenose?"

I honestly affected to remember them from a first visit twenty years before, when in a cold September rain I wandered about among them with a soul dry-shod and warmed by an inner effulgence of joy in being there on any sort of terms. But I remembered nothing except the glory which nothing but the superior radiance of being there again in May could eclipse. What I remember now of this second sight of them will not let itself be put in words; it is the bird which sings in the bush, and alertly refuses to double its value by coming into the hand. I could not now take the most trusting reader up into that high place, and hope to abuse his innocence by any feigned knowledge of those clustering colleges. All is a blur of leafy luxuriance, probably the foliage of the garden trees which embower the colleges, but not so absolutely such that it does not seem the burgeoning and branching edifices themselves, a sumptuous Gothic suggestion, in stem and spray, of the stone-wrought beauty of the halls and chapels where nature might well have studied her effects of Perpendicular or Early English, or that spiritual Flamboyant in which she excels art. There remains from it chiefly a sense of flowery color which I suppose is from the nearer-to insistence of trees everywhere in bloom.

It was as if Oxford were decorated for the Eights by these sympathetic hawthorns and chestnuts, and fond lilacs, and the whole variety of kind, sweet shrubs which had hung out their blossoms to gladden the pretty eyes and noses of the undergraduates' visitors. We could not drive anywhere without coming upon some proof of the floral ardor; but perhaps I am embowering Oxford more than I ought with borrowed wreaths and garlands from the drive to the Norman church of Iffley where our friend took us, ostensibly because it could just be got in before lunch, but really because we needed some relief from the facts of Oxford which, stamped thickly, one upon another, made us inexhaustible palimpsests of precious impressions. I am sure that if another could get at my memory, and wash one record clear of another, there would reveal itself such a perfect history of what I saw and did as would constitute every beholder a partner of my ex-

periences. But this I cannot manage for myself, and must be as content as I can with revealing mere fragmentary glimpses of the fact, broken lines, shattered images, blurred colors. For instance, all I can get at, of that visit to the Norman church at Iffley, is the May morning air, with its sun and sweet, from which we passed to the gloom, richly chill, of the interior, and then from that again, into the sun and sweet, to have a swift look at the façade, with the dog-toothing of its arches, which I then for the first time received distinctly into my consciousness. A part of the precious concept, forever inseparable, is my recollection of the church wardens' printed prayer that I would not lean against the chain-fencing before the façade, and of my grief that I could not comply without failing of the view of it which I was there for: without leaning against that chain one cannot look up at the dog-toothing, and receive it into one's consciousness.

As often I have thought of asking my reader to revisit Oxford with me, I have fancied vividly possessing them of this or that distinctive fact, without regard to the sequences, but I find myself, poor slave of all that I have seen and known! following myself, step by step through the uneventful events in the order of their occurrence; and if my reader will not keep me company, after luncheon, in my stroll across fields and through garden ways beyond my friend's house to that affluent of the Isis whose real name is the Cherwell, and which calls itself the Char, I know not how he is to get to the point where the Isis becomes the Thames, and where we are to see the first of the Eights, and two of the Bumps together. For except by this stroll we cannot reach the pretty water, so full, so slow, so bright, so dark, where we are to take boat, and get down to the destined point on its smooth breast, with a thousand other boats of every device, but mainly, but overwhelmingly, punts. The craft were all pushed or pulled by their owners or their owners' guests, who were as serenely and sweetly patient with the problem of getting to the Eights or the Bumps in time, as if the affair were subjective, and might be delayed by an effort of the will in the various cases.

As with other public things in England this had such a quality of privacy that we seemed the only persons really concerned, and other people in other boats were as much figures painted in the landscape as the buttercups in the meadowy levels that stretched

on either hand at our point of departure, and presently, changed into knots of boskage, overhanging the dreamy lymph. But I shall not get into my picture the sense of the lush grasses, with those little yellow lamps, or those Perpendicular boles, with their Early English arches, or their Flamboyant leafage, any more than I shall get in the sense of the shore gleamly wetting its root-wrought earthen brinks, or bringing the weedy herbage down to drink of the little river. River it was, though so little, and as much in scale with the little continent it helps to water, as any Ohio or Mississippi of ours is with our measureless peninsula. There is also something in that English air, which, in spite of the centuries of taming to man's hand, leaves Nature her moods, her whims, of showing divinely and inalienably primitive, so that I had bewildering moments, on that sung and storied water, of floating on some wildwood stream of my Western boyhood. It has, so it appeared, its moments of savage treachery, and one still eddy where it lay smoothly smiling was identified as the point where two undergraduates had not very long ago been drowned. Sometimes the early or the later rains swell it to a flood, and spread it over those low pastures, in an image of the vaster deluges which sweep our immense stretches of river valley.

There was a kind of warm chill in the afternoon air, which bore all odors of wood and meadow, and transmitted the English voices with a tender distinctness. From point to point there were reaches of the water where we had quite a boat's length of it to ourselves, and again there were sharp turns where it narrowed to an impossible strait and the congested craft must have got by one another through the air. The people in the punts, and canoes, and boats, were proceeding at their leisure, or lying wilfully or forgetfully moored by the flat shores or under the mimic bluffs. They struck into one another where they found room enough to withdraw for the purpose, and they were constantly grinding gunwale against gunwale, with gentle murmurs of deprecation and soft-voiced forgivenesses which had almost the quality of thanks. Then, before we knew it we were gliding under Magdalen bridge past bolder shores, and so, into wider and opener waters where, with as little knowledge of ours, the Char had become, or was by way of becoming, the Thames which is the Isis. I believe it is still the Char where the bumps take place in the commodious expanses between the college barges tethered to

the grassy shores. These barges were only a little more conspicuously aflame and aflutter with bright hats and parasols and volatile skirts than the shores; and they were all one fluent delight of sisters and cousins. In a path by the thither brink from our barge, there ran, soon after we had taken our first cups of tea, a cry of undergraduates, heralding the first of the two shells which came rowing past us. Then, almost ere I was aware of it the bow of a shell which was behind touched the stern of the shell which was before, and the first bump had been achieved. The thing had been so lightly and quickly done that the mere fact of the bump had not fully passed from the eye to the mind, when a glory wholly unexpected by me involved us: the shell which had made the bump belonged to our college, or at least the college to which our barge belonged. Shining in the reflected light, we rowed back up the Char to the point of our departure, and in the long, leisurely twilight found our first day in Oxford drawing on to night in the fragrant meadow.

Was it this night or the next that I dined in hall? There were several dinners in hall, and I may best be indefinite as to time as well as place. All civilized dinners are much alike everywhere, from soup to coffee, and it is only in certain academic formalities that a dinner in hall at Oxford differs from another banquet. One of these which one may mention as most captivating to the fancy fond of finding poetry in antique usage was the passing from meat in the large hall, portraited round the carven and panelled walls with the effigies of the college celebrities and dignities, into a smaller and cozier room, where the spirit of the gadding vine began its rambles up and down the glossy mahogany; and then into a third place where the fragrant cups and tubes fumed in the wedded odors of coffee and tobacco. If I remember, we went from the first to the last successively under the open heaven; but perhaps you do not always so, though you always make the transit, and could not imaginably smoke where you ate or drank.

Once, when the last convivial delight was exhausted, and there was a loath parting at the door in the grassy quadrangle under the mild heaven, where not even a star intruded, I had a realizing sense of what Oxford could mean to some youth who comes to it in eager inexperience from such a strange, far land as ours, and first fully imagines it. Or perhaps it was rather in one of

the lambent mornings when I strayed through the gardened closes too harshly called quadrangles that I had the company of this supposititious student, and wreaked myself in his sense of measureless opportunity. Nor opportunity alone, but opportunity graced with all the charm of tradition, and weighted with rich scholarly convention, the outgrowth of the patient centuries blossoming at last in a flower from whose luminous chalice he should drink the hoarded wisdom of the past. I said to myself that if I were such a youth my heart would go near to break with the happiness of finding myself in that environment and privileged to all its possibilities, with nothing but myself to hinder me from their utmost effect. Perhaps I made my imaginary youth too imaginative, when I was dowering him with my senile regrets in the form of joyful expectations. It is said the form in which the spirit of the university dwells is so overmastering for some that they are fain to escape from it, to renounce their fellowships, and go out from those hallowed shades into the glare of the profane world gladly to battle "in the midst of men and day."

Even of the American youth who resort to it, not all add shining names to the effulgent records of the place. They are indeed not needed, though they may be patriotically missed from the roll in which the native memories shine in every sort of splendor. It fatigues you at last to read the inscriptions which meet the eye wherever it turns. The thousand years of English glory stretch across the English sky from 900 to 1900 in a luminous tract where the stars are sown in multitudes outnumbering those of all the other heavens; and in Oxford above other places one needs a telescope to distinguish them. The logic of any commemoration of the mighty dead is that they will animate the living to noble endeavor for like remembrance. But where the mighty dead are in such multitude perhaps it is not so. Perhaps in the presence of their records the desire of distinction fails, and it is the will to do great things for the things' sake rather than the doer's which remains. The hypothesis might account for the prevailing impersonality of Oxford, the incandescent mass from which nevertheless from time to time a name detaches itself and flames a separate star in the zenith.

What strikes one with the sharpest surprise is not the memories

of distant times, however mighty, but those of yesterday, of this forenoon, in which the tradition of their glory is continued. The aged statesman whose funeral eulogy has hardly ceased to echo in the newspapers, the young hero who fell in the battle of the latest conquest, died equally for the honor of England, and both are mourned in bronze which has not yet lost its golden lustre beside the inscriptions forgetting themselves in the time-worn lettering of the tablets on the walls, or the brasses in the floors. Thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, they strew the solemn place, but in the religious calm of those chapels and halls there is no rude blast to scatter them, or to disturb the quiet in which for a few hundred or a few thousand years they may keep themselves from the universal oblivion.

When one strays through those aisles and under those arches, one fancies them almost as conscious of their sacred eld as one is one's self. Then suddenly one comes out into the vivid green light of a grassy quadrangle, or the flowery effulgence of a garden, where the banks of blossomed bushes are pushed back of the beds of glowing annuals by the velvety sward unrolled over spaces no more denied to your foot than the trim walks that wander beyond their barrier, under the ivied walls, and to and from the foot-worn thresholds. To the eye it is all very soft and warm, and the breadths of enclosing masonry, the arched or pillared gables, the towers starting on their skyward climb, seem to bathe themselves in sun or cool themselves in shade alike mellow and mild. There are other senses that more truly take account of the thermometer and report it in very glowing moments as not registering much above the middle fifties. But you answer in excuse of it that it is so sincere, just as you ascribe to its scrupulous truthfulness the failure of the English temperament ever to register anything like summer heat. We boil in the torridity of an adoptive climate, but our ancestral suns were no hotter than those of the English are now; and where we have kept their effect in some such cold storage as that, say, of Boston, we probably impart no greater heat to the stranger. The spiritual temperature of Oxford, indeed, is much that of Old Cambridge, that Old Cambridge, Massachusetts, when it was far older, forty years ago, than it is now. Very likely, the atmospheres of all capitals of learning are of the same degree of warmth; and of a responsive salubrity, in the absence of malarial microbes. At

any rate I was at once naturalized to Oxford through my former citizenship in Old Cambridge, and in a pleasing confusion found myself in both places at once with an interval of forty years foreshortened in a joint past and present.

The note of impersonality is struck in both places, but not so prevalently in Old Cambridge as in Oxford, where the genius of the place at some moment of divine inspiration,

"Smote the chord of self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight."

As in the political frame of things the powerful English individualities pronounce themselves strongliest by their abnegation to a patriotic ideal, so in this finer and higher England, this England of the mind, what chiefly impresses the stranger is that mighty accord, that impersonal potency, which is the sum of the powerful wills, intellects, spirits severally lost in its collectivity. The master of this college, the president of that, the dean of the other, they all unite in effacing themselves, and letting the university, which is their composite personality, stand for them. As far as possible they refuse to stand for it, and the humor of the pose is carried to the verge of whim in the custom which bars the Chancellor of the University from ever returning to Oxford after that first visit which he makes upon his appointment. My imagination does not rise to a height like his, but of all accessible dignities there seems to me none so amiable as the headship of one of those famous colleges. I will not, since I need not, choose among them, and very likely if one had one's choice, one might find a crumpled rose-leaf in the cushioned seat. Yet one could well bear the pain for the sake of the pleasure and the pride of feeling one's self an agency of that ancient and venerable impersonality and of denying one's self the active appearance. Scholarship, when it does not degenerate into authorship, is the most negative of human things. It silently feeds itself full of learning, which is as free again to the famine of future scholarship; and in a world where pretty nearly all the soft warm things of privilege are so cruelly wrong, I can think of none so nearly innocent as those which lap the love of learning round in such an immortal home of study as Oxford. It is there so fitly housed, so properly served, so respectfully fed, so decorously clad, so beautifully environed, that it might almost dream itself a type of what should always and everywhere be an emanation

of the literature to which it shall return after its earthly avatar, and rest, a blessed ghost, between the leaves of some fortunate book on an unvisited shelf of a vast silentious and oblivious library.

There is memory enough of lunches, and dinners, and teas, in halls and on lawns and in gardens, but as the reader was not asked, so cannot he in self-respect and propriety go. But there was one of the outdoor affairs of which I may give him at least a picture-postal-card glimpse. No one's abnegated personality will be infringed, not even the university need shrink from the intrusion if the garden of no college is named. The reader is to stand well out of the way at a Gothic window looking on the green where the guests come and go under an afternoon heaven which constantly threatens to shower, and never showers; where the sun indeed appears just often enough to agree with the garden trees that it will add indescribably to the effect if their lengthening shadows can be cast over the sward with those of the Gothic tops around. A little breeze crisps the air, and the birds sing among the gossiping leaves of the hawthorns and of the laburnums. One great chestnut stands elect, apart, dense with spiky blossoms from the level of its lowest spreading boughs to the topmost peak of its massive cone. Everywhere is the gracious architecture in which the mouldering Oxford stone, whether it is old or new, puts on the common antiquity.

I will not say that all the colleges seem crumbling to ruin, but the scaly and scabrous complexion of the surfaces is the impression remaining from the totality. The decay into which the stone almost instantly falls is sometimes rather dreadful to the casual glance in the plinths of those philosophers and sages about the Sheldonian Theatre, where the heads seem to be dropping away in a mortal decay. I believe they are renewed from time to time when they become too dreadful, but always in the same stone; and I do not know that I would have it otherwise in the statues or structures of Oxford. Where newness in any part would seem upstart and vulgar, every part looks old, whether it is of the last year or the first year. The smoke has blackened it, the damp has painted it a dim green; the latent disintegration of the stone has made its way to the surface, which hangs in warped scales or drops in finer particles. One would not have a different material used for building; brick or marble would

affront the sensibilities, and deny the wisdom of that whole English system, in which reform finds itself authorized in usage, and innovation hesitates till it can put on the likeness of precedent.

It is interesting in Oxford to see how the town and the university grow in and out of each other. Like other towns of the Anglo-Saxon civilization it is occasional, accidental, anarchical, the crass effect of small personal ambitions and requisitions. In the course of so many centuries its commonness could not always fail of a picturesque quaintness, and perhaps it only seems without beauty or dignity because the generous collective spirit working itself out in the visible body of the university has created more of both than any other group of edifices in the world embodies. Those shapeless, shambling, casual streets, with their scattered dwellings and their clustering shops, find by necessity a common centre, without impressiveness or distinction. But in their progress or arrival, weakly widening here, or helplessly narrowing there, they often pass under the very walls of the venerable and beautiful edifices which constitute at once the real Oxford and the ideal Oxford, alike removed from the material Oxford of the town. Sometimes it is a wall that flanks a stretch of the commonplace thoroughfares; sometimes a gate or a portal under a tower giving into the college quadrangle from which you pass by inner ways beneath inner walls to an inmost garden, where the creepers cling to the windows and the porches, or a space of ivied masonry suns itself above the odorous bushes and the daisied sward. It would be hard to choose among these homes of ancient lore; but happily one is not obliged to choose. They are all there for the looking, and one owns them, an inalienable possession for life. One would not will them away, if one could; they must remain forever to enrich the pious beholder with the vision which no words can impart.

The heart of the pilgrim softens in the retrospect even toward that municipal Oxford which forms the setting of their beauty, as a mass of common rock may shapelessly enclose a cluster of precious stones, crystals which something next to conscious life has deposited through the course of the slow ages in the rude matrix. He relents in remembering pleasant suburbs, through which the unhurried trams will bear him past tasteful houses, set in embowered spaces of greensward, and on past pretty parks into the level country where there are villas among grounds that

will presently broaden into the acreage of ancestral seats, halls, manors, and, for all I know, castles. Even the immediate town has moods of lurking in lanes apart from the busier streets, and offering the consolation of low, stone dwellings faced by college walls, and dedicated to the uses of furnished lodgings. If it should be your fortune to find your sojourn in one of these, you may look down from your front window perhaps into the groves that shade Addison's Walk; or you may step from your back door into a grassy nook where a tower or bastion of the old city wall will be hiding itself in a mesh of ivy. The lane before may be dusty with traffic and the garden behind may be damp with the rains that have never had intervals long enough to dry out of it; but the rooms with their rocking floors will be neatly kept, and if they happen to be the rooms of a reading or sporting undergraduate, sublet in some academic interval, you will find the tokens of his tastes and passions crowding the mantels and the walls. He has confided them with the careless faith of youth to your chance reverence; he has not even withheld the photographs which attest his preference in actresses, or express a finer fealty in the faces self-evidently of mother or sister or even cousin, or some one farther and nearer yet.

It is everywhere much alike, that spirit of studious youth, at least in our common race, and I do not believe that if I had met a like number of Harvard men, going and coming in the mortar-boards and cropped gowns, in those quadrangles or gardens, I should have known them from the Oxford men I actually saw. They might have looked sharper, tenser, less fresh and less fair, not so often blue of eye and blond of hair, more mixed and differenced; but they would have had the same effect of being chosen for their golden opportunity by fortune, and the same gay ignorance of being favored above other youth. If one came to closer quarters and had to ask some chance question, the slovenlier speech of the Harvard men would have bewrayed them in their answer, for even our oldest university has not yet taken thought of how her children shall distinguish themselves from our snuffing mass by the beauty of utterance which above any other beauty discriminates between us and the English. It is said that the youth of the parent stock are younger than our youth; but I know nothing as to this; and I could not say that their manners were better, except as the manners of

the English are in being simpler. They are not better in being suppler: I should say that as life passed with him the American limbered and the Englishman stiffened, and that the first gained and the last lost in the power to imagine another which they both perhaps equally possessed in their shy nonage, and which chiefly, if not solely, enables men to be comfortable to their fellows. But here, as everywhere, I wish to be understood as making an inference vastly disproportioned to the facts observed. The stranger in any country must reflect that its people seem much less interested in themselves and their belongings than he is, and from the far greater abundance of their knowledge have far less to say of them. This may very well happen to a traveller from an old land among us; his zest for our novelty may fatigue us; just as possibly our zest for his antiquity may put us at odds with him. The spirit seeks in either case a common ground of actuality, achronic, ubiquitous, where it may play with its fellow soul among the human interests which are eternally and everywhere the same.

What these are I should be far from trying to say, but I think I may venture to recur to my memories of the mute music of Harvard for the dominant of the unheard melodies of Oxford. The genius of the older university seemed much the same as that of the younger under the stress of ceremonial, and to have the quality of that stern acquiescence in the inevitable on the occasions of Commemoration Day that I remembered from Commencement Days in the past. The submission did not break into the furtively imparted jest which relieves the American temperament under fire, but the feeling of obedience to usage, the law-abiding instinct of the race, was the same in both. From both a gala pride was equally remote; the confident expectation of living through it, and not even a martyr exultance in the ordeal, was doubtless what sustained the participants. We have simplified form, but the English have simplified the mood of observing form, and in the end it comes to the same thing in them and in us. But there the parallel ceases. There is a richness of incident in the observance of Commemoration Day at Oxford, for which the sum of all like events in our academic world is but an accumulated poverty. We could not if we would emulate the continuous splendors of the time, for we lack not only the tradition but the environment in which to

honor the tradition. If it were possible so to abolish space that Harvard and Yale and Princeton, say, and Columbia could locally unite, and be severally the colleges of one university, and assemble their best in architecture for its embodiment, something might be imaginable of their collectivity like what involuntarily, inevitably happens at Oxford on Commemoration Day. Then the dinners in hall on the eve and in the evening, the lunches in the college gardens immediately following the academical events of the Sheldonian Theatre, the architectural beauty and grandeur forming the avenue for the progress of the Chancellor and all his train of diverse doctors, actual and potential, might be courageously emulated, but never could be equalled or approached. Our emulation would want the color of the line which at Oxford comes out of the past in the bravery of the scarlets and crimsons and violets and purples which men used to wear, and before which the iridescent fashions of the feminine spectators paled their ineffectual hues. Again, the characteristic surrender of personality contributed to the effect. In that procession whatever were the individual advantages or disadvantages of looks or statures, all were clothed on with the glory of the ancient university which honored them; it was the university which passively or actively was embodied in them; and their very distinction would in a little while be merged in her secular splendor.

Of course we have only to live on a few centuries more and our universities can eclipse this splendor, though we shall still have the English start of a thousand years to overcome in this as in some other things. We cannot doubt of the result, but in the mean time we must recognize the actual fact, and I will own that I do not see how we could ever offer a *coup d'œil* which should surpass that of the supreme moments in the Sheldonian Theatre when the Chancellor stood up in his high place, in his deeply gold-embroidered gown of black, and accepted each of the candidates for the university's degrees, and then, after a welcoming clasp of the hand, waved him to the benches which mystically represented her hospitality. The circle of the interior lent itself with unimagined effect to the spectacle, and swam with faces, with figures innumerable, representing a world of birth, of wealth, of deed, populous beyond reckoning from our simple republican experience. The thronged interior stirred like some vast organism with the rustle of stuffs, the agitation of fans, the

invisible movement of feet; but the master note of it was the young life which is always the breath of the university. How much or little the undergraduates were there it would not do for a chance alien spectator to say. That they were there to do what they would with the occasion in the tradition of an irresponsible license might be affirmed, but it must be equally owned that they generously forbore to abuse their privilege. They cheered the Candidates, some more, some less, but there was, to my knowledge, none of the guying of which one hears much, beyond a lonely pun upon a name that offered itself with irresistible temptation. The pun itself burst like an involuntary sigh from the heart of youth, and the laugh that followed it was of like quality with it.

Then, the degrees being conferred, each with distinctive praise and formal acceptance in a Latinity untouched by modern conjecture of Roman speech, there ensued a Latin oration, and then English essays and speeches from the graduates—thriftily represented, that the time should not be wasted, by extracts—and then a prize poem which did not perhaps distinguish itself so much in generals as in particulars from other prize poems of the past. If it had been as wholly as it was partially good—and there were passages that caught and kept the notice—it would have been a breach of custom out of tune and temper, as much as if the occasional Latinity had been of the new Roman accent instead of that old English enunciation as it was of right, there where Latin had never quite ceased to be a spoken language. All was of usage; the actors and the spectators of the scene were bearing the parts which like actors and like spectators had ancestrally borne so often that they might have seemed to themselves the same from the first century, the first generation, without sense of actuality. This sense might imaginably have been left, in any sort of poignancy, to the accidental alien, who in proportion as he was penetrated with it would feel it a contravention of the spirit, the taste, of the event.

I try for something that is not easily said, and being said at all, seems over-said; and I shrink from the weightiest impression of Oxford which one could receive, and recall those light touches of her magic, which as I feel them again make me almost wish that there had been no Eights, no Commemoration Day in my experience. Of course I shall fail to make the reader sensible of

the preciousness of a walk from the Char through a sort of market flower-garden, where when I asked my way to a friend's house a kindly consensus of gardeners helped me miss the short cut; but I hope he will not be quite without the pleasure I knew in another row on that stream. Remembering my prime joys in its navigation, I gratefully accepted an invitation to a second voyage which was delayed till we could be sure it was not going to rain. Then we started for the boat where it lay not far off under a clump of trees, and where we were delayed in their seasonable shelter by a thunder-gust; but the clouds broke away and the sun shone, so that when the boat was bailed dry, we could embark in a light shower, and keep on our way unmolested by the fine drizzle that was really representing fine weather. If I had been native to the impulsive climate I should not have noticed these swift vicissitudes, and as it was I noticed them only to enjoy them on the still, bank-full water, where I floated with a delight not really qualified by the question whether the pond-lilies which padded it in places were of the fragrant family of our own pond-lilies. I was pursued by a kindred curiosity in regard to many other leaves and blossoms till one Sunday morning, when I found myself interrogating a shrub by the sunny walk of a college garden, it came to me that my curiosity was out of taste. The bush was not there specifically, but as an herbaceous expression of the University, and I had no more right to pass certain bounds with it in my curiosity than I would have had to push any scholar of the place to an assertion of personality where he would have preferred to remain collective.

What riches of personality lay behind the collectivity I ought not, if I knew, to say. Again I take refuge from the reader's quest, which I cannot help feeling, in the indefinite attempt to suggest it by saying that the collective tone is that of Old Cambridge, or more strictly, of Harvard. I remember that once a friend, coming in high June straight to Old Cambridge after a brief ocean interval from Oxford, noted the resemblance. As we walked under a Gothic archway of our elms, past the dooryards full of syringas and azaleas, with

"Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,"

showing on the other hand in the college enclosures, he said it was all very like Oxford. He must have felt the moral likeness, the

spiritual likeness, as I did in Oxford, for physical or meteorological likeness there is none absolutely. It is something in the ambient ether, in the temperament, in the unity of high interests, in the mystical effluence from minds moving with a certain dirigibility in the upper regions, but controlled by invisible ties, in each case, to a common centre. It is the prevalence of scholarship, which characterizes the respective municipalities and which holds the civil bodies in a not ungraceful, not ungrateful, subordination.

Something of the hereditary grudge between town and gown descended to Harvard from the English centres of learning; but the prompt assertion of town government as the sole police force forbade with us the question of jurisdictions which it is said still confuses the parties with a feeling of enmity at Oxford. The war of fists following the war of swords and daggers, which in the earliest times left the dead of both sides in the streets after some mortal clash, and kept each college a stronghold, even after that war had no longer a stated or formal expression, is forever past, but still the town and the gown in their mutual dependence hold themselves aloof in mutual antipathy. So I was told, but probably on both sides the heritage of dislike resides only in the youthful breasts, and is of the quality of those ideals which perpetuate hazing in our colleges, or which among boys pass forms of mischief and phases of superstition along on a certain level of age. All customs and usages are presently uninteresting as one observes them from the outside, and can be precious on the inside only as they are endeared by association. What is truly charming is some expression of the characteristic spirit such as in Oxford forbids one of the colleges to part in fee with a piece of ground on which a certain coveted tree stands, but which allows it to lease that beautiful feature of the landscape to a neighboring college. A thing like that is really charming, and has forever the freshness of a whimsical impulse, where whimsical impulses of many sorts must have abounded without making any such memorable sign.

In the reticence of the place all sorts of silent character will have been accumulating through the centuries until now the sum of it must be prodigious. But that is a kind of thing which if one has any direct knowledge of it one feels to be a kind of confidence, and which one lets one's conjecture play about, in the

absence of knowledge, very guardedly. For my part I prefer to leave quite to the reader's imagination the charming traits of the acquaintance I would fain have made my friends. Sometimes they were of difficult conversation, but not more so than certain Old Cambridge men, whom I remembered from my youth; the studious life is nowhere favorable to the cultivation of the smaller talk; but now that so many of the Fellows are married the silence is less unbroken, and the teas, if not the dinners, recur in a music which is not the less agreeable for the prevalence of the soprano or the contralto note. It seemed to me that there were a good many teas, outdoors when it shone and indoors when it rained, but there were never enough, and now I feel there were all too few. They had the *entourage* which the like social dramas cannot have for yet some centuries in our centres of learning; between the tinkle of the silver and the light clash of the china one caught the muted voices of the past speaking from the storied architecture, or the immemorial trees, or even the secular sward underfoot. But one must not suppose that the lawns which are velvet to one's tread are quite voluntarily velvet. I was once sighing enviously to a momentary host and saying of his turf that nothing but the incessant play of the garden-hose could keep the grass in such vernal green with us, when he promptly answered that the garden-hose had also its useful part in the miracle of his own lawn. I dared not ask if the lawn-mower likewise lent its magic; that would have been going too far. Or at least I thought so; and in the midst of the surrounding reticences I always felt it was better not to push the bounds of knowledge.

There is so much passive erudition, hived from the flowers of a thousand summers in such a place of learning, that I felt the chances were that if the stranger came there conscious of some of his own little treasure of honey, he would find it a few thin drops beside the rich stores of any first apiarist to whom he opened it. In that long, long quiet, that illimitable opportunity, that generously defended leisure, the scholarship is not only deep, but it is so wide that it may well include the special learning of the comer, and he may hear that this or that different don who is known for a master in a certain kind has made it his recreation to surpass in provinces where the comer's field shrinks to parochial measure. How many things they keep to them-

selves at Oxford, it must remain part of one's general ignorance not to know, and it is more comfortable not to inquire. But out of the sense of their guarded, their hidden, lore may spring the habit of referring everything to the university, which represents them as far as they can manage not to represent it. They may have imaginably outlived our raw passion of doing, and have become serenely content with being. This is a way of saying an illanguagible thing, and, of course, oversaying it.

The finer impressions of such a place—there is no other such in the world unless it be Cambridge, England, or Old Cambridge, Massachusetts,—escape the will to impart them. The coarser ones are what I have been giving the reader, and trying to pass off upon him in their fragility for something subtle. If one could have stayed the witchery of an instant of twilight in a college quadrangle, or of morning sunshine in a college garden, or of a glimpse of the High Street, with the academic walls and towers and spires richly foreshortened in its perspective, or of the beauty of some meadow widening to the level Isis, or the tender solemnity of a long-drawn aisle of trees leading to the stream under the pale English noon, and could now transfer the spell to another, something worth while might be done. But short of this endeavor is vain. There was a walk, which I should like to distinguish from others, all delightful, where we passed in a grassy field over an old battle-ground of the Parliamentarians and the Royalists, and saw traces of the old lager-heads, the earth-works in which the hostile camps pushed closer and closer to each other, and left the word “loggerheads” to their language. But I do not now find this very typical, and I am rather glad that the details of my sojourn are so inextricably interwoven that I need not try to unravel the threads which glow so rich a pattern in my memory.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

OUR BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

BY SCRUTATOR.

CONFLICT between prosperity and the money system of the United States this year assumes a greater interest in the public mind, so extraordinary is the degree and universal the scope of our prosperity and so apparent are the defects of our money machinery. While the demands of internal trade are greater than ever before in our financial history, and while the volume of foreign commerce exceeds that of any previous period, we are called upon to move the most bounteous crops of grain ever harvested.

The country is confronted at this season every year with the same problem of moving the crops, causing for a few months a great demand for currency which gradually returns to those channels of trade from which it was withdrawn. At a time of merely normal activity of general business the strain, manifestly, is less acute, but in times like the present extraordinary measures are required by unusual conditions.

For many months there has been apprehension that a situation might arise which would seriously affect the business prosperity of the country unless the Secretary of the Treasury provided such measures of relief as he proffered some time ago, in order temporarily to meet the condition. For months the Treasury has been absorbing large amounts of money, thus diminishing, at a time when it is most needed, the volume of cash available for credits. At the beginning of September, the Sub-Treasury cash holdings amounted to \$346,664,238, or \$42,894,706 more than on the same day last year, and this has been accumulated at the expense of bank reserves, and serves no other purpose than to emphasize the solvency of the Government. The available cash balance in the Treasury, moreover, increased from \$200,686,875 to \$216,-

378,000 in the third week of September, and that at a time when money in New York was lending on call at 25 to 30 per cent., and time loans were quoted as high as 8 per cent.

To solve the difficulties of a situation analogous to that presented by the existing financial problem, the Supreme Court, in the early days of our history, discovered implied powers in the Constitution, and elasticity of constitutional interpretation has carried the ship of state through many storms. It is not inconceivable that the implied powers of that greatest of financial dictators, the Secretary of the Treasury, may be of like service in the business affairs of the nation.

Appreciating the inevitable effect on general trade of severe stringency in money, Secretary Shaw has deposited a small portion of available Treasury funds in various Government depositories, and announced that after September 10th he would advance Government money against engagements of gold, such advance to be secured by bonds in which savings-banks in New York and Massachusetts may legally invest at ninety per cent. of their value. This expedient may and, in the belief of many of the highest authorities on money-markets, will bridge over the crop-moving period.

This announcement by Secretary Shaw was followed by a rather remarkable letter, declaring that these deposits of Government funds were made "in aid of legitimate business, as distinguished from speculation, whatever its nature." What it was that prompted this declaration, and what it means, has engaged the speculation of bankers, as well perhaps as voters. Of necessity, the value of money is determined by the profit at which it can be employed. And where is the line to be drawn between "speculation" and "legitimate business," when almost every business is to a greater or less extent speculative? This letter illustrates one of the most dangerous possibilities of investing an individual with such power as the Secretary of the Treasury wields. One naturally infers that the letter was prompted by a desire to anticipate and disarm the criticism which always follows any act interpreted as favorable to Wall Street. There is a deep-seated hatred of Wall Street in certain thickly populated sections of the country, where votes count for more than they do in New York. This prejudice is a thing to be reckoned with by any Secretary of the Treasury who has an ambition to sit at the head of the Cabinet table. Politics

and business do not mix. Consider the possibility of a politician's pandering to what he conceives to be a popular demand to strangle "the demon of Wall Street," and in such a state of business affairs as exists at present not only refusing Treasury relief, but even going to the extent of withdrawing from the banks whatever Government money they held. The result would be far more disastrous to "legitimate business" than to the Stock Exchange, for the former absolutely depends for its existence on banking accommodation, while the latter has a very rapid way of accommodating itself to circumstances.

It may be said that in its economic history the United States is now in a state of readjustment or transition. No country has ever been called upon to finance such rapid growth of population or such tremendous progress in its material industries as we have seen here in the last twenty years. Every immigrant has his economic value in a land of such marvellous possibilities of development, and this value is each year added in enormous quantity to the wealth of the nation. In the last two years considerably more than two million people have come into the country from other parts of the world, the majority of whom have gone to the sparsely settled sections, increasing the productivity of the soil and engaging in the work of railway and other construction. It is a notable fact that nearly seventy-five per cent. of the annual increase in population has been represented by immigration in each of the last two years, while in 1890 immigration accounted for only thirty-four per cent., and in 1895 only twenty-one and one-half per cent. of such increase. How well the growth in population has been financed is indicated by the fact that the *per capita* circulation at the end of 1905 was \$34.68, with a population of 83,143,000. This is the largest *per capita* circulation recorded,—\$9.08 more than in 1896, or an increase of nearly thirty-six per cent. in ten years. The exact proportion of this increment of wealth which is attributable to the productive force of immigration it is impossible to state. Another phase of the question presents itself in the steady diminution of native-born Americans in the laboring classes, and in the necessity of finding others to take their places in so rapidly developing a country. A high tide of immigration is one of the best indices of a high state of prosperity and profitable employment of labor, and the statistics of immigration afford an excellent proof of this fact.

To go further into the matter of economic transition, it is well to deal at some length with the subject of our foreign commerce. The total value of exports of merchandise in 1890 was \$857,-828,684 and of imports \$789,310,409—the total volume of foreign trade being \$1,647,139,093. In the fiscal year which ended with June, 1906, the total volume of trade was \$2,970,127,000. Of this sum, \$1,518,561,000 was the value of exports. In the last ten years we have exported over \$4,900,000,000 more than we have imported; and by this sum, exclusive of any deduction on account of our debts to foreign countries, we have gained in credit. That the debtor balance of the United States has been reduced to a sum smaller than, perhaps, at any time within twenty years is undoubtedly a fact. The most significant development of the foreign trade is the growth of exports of manufactures and the constantly diminishing importance of our agricultural shipments. How far we used to be dependent on agricultural exports is shown by the fact that in 1880 over eighty-three per cent. of all exports were agricultural and less than thirteen per cent. products of manufacture; while in 1905 over thirty-six per cent. of all exports were products of manufacture and fifty-five per cent. agricultural products. This tendency has been practically uninterrupted since 1890, and still continues at a rate even more rapid than in previous years.

This diversification of our exports gives a greater stability to our foreign trade, and in a very large measure insures us against those waves of industrial depression which have been so frequent in the past. We were then dependent almost entirely upon our domestic markets, and crop failures, and other adversities peculiarly our own, resulted in general depression along all lines. With foreign markets increasing, to be taken advantage of in greater measure in times of decline in internal business, not only is the employment of labor in manufacturing industries rendered more stable, but our lines of transportation are guaranteed greater regularity of traffic. The export of manufactures has also been encouraged by vast consolidations of industrial enterprises, which lessen the cost of maintaining foreign agencies in proportion to the sales, and provide ample capital for exploitation which the smaller manufacturer lacked. With wise establishment of large plants at points offering the greatest economic advantages, with coal and iron in close proximity, and with perhaps the most

efficient agencies of transportation in the world, the energies of our great industrial corporations in the last five years have been directed toward the acquisition of world-wide markets. The measure of success that has attended this endeavor finds some expression in the figures of our foreign trade.

The experience of 1893 taught a lesson from which the entire country has profited. Competitive railroad-building, not to serve some section with needed transportation facilities, but to furnish a financial adventurer with a basis for the issue of stocks and bonds, or some brigand of the street an opportunity to "hold up" another railroad, resulted in bankruptcy when hard times came. Ruinous rate wars marked the struggle for existence, and very few of the roads had been built or maintained so as to be able to withstand a period of depression, with no surplus income for repairs, and with a bonded debt the annual charge on which amounted to fifty and in some cases to nearly seventy-five per cent. of the gross earnings.

Receivership succeeded receivership; and, while in the process of reorganization, practically all surplus earnings were expended in placing these roads in a much higher state of physical efficiency than ever before. By vast sums of money provided by assessments on stocks, lines were practically rebuilt and newly equipped; bonds were scaled and interest rates reduced. The era of reorganization was followed by a period of ultra-conservative management. The errors of the past were to be avoided. All surplus over fixed charges went back into properties. There was what might be called a mania to establish credit. This applies particularly to the roads now known as the Harriman lines. The prosperity of the country resulted in extraordinary increases in traffic. By the use of heavier locomotives and larger cars the train-load was increased. Heavy bridges and heavy rails were laid and the effort along traffic lines was to reduce the ratio of operating expenses, even as Mr. Hill had done with the Great Northern. Increased density of traffic was the rule each year.

To guard against possible recurrence of disastrous competition, the "community-of-interest" idea spread. Stocks of newly reorganized roads were selling at low prices, and the control of some important system represented the investment of a few million dollars for which maintenance of fair rates would soon compensate. The rule of the day was consolidation, with the forma-

tion of the Northern Securities Company, the most original and boldest experiment. The Great Northern Railway acquired control of the Northern Pacific, or rather the control of both properties was in the same hands, and these two corporations jointly purchased practically all of the stock of the Burlington. During the period of the Northern Securities litigation the tendency toward consolidation continued. Such great trunk lines as the New York Central not only increased holdings in subsidiary lines, but invested largely in stock of the Hocking Valley, Chesapeake and Ohio, Norfolk and Western and Reading, for the purpose of obtaining a voice in the direction of these companies. The Pennsylvania participated in many of these purchases. In the southwest, the Rock Island, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf came under one head. The Southern Railway brought under its control over seven thousand miles of road; and, by the acquirement of the Louisville and Nashville by the Atlantic Coast Line, another great Southern system of nearly ten thousand miles was formed.

The Union Pacific bought control of the Southern Pacific, and the dominating voice of that great railroad is, beyond peradventure, the ruling spirit of the Atchison. In this great movement, the central idea was the maintenance of fair rates and the prevention of competitive construction. The zones of each railroad have been well marked out and neutral territory has been a subject of compromise. The result of all this has been increase of the capacity of established lines and wonderful development of efficiency in serving the territory through which the system runs. By steady reduction in the cost of operation, any tendency toward decrease in rates would perhaps not be seriously felt by any of the great systems. The rate bill passed by the last Congress promises to guarantee the railroads against many abuses, and to eliminate the rebate which, while palpably an evil to the shipper, was a leech on the transportation companies. Already it appears that a large increase in revenue must accrue to these companies as a result of the passage of this law.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that in 1899, out of a total of \$4,250,000,000 of stocks of railroad corporations, \$847,740,399 was owned by other railroads; and in 1904, out of total stocks of \$6,339,899,329, other railroads owned

approximately \$2,000,000,000. Thus in 1899 barely one-fifth of the railroad stocks were owned by other railroads, whereas in 1904 one-third of all the shares were held by other railroad companies.

The extent of this community of interest is perhaps better set forth in a plain statement of mileage control. Seven separate interests, but all operating in apparent harmony, direct 139,000 miles of road out of a total mileage in the United States of slightly over 212,000. This is the surest pledge against a recurrence of the disastrous strife for business which occurred in the early nineties.

After expenditure of surplus earnings in improvements and betterments for many years, we have now come to the point where stockholders receive their due. It is with a railway as with a bank, profits reinvested yield twofold. Certain outlays in improvements are non-recurring. Once a road is ballasted, its wooden bridges replaced by steel and stone, its light rails with heavy rails, there is no necessity for other than a moderate allowance for operating expenses to keep the railway and equipment in a high state of efficiency. Appropriations of millions, in addition to heavy allowances in operating expenses, are no longer needful; and, provided with a liberal surplus, a railway corporation can begin to pay an increasing proportion of its net earnings to its stockholders. Considerable criticism has been aimed against the directors of the Union Pacific Railroad for an increase in the dividend rate on the common stock from six to ten per cent. But here is a conspicuous example of the very fact in railroad development to which reference has just been made. It had long been a matter of common knowledge that the Union Pacific had obtained a very large profit through its ownership of Northern Securities stock; that ninety million dollars of Southern Pacific stock had been bought advantageously at about fifty dollars a share, and that Southern Pacific was earning nearly ten per cent. on its common shares. The Union Pacific had accumulated a surplus estimated at upward of one hundred million dollars, and its earnings from the operation of its lines amounted to about thirteen per cent., this being exclusive of any income from its investment in Southern Pacific and other securities.

The first annual report issued by the Union Pacific Company covered the fiscal year which ended on June 30th, 1899. In that term, three and one-half per cent. was paid on the preferred stock,

and this required forty per cent. of the net earnings after payment of all fixed charges. In the next year, the full dividend was paid on the preferred stock and three and one-half per cent. on the common, which demanded sixty-one per cent. of surplus earnings. In 1901, the company also paid sixty-one per cent. of its net earnings to stockholders; in 1902, fifty-six per cent.; in 1903, fifty-four per cent.; in 1904, fifty per cent., and in 1905, fifty per cent. In estimating the proportion of dividends to net earnings in 1906, it is necessary to add the income at five per cent. on the company's holdings of Southern Pacific and reasonable return from other investments, which bring the net total to \$38,700,000. This indicates that, with a payment of ten per cent. on the common shares, only sixty-two per cent. of the surplus income will be paid out in dividends.

The statistics of railways published by the Interstate Commerce Commission afford an interesting comparison of operations and results in 1890 and 1904, the last year covered to this date. Since 1904, the increase in railway earnings has been so remarkable as to make the final results even more favorable.

In 1890, the average amount of stock issued per mile of road was \$28,194 and in 1904, \$30,836, an increase of nine and one-third per cent. The average bond issue per mile in 1890 was \$29,249 and in 1904, \$33,429, an increase of fourteen and one-quarter per cent. Total capitalization increased from \$60,340 to \$64,256, or six and one-half per cent., and total net earnings per mile from \$3,111 to \$4,001, or twenty-eight and one-half per cent. Fixed charges showed an increase of nine and one-quarter per cent., and surplus earnings applicable to dividends increased from \$651 per mile to \$1,313 per mile, a gain of one hundred and sixteen per cent.

With the certainty of bumper crops, with every phase of the commercial situation satisfactory and reasonable assurance of political calm, the outlook for the future is exceedingly bright.

SCRUTATOR.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI.

I.

THE moribund condition of the Celestial Empire was first brought conspicuously to light as a consequence of the Chino-Japanese War; and, close on the heels of the Boxer uprising, the break-up of China was "in the air," and the world was busy contemplating how such disruption of this vast dominion would affect the respective interests of the Powers. To-day, the integrity of the Middle Kingdom is almost assured, thanks to the staunch efforts of the lamented Secretary Hay in behalf of the Open Door policy. Japan, impelled by the necessity of protecting her political and economic interests, nay, more, her very security and existence, forced Russia to relinquish her claims in Manchuria. Thus, the war with Russia has raised Japan to such a commanding position that, in the future disposition of the Chinese problem, the Powers must regard her avowed purpose to preserve the integrity of China. Simultaneously, the feeling of national unity in China, in lethargy for centuries, seems unmistakably aroused, as indicated in various events that have taken place of late in rapid succession. This national consciousness, as yet crude and undefined, has received new impetus through the victorious campaign of Japan against her titanic northern foe, and is no doubt destined to play a conspicuous rôle in the resuscitation of the effete Empire. Like all great movements, the present forward movement of the Chinese has its foibles, its follies, its extravagances, as, for instance, in the case of the murder of missionaries at Nanchang, and the riots incident to the Mixed Court affair at Shanghai. But these are merely side issues, unlikely to affect seriously the main course of progress. The apparently anti-foreign spirit displayed by the mobs is not

shared, as at the time of the Boxer uprising, by either the central or local authorities. "China for the Chinese," which is the motto of the national agitation now under way, is decidedly different from "Root out the foreigners," which was the slogan of the Boxers. The appointment of foreign delegations to investigate into the administrative organization of advanced countries, steps taken toward the abolition of the absurd court usages hedging about her ruler, the remarkable increase in the number of students sent abroad for scientific studies, the invitation liberally extended to foreign and especially Japanese teachers to take charge of her educational institutions, the reorganization of her army on a new basis, the significant departure from the abortive curriculums of civil-service examinations previously prevailing, the attempt to build railways under her own control, the united movement in protest against the anti-Chinese agitation in the United States, the Shanghai Mixed Court affair resulting from the assertion by the Chinese officials of the right to the independent conduct of matters relating to the trial and imprisonment of native offenders—these are all unmistakable indications that at last China is really awakening from her protracted slumber.

II.

The record of recent events in China resembles a leaf from the history of Japan, chronicling the events of some four decades ago, when Western civilization was first ushered into the Land of the Rising Sun. As soon as Japan emancipated herself from the traditions of mediævalism, the Mikado, then young, now one of the leading rulers of the world, solemnly declared to his subjects that "assemblies and councils shall be formed to deliberate on national affairs in the light of public opinion; that learning and knowledge shall be sought for throughout the world." This Imperial declaration was the first of the mile-stones punctuating Japan's highroad to civilization. Many delegates and commissions were sent abroad to inspect and study political and economic conditions in the advanced countries of the West, and Japan's new era was under way.

On the 16th of July, 1905, the Emperor and the Dowager Empress of China issued an Edict providing for the inauguration of the first of several missions to study the political institutions and administrative systems of civilized countries.

The primary object of the Chinese Government in sending these missions abroad is to investigate matters relating to the proposed constitutional government for the Middle Kingdom. In the face of the fact that China, since opening her doors to foreign communication, has shown but little susceptibility towards civilizing influences, the question, "What immediate cause has wrought such a radical change in China's attitude towards Western culture?" naturally presents itself for our consideration. Perhaps it would be ill-considered to ascribe this phenomenon to any single factor, but we are not probably straying far from the truth in asserting that the surprising success of Japan in the greatest of the many wars marking her annals has contributed greatly to the awakening of the dormant Empire. By what secret, the Chinese asked, has our little neighbor achieved so complete a success, and how can this utter collapse of the Northern Colossus be accounted for?

In an effort to answer this question, perhaps the first thing to challenge their attention would be the vital difference between the governmental organizations of the two belligerent nations. The defeat of Russia was a defeat of an absolute monarchy opposed to a constitutional government. The Japanese navy and army were not the only weapons wielded against Russia; the continued internal disturbance proved, as we all know, a serious handicap to the Tsar's campaign. With Japan, on the other hand, there was but a united movement against her enemy. Observing such radical differences between the internal conditions of the warring countries, Viceroys Yuan Shih-kai and Chang Chih-tung represented very strongly to the Emperor and the Dowager Empress the advisability of adopting a constitutional form of government. The inauguration of the foreign missions, already referred to, was, indeed, due to the representations of these progressive statesmen. The first two embassies, which recently visited the United States *en route* to Europe, will be followed by others each year, and thus the leading statesmen of China will have in turn an opportunity to observe at close range the advantages of the political and economic systems of the various Western nations.

III.

The most conspicuous evidence of China's dawning interest in the world about her lies in the fact that, during the past few

years, she has been sending to Japan many students to be educated at various colleges and schools. She has in addition invited a considerable number of Japanese scholars to teach her schools in different localities. It was in April, 1897, that the Chinese Government first sent two students to Japan. Thereafter, the entries of Chinese students in Japanese schools have gradually increased from year to year, until the signal success of the Japanese in the late war suddenly swelled the number of new arrivals beyond all expectation. There are at present nine thousand Chinese students in Japan; every steamer from China bringing at least a hundred newcomers, while three or four hundred are always waiting in Shanghai for an opportunity to sail. Of the eighteen provinces of China proper only one has so far failed to contribute to the total.

Some of these students are sent by the government, central or local, while many defray their own expenses. No statistics showing the respective numbers of students in these three classes are yet obtainable. The lines of study pursued are indicated by the following statement as to institutions among which Chinese students are distributed: Tokio Imperial University, 5; Kioto Imperial University, 2; Waseda College (private institution consisting of departments of political economy, law and literature), 23; Tokio Law College (private institution), 23; Keio-Giziku College (private institution having departments of political economy, law and literature), 1; Meiji College (private institution for law), 3; Law College (private institution for law), 296; Tokio Higher Normal School (Government institution for the training of high-school and normal-school teachers), 12; Higher Middle School (Government institution), 68; Seijo-Gakko (private military school assisted by the Government), 151; Shinbu-Gakko, 305; Kobun Gakuin (private school for liberal education), 1,100—Total, 1,989.

While there are, doubtless, many advantages to be derived through educating the Chinese in Japan, the disadvantages should be borne in mind. To be sure, there is a semblance of similarity between the two nations, inasmuch as they belong, in the main, to the same stock. Hence, the Japanese, it is claimed, can understand the Chinese to a degree not possible for any Occidental race, and *vice versa*. But when we study the two peoples more

particularly as they are at present, this similarity seems merely superficial. Centuries of separate and independent national existence have developed two radically different types of civilization and racial characteristics. Moreover, the Japanese and Chinese have no common medium through which to communicate their thought. True, Japan has adopted many of the Chinese characters, grafting them, as it were, on her indigenous figures. But these two elements of the Japanese language, thoroughly as they are intermingled, preserve in writing and oral intercourse their original characters, in so far that the Chinese "word-characters" are given entirely new pronunciation, while the Japanese phonetic signs are thrown into sentences to knit together the Chinese ideographs. The result is that, when spoken, the Japanese cannot understand a word of Chinese, and *vice versa*; while, in written language, the Chinaman recognizes his own characters distributed through the Japanese sentence, but is unable to grasp the collective sense.

Such, indeed, is the greatest inconvenience which the Chinese students encounter when studying in Japan. It would, perhaps, require as much time and labor for the Chinese to learn spoken Japanese as to acquire any modern language of the West, although written Japanese would be acquired somewhat more easily. Moreover, aside from pseudo-patriotism we must admit that, compared with European languages and their literature, our language is poor, not allowing of easy and free expression of ideas with their developed inflections. Hence, an attempt to translate scientific or philosophical works from any of the Western languages into Japanese is fraught with difficulties almost, if not quite, insurmountable, and it is doubtful whether the Japanese language is sufficiently capable of development and modification to satisfy the requirements of a higher intellectual culture. It is not without reluctance, therefore, that we require the Chinese students to spend much time upon the Japanese language. By far the greater portion of the authoritative works of the West are not translated into the Japanese language, and it is only through the knowledge of Western languages that the Chinese students have access to the masters of science and philosophy.

But, in the preliminary stages of China's new civilization, Japan's services as her tutor will prove invaluable. The unity of political and economic interests between the two nations makes

the Japanese all the more ardent and sympathetic in their efforts to reach the Chinese. With her population of four hundred millions fully modernized, and with her tremendous natural resources fully developed, China will undoubtedly furnish a wonderful market, where Japan could procure her raw materials and where she might find an outlet for her surplus products. Being conscious of this, the Japanese are looking upon China as their future political and economic ally. In the West, the Chinaman, whether a coolie or a student, is looked upon with repugnance and contempt, and a hundred and one obstacles are thrown in his way. In Japan, on the contrary, he is welcomed with sympathy and deference. As she advances in civilization and culture, China might perhaps do well to seek in the West a higher grade of education; meanwhile, Japan will be her earnest and sympathetic tutor, able to meet all her demands for some time to come.

IV.

The significance of Japan's educational influence upon China has been illustrated by the issuance, in the latter country, of an Imperial decree directing that students studying in Japan shall not be required to pass the provincial examinations, an essential preliminary to the final examination in Peking; and that diplomas conferred by Japanese schools and colleges should rank equally with certificates obtained from local examiners in China. In consequence of this decree, Chinese graduates from Japanese schools can proceed at once to Peking to compete for the much-coveted degree which opens the door to the highest official appointments. The first examination under the new system was held in Peking during the past summer, when the first degree was conferred upon eight and the second degree upon four students. These successful candidates have already been assigned to their respective offices, having again gone through two special examinations within the palace and in the presence of the Emperor.

The far-reaching effect of this signal departure from the conservative system of civil-service examinations is not difficult to apprehend, in view of the fact that this venerable competitive system, having a record of some ten centuries, has been conducted on a basis which contributed little, if at all, to the cultivation of independent thought and the promotion of useful learning, still

less to the production of efficient officials, able to cope with the growing complexity of modern governmental functions. The shortcomings of the institution lie in the curriculum which the contestants are required to pursue. This, in common with many other institutions in that stagnant country, has undergone little or no change since its first inauguration, and the poor pupils of to-day are dragging their weary feet along the same thorny, unprofitable path trodden by their ancestors of a thousand years ago. Consisting, first of all, of committing to memory the canonical books, and writing an infinitude of diversely formed characters as the art of chirography; and, secondly, in studying *belles lettres* and composing essays on politico-ethical subjects, setting forth ideas bequeathed by ancient sages and savants, the occupation of the student is so widely removed from practical purposes that, when finally rewarded with the meed of civil office, he finds himself quite unacquainted with the administrative business of the government. The departure from this abortive curriculum and the substitution of modern studies as the basis of competition, will realize an intellectual revolution, the extent and results of which it would be difficult to foretell. Like the man in the legend, who, needing a sewing-needle, made one by grinding a crowbar on a piece of granite, the Chinese *literati* have wonderful power of patience, which, turned into a right channel, should work marvels in the advancement of science and art. All the zeal and ardor which the students have hitherto applied to the barren study of chirography, canonical books, and *belles lettres*, will, when the Peking Government remodels the entire examination system on this new basis, be deflected to the pursuit of modern scientific studies. By waiving for her students in Japan the usual provincial examinations, the 'Tsing Dynasty has taken a long stride towards the inauguration of a modern *régime*.

IV.

No one has been more instrumental in hastening this forward movement than Yuan Shih-kai, Viceroy of Chih-li, the metropolitan province of China. A staunch antagonist of Japan until a decade ago and the real instigator of the Chino-Japanese War, as the minister of China at the Seoul court, this able statesman, once convinced of Japan's ability and sincere desire to rescue China from the perils of Western aggression, has, with the sym-

pathetic assistance of Japan, converted himself into a harbinger of modern civilization. Yuan Shih-kai is generally recognized as the ablest statesman of China since the death of Li Hung-chang, his master in statecraft and statesmanship. Possessing many of the traits of the deceased statesman, Yuan is a resourceful diplomat and a man of broad calibre and wide view. With Russia the upper, and Japan the nether, millstone, between which the Manchus have vainly struggled, this tactful Viceroy had been but half-hearted in seeking Japan's assistance until the triumphant campaign of the islanders indisputably demonstrated their ability to checkmate Russian aggression in the Far East. Judging from his recent acts and movements, the Viceroy is now a sincere friend of Japan. It is mostly due to his influence that almost two hundred Japanese are now serving the central and provincial governments of China in various capacities. Some of them are teachers in colleges and schools, some military officers, some police officials, while others are employed as financial or economic advisers.

Foremost in the reform programme conceived by Yuan Shih-kai is the diffusion of modern education. His coveted plan is to readjust the entire educational system of China after advanced principles of pedagogy. First of all, he will try his plan in his own province, Chih-li, and, when convinced of its practicability, he will embark on the gigantic task of remodelling the educational institutions of the remaining seventeen provinces. In carrying out this plan, the Viceroy turns to Japan for cooperation and assistance. It is assumed that Japan has not only imported, but so assimilated, Western civilization as to make it adaptable to the peculiar conditions and characteristics of the nation. Western civilization, having thus undergone a process of Orientalization at the hand of the Japanese, would, it is held, benefit the Chinese rather than a civilization directly imported from the Occident. Following the plan adopted by Japan a few decades ago, Yuan has already established a normal school in Pao-ting; while, with a view to reforming the police system of his province, he has instituted a school for training the police officials.

Not only is Yuan the forerunner of educational reform, but he is also the most ardent advocate of military reform. After organizing his provincial army in accordance with the German and, latterly, after the Japanese system, he has finally expanded

his provincial standard into a national reform movement, in accordance with which the entire country is divided into six military districts supervised by a general staff. This plan is now to be reconstructed; and the number of military districts will be increased to twenty, each having four regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, an engineer corps and artillery in proportion. If this schedule is carried out thoroughly, China will have in five years, it is estimated, 500,000 trained men ready for service in the field. The importance of this readjustment cannot be emphasized too strongly, inasmuch as the existing provincial armies, maintained by the Viceroys without either unity or harmony, are utterly unable, in case of such emergencies as the Boxer disturbance, to protect trade and commerce, which the great trading nations are justified in demanding. Holding military power in his hands, controlling the educational, financial and judicial departments, endowed with the uncommonly strong will essential to a reformer, and, what is of greater moment in a despotic government, enjoying the confidence of the Emperor and the Dowager Empress, Yuan Shih-kai may find himself in a position to execute what he considers imperative for the rehabilitation of his country.

VI.

After Yuan Shih-kai, Chang Chih-tung stands the most prominent figure in the present reform movement in China. The Viceroy of the two great southern provinces, Hu-peh and Hu-nan, Chang enjoys power second to none of the eight Viceroys save the Viceroy of the metropolitan province. He had been a convert to modernism before Yuan Shih-kai renounced his allegiance to rusted mediævalism. When the Emperor Kuang-hsü first enunciated his radical but untactful measures of internal reform, Chang openly declared himself ready to support this progressive ruler. It was then that he wrote the book "*Chun Hioh Pien*," emphasizing the necessity of a change in the ancient ideas and institutions. It was a critical moment when the conservatives were bitterly set against any reform that savored of the Occident, while the progressives, fanned by the host of "scoffers," were ignorant of what was radical in Chinese affairs, looking with contempt upon the venerable *literati* and *connoisseurs* imbued with the oracular wisdom contained in the canonical books of the ancient sages. A collision between the two seemed imminent.

Moved by this perilous situation, Chang summoned all his patriotism and literary talent in producing "*Chun Hioh Pien*." The book was hailed by the liberals with wild enthusiasm, while the author's influence and personality, coupled with his elegant literary style, could not but induce even the most obdurate of conservatives to read this work with respect and attention. Loyal to the moral ideals of his country, the Viceroy, nevertheless, shows neither hesitancy nor remorse in denouncing the waywardness of his country, applying the lash without stint upon the backs of his own people and their ruler.

While writing "*Chun Hioh Pien*," Viceroy Chang was placed in an extremely dangerous position. Had he not had under his command a powerful army with modern training, it is all but certain that the monstrous *coup d'état* of the Dowager Empress, and the fiendish deeds of Prince Tuan, would have involved the Viceroy in the common fate which overtook the members of the Reform Party who dyed the scaffold crimson with their blood. And yet he did not feel that he could safely remain faithful to the reformers at that trying moment when they needed his assistance most urgently, and the hope of China's regeneration, held out by the young Emperor Kuang-hsü, passed away like the trail of a meteor. But the five odd years intervening since the Boxer disturbance have wrought a signal change. Yuan Shih-kai, who, as the Viceroy of Shan-tung, was then not entirely free from prejudice against Western civilization, is now, as the more powerful Viceroy of Chih-li, indisputably an earnest herald of modern knowledge. Thus, with the cooperation of the strongest official who ever graced a Viceroy's throne, Chang Chih-tung begins to realize the plan which he laid down several years ago.

Chang is perhaps a warmer friend of Japan than Yuan. It was the former who first sent students to Japan, the number from his province now totalling almost five hundred. Under him scores of Japanese instructors are teaching in various colleges and schools in the two provinces of Hu-nan and Hu-peh, while, in his provincial government, many Japanese officials are assisting him in various capacities.

VII.

In a study of the present forward movement in China, the question of railroads should not be overlooked, for in all countries the railroad has ever been one of the most effective civilizing

agencies. It is true that the Chinese have been stubbornly averse to the extension of railways. But may we not attribute this sentiment to causes other than the mere ignorance and superstition prevailing among the people? Mr. William B. Parsons, who was in China as the Chief Engineer of the American China Development Company, in his interesting book "An American Engineer in China," tells us that the general popular opposition to railways in China is two-sided, being partly due to religious superstition and partly to the fear of competition against manual labor. That is true enough. But in addition to such religious and economic reasons, may we not seek some political reason wherein we can more heartily sympathize with the Chinese?

In the consideration of this question it is important to remember what a significant part the railways have played in the execution of colonial policies enunciated by the Powers, and especially by Russia, in the Far East. Like the Spanish missionaries of yore, who went forth into different parts of the world openly bearing the standard of Christ, but in reality the forerunners of the *conquistador*, the railway concessions in China have been wrung from the Manchu Government by the European Powers ostensibly for the purpose of developing the means of communication, under the thin guise of which lurks a covetous desire for territorial acquisition. The case of Manchuria is sufficient to start an alarm among the Chinese. Spanning the Amoor on the eastern boundary of Manchuria, the great Trans-Siberian railway extended itself into the dominion of the Middle Kingdom down to the Yellow Sea, and a vast territory of 370,000 square miles supporting 8,500,000 people with enormous agricultural and mineral resources, would have been permanently lost to China, had not the little warriors of Nippon gallantly taken arms against the giant intruder. Nor is Russia's design confined to northern China. Paramount behind the Belgian syndicate which procured a railroad concession from Peking to Hankow, it is generally believed, is the influence of Russia, whose ambition it is either to form ultimately a through line from St. Petersburg to the Yang-tze River, or to have something ready to offer in trade for other concessions in the North of more immediate benefit to herself and of a less menacing nature to Great Britain. This, in itself, is alarming enough; but, when it is remarked that the whole country is vivisected, as it were, by six different foreign

nations into so many sections of railroad concessions as a preliminary step toward the establishment of "spheres of influence," even the Chinaman rubs his sleepy eyes and suspects that a great menace is hovering over his country.

It was but yesterday that Russia's grasping hand was frustrated in Southern Manchuria, her Eastern China Railway being ceded to Japan. Notwithstanding this, a thousand miles of the Trans-Siberian system still traverses the territory of China, and in addition Russia claims, as conceded, branches from the Belgian Hankow-Peking line, aggregating 653 miles. South from Tien-tsin and in the province of Shan-tung, the German influence is paramount, procuring a concession for a local system totalling some 375 miles, together with another concession for a portion of main line between Tien-tsin and Ching-kiang, reaching a mileage of 470. The trunk and branch lines approaching Shanghai belong to English syndicates, amounting to some 1,400 miles, besides which England has a preponderating share in the Peking Syndicate, an Anglo-Italian combination, possessing a concession for 125 miles in the provinces of Shan-si and Shen-si. Through the heart of China, from Peking on the north to Hankow, the metropolis of the interior, on the south, a Belgian syndicate has completed the construction of a trunk line extending over 700 miles, in which France and Russia are understood to have a large interest. From Hankow southward as far as Canton, the American China Development Company was to have built a line to a length of 918 miles, the concession for which has been cancelled by the Chinese Government. Finally, in the extreme south, France has a concession for 800 miles. By the side of this enormous mileage covered by foreign *cessionnaires*, the Chinese Government holds but some 550 miles of railroad already constructed. Such a situation is both anomalous and threatening. The motives of the European Powers in exacting railway concessions from the Manchus are political rather than commercial. Eager to establish a foothold on Chinese territory, they vie with each other in seizing advantageous positions. The railroads constructed under such circumstances would be like cords of steel ever tightening round the inert Empire. With this record of foreign concessions before us, is it just to put all the blame at the door of the Chinaman alone for the troubles and difficulties encountered in the construction of railways in China? In

justice, the Chinaman's antipathy to the railroad cannot be ascribed to his ignorance or superstition only.

Since China bought up the Hankow-Canton concession, she has also been negotiating with England for the cancellation of the Tien-tsin-Chin-kiang concession, in which Germany has a large share. The British Government has replied that it is willing to comply with China's request, provided Germany agrees to relinquish her share. This cancellation movement does not seem to be a mere manifestation of anti-foreign spirit, accompanied by no practical intention on the part of the Chinese to build railways of their own. A recent report from Canton to the effect that the rush of applicants for shares of the Hankow-Canton railway was so great that the streets were blocked with Chinese, is a most emphatic evidence that the natives no more cherish prejudice against the railway. "One of the first steps toward the realization of our new national ideas," says Sir Chentung Liang-cheng, the Chinese Minister at Washington, "would be the construction, under Chinese auspices, of a great trunk line to traverse the central and most fertile provinces of China from Canton to Peking." The day when the Chinese Government, having bought a railroad, threw rails, cars and locomotives into the river, as happened in the case of the Wu-sung line in 1877, has passed, never to return, and the time seems really at hand when the actual system covering the Empire with its lacework of steel may not be projected on paper alone, but in actual process of construction.

It would doubtless be rash to expect a nation comprising nearly one-third of the human race to cast off in a day the lethargy of centuries. Many a generation shall have passed ere it has transformed itself into a new life; but that it is under a sure process of transformation, there is hardly room to doubt.

When China, invigorated and enlightened, with her vast natural resources exploited, her enormous population roused from the torpor of the past, her army and navy recast after advanced models, shall have formed an *entente cordiale* with Japan, bound to develop sooner or later into a political and economic alliance, the Mikado's subjects will begin to realize that the twelve hundred million *yen* and eighty thousand lives lost in the recent war were sacrificed for an issue vastly greater than they dreamed of.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

IN AMERICA'S GREATEST PRISON.

BY THOMAS SPEED MOSBY, PARDON ATTORNEY TO THE GOVERNOR
OF MISSOURI.

THE Missouri State Prison is the largest penitentiary in the United States. Here are confined more convicts than will be found in any other American State Prison. Those States which have a criminal population in any wise approaching that of Missouri have provided two or more prisons for their keeping, whereas Missouri confines all her criminals in the penal institution at Jefferson City.

From eight hundred to one thousand convicts are received at this institution every year, and at no time during the past twelve years has the population of this prison been less than two thousand. This city of crime, consisting of more than two thousand felons, convicted of eighty-five different felonies, presents to the criminologist a field most interesting because of its size, and most instructive because of its representative character.

Less than half the number received at this institution are native-born Missourians. Of the 1,794 convicts received during a recent two-year period, but 819, were born in Missouri. The remaining 975 came from every State in the Union excepting Idaho, Montana, Nevada and New Hampshire. Every other one of the remaining States was represented, as was also the Indian Territory and the District of Columbia, and thirteen foreign countries besides. Of this number, but 80 were females, and only 27 of the 80 were white women. Of the males, 523, or nearly one-third, were negroes.

The most striking feature of this immense criminal population is the exceedingly large proportion of young men, 785 of the number ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. The age of greatest criminality is shown to be the period between the

ages of twenty and twenty-five years, inclusive; the second greatest period of criminality is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty; and the third is between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. The fourth period is from thirty to thirty-five, and from the age of thirty-five onward the tendency to crime seems to decrease with the increase of age.

Of the 1,794 convicts, 627, or more than one-third, were of the ages of twenty to twenty-five years, both inclusive. Of this number, 96 were twenty years of age; 98 were twenty-one; 104 were twenty-two; 132 were twenty-three; 101 were twenty-four; and 96 were twenty-five. It thus appears that the age of greatest criminality in the period of greatest criminality is twenty-three. Of this younger and most numerous class of criminals, 404 of the 627 (or nearly two-thirds) had committed crimes of violence, such as homicides, assaults with intent to kill, burglaries, etc., the remaining 223 having committed crimes such as larceny, forgery, and other crimes not involving the use of physical violence. It is thus shown that, in the period of greatest criminal activity, crimes of the daring and adventurous sort are most frequent. Singularly enough, it appears that the crimes involving the sexual passions are proportionately small among this class of criminals. Out of a total of 135 crimes of this character, only 30 were committed by persons within the age of greatest criminality. Thus, although committing more than one-third of the total number of crimes within the given period, the persons within this class committed less than one-fourth of the sexual crimes.

Comparatively few of the 1,794 convicts had learned any trade or profession, 1,198 giving their occupation as that of day laborers, and 107 more giving their occupation as that of shoemaking; but, among the shoemakers, there was a great proportion of ex-convicts, who had learned shoemaking in the prison shoe-factories, but who in the beginning had no occupation. The inference to be drawn is that the trades and professions usually act as deterrents against crime. Of the trades and professions, generally, no one class seemed to be more criminal than another, the remaining 489 convicts being divided among 66 trades and professions.

Intemperate habits of life were not so much in evidence as might have been expected, 852 (or nearly one-half) having led

temperate lives. Nor was there so great a lack of religion as might have been imagined. Of the whole number, there were 1,267, or more than two-thirds, who were professors of some form of religious belief. The respective denominations to which the 1,267 convicts belonged appear below:

Baptist	396
Methodist	335
Catholic	312
Christian	120
Presbyterian	48
Lutheran	29
Episcopal	16
Hebrew	6
Dunkard	5

The percentage of illiteracy among the convicts was 26.5, which is four times as great as the average percentage of illiteracy among the non-criminal classes in Missouri. Those professing a belief in some form of religion constituted about 71 per cent. of the whole number. Those having some degree of education aggregated 73.5 per cent. The conclusion is obvious that, to a slight extent at least, religion is of more avail in preventing crime than is education; or, otherwise stated, that illiteracy is less dangerous to society than irreligion. To be sure, neither education nor religion of a very pure or advanced type is found among the majority of felons, but these statistics tend at least to illustrate the respective moral tendencies of the illiterate and the irreligious, the irreligious apparently lapsing most frequently into the ways of vice and crime. It is obviously true, also, although not susceptible of accurate statistical demonstration, that there is a higher degree of education among the educated criminals than there is of religion among religious criminals; for mere intellectual strength, while it may aid criminals in escaping detection and avoiding punishment, does not necessarily cause men to adhere to the paths of moral rectitude, whereas religion, if its precepts be precisely obeyed, is absolutely incompatible with any criminal tendency whatsoever.

The accepted theory that marriage tends to operate against the commission of crime is amply sustained by the Missouri statistics, less than one-third of the number mentioned being married persons; or, otherwise expressed, it appears that, where crime is committed by one married person, crimes are committed by two unmarried persons.

Among the number which constituted the subject of the present inquiry, 1,689 were native-born Americans, while the remaining 105 came from Mexico, Australia, Canada, Austria, Denmark, England, Germany, France, Ireland, Italy, Scotland, Russia and Switzerland; Germany leading with 37, Canada coming next with 16, England following with 10, and Ireland being fourth with 8. Scotland and Russia each had 7, Austria 6, France 4, Italy and Denmark 3 each, Mexico 2, and Australia and Switzerland 1 each.

The foreign-born population of the State was 216,379, and the native-born population 2,890,286. It thus appears that of the foreign-born population .0049 per cent. are convicts, while the felons of the native-born population number .0058 per cent. In other words, 49 in every ten thousand foreigners committed felonies while crimes of the same class were committed by 58 in every ten thousand of the native-born population. The foreign-born population of the State aggregates about seven per cent. of the population, while the percentage of foreign-born convicts received during the two-year period was 5.9 per cent. of the whole number of convicts received during that period. If there is a greater percentage of criminality among the foreign-born people of this country than is found among the native American population, the fact is not shown by these statistics.

The current theory that criminality is greatest in the larger centres of population is borne out by the Missouri statistics. Of the 1,794 convicts under investigation, one-third came from cities containing one-fourth of the population of the State.

Of the 1,794, 1,550 were in prison for the first term; 191 for the second term, 41 for the third term, 9 for the fourth term, 2 for the fifth term and 1 for the sixth term. Thus, 86 per cent. were first-termers; that is to say, 86 men in every hundred were never in the penitentiary before. Of the remaining 14 per cent. who were old offenders, 191, or over 10 per cent. of the whole number, were in the penitentiary for the second time, while less than one-fifth of the 14 per cent. were in for the third time. It may therefore be concluded that a large proportion of those who undergo a sentence in the penitentiary are deterred from again committing crime, and are converted again to law and order.

THOMAS SPEED MOSBY.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER, ABRAHAM CAHAN, BRANDER
MATTHEWS AND LAWRENCE GILMAN.

"ITALIAN ROMANCE WRITERS."*

It is twenty years since Mr. Howells heralded the advent of Giovanni Verga as a new force in realistic fiction. It is ten years since Continental critics hailed Gabriele d'Annunzio as the prophet of a new Latin Renaissance. More recently, through the interpretations of Signora Duse, these two names have grown familiar to the public ear; they are the sole familiar landmarks in an unexplored territory. If a translator is rash enough to put into English a volume by Grazia Deledda, let us say, or Matilde Serao, his best chance of winning a hearing is to proclaim the former a Sardinian Verga, and announce the latter as the author to whom d'Annunzio dedicated his first novel. But, aside from the authors of "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" and "*La Gioconda*," there is, both in England and America, not only a pervading ignorance of contemporary Italian fiction, but an equally general lack of curiosity. Consequently, any book which successfully fulfils the task that Dr. Joseph Spencer Kennard presumably set himself in his "*Italian Romance Writers*," any book which adequately reveals the strength and originality and poetic beauty of the younger school of fiction in Italy, and inspires us with a curiosity to know more of it, is a work eminently worth the doing.

Such a book, however, to be well done, should aim to accomplish three separate things. It should, first of all, lay before us, briefly and clearly, the evolution of a particular form of literature in a particular country, its debt to foreign influences and its internal development. Secondly, it should show the relation of

* "*Italian Romance Writers*." By Joseph Spencer Kennard. New York: Brentano's.

Italian fiction to Italian life; should seek the key-note of the Italian temperament, and show how far the native writers truthfully reflect it. And, finally, it should seek to make quite clear the aims and tendencies and relative importance of the authors chosen for discussion. It is profitable to ask ourselves how far Dr. Kennard's book performs this threefold task.

Aside from his needlessly pedantic introduction, Dr. Kennard has written in a popular and entertaining style, keeping himself in the background, and allowing the novelists to speak for themselves, in the form of well-chosen extracts and sympathetic summaries. It is his introduction which is intended to accomplish two of the three purposes above mentioned, and it is the least satisfactory part of the book. He deprecates any intention of retracing modern romance through story, tale and fable, to its earliest origins, yet he begins with "Daphnis and Chloe," "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius and the "Satiræ" of Petronius, indulging in generalities that are quite true about Apuleius, but not at all true regarding Petronius. Chaucer and Brantôme and Marguerite de Navarre, Rousseau and Voltaire, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Clarissa Harlowe" besprinkle the pages with capitals and italics, merely to prove a thesis which might almost have been laid down as an axiom—that the Italian novel of to-day is not a lineal descendant of Boccaccio and Bandello, but an imported form, borrowed from the English and the French. He does show, in a rather interesting manner, the reciprocal connection between the political and literary movements during the *Risorgimento*, making clear how such a book as Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi" was the logical outcome of the times. But where Dr. Kennard signally misses his opportunity is in neglecting to trace the influence which Maupassant and Zola, Tolstoi and Sudermann and Ibsen, have successively exerted upon the development of contemporary fiction in Italy. He rightly points out that the dominant note in Italian literature to-day is that of individualism. But he seems to miss the point, that it is the tendency to take the best wherever they find it, in France or Germany or Russia, that has given Italian individualism its variety and its strength. Verga's similarity to Zola is worth studying, as well as his points of difference; even though Dr. Kennard does not think so. Matilde Serao did some of her most remarkable and virile work under the direct influence of the Rougon Mac-

quart series. "Paese di Cuccagna," "Conquista di Roma," "Riccardo Joanna" come nearer to the Zolaesque type of epic novel than any other works yet written by a woman. Dr. Kennard dismisses them as mere collections of episodes, unworthy the name of novel. He fails to realize that in these books the protagonist is not a man or a woman, but a symbolic thing—the gambling craze, the corruption of political life, the venality of the public press; just as, in Zola, it is the stock exchange, the markets, the department store.

The second point that Dr. Kennard emphasizes in his introduction is the difficulty which confronts a foreigner in attempting to criticise the literature of a race whose soul he but half understands. Much that he says in this connection is quite true; the Italian ideal is radically different from the Anglo-Saxon ideal; the beauty of the material world is more often their theme than that of the spiritual world; or, as he most aptly puts it, "the craving for sensuous beauty, the glory in pagan ideals, the artist careful only for the precepts of his art, is the true Italian type, whether expressed by chisel, brush or pen." It is evident that Dr. Kennard himself feels this difficulty of understanding an alien temperament, and struggles with it. But at least he makes one thing very clear: that the Italian writers have faithfully and triumphantly put into their books those very thoughts and ideals that differentiate Italian life, outside of books, from the life of every other race. To succeed in seizing the spirit of a race, a tribe, a city, and put it into a novel so faithfully that all who read will say, "This is the very essence of Italian life, Sicilian life, Neapolitan life, and of no other life in the world," is a triumph of as high an order as any novelist, even the greatest, need seek. Yet, curiously enough, the author of "Italian Romance Writers" has the air of regarding this very fidelity to life as a sort of defect, a note of inferiority in the Italian novelists. Now and then, he throws out a covert sneer at "literary photography"; he expects a painter "to create a higher form of life, a grander reality." In other words, he quarrels with the Italian novelists because they do not emphasize the moral and spiritual side of life. He does not seem to realize that, in German and English fiction, religious and metaphysical problems have their proper place, because they reflect the more serious thought of the people themselves; while, in Italy, that same class of problems would

seem distorted and untrue to life, because they would not fit into the social framework: they would not strike the key-note of the Italian temperament.

Lastly, Dr. Kennard has not defined clearly in his criticisms the relative value that he attaches to the nine contemporary writers whom he has selected for detailed examination. One is not inclined to take issue with his selection of these nine; although it seems rather incongruous to find Capuana omitted, when he might so much more easily have dispensed with Enrico Annibale Butti,—Butti, who has claimed notice mainly as a follower of d'Annunzio, and Dr. Kennard robs him even of this claim. But, really, there are to-day only three leaders: Verga, the exponent of that special type of Italian realism known as "*verism*"; Fogazzaro, who stands for spiritism, and would have our morals, our religion, our social and political economy, all settled for us in the pages of the novel; and finally, d'Annunzio, the high-priest of artistic beauty, the leader of the psychological and symbolic movement. All other contemporary novelists have to a greater or less degree come under the influence of one or more of these three. Dr. Kennard concedes the high order of art of Verga and d'Annunzio, but he concedes it grudgingly: Verga is "a master of his art, a pioneer of realistic fiction, . . . striving truly to comprehend and describe life." D'Annunzio is "a factor in modern literature with which we must reckon," a "great artist, but a little man." The real reason for Dr. Kennard's frequent lack of sympathy and appreciation is nowhere clearly stated, but it is to be found latent throughout the book,—a deep-rooted antipathy to Zola and the naturalistic movement; a movement which exerted a powerful influence upon practically all the prominent Italian writers, with the one exception of Fogazzaro, and Fogazzaro is the one writer upon whom Dr. Kennard bestows cordial and unqualified praise. Yet, even in one's antipathies, one is expected to show an accurate knowledge of details. But regarding Zola Dr. Kennard does not show such knowledge. In the one illustration that he takes from the Rougon-Macquart series—that of a child who is shocked by the revelation of her mother's sin, and in consequence sickens and dies,—he refers to the child as "little Pauline." Of course, he must have had in mind Jeanne, the daughter of Hélène Mouret, in "*Une Page d'Amour*."

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

"THE DAWN IN RUSSIA."*

RUSSIAN conditions and Russian human nature are so unlike our own that one often finds it next to impossible to translate them into terms of our point of view. As a consequence, the newspaper despatches through which we follow from day to day the historical drama, so full of poetry and of pathos, which is now being enacted in the unhappy Northern Empire leave us with an uncomfortable sense of vagueness or perplexity. Perhaps the only case in which Russian life seems real to the Western reader is when it is presented to him in the form of those highly visualized and convincingly analytical pictures which mark the better class of Russian literature. In many respects, "The Dawn in Russia," by Henry W. Nevinson, although essentially a collection of newspaper letters written in St. Petersburg, Moscow, the Baltic Provinces and Odessa during the most eventful months of last winter, is, in many respects, the nearest approach to that type of literature among all the accounts of the Russian struggle for freedom published in this country or in England.

That the author was a stranger in the country which forms the subject of his narrative seems to have been an advantage rather than an obstacle. It was so not merely in the sense of enabling him to view things with the impartiality and perspective of the outsider; but also because it gave him access to scenes from which the native observer was excluded by the Tsar's bayonets. While in Moscow, he was continually roaming about in those spots where Dubasoff's dragoons and infantry turned the gutters into streams of blood, without discriminating between the intellectual young man or girl, whom it was legitimate to set down for a revolutionist, and the old woman who was hurrying home with the family provisions. As an obvious foreigner, Mr. Nevinson was only molested to the extent of being searched some half a dozen times within so many blocks. Moreover, if there were Russian writers who saw as much as he did and who retained their life and liberty immediately after the fall of the Moscow barricades, the Liberal papers, in which the full truth of these events would have been published, were mostly closed. I say "immediately," because in revolutionary times exciting occurrences succeed one another with such rapidity as to turn the most sensational episode of yester-

* "The Dawn in Russia." By Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

day into a happening of the faded past for which the reading public has neither time nor interest. Russian literature will scarcely take up the present revolution before its last battle has been fought. Just now, the country's writers are too busy making history to write it. Thus, the three chapters in Mr. Nevinson's book which are concerned with the Moscow conflict, when Admiral Dubasoff, the Governor-General of the ancient capital, outdid the sickening atrocities with which the Paris Commune was stamped underfoot, will remain, for a long time to come, the most graphic and veracious account of those days of horror not only in English, but also in the language of the country.

This admiral, whose previous title to glory, it may be recalled, was based on his "victory" over the fishermen he shot down off Hull, England, mistaking their smacks for Japanese torpedo-boats, had some of the captured revolutionists "strapped to a board," as Mr. Nevinson tells us, "and handed over to the executioner to be 'broken up.' . . . Their bones were smashed, their legs and arms lopped off with swords, and it did not take them very long to die." In fairness to Admiral Dubasoff it must be admitted, however, that this was one of the tidbits of the bloody feast with which he celebrated his triumph over the revolutionists. A more common proceeding was for them to be simply shot—without trial, of course—in batches of sixteen or more.

"The work-people were set in a row before the firing party, and were driven forward three at a time. Three by three they were shot down before the eyes of others. The heap of dead increased. Three more were driven forward to increase it. In the case of two workmen, suspected of being leaders, there was a variety in the proceedings, perhaps by way of a practical joke. They were ordered by the officer to walk round a corner of the sugar mill. They went carelessly, with their hands in their pockets, and when they turned the corner they were faced by eight soldiers standing at the present. In an instant they fell dead, and their bodies remained for a long time lying on the ground for all passers-by to see. Such executions continued among these factories for more than a week, and the numbers of those poor and uneducated men and women who died for their protest against despotism will never be known."

A little boy was bayoneted to death in the presence of his father, because he had shaken his fist at the soldiers through a window; a well-known physician, who had nothing to do with the revolution but thought it his duty to give aid to the wounded,

was treacherously shot in the back by an officer; boys and girls of the Red Cross were slaughtered by the score; school children were chopped to death or maimed, because "they had the revolutionary look in their eyes."

The atrocities of Moscow were duplicated in the Baltic Provinces under General Orloff, with whose "bloody assize" our author makes us acquainted in a separate chapter. The book also contains admirable sketches of the domestic life of "a nest of nobles," of the working-people and the peasantry. We are introduced to a starving, sweet-tempered village family, "with the marks of passionate labor upon them, and their five children growing up round their knees." Their horse had been sold to pay taxes. Yet, when a neighbor, who is still poorer than they, calls at their cabin, they slip part of their scanty supply of food into his sack. "Certainly, it did seem incredible," the English observer of these scenes exclaims, "that these were just the people who are marched off to the village police-court, are tied face downwards to a sloping bench, have their clothes turned up and are flogged with whips or rods by officials and police, because they cannot pay the taxes for the Japanese War or for the interest on the French loans." There is an excellent description of public meetings, at one of which Mr. Nevinson met Father Gapon, for whom the police were then searching the capital.

Perhaps one of the most important passages in the volume is the one which is devoted to the psychology of the sons of the peasants or city workmen, who, when clad in the uniform of the Tsar, shoot at their own brethren merely because "obedience is only a temptation to sloth, and it becomes almost irresistible when the temptation is supported by fear of death." But political and economic oppression has set the nation thinking, and "where people think liberty must come." The number of soldiers who are exempt from the temptation of obedience and the fear of death is continually growing. Each suppressed mutiny is succeeded by several new ones.

Mr. Nevinson's chapters were written at a time when the Tsar's promise of free speech was still partially fulfilled, and the country, after having been gagged for centuries, was intoxicated by the sound of its own voice and "revelling in a spiritual debauch of words." The subject of newspapers, and of labor-unions; the exaltation and self-sacrifice of educated boys and girls; the all-

pervading melancholy of Russian life as it manifests itself in the music and the literature of the nation—all this is treated with the sympathetic insight and the charming sincerity of true art, yet with a conversational informality, liberally interspersed with humor, which gives the reader a pleasing sense of intimacy with the writer, as well as with irresistible subject..

ABRAHAM CAHAN.

“A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSODY.”*

WITH the obvious exception of Mr. Andrew Lang, there is no British man of letters more copious or more multifarious than Mr. George Saintsbury. He is ever ready to write with equal interest and with equal energy upon the history of criticism or upon the art of cookery. The boundaries of his reading are wide-flung; his industry is indefatigable; and his individuality of opinion is independent to the very verge of freakishness,—from which he is preserved only by his robust common sense. This opinionated individuality is probably responsible for the belligerent tone he affects. He is forever warding and fending, as though painfully sensitive to the possibility of attack. He is eager to parry even before the thrust. In the present volume, for example, there is a constant girding at the phoneticians and a persistent scoffing at modern linguistic scholarship: but a good workman is not known by the chips on his shoulder.

While the temper of the book is often unduly aggressive, the style is also open to reproach for its lack of simplicity and of directness. The reader gets the impression of a vigorous mind, doing its work sturdily; but the results of this cerebration are not presented as persuasively as they might be. Mr. Saintsbury's manner of writing is allusive and parenthetical beyond all measure; and his trick of sprinkling foreign words and phrases over his pages is unfailingly irritating. That was a hostile critic who once dismissed Mr. Saintsbury's style as “a piebald jargon”; but any reader of this volume can understand the provocation. Perhaps Mr. Saintsbury has better restrained this tendency in the present book than in certain of its predecessors; but he is not always awake to his own weakness, and we find here “*fons*,”

* “A History of English Prosody, from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day.” By George Saintsbury. In 3 vols. Vol. 1, from the Origins to Spenser. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"epigrammation," "disgrazia," "ménage," "lubie," "déblayage," "the famous perruque critic," "les morticoles of literature," and even "*pour tout potage métrique*." Is it too much to ask that a historian of English prosody should express himself in his own tongue without calling in the aid of foreign allies?

But although these blemishes of tone and of style must needs be noted here, they may be pardoned, for the inquiry which they disfigure is good work well done. Whatever his defects, Mr. Saintsbury loves literature in all its aspects; he loves it ardently and devotedly; and he has proved his love by his relish for technic, by his delight in the processes of craftsmanship,—a relish and a delight wholly lacking in many a critic otherwise commendable. This "History of English Prosody" could have been undertaken only by a student deeply enamored of the means whereby the poets have wrought their magic. The three volumes are to contain a thorough consideration of the technic which underlies and sustains English poetry, and which is the source of much of its beauty. The connection is far closer than many are willing to admit between the divine afflatus of the poet and his mastery of metre, of pause, of alliteration, of rhyme, and of rhythm in all its possibilities. Dante's great poem is what it is, partly because he was able to bend the *terza rima* to his bidding; and Shakespeare's great tragedies are what they are, partly because he could avail himself of the noble amplitude of blank verse. Corneille's dramas are what they are, partly because he had to employ as best he could the lumbering Alexandrine; Pope's polished verse is what it is, partly because he could find his profit in the rhyming couplet; and Heine's lyrics are what they are, partly because he had ready to his hand the old Teutonic rhythms. Every true artist is glad to avail himself of the tools bequeathed to him by all his predecessors. The record of the development of English prosody is an integral part—and not the least important either—of the history of English poetry.

This is but the first of the three volumes to which Mr. Saintsbury's inquiry is to extend; but it is sufficient to warrant the opinion that the complete work will be welcomed by students of English literature, even if some of them will not accept all of its conclusions. He begins by declaring "that everybody feels a difference" in "the value of the syllables out of which rhythm and metre are made"; and then he refuses to discuss the vexed

question as to the exact nature of the precise cause of this difference, preferring to accept it as a fact obvious to all. He calls these "longs and shorts," without implying any opinion as to the reasons why one is felt to be "long" and the other to be "short." And by "Prosody" he means: "The laws and variations observable in the rhythmical and metrical groupings of sets of these two values,"—an admirable working definition. He has proposed to himself "to examine, in chronological order, the practice and the theories of English prosody which have actually existed in the seven centuries between 1200 and 1900"; and, in this first volume, he has covered a little more than the first three and a half of these centuries.

His appeal is not to preconceived theory but to "the fairly sensitive and well-trained ear." He shows that various causes united to bring about, before 1200, a discarding by English poets of the Anglo-Saxon type of versicle in favor of the modern prosody by "feet." He considers the foot of one syllable, the foot of two syllables, and the foot of three syllables; and, in so doing, he reveals that robust common sense which is perhaps his chiefest qualification as a critic, and which here leads him to conclusions that the present reviewer feels to be solid. And the present reviewer takes pleasure in recording his conviction that Mr. Saintsbury is justified in his assertion that the conclusions have been reached by a "most loyal admission of the facts" and by a selection of the "*live facts*," which "are related to each other in a connection of real development, and not of dead or mechanical engineering."

The American student is accustomed to find British writers more or less carelessly ignorant of the contributions of American scholarship. But in his "History of Literary Criticism," Mr. Saintsbury revealed a desire to acknowledge heartily the labors of his American predecessors in one or another portion of his field. It is with surprise, therefore, that we note the omission in the present work of any reference to Professor Gummere's "Beginnings of Poetry," or to Dr. Holmes's paper on the "Physiology of Versification." And, from the care with which Professor Saintsbury indicates privately printed editions of certain plays, we infer that he is unfamiliar with Professor Manly's excellent "*Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearian Drama*."

BRANDER MATTHEWS,

THE ART OF FIONA MACLEOD.

FOR those of us who are more concerned with the essential substance of literature than with its phenomena of time and circumstance, however interesting and significant, it has been a cause of regret that the remarkable body of writing which exists in print over the signature of "Fiona Macleod" has been, so far as its quality is concerned, submerged in the excited *mêlée* of gossip, speculation, and bewildered curiosity which followed upon the death of William Sharp. One need not deny the authentic interest that such a revelation would naturally arouse in the mind of the sincere historian and psychologist of letters; but that it should obscure the extraordinary character and the singular appeal of an artistic achievement which is open to the observation of all, is not unrepresentative, perhaps, of a time which is more immediately engrossed with the externalities than with the actual matter of literature.

One has heard and spoken overmuch, it may be, of the "Celtic revival" and of the "neo-Celtic school," so that too great stress has seemed to be laid upon the merely parochial implications of a phenomenon the chief importance of which, after all, resides in its purely literary aspects. I shall not, therefore, attempt, in this brief appreciation, to consider the work of Fiona Macleod in its relation to the "movement" to which it has been popularly imputed; nor shall I venture upon any discussion of its connection with the literary and spiritual history of Mr. Sharp. It has been presented to the student of contemporary letters as an independent product, and as such one is justified in regarding it; one may comfortably leave the matter of its circumstantial origin to those "polite detectives of literature" for whom such mysteries transcend any other possible consideration.

The "Fiona" literature, put forth during the last decade, ranges easily through the domain of pure fantasy, of fable and allegory, of speculation, of æsthetic discussion, of symbolized fiction, and of verse. The voice has spoken many tongues, but always the accent of the mystic has persisted, has persisted and increased in poignancy and aloofness; so that in her later work it is frankly, and without the palliation of pictorial or symbolical setting, the speech and vision of the dreaming mind that is offered us. One will miss the essential note of this writing if one fails to see in it, as its prime possession, the confessions and aspirations

of a spirit swayed, beyond any other impulse, by a passionate consciousness and a special revelation of all beauty. Beyond any other writer whom one may allege for the comparison, this writer has chosen to saturate her work in beauty. The sense of it is, for her, a perpetual touchstone—a touchstone for the apperception of sheer natural presences, of dream and vision and intimation, of that miraculous and supra-sensuous world in which the spirit of the essential mystic has its intensest life. One may read her own avowal in that haunting preface which introduces her version of the tale of Deirdrê and the Sons of Usna:

“I know you will find a compelling beauty in these old tales of the Gael, a beauty of thought against which to lay your thought, a beauty . . . of desire against which to lay your desire. For they are more than tales of beauty, than tales of wonder. Shall the day come when the tale of Deirdrê shall be no more told? . . . If so, it is not merely beautiful children of legend we shall lose, not the lovely raiment, but the very beauty and love themselves . . . the old wandering ecstasy, the lost upliftedness.”

It is doubtless easier to make than to establish so deliberate a claim for any writer as I have made here, and I shall not attempt to establish it. To achieve a deep and continuous beauty in any art would seem to insure a fairly certain measure of recognition,—a recognition which the writing of Fiona Macleod assuredly has not compelled. For the admittedly small body who do know and esteem it, that is not a matter for inconsolable regret; perhaps they await the coming of that “Spirit of Delight” which, wrote Alice Meynell, “flits upon an orbit elliptically or parabolically or hyperbolically curved, keeping no man knows what trysts with time.”

One must not neglect to note the authentic presence in this beauty of what most of us have agreed to denote, however reluctantly, as the quality of Celtic “magic”; for since that important and memorable occasion when Matthew Arnold used it, so deftly and so luminously, to signalize the peculiar and excelling quality of the Celtic genius, we, a quarter of a century later, have found no equivalent: one must still evoke it if one would apply to the Celtic genius, to Celtic beauty, the inevitable epithet. One finds this quality in the

“ . . . already

The cloudy waters and the glimmering winds
Have covered them ”

of Mr. Yeats, no less than in the

"... fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains. . . ."

adduced from the Welsh by Arnold; and it is movingly and persistently present, as I have said, in the writing of Fiona Macleod, where it is touched with the profound and poignant nostalgia, the wistful ecstasy, of the "Eternal Dreamer." As she herself has said of a certain group of tales called by her "Wind and Wave," she has named them so "because through each goes the wind of the Gaelic spirit, which everywhere desires infinitude, but in the penury of things as they are turns upon itself, to the dim enchantment of dreams." One may feel it in her

"Dim face of Beauty haunting all the world. . . .";

supremely, perhaps, in that heart-shaking apostrophe of the desolated Concoibar to the image of Deirdrê dead, in her brief and piercing drama, "The House of Usna":

"Heart of my heart, Deirdrê! Love of my love, desire of all desire—can no voice rise to those lips, red as rowans, in that silent place? . . . She sleeps, she sleeps, she is not dead! I will go to the grianán, and will cry *Heart o' Beauty, awake! It is I, Concoibar the King!* She will hear, and she will put white hands through her hair, like white doves going into the shadow of a wood; and I will see her eyes like stars, and her face pale and wonderful as dawn, and her lips like twilight water; and she will sigh, and my heart will be as wind fainting in hot grass, and I will laugh because that I am made king of the world and as the old gods, but greater than they, greater than they, greater than they!"

One would perform an ill service to the memory of such a writer were one to imply that her concern with beauty is directed solely toward mere surface loveliness. She has played, from the first, "upon the silent flutes, upon the nerves wherein the soul sits enmeshed." Always she has made her command over beauty serve the needs of an exquisite spiritual consciousness. She has sensed the profound and importunate reality of the deeper Beauty. She says revealingly, writing of "The Wind, Silence, and Love":

"Meanwhile, they are near and intimate. . . . We cannot forget wholly, nor cease to dream, nor be left unhoping, nor be without rest, nor go darkly without torches and songs, if these accompany us; or we them, for they go one way."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON : ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *September, 1906.*

THE Irish policy of the present Government is one of its most interesting enterprises. The Government came into existence pledged, not to Home Rule, but to take a considerable step in the Home Rule direction. The omens for a strong and statesmanlike handling of Irish problems are more favorable to-day than at any time within my recollection. The Liberals are both sympathetically inclined towards the Nationalist view of Irish grievances, and at the same time independent of the Nationalist vote. Whatever they concede in the way of greater self-government will, therefore, be conceded voluntarily. It will not be wrested from them by threats or intimidation, or under pressure of the merely party view of politics. That is one circumstance that tells strongly on the side of calm inquiry and dispassionate policy. Another is the remarkable change that has come over English opinion within the last few years. I do not by that mean to imply that if either of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bills were again to be submitted to the English electorate, a majority of the people would vote in favor of it. I do not think they would. On the other hand, it would be impossible now to rouse the opinion and passions of this country over any Irish question to that pitch of rancor and blind ferocity that prevailed two decades ago. It is a sign of the new reasonableness that, though we are on the eve of a momentous extension of Irish control over Irish affairs, the people, so far from being alarmed, so far from heeding the cry of the rock-ribbed Unionists to rally round the flag, are awaiting the Government's proposals with almost as much apathy as expectancy. When you hear Irish affairs discussed at all nowadays outside the House of Commons, you hear them discussed

rationally. That in itself is an immense gain. The fears and the catchwords of twenty years ago have been outgrown. There is a frank recognition of the evils which English misgovernment has inflicted upon Ireland. There is an honest desire to make reparation. There is an effort, almost pathetic in its futility, to understand the Irish character. The old contemptuous bitterness has vanished. The spirit in which the country approaches the Irish question has been revolutionized.

Nor, if we look to Ireland herself, are the tokens less propitious. There is an almost complete absence of crime and agitation. That great measure of appeasement, the Land Purchase Act of 1903, is slowly working its way through to a better order of things. Not that its operation is by any means perfect. The Estates Commissioners are not at one as to certain of the leading principles that should direct their administration of the Act. The staff of inspectors employed by them is undermanned. If you accept without a judicious reduction of at least sixty per cent. all that you hear from the landlord side, it is also inefficiently manned. There have been, at any rate, great and irritating delays in expanding the Act till it is capable of transacting the vast amount of business created under it. The machinery for working it, rather than the Act itself or its fundamental principles, needs improvement. At the present rate of progress, it will take from twenty to twenty-five years before the land of Ireland shall have passed into the hands of peasant proprietors. I imagine that Mr. Bryce, whose heart and intellect and energy are wrapped up in the successful conduct of his office, will find speedy means to simplify and expedite the workings of the Act. Landlordism in Ireland was played out. Everybody realizes that. To facilitate its final extinction, it may be necessary in one or two particulars to amend the Act of 1903. That Act made no provision for the reinstatement of evicted tenants, or for the compulsion of refractory landlords who refuse to sell. In both points it may hereafter be found advisable to bring in new legislation. But these, after all, are details. The grand fact remains that, taking them as a whole, both landlords and tenants have shown themselves more than willing to take advantage of the Act and to combine in the establishment of a peasant proprietorship. The land-tenure question is settled; and to be able to say that of Ireland means that its greatest source of internal

strife is dammed at the fountain-head. There are those, I know, who still take a gloomy view of the future; who insist that the tenants are paying too much for their land; that the Government sooner or later will be unable to collect its instalments of the purchase money, and that a no-rent campaign is something more than a chimera. There are also those who prophesy that the landlords, when once they have pocketed their purchase money, will make haste to get out of the country, and so deprive it of the advantages of a resident cultured class. I do not believe these forebodings. Thousands of Irish peasants purchased their holdings before the Act of 1903 was dreamed of. In hardly a single instance has there been a failure to remit punctually the instalments due to the State. Peasant proprietorship brings such energy and enterprise into the cultivation of the land that its value and its resulting yield are nearly trebled. As for the landlords, those who were absentees before the Act will continue to live abroad. But those who were residents before the Act, unless I am wholly mistaken, will continue residents still. Why should they leave? There are no more delightful people on earth to live among than the Irish and no more delightful country than Ireland. Living is cheap, and those three props of an aristocracy, shooting, fishing and hunting, are cheap and abundant also. Why should they desert the ancestral house and demesne merely because the tenants, with whom they were always at war, have become proprietors, with whom they can live at peace?

Speculations such as these may wait. The outstanding feature of the present situation is that the passing of the Purchase Act of 1903 has produced what is known in American politics as an era of good feeling. It does not, of course, extend to all sections and classes and creeds. But the Purchase Act, by uprooting the most penetrating cause of dissension in Ireland, has at once supplemented and been supplemented by those other factors that were gradually creating an atmosphere of cooperation and good will. Among those other factors, I would give the first place to the admirable work of industrial and agricultural betterment that is being carried on all over Ireland by the Department of which Sir Horace Plunkett is the head, and by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, of which he was the founder. Men must, indeed, be utterly under the curse of politics when they will deny the necessity, or seek to impede the workings, of co-

operative creameries, dairies, village banks, the development of the coast and inland fisheries, the building of a pier here and a breakwater there, and the thousand and one practical improvements that will have to be introduced before the peasants are able to make the most of their new position, and before Ireland can recover the industrial instinct. It is the fine achievement of Sir Horace Plunkett to have opened up, outside of politics and religion, a field of labor which lays North and South, Protestant and Catholic, Unionist and Nationalist, landlord and tenant, farmer and laborer, the town and the country, under impartial contribution. This has had already, is having now, and in the future will have still more, an immense and mellowing influence. It is assisted by that disenchantment with the old type of politics that set in after the catastrophe of Parnell's fall, and has not been lessened by the internal bickerings in the Nationalist ranks. Ireland is taking her politics quietly and is interesting herself in other things besides.

Another factor that will help the present Government in its Irish policy is the growth of a moderate and rational spirit among both English and Irish Unionists. To Lord Dunraven is chiefly due the credit for the organization of this new spirit. He has gathered around him a considerable body of opinion, that is Unionist in the sense that it is opposed to two separate legislatures, but is Nationalist in the sense that it advocates a far greater control of Irish affairs by Irishmen. The Unionists who agree with Lord Dunraven's views realize that Unionism, as a policy of mere negation, is over and done with; that, if it is to have any future at all, it must show, not only sympathy with the aspirations of the majority of the Irish people, but also constructive ability; and that there are gross abuses and extravagances in Irish administration that can be, and ought to be, remedied without impairing the Union or the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It is an open secret that there were more than one member in Mr. Balfour's Cabinet who shared these views. Mr. Wyndham, the Irish Chief Secretary, was forced by the extreme Ulsterites to resign office, simply because he believed, and was ready to act on his belief, that the time had come for a measure of administrative and financial devolution. The task of the present Government is to take up Mr. Wyndham's policy where he was obliged to drop it, and to carry it further than he

would ever have ventured to. In doing so, the extreme Unionists, who hardly yet realize that the question of whether Englishmen or Irishmen are to govern Ireland has long ago been settled against them, will fight Mr. Bryce and his colleagues with all the old-time fury. But moderate Unionists, and there are many of them, will sympathize with the Government, will support it, or, at least, will abstain from opposing it. As for the Nationalists, without abating in any way their claim for a separate Parliament, they will take what they can get.

The details and even the scope of the Government's Irish policy are still an official secret. We only know on the assurance of the Under-Secretary, Sir Antony MacDonnell, that next year is to witness the fulfilment of those hopes which many of the best Irishmen have for long entertained. This oracular way of putting it has whetted speculation, and aroused a multitude of conjectures. I believe it will be found, roughly speaking, that, while the Union remains untouched, an Irish Council, consisting for the most part of elected members, with a minority of nominated members, will be created to control the administration of Irish internal affairs, and to have the spending of all the moneys raised by taxation in Ireland, and not allocated to Imperial purposes; and that Ireland will thus come to occupy, from the financial and administrative standpoint, very much the same position towards the United Kingdom that the province of Bengal or Madras occupies towards the Government of India. To this general control over all local affairs, there is one exception to be made—the police will remain, as they are now, an Imperial force and will not be subject to the new Irish Council. At the same time, they will probably be considerably reduced; and I imagine that, when Mr. Bryce's Bill becomes law, they will stand at not more than seven thousand. Otherwise, Irishmen will be given virtually complete control over their local affairs. If the Imperial Government were to say to the Irish Council, "About ten millions are raised from Ireland by taxation. We keep two of these millions for Imperial purposes and we hand the remainder over to you. There are certain fixed charges upon it that will have to be met, but the balance which we reckon to be about four or four and a half millions a year will be placed unreservedly at your disposal for a term of five years"—if the Imperial Government were to say this to the Irish Council, and were to allow Ireland

to have the benefit of whatever savings might be effected by Irish administration, it would clearly be giving Irishmen a far more extensive control over their own affairs than they at present possess; it would stimulate them to an efficient and economical administration; and it would result in the accumulation of a large annual sum of money that could be applied to the task of Irish development at the discretion of the Irish Council. This, or something like it, is probably what the Government are meditating. If at the same time they reorganized the wretched system under which Ireland is misgoverned through forty-five overlapping, over-manned Boards and Departments, and if they placed Irish private Bills in Parliament as fully under the control of an Irish Committee as Scotch Bills are under the control of the Scotch Committee, they would, I believe, be laying the foundations for a settlement of the Irish question that would endure for twenty years. On one point, at any rate, every one seems agreed, and that is that "something must be done." It is felt on all sides that Ireland is at a crisis of her fate, and that now is the hour to clear the ground for that steady constructive work which can alone stop the appalling drain of emigration, and make of the country a place in which Irishmen may live and earn a living wage.

ST. PETERSBURG, *September, 1906.*

POLITICAL and social chaos, without a creative spirit moving over the face of the welter, would seem to be a fairly correct description of the present condition of things in Russia. It is utter anarchy, with no strong man, no efficacious social force, to evolve order. The bomb and the "Browning"* are the symbols of the transitional state from civilization to savagery; "hands up" is the war-cry; fire and blood are the accompaniments of the movement misnamed emancipatory. The committee of the Moderate Liberal Party writes:

"Human life is set at naught: tens, nay hundreds, of murders are daily committed; incendiarism, rioting, robbery, are spreading more and more throughout the country; the influence of law and authority is undermined; falsehood, calumny, deception, have blunted the moral sense; enmity and mutual hate have acquired such dimensions that they merge into epidemic madness. Parallel with the unavoidable on-

* The name of a revolver which the Russian revolutionists have adopted.

slaught against the antiquated political fabric goes a struggle against every kind of political *régime*, the combat for political and civil liberty often takes a direction which can lead only to the loss of all liberty, the campaign for the economic and cultural interests of the masses, in the forms which are now being imposed, threatens to sweep away the remains of material well-being and culture and to ruin the nation; while the sanguinary methods of warfare are poisoning the public conscience, and sowing in the souls of the people the seeds of future hatred, of future quarrels and violence. . . . The people themselves can alone save our fatherland from destruction; without the cooperation of the people no Government can tackle such a problem."

How difficult the task has become, only those who have recently travelled in the Empire can fully realize. A few concrete pictures, however, may enable the American public to form a more or less adequate notion of the difficulty. The first is a scene in the daily life of Warsaw, where the destructive forces are perhaps stronger than in any other part of Russia, except the Caucasus. The sidewalks of some streets are occupied by dragoons, artillerymen, foot-soldiers armed to the teeth, while the public walks in the middle of the roads, where, in peaceful times, carriages and automobiles roll. At eight o'clock in the evening, all doors and gates are shut, theatres are empty, trade and commerce are stagnant. Merchandise ordered from Warsaw cannot be forwarded. The street-cars are daily held up and the conductors forced to hand over their takings to the revolutionists. The Government spirit-shops are guarded by five or six men, but they might as well be protected by painted wooden soldiers.

It is two in the afternoon. Along the "New World"—one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Warsaw—the traffic is brisk. Hard by is a Government spirit-shop. Facing it stands the patrol, composed of four men and a non-commissioned officer, all of them holding their loaded rifles, not on their shoulders nor at their feet, but horizontally. They are ready to fire, to march, to attack or defend at a moment's notice; but, meanwhile, everything is quiet around them. Suddenly, however, a number of stalwart young men are in their midst, but so suddenly have they appeared that one might feel tempted to think them an apparition from the other world, were it not that they are armed with Brownings, one of which is aimed at the forehead of each soldier. "Stand still. Don't budge, or you shall die," exclaims one of

the youths. And the warriors stand motionless, as though a Circean spell had bound them. Meanwhile, the public is sidling off quickly, quietly, leaving the street almost deserted. It is not wholly deserted, however, for on the opposite side stands a group of curious, undaunted onlookers. It needs courage thus to remain, but they evidently have it. And yet they stand as though they were ready to run at any moment. Meanwhile, the money in the cash-box of the spirit-shop is being taken, swiftly and silently, while the servants of the Crown stand looking on with arms raised on high, pale faces and tightly pressed lips. And in the street the soldiers are still in the quasi-cataleptic pose which they took up when the words of command were first uttered by the head of the Browning gang. Now the plunderers have done their work and are leaving the shop. "Comrades, that will do. Get ready. We are off." "All right," is the reply. And the money-grabbers have gone. "And now we must be going," cries the leader of the Brownings. "Be quiet. Woe to you if you budge. Remember." Thereupon the striplings walk backwards five, six, ten, twelve paces, still keeping the revolvers pointed at the soldiers; then they turn swiftly and run like hares. But the Tsar's warriors, too, have recovered life and activity, as by the waving of a magician's wand. They level their rifles and . . . a number of reports are heard in quick succession. The smoke-cloud lifts; and on the ground, in various positions, lie the corpses of the soldiers. The curious "onlookers" on the opposite side of the street are now in full flight, and in their hands are smoking revolvers. On the following day the newspapers publish a short, dry telegram, headed "Pillage in Warsaw."

The attitude of the Russian press calls for comment. One of the least respectable of the opposition organs called upon its readers to admire the heroism of the assassins at the Premier's house, and to sympathize with them for the sufferings their wounds must have caused them! On the other hand, one of the most respected newspapers, the organ of Professor Miliukoff, passing in review all the measures which the Government might take in order to repress such deeds, is criticised for having made fun of each and every one of them, and treated the matter flippantly. The "*Novoye Vremya*" wrote:

"Jester, desist! You are making fun of blood. You are sniggering at the shattered limbs of the lifeless and the half dead, at the old

men and the children. It is thus that the organ, inspired by the professor of Russian history, Miliukoff, derides, in the discourses of its professional clown, the grief of Russia mourning for the victims of the 25th of August."

The blood bath in Warsaw which the revolutionists caused a few days before, killing off the policemen of that city at the sound of a trumpet, was actually extolled. One journal wrote:

"Almost by the waving of a magician's wand, in various parts of Poland, wholesale murders of police agents were effected. It was unprecedented, grandiose! There is something sublime in these mighty deeds of red terror. There is something magical in the simultaneity and swiftness with which the police were killed off. Enormous hypocrisy would be necessary to stigmatize with obloquy the martyr heroes who lay down their lives for the holy act of vengeance, heroes in whom one thought, one sentiment, is active—to be revenged upon the executioners, to free the fatherland from the executioners."

Those are city scenes. The crimes perpetrated in the rural districts, unprotected by policemen or soldiers, are equally disgusting, sometimes far more repulsive. There men and women are slowly tortured, and little children playfully put to death, by beings who profess to be promoting the sacred cause of liberty. In Bonhsky, a cashier was taken and tortured until he gave up the money of his employers. The revolution required it. In the Garvolinsky District, the partisans of liberty attacked the house of a man named Rapp, and tortured his wife by burning the soles of her feet with candles. In the south of Russia, there is a flourishing district which surrounds the iron-works founded many years ago by a Welshman, named Hughes. On the night of August 31st, a wedding was being celebrated there, and, just when the dancing was in full swing, three lads entered and one of them threw a bomb on the floor. The bride, her mother, brothers, uncle, two sisters, eleven guests and a baby were grievously wounded. The bomb-thrower, himself wounded, was arrested, but escaped during the night.

The Empire, until recently one and indivisible, is at present split up into three active forces: the Imperial Government, the Duma or parliamentary opposition and the Revolutionists. By the surviving fittest of these three will the destinies of the Russian people ultimately be shaped. The fourth factor, the great sluggish mass of peasants, will at most supply those three armies with the needful recruits, remaining itself inert, almost indiffer-

ent. Unhappily all four sections of the population may be truly said to be tarred with the same Asiatic brush: that is to say, mingled with their admirable qualities are grave drawbacks of a kind so baleful that the good points are thereby often wholly neutralized. The Russian "intellectual," for example, is enthusiastic for liberty and, indeed, for much lesser boons. He can suffer all kinds of hardships for it, he is even ready to die for it; but he will not wait a reasonable time for it, nor use without abusing the degree of liberty which he has temporarily secured. Moreover, the Russian revolutionist is eager to ruin the country in order to free it from the *régime* of the Tsar.

Of the three forces mentioned above, the Duma has been weighed and found wanting. It disappointed the most moderate hopes. It feebly swerved from its own standpoint, served two masters badly, and successively denied them both. For instance, the parliamentarians at first condemned Witté's electoral law, which is undoubtedly most defective and unjust, declaring in advance that the deputies elected in accordance with it would not be true representatives of the nation. But, when they themselves were returned, they forgot this decree of disqualification, and deemed themselves representative enough to dismiss the Tsar's ministers, to pardon his would-be assassins, to limit his power in every respect, to suspend or violate the constitution, to break the laws and to carry on the government of the country without his cooperation. But they never once tried to improve the odious electoral law. That would have been a suicidal act, and they clung very tenaciously to life. Dependent upon the extreme element in the country, they feared to undertake anything, however patriotic, just or humane, which seemed calculated to estrange its sympathies.

Writing of the political parties which are now being formed for the first time and of the Russian intelligent public, Prince Trubetskoy sets forth his views very sincerely:

"Our entire social atmosphere is saturated through and through with flunkeyism. The flunkey by his very nature is a chameleon: he can dye himself in any hue, become a member of any party. His fundamental property is ubiquity. During the recent war he wrote patriotic addresses together with 'genuine Russian men,' but that did not hinder him from sneering and chuckling at our reverses, nor from sending addresses of greeting to the Mikado. He played first fiddle in all the reactionary undertakings of the 'Black Hundred,' yet he was not the

last among the 'reds' and in the competition for the prize offered to the most thorough radical, he was almost the winner."

So long as society is composed of gritless beings of this kind, there is little hope that it will save the nation.

The revolutionists, on the other hand, who number only some scores of thousands in a nation of 145,000,000, owe their powerful influence to the definiteness of their aims, their selfless devotion to the cause, their heedlessness of consequences. They pursue their end perserveringly, swerving neither to the right nor to the left. To the principles which they lay down they tenaciously cling; they recognize certain duties from the fulfilment of which they never shrink; fearing nothing, they can dare all. But they are mentally abnormal. For they mean to ruin Russia by way of regenerating it. They will treat it as the daughters of Pelias dealt with their father, cutting him in pieces and boiling him in Medea's caldron, whence he was to emerge renewed in youth and vigor, but did not. The Russian revolution is synonymous with anarchy. Its methods are inhuman. Its agents are killing off the servants of the monarchy, old and young, rich and poor, Governors of States and petty policemen. They butcher these and their families with perfect serenity, sparing neither sex nor age. They also take the lives of bystanders without ruth, mutilate or maim a hundred passers-by in order to blow up one man whose only offence is that he wears the Tsar's uniform. One day on the stroke of twelve they blew out the brains of most of the policemen on duty in Warsaw. Every day scores of constables, detectives, gendarmes, officers are being stabbed, shot, blown up, drowned, hanged or burned. Terror is now seizing hold of these obscure victims. Military leaders affirm that the bravest army will be put to flight if twenty per cent. of its soldiers are disabled by an attack. The annihilation of a smaller percentage will cause a similar panic in the ranks of undisciplined civil servants. The State cannot get men to sacrifice their lives for a few dollars a week. Soon there may be no protection for the inhabitants, except that which revolutionists, disguised as policemen, are willing to give. And then?

The Premier Stolypin is one of the sincerest patriots that ever held a ministerial portfolio. His good intentions are proverbial. Moreover, he means what he says, and his language abounds in humanitarian maxims. He would not wantonly hurt a fly, much

less an anarchist in trouble. Being a fanatical Liberal, he will eschew dictatorial methods even though the Empire perish in consequence. He worships legality and means to win or lose by relying upon the respect for law which he hopes to engraft on the people. His critics maintain that he might save the lives of the police and of the officials who are being daily "potted" like snipe or grouse, if only he would use vigorous methods or adopt measures that are unpopular. But he nobly withstands the temptation, and the tale of victims waxes greater and greater every day. He has had human beasts treated like gentlemen and tried in the fairest way. His maxim is: Do nothing of which an English or American statesman would be ashamed. He appeals to his agents to observe the law strictly, and he exhorts the nation to do the same. But his words fall upon deaf ears. The friends and defenders of the Monarchy are being killed off or frightened away. The revolutionists are getting their own partisans appointed in their place. Many of the trusted agents of the Government are therefore allies of the enemy, ready to open the doors of the fortress. The end of Tsardom seems at hand.

The only crime punished under M. Stolypin's *régime* is loyalty to the Tsar, fidelity to one's civic duty. Policemen, detectives, watchmen, officers, civil servants are caught between hammer and anvil, and annihilated. The anarchists attack them with bullets, and the Government protects them with words. Their places are being filled by revolutionists, and it is really to these wolves in sheep's clothing and to their love of law and order that the Premier is now confidently appealing.

It is in this way that the Cabinet is utilizing the months that must elapse before the Duma meets. Ministers resemble well-meaning reformers who, during a truce between two belligerent nations, should by means of suasive humanitarian discourses induce one of them to rely upon peace being concluded and to forego all preparation for continuing the campaign, while the other belligerent was working day and night to renew the war. Truly, the Tsar's position is tragical. He has received no thanks from his people for enormous concessions, and no help from his Ministers for his implicit trust. But close observers affirm that, of all the advisers to whom he has hearkened since the revolution began, there has probably been none so dangerous to him, his dynasty and the cause of Russian monarchy as Piotr Arkadyevich Stolypin.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *September 24.*

The Necessity of Woman Suffrage.

WE are convinced that the time has arrived when the welfare of the Nation would be most effectually conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office. The claim of leaders of the cause that the franchise should be granted because of a presumed inherent right we cannot admit. Whether or not in strict conformity with purely ethical considerations, it is nevertheless a fact of surpassing moment that, since the world began, the possession of power has depended upon ability to acquire and hold it. Practically, there has been no change in this regard, certainly since the German barons took possession of the valley of the Rhine; and, theoretically, custom of long prevalence often confers authority equal to that of written law. Man himself is not permitted in this country to vote except in compliance with arbitrary regulations, which universally disfranchise him until he reaches the age of twenty-one, and frequently during his entire lifetime.

Advocates of the change only weaken their case by resting it upon the untenable proposition that the action of the founders of the Republic in restricting suffrage to their own sex was immoral. Nor do they strengthen it by insisting that the policy was unwise. The women of a century, or even half a century, ago were notoriously unfitted for the performance of political acts. They possessed neither of the requisites—education and experience.

But mighty progress began with the recognition of mental alertness as the chief ingredient of real attractiveness in women and was greatly enhanced by the sense of responsibility aroused by their acquirement of rights in property. To-day we are satisfied that the intellectual equipment of the average American woman is quite equal to that of the medial man. Morally, it is

admitted, she is his superior, and therein lies the basis of our conviction that as a matter, not of right, but of policy, she should be taken into full political partnership.

The three evils most menacing to the country to-day are (1) debasement of moral standards in politics and business, (2) absorption by a few, at unwarranted cost to the many, of the common wealth, and (3) unreasonable and violent expression of resentment by the multitude. With each of these perils the American woman is quite as competent to cope as the American man. That she would be less tolerant of moral deficiency in a candidate for public office requires no demonstration; that, as a careful householder and ambitious mother constantly practising economies for the advancement of her children, she would take an active part in restraining monopolies from adding undue profits to the cost of general living seems evident; that her keen personal interest in the preservation and protection of homes and property would inevitably constitute her a conservative balance against the increasing horde of foreign-born voters may also, we submit, be accepted as a certainty.

The time for the effective use of the once-sound objection that she would not exercise the privilege, we believe, is past. Until recently, the necessity for woman's influence in politics has not been apparent; it is now, and it will become increasingly so during the next few years. It is true, doubtless, that at the moment the average woman is not adequately equipped with information respecting public affairs; but may not this be due chiefly to the absence of occasion for its acquirement? Moreover, is it certain that she is not even now as well qualified, at least, as the average unit in the great mass of American voters? And, at the very worst, would not her mere instinct afford a guide wiser and safer than the sordid motives which now actuate so great a proportion of the electorate?

For the purposes, therefore, of purifying the ballot, of establishing and maintaining lofty standards as to the qualifications required of candidates for public office, of effecting an even distribution of earnings, of providing a heavier balance of disinterestedness and conservatism against greed and radicalism, we reiterate the expression of our firm belief that universal suffrage has now become, not only desirable, but almost a paramount necessity.

TUESDAY, *September 25.* Of Sleeping, Dreaming and Snoring.

CONSIDERING the fact that a person living the allotted period passes fully twenty years in bed, it is questionable whether sleep engages its just proportion of the attention of mankind. Attempts to diagnose sleep, so to speak, have been singularly futile. Why one person finds it easy to drop into normal unconsciousness almost at will, while another, of apparently similar physical condition, strives in vain for repose, is a problem that still continues to baffle scientific inquiry. That sleep of itself is a boon of inestimable value we all know, and yet the precise duration producing the greatest benefit has not been even approximately determined. The Duke of Wellington's famous prescription of six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool has just been formally repudiated by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A series of experiments upon representatives of the three classes convinced the learned men that the allowance in each case was too small. Further than this, however, they conservatively forbore to commit themselves. They would not even go on record as to the necessity of dividing humankind into classes at all.

Experience seems to indicate that nature decrees a longer period of unconsciousness for the young than for the old, but it is by no means certain that the successful training of the will to induce longer periods of recuperative repose would not prolong life. An experiment of one of the British professors bears directly upon this notion. He had prepared several arithmetical problems, equally difficult of solution. Then he arranged to be awakened after having slept half an hour at one time, an hour at another, and so on. He found as a result that his mental condition was quite as effective in application to mathematics after sleep of half an hour, as it was after that of several hours. But similar experiment, designed to test his memory, definitely established the fact that power of recollection grew in proportion to the duration of mental rest. It may be, therefore, that the pathetic loss of memory by old people is due to too little sleep. If so, there is no doubt that a remedy could be obtained through the exercise of will power in changing the habit. The familiar theory that one hour of sleep before midnight is more beneficial than twice as much after midnight seems readily confirmed in practice, and yet, so far as we are informed, nobody has taken the trouble to carry this idea to

its logical conclusion, and regularly retire at dusk and rise before dawn.

There certainly is good reason to suspect that our entire general method of living, so far as differentiation of waking and sleeping hours is concerned, is wrong, but it does not seem as yet to have occurred to the learned men to make the simple experiments requisite to the acquirement of exact knowledge. Any one, of course, can do it to his own satisfaction, but the individual result of an unscientific test would be far from conclusive. An effort by one of our own societies to determine whether there may not be in this simple revolution of hours a universal panacea for American nerves, would seem to be in order. We should not, of course, anticipate any immediate effect, whatever the result of such experimentation, because human nature is obstinate, and long evenings by the fireside are notoriously agreeable. One effect, generally considered highly desirable, we suspect would be certain. Almost surely such sleep would be less dreamful, and, consequently, according to both the learned men and experience, more restful physically and more recuperative mentally. But here again practice would encounter the serious obstacle of disinclination. Dreaming either by day or by night is one of the greatest of luxuries. It is not, of course, a physical necessity, since we all know many persons who never dream at all, and yet continue to be exasperatingly healthy. But observation teaches us that such persons invariably are most uninteresting. They may and often do possess in a notable degree sweetness of disposition, but they are so devoid of imagination as to be out of touch with the fantasies of existence.

We should, therefore, strongly encourage the cultivation of the habit of dreaming; not, however, to the limit of demanding expression through snoring, which to us has ever seemed a reprehensible practice and a just cause for divorce. Excuse upon the ground of unpreventability is absurd. If snoring were merely an obnoxious utterance of unconscious emotions, it might be woefully endured, but in fact it is a purely physical manifestation of the effect of excessive indulgence in food and drink, or of ignorance of good form in recumbency. We may conclude generally that "early to bed, early to rise," continues to produce the beneficial effects accorded by tradition to the habit, and that less turning of night into day would add materially to the sum of human happiness.

WEDNESDAY, *September 26.*

Of Honesty in Advertising.

THAT advertising pays is a fact now generally recognized; but it is still an open question whether truthful advertisements produce results equal to those of announcements which, if not quite deceitful, are nevertheless obvious exaggerations. The first exponent of paid-for publicity on a large scale was a famous manager of circuses to whom was accredited the cynical observation that "the American people love to be humbugged." It is a significant fact, however, that the practice of that able showman did not conform to his precept, and that the continuance of his success was really due to the excellence of his productions. Doubtless, he was as well aware of this truth as anybody else, and merely chuckled over the additional advertising obtained at no cost, through a witty observation that could not fail to appeal to the American sense of humor. Second only to the showman in using what seemed to be a daring innovation, was the publisher of a story-paper, who, also, always gave more than he promised.

Not a few ambitious emulators of these pioneers mistook the true cause of their successes and endeavored to achieve similar benefits by mere pronouncements, without regard to accuracy. But it did not take long, for merchants especially, to discover that lasting gain could not be obtained in this manner, and year by year they have become more heedful of the injunction that, irrespective of its inherent merit, honesty is the best policy. It is, therefore, a curious and interesting fact that, of those who are still convinced of the efficacy of the apparently mistaken notion that gross exaggeration is essential to attracting public attention, the most conspicuous are themselves purveyors of advertising. An example before us is the prospectus of a comparatively new periodical, which, we are informed by the enthusiastic publisher, "is not only an unprecedented success," but "has at once taken a position in the front line." Curiously enough, so simple a method as reducing its price enabled it to immediately "strike the key-note of success," which it is sure to maintain because "probably never before has there been such a list of prominent writers of world-wide reputation engaged by a single publisher." In conclusive confirmation of these broad assertions, the publisher submits the expert opinion of a distinguished statesman—whose books, incidentally, he prints—to the effect that "it is by a long shot best of all the August magazines."

Now, each of these assertions is untrue and known to be untrue, not only by the publisher responsible for them, but probably even by the kindly disposed statesman, and surely by the experienced reader. If, by chance, there should be a person sufficiently credulous to make an experimental purchase only to find that he had been deceived, what, we wonder, is the effect upon his mind anticipated by the publisher? Probably that, while recognizing the artifice, he might nevertheless be convinced that the product was really worth the smaller purchase price required and that he would continue to be a customer. The chief aim, however, we suspect to be to get his attention at all hazards, by whatever method.

This is only a minor illustration of a practice which seems reprehensible and is becoming rather more general. Publishers of books, for example, have discovered, or think they have discovered, that an effective inducement to a prospective purchaser is the knowledge that many persons have bought and presumably read with delight the offered product. Hence the frequency of announcements to the effect that so many thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of copies of a certain book, usually a novel, have been sold or at least printed. We do not doubt that some reputable houses are scrupulously exact in making such statements; but, in the majority of cases, the figures present a woful exaggeration. We have too much respect for the intelligence of the American public to believe that they are regarded seriously, and yet their presentation must have some effect or publishers would not persist in the usage.

So, too, in respect to the circulation claimed for periodicals. False claims are the rule rather than otherwise. We know a publisher who refuses to make any statement whatever, simply because he has a prejudice against misrepresentation and his chief competitor has not. He does not consider it a part of his duty to challenge the assertion of another, even though he knows it to be false. Consequently, although certain that many thousand more copies of his periodical are sold than of his competitor's, he is obliged to require the prospective customer to convince himself of the fact unaided. We doubt if he suffers material loss of desirable trade by reason of his attitude, and yet the predicament is surely awkward and ought not to be. At times we have secretly hoped that some of our professional reformers would attack the problem and effect a wholesome change, but this is

probably too much to ask, or even dream of, since their own vehicles of expression are as a rule the worst offenders. After all, experience has convinced us that the quality of a publication itself is usually a sufficient guarantee of its popularity among people whose attention is worth having, and that heedfulness of exactitude in the advertising of wares is, in the long run, both politic and profitable.

THURSDAY, *September 27.* England, the United States and Cuba.

THERE has just come to light an official letter addressed by Lord Palmerston, when Prime Minister of Great Britain, to Charles Francis Adams, our representative at the Court of St. James's during the Civil War, which possesses a peculiar interest at this time. It is dated June 30, 1862, and reads in part as follows:

"I desire now, through you, to say a word of solemn warning to your people, whose earnest well-wisher I am. For eighty-four years the United States has been in a condition of internal peace and of steadily growing prosperity. For seventy-six years this peace and prosperity have obtained under her own independent government. Her peace, prosperity and independence are now menaced, for of all possible evils that can befall the United States the worst is the evil of anarchy into which civil war and revolutionary disturbances will assuredly throw her. Whoever is responsible for armed revolution and outrage, whoever is responsible in any way for the condition of the affairs that now obtains, is an enemy of the United States, and doubly heavy is the responsibility of the man who, affecting to be the especial champion of United States independence, takes any step which will jeopardize that independence. For there is just one way in which American independence can be secured, and that is for the American people to show their ability to continue in their path of peaceful and orderly progress. This nation asks nothing of the United States save that it shall continue to develop as it has developed during the past eighty-four years, that it shall know and practise the orderly liberty which will assuredly bring an ever-increasing measure of peace and prosperity. Our intervention in United States affairs will only come if the United States herself shows that she has fallen into the insurrectionary habit, that she lacks the self-restraint necessary to peaceful self-government and that her contending factions have plunged the country into anarchy.

I solemnly adjure all American patriots to band together to sink all differences and personal ambitions, and to remember that the only way that they can preserve the independence of the republic is to prevent the necessity of outside interference by rescuing it from the anarchy of civil war. I earnestly hope that this word of adjuration of mine, given

in the name of the British people, the staunchest friends and well-wishers of the United States that there are in all the world, will be taken as it is meant, will be seriously considered and will be acted upon, and if so acted upon America's permanent independence and her permanent success as a republic are assured."

The communication, although ostensibly of a personal nature, was apparently intended for President Lincoln after the battle of Bull Run, but it never reached him. Whether it was suppressed by Mr. Adams or, as some believe, by Queen Victoria before it could be despatched to the embassy is undetermined. Indeed, it may be a spurious composition altogether, though there seem to be internal evidences of genuineness. Speculation upon what might have happened if the letter had reached President Lincoln would now, of course, be idle; but there can be no doubt that the consequences would have been far-reaching. Its singular interest at this time lies in the fact that a more precise statement of our attitude towards Cuba could not be penned. It is even more exact, though less explicit, than President Roosevelt's warning through the Cuban minister to President Palma.

FRIDAY, September 28.

Of Editors and their Critics.

IT is not uncommon to hear unappreciated genius speak up, especially with sarcastic reference to the "intellectual pretensions" of editors of magazines whose business it is to choose from many stories submitted a few for publication. Formerly, disappointed authors were prone to accuse these unfortunate judges of forming a ring around personal favorites; but gradually this accusation has yielded to recognition of the inevitable effect of keener competition. It is found necessary now, therefore, to convict the entire body of incompetency, and mere numerical enlargement has made this almost as difficult as to indict a whole people. Still, it may be done, if an anonymous correspondent of a conspicuous newspaper be believed and his deduction be accepted.

It seems that a casual discussion with a "non-literary friend" led to the making of a test—"one perhaps of questionable propriety, but nevertheless a test, and a relentless one," namely: "One of Kipling's most popular short stories was selected. The environment of the tale was English, but as the story depended little on local color the scene was easily transferred to America.

An entire change of names of characters was accomplished after considerable mental effort. Aside from this, I give my word of honor not a paragraph, a line, a word or a punctuation was changed." The manuscript so prepared was typewritten and sent to sixteen periodicals, comprising, of the first class, "Harper's," "The Century," and "Scribner's." Each of the sixteen editors declined the story, with the stereotyped form of thanks. "Finally, to make the position of the undiscerning publishers superlatively ridiculous, the manuscript was forwarded to Kipling's original publishers of the story. After an interval of about seven weeks we received a letter containing a check and acceptance. The check was returned by us, with the explanation that the story was to be amplified into a novel, and in due time we received our manuscript back. This experience is as true as the result was preposterous, and is a commentary and a reflection on somebody's intellectual pretensions—upon whose we will leave it for the public to decide."

To the writer, and doubtless to his non-literary friend, the result of this stupid fraud seems conclusive. Really, it is scarcely even indicative. We have no means of ascertaining the precise reasons why each of the sixteen editors returned the manuscript, but we do happen to know the cause of two rejections. It was sufficient for one editor, for example, to recall that he had declined the story when submitted originally by Mr. Kipling's representative. To another it was a matter of weary routine. Each month brings to his desk so many meritorious stories and articles which, on the presumption that they have been forgotten, some witless investigator, prying into the ways of the literary world, has doctored in a similar manner, that long ago he ceased to rebuke or invite any controversy whatsoever with the dishonest sender.

If the equally censurable maker of this "test" gave his true name, he may rest assured that it has found its proper place upon more than one well-laden blacklist. He, however, was probably more cautious than his prototype who called in person upon a certain editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" of the name of William Dean Howells, and, producing a poem and courteous note of declination, indignantly demanded an explanation. "Do you mean to intimate that this is not a good poem?" he challenged. "By no means," hastily remonstrated Mr. Howells; "I think it

is very good indeed." "Then why"—in a somewhat mollified tone—"do you decline it? I consider it the best I have ever written." "Ah, well," said Mr. Howells, "after all, we have very few differences of opinion. Do you know," he added in his gentlest voice, "I have long regarded it as the best that Tennyson has ever written."

But it was the purpose of our smacking inquirer "to make the position of the undiscerning publishers superlatively ridiculous," and he flatters himself that he succeeded when he won acceptance and a check from the publishers of the original story by Kipling. He may, therefore, be justified in claiming that he has brought "a reflection upon the intellectual pretensions" of one out of sixteen editors by demonstrating his ignorance or lapse of memory. Further than that he seems only to have convicted himself and his non-literary friend of moral perversion in having practised gross deception, to the possible injury of an innocent person, and of pitiful cowardice in hiding behind anonymity.

SATURDAY, *September 29.*

Should Waiters Wear Beards?

WORD comes from Rome to the effect that the Waiters' Union of the Eternal City has decreed that hereafter each member shall wear a beard. The brief news paragraph bearing this interesting information does not contain the various "whereases" which undoubtedly preceded and stated the reasons for the resolution, but undoubtedly the action was a revolt against the indication of servitude. In taking this view the waiters had a precedent of long standing, since, according to Tacitus, even the ancient Germans regarded a clean-shaven face as a sign of menial occupation.

In the eyes of our Biblical forebears, the beard was almost sacred, and it was so universally worn that the great lawgiver, instead of proscribing the use of the razor, forbade the chosen people to "mar" so much as the "corners of their beards." Also when Hanun wished to humiliate David's messengers, he shaved one side of their faces, and when they returned to their master they were obliged to become social recluses until their hair should grow again. In more modern times customs have varied widely. The fantastic trimming into formal shapes corresponding to old-fashioned box-hedges began during Elizabeth's reign, and has continued to a greater or less degree to the present day. In England now a gentleman is supposed to wear a mustache, and

until comparatively recently the growth of one was the first ambition of the youth of this country. It is hardly ten years since the American usage changed, but the revolution was so complete, when it did arrive, that nowadays young men are almost invariably clean-shaven, and their elders are gradually yielding to the new fashion.

Why the absence of a beard was regarded by the Germans as a sign of servitude is not recorded, but in recent times the custom, as applied especially to waiters, undoubtedly had its origin in regard for neat and cleanly appearance. Mere contemplation of flowing beards in proximity to plates of soup would seem to indicate sufficient ground for the present arrangement to justify its continuance. Hairdressers have certain, though unsatisfying, excuse for utilizing their beards as convenient receptacles for their various combs, but a waiter has no such practical extenuation. In fact, the modern germ theory alone probably would suffice to deprive him of the privilege. Moreover, as we have pointed out, in this country the clean-shaven face is no longer a sign of servitude, but rather an evidence of freedom from blemish. There is also a growing indisposition on the part of those who do actually serve to resent the recognized signs of their occupation.

We question whether ever again the beard or mustache will become popular. After all, women make fashions for men as well as for themselves, and the ticklishness inseparable from a growth of wiry hair in the vicinity of the lips, we are informed, has become in their view obnoxious. If it be true, then, as we suspect it is, that the chief purpose of American men is to gratify those whom they are pleased to idealize, no general response to the movement inaugurated in the Eternal City need be anticipated here.

MONDAY, *October 1.*

The Hearst Force in the Scales.

"ON one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith; on the other is a demagogue, ranting about the tyranny of the capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folk are in want of necessities." These are not our words depicting the present political situation in the State of New York; they appear in a letter addressed to an American in 1857 by Thomas Babington Macaulay, and were meant to be prophetic of a condi-

tion sure, in the judgment of the famous essayist, to arise in this country. Foreseeing periods of industrial depression and general adversity, he searchingly inquired :

“Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you good deliverance; but my reason and my wishes are at war, and I cannot help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For, with you, the majority is the government, and has the rich, who are always in the minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen? . . . Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workman who hears his children cry for bread?

“I seriously apprehend you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things that will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should, in a season of scarcity, devour all the seed-corn, and thus make the next year not one of scarcity, but of absolute famine.

“There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on its downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth.”

Undoubtedly, our present plight is that set down with notable precision by the historian in the opening sentence. We have on the one side the “statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith,” and on the other the ranting demagogue appealing to envy. There is no question of principle such as is usually involved in political controversies, no issue in respect to public policy or methods of governance, no call for wise determination of disputed theories—only the ferocious onslaught of a mob foreseen by Macaulay as constituting the final issue of popular government. The ordeal is not pleasant, but it was inevitable and may be undergone with at least the comforting reflection that a time more favorable in the eyes of believers in democracy could not have been chosen.

It is, indeed, a fortuitous circumstance that one cause of the

uprising is unexampled prosperity rather than the adversity anticipated by the historian. The people are not in the position of their prototypes, notably in France, who had nothing to lose and therefore everything to gain. General contentment, in fact, would prevail but for the fomentation of a covetous spirit by an evil force, whose progress has been accelerated by the stupidity characteristic of greed and manifest in ostentation. Deprived of the solid foundation of an almost universal revolt against the exercise of monopoly privilege for private profit, the present appeal to passion would have fallen upon deaf ears. Bribery, coercion, effrontery, intrigue, deceit, braggadocio and brutality are effective weapons, but not sufficient in themselves to plunge a great city into political chaos and effect the assassination of a time-honored National organization. Not the depraved alone have abetted the malign influence; only last year thousands of good citizens lent furtive aid at the polls in order to emphasize their demand for reform of present practices.

It is our belief that this determining element will go no further along the hateful road. The nauseating effect of mere contemplation of association with the creatures branded by each other as "thugs," "criminals," "blackmailers," "brothel-keepers" and "thieves," who kissed the rod at Buffalo, should prove an adequate deterrent. Even so, if the Republican party had failed to place in nomination a genuine reformer, of personal independence, recognized probity, proven capacity and utter fearlessness, the doubt and the menace would have remained. Fortunately, leadership prevailed over bossism. Honest men need no longer feel the necessity of using an evil force as a club, and the issue is clearly drawn between honor and ignominy, between credit and disgrace.

TUESDAY, *October 2.*

Reform of a Great Commonwealth.

It is refreshing, indeed, to turn from enforced consideration of the wretched political conditions of New York to appreciation of the vivid account of the redemption of Pennsylvania related in this REVIEW by Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh. The Quaker State and, more poignantly, the Quaker City, have been so long associated in our minds with all that is sordid and corrupt that expectation or even hope of the dawn of a better day seemed chimerical. But now we are gladdened by the testimony of this veteran observer that deliverance has been achieved. It was a feat made possible

only by the passing away of the master minds of political depravity that dominated the great commonwealth for so many years. Even more gratifying than the realization itself is the method of accomplishment. There was no resort to demagogic appeals, no pandering to vicious passions, no general excoriation of all persons in authority. The citizens of Pennsylvania were aroused by disinterested, patriotic men and a fearless, yet self-respecting, press to an unhappy sense of their deplorable political state, and forthwith they set to work, soberly and discriminatingly, but sternly and unremittingly, to effectuate a remedy. We were aware that they were making progress; but we had no comprehension of the completeness of their success until Mr. Mac Veagh set down the notable results. It is fitting that he, the first citizen of the State and the most courageous and efficient of public servants, whether in official position or in private life, should have been the one to make the record. There is a touch of pathos in his closing reference to the fact that "these great reforms have come too late to be of service to many of the veteran fighters in the cause of honest politics"; but to him, the leader of the righteous movement, we know that the consummation is in very truth full recompense. Well may his neighbors and helpers join with this honored man, in the ripeness of his years, in "reverently thanking God," not only for what has been accomplished, but also for the truly American way in which the good work was done.

WEDNESDAY, *October 3.* Conventional or Unconventional Morality.

We have received the following interesting letter:

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW':

"*Sir*,—I have just read your comment upon my review of 'Helena Richie.'

"There is a point that I am obliged to reply to, and beg you to give me space to do so. You say: 'That restive spirits should chafe at the conventional morality we can understand because there are and in the nature of things can be no other morals. To advocate unconventionality in morals is to uphold immorality itself.' I know that in making that statement you are radically mistaken. My Lord and Master, and yours, was Himself crucified because of unconventional morality. During His mission, He constantly said to the people, 'It has been said unto you,' or 'you have heard,' or 'you have been taught,' which is equivalent to 'conventional morality says,'—but 'I say unto you,' and then He gave a different and a higher command. Again He said,

Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and the Pharisees [the conventional folk of that day], ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' His ideal of morality was so far above conventional morality that even now, after two thousand years (and some strides have been made in that time), it is still looked upon as theoretically beautiful but practically impossible. I can myself conceive of nothing more unconventional than a consistent Christian. How many of us, for example, live up to the injunction given to the young man in the episode you quote in your Diary for September 21st, that we sell all that we have and give to the poor, and yet that was definitely the Christian injunction if we wished to be perfect. How many of us avoid riches that we may be more nearly within reach of the Kingdom of Heaven? It would be most unconventional to do so. We are not, even, like the young man in the Gospel, for his 'heart was heavy,' while most of us conventionally rejoice in such riches as we can scrape together. Whereas Christ told us (and I speak of Him as the Head and Fountain of morality) that His call was to such as felt the burden of sin; that His disciples should be known as bearing a cross and as despised and rejected of men. But surely it is unconventional to be despised and rejected! Christ Himself ate with publicans and sinners, healed on the Sabbath day, defended His disciples for not fasting, sanctified sorrow and repentance and forgiveness (none of these are conventional virtues!), although, for that matter, long before Christ's coming, it was authoritatively said: 'Because thou hast rent thy clothes and wept before Me, I also have heard thee, saith the Lord.'

"It was on account of unconventional morality that Socrates was invited to drink hemlock. 'I do nothing,' he said, 'but go about exhorting you to virtue,' but the habit was so unconventional as to be highly annoying to the good Athenians, who did not care any more than people do to-day for too many searching questions into the nature of true goodness.

"St. Francis of Assisi was converted in so unconventional a way as to bring down upon his head the curses of his father, the reproaches of his mother and a stoning by his townspeople, but he continued throughout his whole career an unremitting battle against the conventional morality of his day. It was for unconventional ideals or truths that Bruno, Galileo, Savonarola all suffered, but once one begins to name the great unconventional folk we are encompassed by a cloud of witnesses, and I think you must see that as there is a step below conventionality, which is lawlessness, so also there are many steps above it, and that to advocate unconventionality is *not* to uphold immorality. Discontent may mean a desire for higher things as well as a desire for lower.

"As to 'Helena Richie,' it is difficult to know the exact meed of praise to give a new book by a popular author. I see one critical journal proclaims this novel 'a perfect book.' I should be conscientiously unable to say that of any book that I recall on the spur of the instant, except the Gospel of St. John, but I think, when I say a book is readable and

pleasant, I mean as much as the writer who said it was 'a perfect book.' If, however, twenty-five years from now Mrs. Deland's 'Helena Richie' ranks, as you suggest, with Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' I shall be proven a very undiscerning critic.

"I did not say that the leading back of a bruised and sullied soul by the hand of a little child 'was not deep enough to make a serious impression.' I said (N. A. R., p. 550) that it was not deeply enough *felt* to make a serious impression—my whole plea being that while there is sin and suffering and anguish in the world we must beware lest we take them too lightly. I found myself somewhat shocked and at bay, that I had been able to read the book, dealing, as it does, with so serious a phase of evil, once to myself and once aloud, with perfect cheerfulness and even some merriment. I was struck by the fact that one could not have read 'Anna Karénina' and come out thus unscathed. Aristotle has told us that the function of tragedy is to purge the emotions by depicting scenes of terror and pity,—the book seemed to me too lightly done to effect this. But I am little concerned to prove my estimate of any given book just. The difference of opinion is very likely a difference in the habitual use of words. I am, however, very much concerned to refute your statement that an appeal against conventionality is an appeal for immorality.

I am, sir, etc.,

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"September the 23rd, 1906."

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—IV.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

WHEN Susy was thirteen, and was a slender little maid with plaited tails of copper-tinged brown hair down her back, and was perhaps the busiest bee in the household hive, by reason of the manifold studies, health exercises and recreations she had to attend to, she secretly, and of her own motion, and out of love, added another task to her labors—the writing of a biography of me. She did this work in her bedroom at night, and kept her record hidden. After a little, the mother discovered it and filched it, and let me see it; then told Susy what she had done, and how pleased I was, and how proud. I remember that time with a deep

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VOL. CLXXXIII.—NO. 601.

45

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pleasure. I had had compliments before, but none that touched me like this; none that could approach it for value in my eyes. It has kept that place always since. I have had no compliment, no praise, no tribute from any source, that was so precious to me as this one was and still is. As I read it *now*, after all these many years, it is still a king's message to me, and brings me the same dear surprise it brought me then—with the pathos added, of the thought that the eager and hasty hand that sketched it and scrawled it will not touch mine again—and I feel as the humble and unexpectant must feel when their eyes fall upon the edict that raises them to the ranks of the noble.

Yesterday while I was rummaging in a pile of ancient notebooks of mine which I had not seen for years, I came across a reference to that biography. It is quite evident that several times, at breakfast and dinner, in those long-past days, I was posing for the biography. In fact, I clearly remember that I *was* doing that—and I also remember that Susy detected it. I remember saying a very smart thing, with a good deal of an air, at the breakfast-table one morning, and that Susy observed to her mother privately, a little later, that papa was doing that for the biography.

I cannot bring myself to change any line or word in Susy's sketch of me, but will introduce passages from it now and then just as they came in their quaint simplicity out of her honest heart, which was the beautiful heart of a child. What comes from that source has a charm and grace of its own which may transgress all the recognized laws of literature, if it choose, and yet be literature still, and worthy of hospitality. I shall print the whole of this little biography, before I have done with it—every word, every sentence.

The spelling is frequently desperate, but it was Susy's, and it shall stand. I love it, and cannot profane it. To me, it is gold. To correct it would alloy it, not refine it. It would spoil it. It would take from it its freedom and flexibility and make it stiff and formal. Even when it is most extravagant I am not shocked. It is Susy's spelling, and she was doing the best she could—and nothing could better it for me. . . .

Susy began the biography in 1885, when I was in the fiftieth year of my age, and she just entering the fourteenth of hers. She begins in this way:

We are a very happy family. We consist of Papa, Mamma, Jean, Clara and me. It is papa I am writing about, and I shall have no trouble in not knowing what to say about him, as he is a *very* striking character.

But wait a minute—I will return to Susy presently.

In the matter of slavish imitation, man is the monkey's superior all the time. The average man is destitute of independence of opinion. He is not interested in contriving an opinion of his own, by study and reflection, but is only anxious to find out what his neighbor's opinion is and slavishly adopt it. A generation ago, I found out that the latest review of a book was pretty sure to be just a reflection of the *earliest* review of it; that whatever the first reviewer found to praise or censure in the book would be repeated in the latest reviewer's report, with nothing fresh added. Therefore more than once I took the precaution of sending my book, in manuscript, to Mr. Howells, when he was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," so that he could prepare a review of it at leisure. I knew he would say the truth about the book—I also knew that he would find more merit than demerit in it, because I already knew that that was the condition of the book. I allowed no copy of it to go out to the press until after Mr. Howells's notice of it had appeared. That book was always safe. There wasn't a man behind a pen in all America that had the courage to find anything in the book which Mr. Howells had not found—there wasn't a man behind a pen in America that had spirit enough to say a brave and original thing about the book on his own responsibility.

I believe that the trade of critic, in literature, music, and the drama, is the most degraded of all trades, and that it has no real value—certainly no large value. When Charles Dudley Warner and I were about to bring out "The Gilded Age," the editor of the "Daily Graphic" persuaded me to let him have an advance copy, he giving me his word of honor that no notice of it would appear in his paper until after the "Atlantic Monthly" notice should have appeared. This reptile published a review of the book within three days afterward. I could not really complain, because he had only given me his word of honor as security; I ought to have required of him something substantial. I believe his notice did not deal mainly with the merit of the book, or the lack of it, but with my moral attitude toward the public. It was

charged that I had used my reputation to play a swindle upon the public; that Mr. Warner had written as much as half of the book, and that I had used my name to float it and give it currency; a currency—so the critic averred—which it could not have acquired without my name, and that this conduct of mine was a grave fraud upon the people. The “Graphic” was not an authority upon any subject whatever. It had a sort of distinction, in that it was the first and only illustrated daily newspaper that the world had seen; but it was without character; it was poorly and cheaply edited; its opinion of a book or of any other work of art was of no consequence. Everybody knew this, yet all the critics in America, one after the other, copied the “Graphic’s” criticism, merely changing the phraseology, and left me under that charge of dishonest conduct. Even the great Chicago “Tribune,” the most important journal in the Middle West, was not able to invent anything fresh, but adopted the view of the humble “Daily Graphic,” dishonesty-charge and all. 🍀

However, let it go. It is the will of God that we must have critics, and missionaries, and Congressmen, and humorists, and we must bear the burden. Meantime, I seem to have been drifting into criticism myself. But that is nothing. At the worst, criticism is nothing more than a crime, and I am not unused to that.

What I have been travelling toward all this time is this: the first critic that ever had occasion to describe my personal appearance littered his description with foolish and inexcusable errors whose aggregate furnished the result that I was distinctly and distressingly unhandsome. That description floated around the country in the papers, and was in constant use and wear for a quarter of a century. It seems strange to me that apparently no critic in the country could be found who could look at me and have the courage to take up his pen and destroy that lie. That lie began its course on the Pacific coast, in 1864, and it likened me in personal appearance to Petroleum V. Nasby, who had been out there lecturing. For twenty-five years afterward, no critic could furnish a description of me without fetching in Nasby to help out my portrait. I knew Nasby well, and he was a good fellow, but in my life I have not felt malignant enough about any more than three persons to charge those persons with resembling Nasby. It hurts me to the heart. I was always hand-

some. Anybody but a critic could have seen it. And it had long been a distress to my family—including Susy—that the critics should go on making this wearisome mistake, year after year, when there was no foundation for it. Even when a critic wanted to be particularly friendly and complimentary to me, he didn't dare to go beyond my clothes. He never ventured beyond that old safe frontier. When he had finished with my clothes he had said all the kind things, the pleasant things, the complimentary things he could risk. Then he dropped back on Nasby.

Yesterday I found this clipping in the pocket of one of those ancient memorandum-books of mine. It is of the date of thirty-nine years ago, and both the paper and the ink are yellow with the bitterness that I felt in that old day when I clipped it out to preserve it and brood over it, and grieve about it. I will copy it here, to wit:

A correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," writing of one of Schuyler Colfax's receptions, says of our Washington correspondent: "Mark Twain, the delicate humorist, was present; quite a lion, as he deserves to be. Mark is a bachelor, faultless in taste, whose snowy vest is suggestive of endless quarrels with Washington washerwomen; but the heroism of Mark is settled for all time, for such purity and smoothness were never seen before. His lavender gloves might have been stolen from some Turkish harem, so delicate were they in size; but more likely—anything else were more likely than that. In form and feature he bears some resemblance to the immortal Nasby; but whilst Petroleum is brunette to the core, Twain is golden, amber-hued, melting, blonde."

Let us return to Susy's biography now, and get the opinion of one who is unbiassed:

From Susy's Biography.

Papa's appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly. He has beautiful gray hair, not any too thick or any too long, but just right; a Roman nose, which greatly improves the beauty of his features; kind blue eyes and a small mustache. He has a wonderfully shaped head and profile. He has a very good figure—in short, he is an extraordinarily fine looking man. All his features are perfect, except that he hasn't extraordinary teeth. His complexion is very fair, and he doesn't wear a beard. He is a very good man and a very funny one. He has got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. He is the loveliest man I ever saw or ever hope to see—and oh, so absent-minded. He does tell perfectly delightful stories. Clara and I used to sit on each arm of his chair and listen while he told us stories about the pictures on the wall.

I remember the story-telling days vividly. They were a difficult and exacting audience—those little creatures.

Along one side of the library, in the Hartford home, the bookshelves joined the mantelpiece—in fact there were shelves on both sides of the mantelpiece. On these shelves, and on the mantelpiece, stood various ornaments. At one end of the procession was a framed oil-painting of a cat's head, at the other end was a head of a beautiful young girl, life-size—called Emmeline, because she looked just about like that—an impressionist water-color. Between the one picture and the other there were twelve or fifteen of the bric-à-brac things already mentioned; also an oil-painting by Elihu Vedder, "The Young Medusa." Every now and then the children required me to construct a romance—always impromptu—not a moment's preparation permitted—and into that romance I had to get all that bric-à-brac and the three pictures. I had to start always with the cat and finish with Emmeline. I was never allowed the refreshment of a change, end-for-end. It was not permissible to introduce a bric-à-brac ornament into the story out of its place in the procession.

These bric-à-bracs were never allowed a peaceful day, a reposeful day, a restful Sabbath. In their lives there was no Sabbath, in their lives there was no peace; they knew no existence but a monotonous career of violence and bloodshed. In the course of time, the bric-à-brac and the pictures showed wear. It was because they had had so many and such tumultuous adventures in their romantic careers.

As romancer to the children I had a hard time, even from the beginning. If they brought me a picture, in a magazine, and required me to build a story to it, they would cover the rest of the page with their pudgy hands to keep me from stealing an idea from it. The stories had to come hot from the bat, always. They had to be absolutely original and fresh. Sometimes the children furnished me simply a character or two, or a dozen, and required me to start out at once on that slim basis and deliver those characters up to a vigorous and entertaining life of crime. If they heard of a new trade, or an unfamiliar animal, or anything like that, I was pretty sure to have to deal with those things in the next romance. Once Clara required me to build a sudden tale out of a plumber and a "bawgunstrictor," and I had to do it. She

didn't know what a boa-constrictor was, until he developed in the tale—then she was better satisfied with it than ever.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa's favorite game is billiards, and when he is tired and wishes to rest himself he stays up all night and plays billiards, it seems to rest his head. He smokes a great deal almost incessantly. He has the mind of an author exactly, some of the simplest things he cant understand. Our burglar-alarm is often out of order, and papa had been obliged to take the mahogany-room off from the alarm altogether for a time, because the burglar-alarm had been in the habit of ringing even when the mahogany-room was closed. At length he thought that perhaps the burglar-alarm might be in order, and he decided to try and see; accordingly he put it on and then went down and opened the window; consequently the alarm bell rang, it would even if the alarm had been in order. Papa went despairingly upstairs and said to mamma, "Livy the mahogany-room won't go on. I have just opened the window to see."

"Why, Youth," mamma replied "if you've opened the window, why of coarse the alarm will ring!"

"That's what I've opened it for, why I just went down to see if it would ring!"

Mamma tried to explain to papa that when he wanted to go and see whether the alarm would ring while the window was closed he *mustn't* go and open the window—but in vain, papa couldn't understand, and got very impatient with mamma for trying to make him believe an impossible thing true.

This is a frank biographer, and an honest one; she uses no sand-paper on me. I have, to this day, the same dull head in the matter of conundrums and perplexities which Susy had discovered in those long-gone days. Complexities annoy me; they irritate me; then this progressive feeling presently warms into anger. I cannot get far in the reading of the commonest and simplest contract—with its "parties of the first part," and "parties of the second part," and "parties of the third part,"—before my temper is all gone. Ashcroft comes up here every day and pathetically tries to make me understand the points of the lawsuit which we are conducting against Henry Butters, Harold Wheeler, and the rest of those Plasmon buccaneers, but daily he has to give it up. It is pitiful to see, when he bends his earnest and appealing eyes upon me and says, after one of his efforts, "Now you *do* understand *that*, don't you?"

I am always obliged to say, "I *don't*, Ashcroft. I wish I could understand it, but I don't. Send for the cat."

In the days which Susy is talking about, a perplexity fell to my lot one day. F. G. Whitmore was my business agent, and he brought me out from town in his buggy. We drove by the *portecochère* and toward the stable. Now this was a *single* road, and was like a spoon whose handle stretched from the gate to a great round flower-bed in the neighborhood of the stable. At the approach to the flower-bed the road divided and circumnavigated it, making a loop, which I have likened to the bowl of the spoon. As we neared the loop, I saw that Whitmore was laying his course to port, (I was sitting on the starboard side—the side the house was on), and was going to start around that spoon-bowl on that left-hand side. I said,

“Don’t do that, Whitmore; take the right-hand side. Then I shall be next to the house when we get to the door.”

He said, “*That* will not happen in *any case*, it doesn’t make any difference which way I go around this flower-bed.”

I explained to him that he was an ass, but he stuck to his proposition, and I said,

“Go on and try it, and see.”

He went on and tried it, and sure enough he fetched me up at the door on the very side that he had said I would be. I was not able to believe it then, and I don’t believe it yet.

I said, “Whitmore, that is merely an accident. You can’t do it again.”

He said he could—and he drove down into the street, fetched around, came back, and actually did it again. I was stupefied, paralyzed, petrified, with these strange results, but they did not convince me. I didn’t believe he could do it another time, but he did. He said he could do it all day, and fetch up the same way every time. By that time my temper was gone, and I asked him to go home and apply to the Asylum and I would pay the expenses; I didn’t want to see him any more for a week.

I went up-stairs in a rage and started to tell Livy about it, expecting to get her sympathy for me and to breed aversion in her for Whitmore; but she merely burst into peal after peal of laughter, as the tale of my adventure went on, for her head was like Susy’s: riddles and complexities had no terrors for it. Her mind and Susy’s were analytical; I have tried to make it appear that mine was different. Many and many a time I have told that buggy experiment, hoping against hope that I would some time

or other find somebody who would be on my side, but it has never happened. And I am never able to go glibly forward and state the circumstances of that buggy's progress without having to halt and consider, and call up in my mind the spoon-handle, the bowl of the spoon, the buggy and the horse, and my position in the buggy: and the minute I have got that far and try to turn it to the left it goes to ruin; I can't see how it is ever going to fetch me out right when we get to the door. Susy is right in her estimate. I can't understand things.

That burglar-alarm which Susy mentions led a gay and careless life, and had no principles. It was generally out of order at one point or another; and there was plenty of opportunity, because all the windows and doors in the house, from the cellar up to the top floor, were connected with it. However, in its seasons of being out of order it could trouble us for only a very little while: we quickly found out that it was fooling us, and that it was buzzing its blood-curdling alarm merely for its own amusement. Then we would shut it off, and send to New York for the electrician—there not being one in all Hartford in those days. When the repairs were finished we would set the alarm again and reestablish our confidence in it. It never did any real business except upon one single occasion. All the rest of its expensive career was frivolous and without purpose. Just that one time it performed its duty, and its whole duty—gravely, seriously, admirably. It let fly about two o'clock one black and dreary March morning, and I turned out promptly, because I knew that it was not fooling, this time. The bath-room door was on my side of the bed. I stepped in there, turned up the gas, looked at the annunciator, and turned off the alarm—so far as the door indicated was concerned—thus stopping the racket. Then I came back to bed. Mrs. Clemens opened the debate:

“What was it?”

“It was the cellar door.”

“Was it a burglar, do you think?”

“Yes,” I said, “of course it was. Did you suppose it was a Sunday-school superintendent?”

“No. What do you suppose he wants?”

“I suppose he wants jewelry, but he is not acquainted with the house and he thinks it is in the cellar. I don't like to disappoint a burglar whom I am not acquainted with, and who has done me

no harm, but if he had had common sagacity enough to inquire, I could have told him we kept nothing down there but coal and vegetables. Still it may be that he is acquainted with the place, and that what he really wants is coal and vegetables. On the whole, I think it is vegetables he is after."

"Are you going down to see?"

"No; I could not be of any assistance. Let him select for himself; I don't know where the things are."

Then she said, "But suppose he comes up to the ground floor!"

"That's all right. We shall know it the minute he opens a door on that floor. It will set off the alarm."

Just then the terrific buzzing broke out again. I said,

"He has arrived. I told you he would. I know all about burglars and their ways. They are systematic people."

I went into the bath-room to see if I was right, and I was. I shut off the dining-room and stopped the buzzing, and came back to bed. My wife said,

"What do you suppose he is after now?"

I said, "I think he has got all the vegetables he wants and is coming up for napkin-rings and odds and ends for the wife and children. They all have families—burglars have—and they are always thoughtful of them, always take a few necessities of life for themselves, and fill out with tokens of remembrance for the family. In taking them they do not forget us: those very things represent tokens of his remembrance of us, and also of our remembrance of him. We never get them again; the memory of the attention remains embalmed in our hearts."

"Are you going down to see what it is he wants now?"

"No," I said, "I am no more interested than I was before. They are experienced people,—burglars; *they* know what they want; I should be no help to him. I *think* he is after ceramics and bric-à-brac and such things. If he knows the house he knows that that is all that he can find on the dining-room floor."

She said, with a strong interest perceptible in her tone, "Suppose he comes up here!"

I said, "It is all right. He will give us notice."

"What shall we do then?"

"Climb out of the window."

She said, a little restively, "Well, what is the use of a burglar-alarm for us?"

"You have seen, dear heart, that it has been useful up to the present moment, and I have explained to you how it will be continuously useful after he gets up here."

That was the end of it. He didn't ring any more alarms. Presently I said,

"He is disappointed, I think. He has gone off with the vegetables and the bric-à-brac, and I think he is dissatisfied."

We went to sleep, and at a quarter before eight in the morning I was out, and hurrying, for I was to take the 8.29 train for New York. I found the gas burning brightly—full head—all over the first floor. My new overcoat was gone; my old umbrella was gone; my new patent-leather shoes, which I had never worn, were gone. The large window which opened into the *ombra* at the rear of the house was standing wide. I passed out through it and tracked the burglar down the hill through the trees; tracked him without difficulty, because he had blazed his progress with imitation silver napkin-rings, and my umbrella, and various other things which he had disapproved of; and I went back in triumph and proved to my wife that he *was* a disappointed burglar. I had suspected he would be, from the start, and from his not coming up to our floor to get human beings.

Things happened to me that day in New York. I will tell about them another time.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa has a peculiar gait we like, it seems just to sute him, but most people do not; he always walks up and down the room while thinking and between each course at meals.

A lady distantly related to us came to visit us once in those days. She came to stay a week, but all our efforts to make her happy failed, we could not imagine why, and she got up her anchor and sailed the next morning. We did much guessing, but could not solve the mystery. Later we found out what the trouble was. It was my tramping up and down between the courses. She conceived the idea that I could not stand her society.

That word "Youth," as the reader has perhaps already guessed, was my wife's pet name for me. It was gently satirical, but also affectionate. I had certain mental and material peculiarities and customs proper to a much younger person than I was.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa is very fond of animals particularly of cats, we had a dear little gray kitten once that he named "Lazy" (papa always wears gray to match his hair and eyes) and he would carry him around on his shoulder, it was a mighty pretty sight! the gray cat sound asleep against papa's gray coat and hair. The names that he has given our different cats, are realy remarkably funny, they are namely Stray Kit, Abner, Motley, Fraulein, Lazy, Bufalo Bill, Cleveland, Sour Mash, and Pestilence and Famine.

At one time when the children were small, we had a very black mother-cat named Satan, and Satan had a small black offspring named Sin. Pronouns were a difficulty for the children. Little Clara came in one day, her black eyes snapping with indignation, and said,

"Papa, Satan ought to be punished. She is out there at the greenhouse and there she stays and stays, and his kitten is downstairs crying."

From Susy's Biography.

Papa uses very strong language, but I have an idea not nearly so strong as when he first married mamma. A lady acquaintance of his is rather apt to interrupt what one is saying, and papa told mamma that he thought he should say to the lady's husband "I am glad your wife wasn't present when the Deity said 'Let there be light.'"

It is as I have said before. This is a frank historian. She doesn't cover up one's deficiencies, but gives them an equal showing with one's handsomer qualities. Of course I made the remark which she has quoted—and even at this distant day I am still as much as half persuaded that if that lady had been present when the Creator said, "Let there be light," she would have interrupted Him and we shouldn't ever have got it.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa said the other day, "I am a mugwump and a mugwump is pure from the marrow out. (Papa knows that I am writing this biography of him, and he said this for it.) He doesn't like to go to church at all, why I never understood, until just now, he told us the other day that he couldn't bear to hear any one talk but himself, but that he could listen to himself talk for hours without getting tired, of course he said this in joke, but I've no doubt it was founded on truth.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

CAPITALIZATION OF RAILROAD CORPORATIONS.

BY WHARTON BARKER.

THE enormity of the extortion carried on by and through our railroads is hard to conceive. Hidden by underhand practices that are as reprehensible as the grievous exactions and injustices so carefully concealed by them, the evils that have grown up around the building and operation of our railroads cannot easily be uncovered. The injustice of discrimination in freight charges and transportation service, the wrong of charging those who are outside of the railroad cliques higher rates than those who are within them—the trusts and combines built up on the favors granted by the railroads—can readily be grasped; but the extent to which such discrimination is carried, and hence the magnitude of the injury inflicted upon the public, it is impossible to show in all its atrocity, so adroitly are the favors covered. The new law will not protect the people and expose the trickery and dishonesty of the railroad managers and the favored shippers. It is not the purpose, however, to discuss questions which Congress has been driven to meet by an indignant and galled public. But, if it is hard to comprehend the magnitude of the injury done by discrimination in railroad charges and services, it is much harder to comprehend the extent of the systematic overcapitalization and wrecking of our railroads that have been carried on for years.

If it is wrong to build a railroad at a cost of \$5,000,000 and then capitalize it at \$10,000,000; if it is wrong to issue upon such a road \$5,000,000 of stock for which no money is given and call it "full paid-up capital"; if it is wrong to tax the users of our railroads to pay interest on this fictitious capital,—then, bound up with our railroad system is grievous wrong, for after this manner is it capitalized. This issue of stock—as bonus to bankers

who bought bonds, bonus to promoters of railroad lines, bonus to contractors—in the early days of railroad-building did not do the harm that now results from such stock issues, because, in the days of competition between railroad companies, charges could not be made which would insure dividends on fictitious capital. These stock issues were for years the counters used by gamblers on the stock exchanges—nothing more. For long years we relied largely upon competition to give our people equitable transportation rates. To secure such rates through competition, many States prohibited railroads running through their territory from purchasing, absorbing or in any way gaining the management and control of parallel and competing lines. But in the direction of securing equitable rates, railroad competition has proven a dismal failure. And this is in no way surprising; for, in the nature of things, railroad carriage is monopolistic rather than competitive. This is because there must be many localities in which some one railroad has a monopoly, and all other places that trade with localities which are affected by such monopoly must pay, when trading with these localities, transportation charges fixed by the rules of monopoly, not of competition. The rules of monopoly require not charges representing a fair remuneration for services rendered—charges sufficient to cover costs and provide a fair profit—but charges as high as they can be made without putting a stop to the movement of goods.

Monopoly recognizes that there is a point above which it cannot raise prices without so discouraging trade as to defeat its purpose in raising prices—namely, the swelling of profits; and above this point monopoly will not raise prices unless with some ulterior purpose in view. This point is what is referred to when the fixing of rates at all the traffic will bear is spoken of. “All the traffic will bear” means all that can be charged without so restricting the transportation of goods that earnings would be cut down by the restriction in traffic more than they would be swollen by the increased charges. Of course, just what this point is, is a matter of judgment. My belief is that, if railroad passenger rates were cut in half, the earnings of railroads would be increased rather than diminished, travel multiplying because of such decrease more than twice, and enough over twice to meet the added costs of transportation. These costs would be comparatively small as trains would run full where they now run but partially filled,

while the adding of each additional train would reduce the average costs of train - running, inasmuch as there would be more trains among which to apportion the costs that are more or less fixed. The greater the traffic that can be put over each track, the smaller the cost of transportation per passenger and per ton.

So it is that our railroads with a monopoly are prone to hold up rates even higher than it is profitable to hold them. Thus is trade hindered; thus is the accumulation of wealth, the growth of the nation, held in check.

It is clear that the effort to secure competition between railroads has failed to give to our people equal and fair rates and equality of opportunity. It has failed because there has been no healthful competition; and it has failed so signally that managers of railroads demand that all pretence of preserving competition be thrown over, asserting that it is competition—the possibility of playing off one road against another under competition—that has resulted in the gross favoritism that has made some shippers very rich and well-nigh ruined all others. This assertion might carry some weight were it not seen that the railroad managers grow rich along with the favored shippers, a fact that suggests the conclusion that the cutting of rates is not forced from the railroad managers by threats upon the part of the large shippers, but is purchased from them by the proffer of bribes, by the return to them of part of the profit gained through the favoritism.

The failure of our railroads under the present system of management to establish fair and equal rates cannot be remedied by the legalizing of pooling. For ten years the Interstate Commerce Commission has worked, and failed, to force the railroads to act as common carriers. The failure to enforce reasonable rates has at last aroused the people to action that led the President to demand of Congress a law that would correct the gross evils alluded to—which bring an element of uncertainty into business, disturb trade, cause the business of some who are preferred to prosper and the business of others who are discriminated against to languish, with the result that there has been a weeding out of those not favored by the railroad cliques, a centralizing of trade in fewer hands, a forming of gigantic combinations which exercise a control over the output and marketing of goods; and thereby gaining monopolistic control over prices and the power to exact tribute from the community. President Roosevelt and the

Commission propose, as a remedy, to legalize pooling by railroads. They propose to give the railroads more power, to permit the railroads to consolidate their power, to put an end to competition among themselves, to fix maximum rates. But this is to act on a false conception of the situation that actually exists. They say, Let us have pooling; let the railroads be empowered to consolidate their power. Do the people understand what railroad pooling is, what conditions of trade, what capitalization of railroads it will permit? Pooling simply amounts to building up a mighty monopoly. It amounts to railroads running between competitive points putting all their earnings from competitive traffic into one common pot, under an agreement that such earnings shall be distributed among the roads in accordance with agreed percentages, and regardless of the percentage of traffic that each may carry. No one who understands the pooling system believes that pooling can remove the cause of rate-cutting or establish fair and reasonable rates. Twenty years ago we had pooling, and it was a failure. And the reason? It was because the cause for secret rate-cutting lay deeper then, as now, than the pressure of competition, than the ability of the large shipper to play one road off against another and get a cut rate by declaring that he had been offered such and such a cut rate by some road, and that if it was not met he would send his business over such road. It was because the force that led to rate-cutting lay in the temptation to illicit gain that confronted railroad managers. It was because the shipper under pooling may make advances to, or receive advances from, unscrupulous railroad managers looking to self-gain, with a view to the shippers agreeing to pay back to the railroad managers, sacrificing for money interests entrusted to them, a part of the difference between the cut and the open rate. Pooling will always be made an engine for establishing a seesaw of speculations for the railroad cliques. Legalize pooling, and you confirm the ability of the money oligarchy to consolidate their control over the railroads. You confirm their power to bankrupt railroads and individuals, to build up railroads and individuals; but these evils are small in comparison with the gross wrongs which pooling will enable railroad managers to inflict upon the community by fixing unfair rates—rates so high that the people will be pauperized and wealth centralized in a few hands. Pooling with maximum rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Com-

mission, under authority of Congress, will fasten upon our country new and greater burdens than are now imposed upon it unless we can at once establish what is a fair capitalization of our railroads. President Roosevelt, the Interstate Commerce Commission and a majority in Congress have already declared for pooling of receipts of our railroads, and soon pooling will be legalized unless public demand in opposition prevents; and this public demand must be immediate. Advocates of pooling say it failed twenty years since because pooling agreements were then unenforceable. They say, Legalize such agreements and make them enforceable in law courts, and all will be well. Shall we follow this advice; shall we consolidate the power of the railroads and the money cliques that has been used to work evil? To increase the power of those who have abused a power, to strengthen the hands of those who, possessing power conferred by railroad monopoly, have abused it, is hardly the way to put an end to abuse. Add to such power, and we add to the abuse.

Legalize pooling, fixing of maximum rates, consolidation of railroads and capitalization at the time of consolidation on the basis of earnings at that time, and we open the way to a new issue of capital stock on a false basis and rob the people of many millions of dollars *per annum*, and provide for the cliques in control of our railroads an easy way of selling fictitious capital stock to the small investor and so gathering into their own pocket much of the accumulated capital of the people.

And now let us consider the overcapitalization of our railroad corporations in some detail. It is not to the despoilment of the consuming public, but to that of the investing public, that I desire to direct attention at this time. This latter despoilment is effected through overcapitalization and the launching of watered securities upon the market for the investing public to buy; and, of course, where the public pays good money for securities that represent no investment of capital, no tangible property, but float on wind, the public stands to lose, and it must lose whenever a squall comes of sufficient violence to burst the bubble.

When our railroads were built, the manner of capitalization, borrowed from British, German and Dutch financial negotiators, was to issue, through a construction company, bonds and stocks of a nominal value, always twice the actual capital invested, and sell them—the bonds often selling for from seventy-five to eighty

per cent. of their face, the stocks going as a bonus to bankers, negotiators and projectors of the enterprise. These fraudulent operations were sustained by our courts and by our most respected lawyers and bankers. So our country, populated by an industrious and careful people, was opened up by railroad lines. The new lands, worked by a people of unequalled productive power, were made to bear a burden too heavy. Few reaped the benefits of the productiveness of labor; the men who were parties to the fraud described—there were only a few thousands in this class—gathered wealth, and the industrious, poverty. The great majority of our people are now in the dependent class, working for inadequate salaries and wages—inadequate, because their share of the products of capital and labor joined together is not what it should be. There should be happiness and universal comfort and abundance, but our people find themselves discontented and under a curse. Our people, blessed by nature, saw that they were cursed by man, and they have awakened to a realization of the wrongs they suffer, if not yet awake to the remedy. This curse is in the shape of tolls exacted on interchanges of the products of labor and by those who render nothing in return, largely by men who manage our railroads. These arbitrary tolls, being dexterously mixed up with tolls charged for services actually rendered, were long unnoticed. The men to whom was granted the right to build and operate the railroads of the nation acquired the right to charge such tolls for transportation of freight and passengers as would recompense them for the cost of building, keeping up and operating the lines. When these grants were made, no one contemplated that the tolls charged would be higher than was necessary to effect that purpose. But these rights have been abused in the most outrageous way. The railroad cliques added to their legitimate charges simply because they had a monopoly. Part of their charges was for service rendered, part was toll exacted by monopoly. But, mixed up together, it was hard to pick out what were just charges, what monopoly charges. This was made increasingly difficult by the way in which the railroads kept their capital accounts. They unscrupulously and often fraudulently, I repeat, watered their capital accounts, so that it was made to appear that the railroads cost two times what they actually cost, or more. And so what was an exorbitant return on the real cost of a railroad was often made to appear quite inadequate. I wish

to emphasize what I have already said. Of course, those to whom this watered stock was issued grew rich, while the industrious classes, having to pay a toll to monopoly on the interchange of the products of their labor for the products of others, were deprived of the full profits of industry. The railroads are the instruments of oppression and robbery. Through railroads, the wealth of the country has become concentrated in the hands of a few cliques. These are the men who have blighted the prosperity of an otherwise blessed people; they made the curse that shut off men from the enjoyment that should have come with the increased production of our people.

Awakening to this, at last, the people have resolved to break the curse put upon them by these railroad and banker cliques, and they entered the wedge in the last session of Congress—the Railroad Rate Bill is this wedge. The bill is defective, but its very defects will not only open wide the eyes of the people to the wrongs they suffer both through special freight rates and special service, but also force them to see the charges they are mulcted in to meet interest and dividend on water-capital. And now let us take up the vital question of overcapitalization of railroad corporations—vital, because the railroads take from the people each year for dividends on fictitious capital the great sum of \$350,000,000, a tax of about four dollars upon every man, woman and child in our country. It is an open secret among those within the railroad cliques that the masters propose, by means of consolidation of railroad corporations, to increase further the capitalization of our railroads by some five or six billion dollars, and so filch from the people an additional \$300,000,000 *per annum*. These masters go on the assumption that capitalization should be fixed on earnings, and not on the basis of proper and adequate returns upon investment of actual capital. Rates to be fair and reasonable must be made upon fair and reasonable valuation of railroads. The present capitalization of our railroads is in the aggregate about \$13,800,000,000. The cost of these railroads, with all the changes of line, roadbed and equipment properly chargeable to capital accounts, does not exceed \$6,000,000,000; so we have in the capitalization of our railroads almost \$8,000,000,000 of fictitious capital. This water-capital the railroad masters propose to increase by further consolidation of companies, and in other ways well known to railroad lawyers, by another six billion dollars.

It would be wrong to make such statements if they were not based upon solid foundations. But no one competent to discuss the subject can or will question them. I overestimate cost when I put cost of our railroads at six billion dollars.

In an address before the Franklin Institute, on January 11th, 1906, Professor William D. Marks said, in discussing "The Finance of Engineering Enterprises":

"The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for June 30, 1904, gives the total mileage of railway tracks in the United States, wherever located or however used, as 297,073 miles, and their length of roadbed as 212,243 miles.

" Total capital stock issued.....	\$6,339,899,329
" funded debt	6,873,225,350
" railway capital	\$13,213,124,679

"The total length of roadbed of a steam railway is not a criterion of its cost, for it may have four tracks and vast freight-yards and stations and miles of siding.

"It may be built regardless of cost of construction, as is the Pennsylvania low-grade freight line from Harrisburg to Atglen, where 4,000,000 cubic yards of rock excavation sometimes are required per mile of roadbed, or it may be built like the many tens of thousands of miles of single track stretching across the prairies of Mississippi Valley, which can be best described as two streaks of rust on a mud bank, traversed by few trains.

"But the total length of single track, wherever located or however used, will give us a rough index to the difference in construction cost of a four-track, a double-track, and a single-track road, and also amply cover the extra cost of sidings and freight-yards.

"From our figures, we find that every mile of railway track in this United States is capitalized at about \$44,480, whatever its real cost may have been.

"To find this real cost is somewhat difficult.

"Suppose we take the oaths of the railway officials to the tax-gatherer as to taxes and reported by Interstate Commerce Commission June 30, 1904:

Ad Valorem Taxes, June 30, 1904.

" On values of real estate and personal property.....	\$43,410,020
" " stocks, bonds, earnings, etc.....	6,305,807
" " property not used in operation.....	1,324,808
" Total (omitting special taxes).....	\$51,040,635

"Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota and Vermont are the only States not accepting the basis of ad valorem taxation as their principal factor in levying taxes.

"One per cent. is certainly as low an average tax rate for State or county taxes as can be reckoned upon and will fix a maximum valuation of \$5,104,063,500, or about \$17,520 average value of total construction property and equipment per mile of single track wherever built in this United States.

"Perhaps this is not convincing. Perhaps it will prove more convincing to select an average State, such as Indiana, and give the tax valuation of its State Commissioners for 1904 upon all its steam railways.

"We find returns of trackage and values as follows:

" Main track	6,730.55 miles
Second main track.....	615.69 "
Side tracks	2,846.17 "
<hr/>	
" Total of all tracks.....	10,192.41 "

"And we have as their tax valuation upon all tracks, rolling stock and improvements upon right of way \$165,863,367, or \$16,274 per mile of track.

"A careful study of the details of the Report of the Tax Commissioner of Indiana for 1904 will prove convincing as to its fairness in stating the truth concerning the true cost of Indiana railways.

"If we take Indiana as an average railway State we obtain for 297,073 miles of single track \$4,834,666,002 as the total cost of all the railways of the United States.

"Without going into the details here, a most liberal and careful analysis of the excellent Report of the Massachusetts State Railroad Commissioners for 1903 would appear to prove the average cost of construction and equipment of a mile of single track to be less than \$25,000. In Massachusetts the car equipment is very large (\$10,000 per mile) because the manufacturers are many and the population dense, so we can regard this figure as a maximum average cost per mile of single track for every State.

"Perhaps a detailed estimate of cost of a single-track railway will make its cost clearer and still more convincing.

"We will at first omit the extra costs of urban right of way, of long bridges, of heavy rock cuts, and of extraordinary tunnels and excavations. We will, however, allow an average of 10,000 cubic yards excavation at 35 cents, or \$3,500 per mile. If excavation and embankment are balanced in each mile we have 102 cubic feet per foot of track, or an average cut or fill sixteen feet wide and six and a half feet deep, which of course you will recognize as an excessive allowance.

Estimate of Cost of One Mile Single Track to the Top of the Rail.

" Preliminary legal expenses and right of way.....	\$700
Surveyors	\$100
Grading	3,500
Ties, 2,640, at 50c.....	1,320
Rails, 70 lbs., at \$30 (118 tons).....	3,540
Joints and bolts, 352 at \$2.....	704
Spikes, four per tie, $5\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{9}{16}$, 5,280 lbs., at 4c.....	211
Switch irons	150
Road ballast, 10 ft. \times 2 in. (50c. per cu. yd.).....	652
Fencing-wire with posts.....	480
Crossings	20
Labor laying track.....	1,000
	<hr/> 11,677
Architectural work—stations, shops and houses.....	1,500
Extraordinary expenses—bridges, tunnels, etc.....	2,000
	<hr/>
" Total for construction of one mile.....	\$15,877
Equipment from State tax Comm. Indiana.....	1,781
	<hr/>

" Total cost of construction and equipment.....\$17,658

" The item \$1,781 is obtained by dividing the assessed value of all rolling stock on Indiana railways by their total of single track 10,192 miles. The items of \$1,500 and \$2,000 cannot be verified as completely as others, but they are ample, and the majority of our nearly 300,000 miles of single track has never benefited by the expenditure of this \$3,500 item.

" We have endeavored to get at the real cost of construction and equipment of average railways, and reached the following results:

- (1) From the taxes sworn to by railway officials.....\$17,250 per mile
- (2) From the Report of the Indiana Tax Com..... 16,274 " "
- (3) From a careful and overloaded estimate..... 17,658 " "

" Before this I have stated to you that Massachusetts with its hilly and rocky topography might average a cost of somewhere near \$25,000 per mile of single track, and now you also see that \$17,500 per mile cost is a high average estimate for the vast network of railways that covers the Southern States and the Mississippi Valley. \$44,480 per mile is the average capitalization found. This is divided up as follows:
 Funded debt per mile.....\$23,137
 Capital stock " " 21,341

\$44,478

" Comparing these figures with the average cost of construction and equipment, \$17,500, we find that about 76% of the par value of our railways' funded debt has been utilized for their creation and that the sale of stock has not been required at all.

" Remember, I am dealing with averages. Fortunately there are exceptional railways in which both bonds and stocks have been paid for and the money legitimately used for the purpose of creating them, but they are few.

" On the average the capital stock of our railways has no more real

basis as a token of labor or of existing property than a counterfeit bank-note, and the par value of our bonds is greater than the cash cost of our railways by about 33%.

"You ask how can this have come about? I answer: There is no more facile instrument for the cunning man than a corporation allowed to work in secret.

"When an average railway is built, a construction company is generally formed, which agrees to build it for its securities, and doing so receives them, and placing the bonds, through dealers in securities, reserves all or a portion of the stock for itself.

"The actual cost spent on a railway appears to average 76% of the value of the bonds, the remaining 24% goes as profit to the bond broker and his allies in the construction company, unless the bonds are sold below par, say at 90%, and then the profit is reduced to 14% cash and the speculative profit which may be obtained from the sale of as much stock as they may be able to retain for themselves.

"If we are extremely liberal with these railways we might allow \$20,000 per mile of single track, and then it would appear as if 86% of the par of the bond issue, \$23,137, has been appropriated for construction and equipment.

"Careful appraisements of the cost of reproduction of existing railways have been made by the State of Texas, in 1895. The best and most careful engineers, valuing the Texas railways mile by mile, obtained an average of \$18,000 per mile of roadbed for all construction, equipments and investment.

"It would have been clearer and fairer if they had given the cost per mile of single track, wherever laid or however used, for their railways, which is much less.

"Usually after a few years of operation a railway is consolidated with or purchased by some larger system of railways and on this account a new issue of securities is usually born and sold.

"Of course there are many other causes of the existing status of our railways, but I have given you the usual method of inflation and the main cause of their enormous overcapitalization."

Railroad companies have for years robbed the public by overcharging for railroad services to render their watered securities valuable and saleable on the Stock Exchange. When an angry public forces upon railroad managers a reduction of passenger and freight charges, as surely the public will, the innocent purchasers will lose all or the major part of their investment. Great bankers and brokers, trusted by their clients, have led the general public to buy their securities by stating that they represent real property. When traveller and shipper get their rights, the owner of securities must suffer, and many of them will believe they have been swindled. They will receive no more consideration

from an outraged people than does the man who buys stolen goods at a pawnbroker's shop.

The railroad question has become the paramount issue before the people, for the activities of the country are controlled by the railroads, now a great part of our national life, for the United States is practically a railroad country. The railroads, though chartered and created by the State to serve the people, to serve all men without preference or prejudice, without overcharge for services rendered, do not do so. The creator has become the servant; the railroad is now the master, the citizen the servant.

The gross abuses shippers suffer from discrimination, from special rates and privileges, from special service and rebates, may be removed by the Rate Bill just passed by Congress; but the people, as a mass, will suffer from overcharge for transportation—to pay interest on fictitious capital, to pay interest on securities, mostly stocks, for which no money was given, no labor expended—until the water is squeezed out. Remember that these overcharges—the \$350,000,000 taken each year from the people for interest on fictitious capital—are often the profits of the agricultural and industrial operations that produce the articles for transportation. Thus it is that the wealth produced by the many, and that should be of right accumulated by the many, passes into the hands of the few; thus it is that one per cent. of our people have come to own as much property as the remaining ninety-nine. We have now in all States an outcry against “graft” of all kinds, but that is only an outcry against petty larceny. This “great moral awakening,” this true and rightful indignation, will do very little to stop the grand larceny perpetrated by the railroad corporations. We must put an end to the aggressions of concentrated capital through overcapitalization of railroad corporations, and stop charges to pay interest on seven or eight billions of dollars of fictitious capital.

What annual charge for transportation the people at large should pay, so that those men and women who have innocently invested their money in fictitious bonds and stocks may be least injured, is a question of ethics hard to answer.

That our people may enjoy their rightful inheritance, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we must sooner or later nationalize our railroads. But at this time all we can hope to secure is a fair basis of charges and no discrimination.

WHARTON BARKER.

HOW LONDON LOSES BY MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

FIFTEEN years ago (and a year or two more) some young men were travelling sedulously around London—to Radical Clubs, to Nonconformist Debating Societies, to Trade-Union gatherings, to the parks on Sunday afternoons; they were not particular, so long as they could get an audience—preaching the gospel of Socialism. They were well-educated young men, for the most part, pure from venal influences and unmistakably in earnest. They called themselves “Fabians”; Mr. John Morley called them “dreamers of dreams”; Social Democrats derided them as “milk-and-water Socialists,” and sometimes, as a facetious synonym, “gas and water Socialists.” That was because these dreamers were really practical and wide-awake persons, with the middle-class man’s dislike for high-sounding theories and gory revolution, and the Englishman’s attachment to parochialism.

They dreamed and preached to a purpose. They interpreted Socialism, not much in terms of cosmopolitan revolt, but in the narrower terms of municipalism. The private ownership of the means of production is wrong, said these young men in common with Collectivists the world over. But, they added, get rid of this private ownership by the most practical means to your hand; make your municipality buy the gas and the water, the tramways and the docks; let it invade the province of trade and start municipal coal depots and municipal bakeries; and let it run these institutions for the benefit of the community. There will be better wages and shorter hours of labor for the workers engaged in them; the cost of commodities to the public will be lowered, and the remaining profits, they explained, instead of going into the pockets of “divvy-hunters,” could be returned to the com-

munity in the form of beautiful open spaces, old-age pensions, or any other instalment of the millennium which might please the communal fancy.

The democratic public of London listened delightedly. It was not interested in the cost of these experiments, for most of them did not, directly, contribute to the local taxes; besides, these municipal undertakings were to pay their way handsomely, and, in spite of higher wages and lower prices, be more profitable than when subjected to the wasteful influences of private competition. The democratic public looked with unconcern upon the prospective crushing out of profit-making enterprises; for but few of them were capitalists. It hailed the prospect of free libraries and other luxuries, of free food for the school children, of living in good and cheap houses owned by the municipality; the working-men saw visions of indefinitely increased wages and diminished hours of toil and the unquestioned sovereignty of the Trade-Union.

Into this fertile soil a Conservative Government, unwitting of the consequences (that is characteristic of Conservative Governments), had planted a thing called the "County Council"—a body endowed with large and elastic powers of local administration over that great wilderness of streets which is now the County of London. The Council was set up in 1889; in March, 1892, it went to the polls for reelection. An astonishing electoral result followed. The Progressive Party—for so the democratic contestants were called—swept London; and the more advanced, in a municipalizing direction, the candidate's programme was, the bigger was his majority. The policy of Fabians, out of which the Fabian Society had made its motto, that "for the right moment you must wait, and wait most patiently, but when the right moment comes you must strike, and strike hard," was recalled in exultation. The overwhelming Progressive majority met at the Council's offices at Spring Gardens in a state bordering on delirious ecstasy. It soon turned its enthusiasm into the work of realizing its programme. With a superabundance of youthful energy it broke out forthwith, through committee and subcommittee, in a multitude of directions towards the realization of the advanced municipal programme.

The Council, as it was then and has for the most part been since constituted, has, to quote from one of its critics, a very simple creed and a definite policy, both of which may be summed

up in the motto, "Never miss a chance to boss somebody." But that sort of simplicity has, obviously, endless ramifications in practice, and to deal with all the ramifications of County Council activity would need more space than is at my disposal here. We must leave aside its intolerant interference with a hundred things which it was never in the contemplation of the Parliament which established the County Council that it should concern itself with; we will confine ourselves to what is more particularly our subject—illustrations of the Council's efforts in municipal ownership.

But just a word or two, first, to give the reader a notion of the expensiveness of the new municipalism. The central body which has control of London's affairs before the County Council was brought into existence was called the "Metropolitan Board of Works." In 1888, the last year of the labors of this body, its expenditure upon "establishment"—that is, salaries, office expenses, pensions and so on—was under £40,000; and the Board of Works was commonly denounced as an extravagant institution. In the year ended March last, the London County Council spent upon establishment close upon £285,000. The expenses for inquiries, and so forth, of the Council's various committees amounted last year to £109,000; the old Board of Works got through that department of its activities for less than £5,000 a year. Then, with regard to the various services of an administrative kind which the Council performs—sewerage, fire brigade, etc.—the expenditure upon like services by the old authority was £354,000 a year; the new authority last year spent £760,000, in addition to £156,000 upon services which have been added to the Council's functions since the old Board of Works days. The debt has more than doubled. It was seventeen millions, sterling, in 1886; it had risen to thirty-six millions sterling in 1906. London has grown in the past sixteen years, but not at that pace.

Now as to the Council's trading enterprises. The most important of them at present is the tramway service. Until the London County Council got to work, such tramways as London possessed were in the hands of private companies, which worked under charters obtained from the Legislature. But in these charters, or Acts of Parliament, power to purchase the undertakings was given to the local authority, and the County Council, as the local authority, lost no time in setting about the purchase. The purchases have had to be made in pieces, a length here and a

length there, in different years; according to the latest available report of the Council about ninety-eight miles of tramways had been bought up to March, 1905, and further purchases were in contemplation. The purchase-money of these ninety-eight miles amounted to over two millions, sterling, but another million may be added for other expenditure incurred in connection with the tramways. But these acquisitions of lines hitherto under private enterprise have gone only a small way towards slaking the ambitions of the Council. That body is now building or projecting tramways in every direction throughout its area; to choke out such private enterprise as existed was merely a preliminary clearing of the ground. The only bar to the Council's traction aspirations is to be found in the county boundary. It cannot travel beyond that boundary; but it is showing its unsatisfied yearnings by building or projecting new lines right up to the boundary.

The statement that the boundary is the only bar should, however, be qualified. There are one or two other obstacles. The law is one. Some little while ago, the Council started an omnibus service, in competition with the privately owned omnibuses. The owners of the latter took the Council into the Courts, and there it was explained to the enthusiastic municipalizers that, when Parliament gave them authority to run tramways, it meant tramways and not omnibuses. So the horses and vehicles had to be sold—of course at a loss to the ratepayers.

The Council has experienced another check to its tramway ambitions, which is worth noting because it explains an important item in London County Council finance. In addition to the County Council, London has a number of Borough Councils—bodies which control the more particularly local affairs of the twenty-eight districts into which the metropolis is divided. When the County Council is about the starting of a new tramway, it induces the Borough Council to pay a third of the cost, on the ground of improving the Borough Council's road over which the tramway will run. A company putting down a tramway could not get a Borough Council to pay a third of the cost; yet this mightily convenient arrangement does exist to enable the amateurs of the County Council to show a profit on their undertaking.

And they have become so enamored of this simple expedient for showing a small capital cost, and consequently enlarged profits, that they have pursued it still further. They not only get rid of

a third of the cost of a tramway by transferring it to the Borough Council, but they get rid of another third by charging it to Street Improvements, the Tramway Department itself thus paying only one-third of the cost of its undertakings. It is easy enough under this arrangement to delude the citizens into the belief that the County Council is spending its money wisely and well, making a splendid success of the municipal trading business!

The wonder is, rather, that the County Council cannot show better profits; for, in addition to the above-named curious financial method, it affects another dodge of bad finance, but one common to municipal trading; it does not allow adequate sums, in its annual accounts, for depreciation of plant. The depreciation is about £35,000 a year upon lines capitalized at £2,670,000—equivalent to less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which any one can see is an absurdly inadequate allowance for the depreciation of tramway plant. Further, having the security of London at its back, the Council has been able to borrow the money for its tramways at rates which private undertakings can only regard, with envy, afar off—something under, or about, 3 per cent. Even so, the profits are tiny. For the year ended March of last year they amounted to £7,084, after allowing the above-mentioned ridiculously small sum for depreciation. The year before there was a deficit, and so there would have been last year but for the rental received in respect to some of the tramways which the Council has bought, but has leased to the selling company instead of working them itself. Doubtless, the Council will make a better showing in future years, and that is not saying much; it could hardly avoid doing so; but the fact remains that the municipal ownership of London's tramways is a most expensive failure. The failure is partly the result of mismanagement, such as the adoption of the conduit system in unsuitable places, partly the arithmetical effect of reducing fares to a non-paying basis and raising wages and decreasing hours of labor, with the same disregard of the balance-sheet. The mismanagement is the result of putting an industry under the control of men who know nothing about it; the low fares were a bribe to the democratic voters; the increased wages and reduced hours of work are sufficiently accounted for by the open cringing of the Council to the trade-unions, though an equally good explanation may be found in the growing thousands of the Council's employees, who are voters as well as servants. The explanations

are various; the main fact is simple; the municipal ownership of London's tramways is a costly failure.

The tramways have occupied so much space that there is little room left for the other socialistic instalments of the millennium in London. But a paragraph must be spared for the Thames steamboat service. For one reason or another, climatic mainly, steamboats on the Thames have not been a success even under private management. It was thus extremely unlikely that they would prove aught but a dire failure in municipal hands. This consideration did not deter the London County Council municipalizers, under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. John Burns, from engaging in the attempt. At first, Parliament refused them a charter, but eventually, succumbing to a powerfully worked agitation, the Council was given its franchise, and the public its opportunity of travelling up and down the river in municipal steamboats. The service began in June of last year, and was chiefly remarkable at first for the incompetence with which it was handled. The record in the Council's minutes of many subsequent dismissals confirms the public observation of this aspect of municipal service, and gives color to the report that the insurance companies had refused to continue to insure the boats save at higher rates. Naturally, however, as time has gone on, improvements have been effected on the technical side, but with regard to the financial side of the venture the experiment has been indeed a disastrous one. At the inception of the scheme, the chairman of the Rivers Committee of the Council estimated the annual expenditure at £98,960; as to the receipts, he went into the most extraordinary comparisons with railway and omnibus traffic, yet out of these calculations, inapplicable for comparison though they were, he evolved the remarkable result that the receipts would also just come to £98,960. Alas for the gentleman's statistics! The receipts, as the weather cooled off with the approach of autumn, went tumbling down, until, by the end of November, they had got down to £100 per week. There was an angry agitation for the stoppage of the service during the winter; but, with obdurate pigheadedness, the Council refused to do more than curtail the service, leaving to Londoners the deplorable spectacle of absolutely empty boats following one another under the river's bridges. The Council's own estimate made last December was to the effect that, during the winter, it would be spending over

£13 for every £1 received. Truly, as the Chairman of the Rivers Committee had said, but with a different meaning, the municipal steamboat service was "fraught with startling possibilities."

A word now as to the Council's notorious "Works Department"—by which is meant a branch of the Council's service which performs labor direct, instead of through an outside contractor. Such a department is important in the eyes of Socialists as a step along the road to the abolition of private employment. To the County Council "boss," it is useful as a means of patronage and vote-securing. To the ratepaying public, the attraction held out was that money would be saved which would otherwise go into the pockets of wicked contractors. Up to the autumn of 1902, the Council admitted a loss on its Works Department of £71,505. It has since showed a profit of some thousands, reducing this loss, but the figures are not material because there is every reason to think that the Council's figures are "faked." Such profit balances as have been presented lately represent simply the difference between the estimate of the Council's architect of what the work should cost and what it actually does cost; and proof has been given that the estimates often grossly exceed a fair allowance. Thus it has been shown that, while a Government office pays to contractors £19 2s. per rod of brickwork, the Works Department of the County Council allows £28 per rod for a cheaper kind of work. We need not trouble ourselves, therefore, about profits estimated in this fashion. When it has suited its convenience, however,—that is, when it was trying to get work which had to be put out to open contract—the Department has managed to reduce its estimate below the lowest contractor's tender. It did this once in the case of an asylum which the Council wanted. The lowest contractor's tender was £296,575; the Works Department got the contract away from him by undertaking to do the work for £284,445; the actual expenditure by the Department was £330,500. Any one in danger of being captivated by municipalism should study those figures. Here is another little example. The Works Department set out to lay a sewer at an estimated cost of £47,683. The actual cost was higher by £16,714—equal to 33 per cent.—and the cause of the increase was malingering on the part of the workmen. They were working for a popular body, their own delegated servants. This particular job, however, was too much even for the Council. All the men engaged in the

work were discharged. But the object-lesson remains. So does the inherent badness of the system. It was publicly alleged four or five years ago that, whereas the average number of bricks laid by a bricklayer is 1,000 a day (some lay a good many more), the bricklayers employed by the Works Department of the London County Council lay at the most only 330 a day. The Finance Committee of the County Council was forced to institute an investigation into this charge. Its report so nearly amounted to a confession that the charge was true that one of the Council's own champions in the press admitted as much.

The County Council has not been deterred from its pursuit of Collectivism by the unfortunate results which have attended its experiments up to date. It proposes now to supply electric power to the whole of London, and last year it fought, viciously and successfully, the attempt of a company to get a charter for the supply of cheap electric power to the metropolis; for the County Council wants a monopoly. It brought forward its own scheme this year (which has been denounced in the Council Chamber as a "mad one"), but Parliament has arrested it, so no further discussion of it is necessary here. One more case of municipal ownership in London may be cited as a concluding illustration. The Council has recently taken to the manufacture of bricks. A gentleman who is himself one of the Progressive members of the Council has described the Council's brick-field as an unfortunate experiment, and has declared that, in the majority of cases, the bricks are unfit for use in the building of houses. The clay is difficult, the situation of the brick-field very wet, and therefore bad for the bricks. Yet the Council, which is rightly the enemy of the "jerry builder," has sold these bricks for the erection of cottages. The mania of the Council for undertaking trading enterprises is insatiable; it grows by what it feeds on. And it is all part of the Collectivist policy inaugurated with the triumph of Municipal Socialism thirteen years ago. The Council aims at being the universal employer, intrudes into every possible domain of industry, crushes out private enterprise, and relentlessly pursues it to destruction, whenever it can. Meanwhile, an enormous and increasing debt is being laid upon London, the opportunities of private enterprise are curtailed, and the local taxes go up and up every year in order to pay for the municipalizers' costly fads.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

IS COLONIZATION A CRIME?

BY HANNIS TAYLOR, LL.D.

IN a brilliant address delivered at the August meeting of the Virginia State Bar Association, Mr. Justice Brewer took as his theme "Two Periods in the History of the Supreme Court"—the period of national stability, extending from the foundation of the Government to the Civil War, and the period of national enlargement, extending from the close of that war to the present time. From the press reports it appears that the most striking portion of the address was that which referred to the recent Insular Cases, in which it was decided that the national Government has the power to acquire and hold, free from Constitutional limitations, and subject to Congressional control, territory outside the limits of the organized States. Said Justice Brewer:

"Now, I submit this inquiry. Did the candid, intelligent men who drafted this Constitution and the people who adopted it, having just finished a seven years' war to free themselves from colonial subjection to Great Britain, intend to vest in the Government they were creating the power to hold other territory in like colonial subjection? I can but look upon it as an imputation upon either the integrity or the intelligence of the framers of the Constitution that this nation should establish for other lands the same colonial subjection to relieve themselves from which had been waged such an earnest and exhausting war."

No student of current events can close his eyes to the fact that Justice Brewer is a powerful exponent of the views of a large and growing element, composed of leaders in both of the great political parties, who are resolved to teach the rising generation that our entire scheme of colonial expansion and government is a new-fangled usurpation of political power, which the founders of the Republic never contemplated, and for which the Constitution does not provide. So aggressive is this element becoming, there

can be no doubt that, in the near future, the people of this country must definitely pass upon its contentions before it can be said that our present policy of maintaining territorial governments in distant dependencies is a settled element in our national life. Those who assail the advance which has so far been made rest their case upon what I believe to be two entirely arbitrary and untenable assumptions: first, that, as a matter of manifest justice, residents of Territories which are in a state of transition are entitled to all the Constitutional rights guaranteed to citizens of fully organized States; second, that, as a matter of manifest historical fact, the founders of the Republic intended to establish that condition of things. Such is the novel theory intended to be expressed by those who have recently raised the strange and meaningless cry that the "Constitution follows the flag." The purpose of this paper will be to demonstrate that the assumptions upon which that theory rests are very recent inventions, and that they have no support whatever either in the general history of the world, or in the special Constitutional history of the United States.

Those who are striving to make our present efforts at colonization odious must admit that, in the past history of the world, colonization has been the most potent instrument in widening the limits of civilization. By that means the Greeks extended their brilliant life along the shores of the Mediterranean as far as Sicily, and by that means Rome drew the British Isles within the domain of history. And, when the shores of the Mediterranean no longer marked the limits of the maritime world, when the dominion of the seas passed from the Italian seaports to the nations bordering on the Atlantic seaboard, they, in their turn, by means of colonization, added a new world to the old. The entire process is one of reproduction. The colony is planted in foreign parts under the patronage of the mother state, and when it ripens it falls off and starts a new life for itself under the rule of Turgot, who said: "Colonies are like fruits, which cling to the tree only till they ripen." In the colonization of this hemisphere the theory was that the emigrants took the mother state with them on their backs. "The notion was, where Englishmen are, there is England; where Frenchmen are, there is France; and so the possessions of France in North America were called New France, and one group at least of the English possessions

New England." And yet, during the entire process, the claim was never made, either in the ancient, mediæval or modern world, that colonists have the right to participate in the Constitution of the mother state from which they came. The most-favored members of the Athenian Alliance or Empire, even Chios or Mitylene, could not have a voice in the general direction of the Confederacy, as Greek exclusiveness rejected to the last the idea of a fusion of any large number of cities into a single body with equal rights common to all. There is nothing whatever to show that the founders of this Republic ever intended to depart from the world's past experience, so far as the government of territory outside the limits of organized States is concerned. On the contrary, we have the most conclusive record evidence made by themselves that their purpose was to acquire such territory, to hold and govern it free from the Constitutional limitations of the mother state, and subject alone to Congressional control. The fact is that this seems to have been one of the very few vital questions upon which the extremes represented on the one hand by Jefferson and on the other by Marshall fully agreed. And even when, at a later day, the acquisition of Louisiana made vital the question of the civil and political rights of the inhabitants, Gouverneur Morris, who more than any other man gave literary form to the Constitution, in a letter to Henry Livingstone said: "I always thought that, when we would acquire Canada and Louisiana, it would be proper to govern them as provinces and allow them no voice in our councils."

Jefferson was entirely in accord with Gouverneur Morris on that all-important subject. With the words of the Declaration of Independence warm upon his lips, he had no more inclination to extend the Constitution of the United States even to his brethren settled in outlying territories or colonies than Pericles had to extend the constitution of Athens to Chios or Mitylene. It never occurred to either that the principles of human right demanded or justified such an extension. The signing of the first Constitution of the United States, embodied in the Articles of Confederation, which was submitted to the States for adoption in November, 1777, was not completed until March 1st, 1781, when Maryland finally gave it her adhesion. The long delay arose out of the refusal of Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland to enter into the Confederation until the controversy was settled as to the ultimate

ownership of the great Western Territory, of which France had been dispossessed. Although deserted by her allies, Maryland refused to abandon her contention:

"That a country unsettled at the commencement of this war, claimed by the British crown, and ceded to it by the Treaty of Paris, if wrested from that common enemy by the blood and treasure of the thirteen states, should be considered as common property, subject to be parcelled out by Congress, into free, convenient and independent governments, in such manner and at such times as the wisdom of that Assembly shall hereafter direct."

In that way, the new nationality became the sovereign possessor of the whole Northwestern Territory—the area of the great States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, excepting the Connecticut reserve, which, under the Articles of Confederation, it had no express right either to hold or govern. Notwithstanding that fact, Congress, acting under authority clearly implied, boldly entered upon the creation of that scheme of territorial government which was embodied in the Ordinance of 1784 for the government of the Northwestern Territory. In describing that famous enactment, the eminent American historian, Professor J. B. McMaster, said not long ago:

"It was our first effort at colonial government, our first attempt to rule a community not fit to become a State and enter the Union; and by it a new political institution, the Territory, was created in two grades. At the head of the committee which reported the ordinance was the apostle of liberty, the father of American democracy, the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence. If one member more than another of that committee was bound to carry out the principles of the Declaration, and seek to establish a government in strict accordance with them, that member was Jefferson. If any one man more than another could be pardoned for attempting to carry the self-evident truth to an extreme, Jefferson was that man. Yet not for a moment was he led astray by the ideals he had announced to the world as the true basis of democratic government. He and his fellow members knew well that no popular government can stand long, or accomplish much for the good of the governed, which is not carefully adjusted to the wants, conditions and intelligence of the people who are to live under it. The plan presented and adopted, therefore, did not contain one vestige of self-government till there were five thousand free white males living in the Territory, and this in spite of the fact that the great majority of them would be citizens from the seaboard States and well accustomed to self-government. . . . The clear distinctions between a State and a Territory, thus drawn at the very outset of our career, and the principles then established,—that Congress

was free to govern the dependencies of the United States in such a manner as it saw fit; that the government it granted need not be republican, even in form; that men might be taxed without any representation in the taxing body, stripped absolutely of the franchise, and ruled by officials not of their own choice,—have never been departed from, and have often been signally confirmed.”

After the division of the Louisiana purchase, a part, corresponding very nearly to the present State of Louisiana, was named the “Territory of Orleans.” To the new Territory thus formed an oligarchal form of government was given by Congress, but little in advance of that devised in the first instance by Jefferson for the Northwestern Territory. Even the right of trial by jury was conceded with a serious restriction.

When, for a second time, our domain was expanded by the acquisition of Florida, Congress, ignoring the idea that the Constitutional guarantees should be extended to a Territory, gave to the new possession in 1822 substantially the same form of government provided for Orleans in 1804. The time had now come for the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking through Chief-Justice Marshall, to determine whether or no the colonial or territorial system devised by Jefferson for the government of Territories beyond the limits of the organized States vested in their inhabitants the right to participate in the Constitutional guarantees provided for citizens of the United States. The precise question was whether the tenure of the Territorial judges, elected for four years, was regulated by the clause which provides that “the judges of the Supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behavior.” At last Marshall and Jefferson were at one. The former, with the concurrence of all his associates, declared that the clause of the Constitution in question had no application to a Territory whatever. He said:

“These courts, then, [Territorial courts] are not Constitutional courts in which the judicial power conferred by the Constitution on the General Government can be deposited. They are incapable of receiving it. They are legislative courts, created in virtue of the general right of sovereignty which exists in the Government, or in virtue of that clause which enables Congress to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States.”

When, for a third time, our domain was widened by the acquisition, in 1848, under the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, of a vast region inhabited by people of mixed races, with laws and customs

unlike our own, the problem of Territorial government became entangled with an effort to extend the limits within which slavery could be maintained. In the course of a debate that ensued on an amendment to a certain bill offering to extend the Constitution and certain laws of the United States over the proposed Territories of Utah and New Mexico, a scene occurred of which Mr. Burton gives us the following description:

"The novelty and strangeness of this proposition called up Mr. Webster, who repulsed as an absurdity and as an impossibility the scheme of extending the Constitution to the Territories, declaring that instrument to have been made for States, not Territories; that Congress governed the Territories independently of the Constitution and incompatibly with it; that no part of it went to a Territory but what Congress chose to send."

In 1879, in the case of the First National Bank of Brunswick *vs.* County of Yankton, 100 U. S., 129, the Supreme Court, without a dissenting voice, declared that:

"The Territories are but political subdivisions of the outlying dominion of the United States. They bear much the same relation to the General Government that counties do to States, and Congress may legislate for them as States do for their respective municipal organizations. The organic law of a Territory takes the place of a constitution, as the fundamental law of a local government. It is obligatory on and binds the Territorial authorities; but Congress is supreme, and, for the purpose of this department of its governmental authority, has all powers of the people of the United States, *except such as have been expressly, or by implication, reserved in the prohibitions of the Constitution.*"

In the case of *Downes vs. Bidwell*, 182 U. S., 244, the Supreme Court, speaking through the weighty words of Mr. Justice Brown, simply reiterated that historic and unassailable doctrine, when it said:

"That the power over the territories is vested in Congress without limitation, and that this power has been considered the foundation upon which the Territorial governments rest, was also asserted by Chief-Justice Marshall in *McCulloch vs. Maryland*. . . . To sustain the judgment in the case under consideration, it by no means becomes necessary to show that none of the articles of the Constitution apply to the island of Porto Rico. There is a clear distinction between such prohibitions as go to the very root of the power of Congress to act at all, irrespective of time or place, and such as are operative only 'throughout the United States' or among the several States. Thus, when the Constitution declares that 'no bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall

be passed,' and that 'no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States,' it goes to the competency of Congress to pass a bill of that description. . . . Whatever may be finally decided by the American people as to the status of these islands and their inhabitants,—whether they shall be introduced into the sisterhood of States or be permitted to form independent governments,—it does not follow that, in the mean time, awaiting that decision, the people are in the matter of personal rights unprotected by the provisions of our Constitution and subject to the merely arbitrary control of Congress. Even if regarded as aliens, they are entitled, under the principles of the Constitution, to be protected *in life, liberty and property.*"

In the light of that splendid and humane exposition of the nature of our colonial or territorial system which Jefferson devised, and which Gouverneur Morris, Marshall and Webster approved, how can any one suggest that it is an imputation upon either the integrity or intelligence of the fathers of the Republic to assume that they intended that we should perpetuate it as a part of our inevitable and irresistible growth? Those who are attempting to maintain that this nation is a sterile monster, incapable of reproducing itself after the manner of all other civilizing nations, cannot venture to appeal either to the past history of colonization in general or to its special history as involved with our own.

Encouraged and sustained as we are by the history of the past, and by the precept and example of the fathers, why should we shrink from the mighty part we are predestined to play in that Pacific world which is to offer an almost boundless domain for our commercial activity? As early as 1852, William H. Seward, standing in the Senate of the United States, swept the horizon of the future, when in these bold and prophetic words he said: "Henceforth, European commerce, European politics, European thought and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will, nevertheless, relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." At that time, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Iowa and California were the only States west of the Mississippi; California was then but a string of mining-camps, and San Francisco a crude frontier town; west of the Mississippi there were then but eighty miles of railway and no telegraph lines; steamships were still a curiosity in many parts of the Pacific; Mexico, Central America and the Pacific states of South America, which

had emerged successfully from their wars of independence with Spain, were still hampered by internal dissensions; Hawaii was little known except as the place where Captain Cook was killed; the Australian colonies were just entering upon their career so rich with promise of wealth and commerce; China had been recently forced at the cannon's mouth to open a few of her ports to foreign trade; Japan was still a sealed mystery; Alaska and the Siberian coast of Asia, except for the adventurous fur-traders, were in the undisturbed possession of the seal and the Eskimo. Since then, what a mighty transformation! Mr. Seward could hardly have dreamed that his prophecy was so soon to be fulfilled. By a master-stroke of statesmanship he led the way for us by purchasing Alaska for a song. Then the Hawaiian Islands were annexed, and soon the Philippines came through a process of causation which swept Cuba away from Spain, in order that she might become the fortress without which, as Captain Mahan says, we cannot defend the Panama Canal. The piercing of the Isthmus is the only problem that remains, and who can doubt that our indomitable and far-sighted President will make it possible for that dream to be realized? When our ships of commerce carry the flag through the new waterway from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific, it will be followed by one of the three great navies of the world, an institution far more potent in foreign parts than the Constitution. The Southern States bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico, which are now entering upon a career of unprecedented prosperity, will be benefited by the change far more than any other part of the Union. Certainly, their citizens should not join in the cry against a natural and inevitable process of expansion because it involves the application to dependencies in the Pacific of a system of territorial or colonial government by Congress which was devised by Jefferson and approved by Marshall.

HANNIS TAYLOR.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS: AN INTERPRETATION

BY THE REV. JAMES L. BARTON, D.D.

AT Williamstown, Massachusetts, has just been celebrated the centennial of a mission prayer-meeting held during a severe shower of rain under the lee of a haystack near that town. To this remarkable meeting, at which there were present only five college students, is attributed the beginning of movements which eventuated in the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions four years later. These young men have become well-known historical personages, and the noted meeting-place is marked by a marble monument suitably inscribed and bearing the name of the five participants.

While it is recognized that these young men had courage and vision in advance of their generation and persistence to adhere to their position in the face of ridicule, indifference and open opposition, it is well known that modern foreign missions had already received their birth in England and were there well under way. These five men, Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byram Green, were sensitive to the religious influences of the hour and ready to respond to them.

In 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society of England was organized through the exertions of the well-known William Carey. This was quickly followed by the formation of the London Missionary Society in 1795, and by the Church Missionary Society in 1799. The formation of these societies and the work of the early missionaries they sent out attracted wide attention. The movement was a new one that called out many leading articles in all of the religious magazines upon both sides of the Atlantic.

At the same time in America itself there had been for many years a movement, more or less marked, toward a systematic

effort for the conversion of the Indians, and for the religious cultivation of white people dwelling in remote colonies—"to Christianize the heathen in North America," as one constitution puts it. The General Congregational Association of Connecticut in 1774 voted to send missionaries to new settlements of the West and Northwest. Other associations followed in the same line, and missionaries were sent into Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio and New York, as well as into other places. In 1806, the strain of the Revolutionary War was off, and for nearly a generation the colonists had been able to devote themselves to the arts of peace and to the pursuits of education and religion. The "New York Theological Magazine" began publication in 1795, followed five years later by the "New York Missionary Magazine and Repository of Intelligence," and also the Connecticut "Evangelical Magazine," with the "Massachusetts Missionary Magazine" three years later. The rapid increase of religious and missionary magazines reveals the fact that both religion and missions were attracting the attention of intelligent people.

So far as we can learn, little thought was given to an attempt to Christianize remote nations. It is true that, in the organization of a home missionary society as far back as the close of the seventeenth century, a clause was inserted in the constitution giving as its object, "the diffusion of the knowledge of the gospel among the heathen as well as other people in the remote parts of the earth." And yet no one seemed to take seriously the "in the remote parts of the earth" of these constitutions.

In the midst of these conditions occurred the so-called "haystack prayer-meeting." This was a most informal affair, in which, as reported by one of the number, general conversation had a large place. The subject of the conversation was the duty and privilege of American Christians, and especially of the five men in that meeting, to Christianize "dark and heathen lands." One of the number thought the movement ill-advised, and opposed it. The four were united against him; and, in response to the objection that the task was too great to be undertaken by so feeble a force, they uttered the declaration that has rung down the century, "We can, if we will." They then joined in prayer for the success of their object, and the haystack prayer-meeting passed into history. These men did not let the question rest with a prayer-meeting, but organized a student society with this mis-

sionary object in view. When some of them a little later went to the Andover Theological Seminary, this society was transferred thither and enlarged. The one supreme object was not for a moment lost sight of, nor did they relax their efforts. As a result, in the spring of 1810, the General Congregational Association of Massachusetts organized the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with John Treadwell, Governor of Connecticut, as its president. This was the first foreign Missionary Board formed upon the American continent. It was not denominational; and, for more than a generation, it was the agent of various denominations for the conduct of their missionary operations.

What was the effect of the organization of this missionary Board? In seeking for the reply to this question, one would naturally look to the countries to which the missionaries went. But, in fact, the first and most marked effect was upon the people of New England, and not upon the heathen. The American colonists had a hard time, physically and politically. It required all of the hardihood and perseverance of their stern natures to meet these conditions and maintain educational institutions for their children and support the church. They entertained little thought of foreign countries, except the dread of foreign oppression and the endeavor to avoid entangling foreign alliances. If foreign countries would not disturb them, there was no purpose upon their part to interfere with any country across the seas. They saw little or nothing in the nations abroad which commanded their attention. There was real danger that America might become so exclusive that Americans would repudiate any responsibility for all except America, and decline to seek knowledge regarding any other country or people. It required a purely religious impulse to arrest attention, turn it from local and personal affairs and fix it upon remote and hitherto unknown lands.

As soon as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized, in 1810, and the first company of missionaries was sent out in 1812, the religious magazines were replete with articles upon or about the countries and people to which the missionary had gone. They also published extensive statements from the missionaries regarding the religious customs and characteristics of the people and countries where they were located. The entire country was set to studying Eastern geography. The missionary magazines published new and original maps. As

the reports and letters of American missionaries were carefully and systematically followed, countries which had previously existed hardly in name began to have a specific and well-defined existence in the minds of our people. Thus the Sandwich Islands, Burmah, Ceylon, India, Syria, Turkey, within a single generation, became to a great number of people who were interested in the new mission movement almost as familiar as much of our own outlying frontier territory.

As an illustration of the method of this new educational awakening, take the Levant. Except Palestine, little was known of the religions or the customs of the people who occupied the interior of Asia Minor, Armenia, Koordistan, Persia and Syria. There were no general and reliable maps of the country, no books of travel available for the ordinary reader. The American Board sent missionaries to that country in 1819. They were assigned to coast regions, like Smyrna, Beirut, Salonica and Constantinople, with Jerusalem the most interior point. The missionaries began explorations at once. The mountains of Lebanon were soon penetrated, and the Druses and Maronites, with other tribes and races, studied and written up. Messrs. Eli Smith and H. G. O. Dwight started from Constantinople in 1830, and spent more than a year upon a journey overland across the entire length of Asia Minor, through Armenia and Koordistan into Persia and back again. They were keen and accurate observers, and made a minute report concerning every phase of their observations. The results of their observations they wrote in two volumes, which passed through several editions, so eager were the people of this country for the new knowledge thus brought to them.

At about the same time, Dr. Asahel Grant, a medical missionary of the American Board, went to the mountains of Koordistan between eastern Turkey and Persia, journeying south into Mesopotamia. For years he lived in that region, travelling back and forth among those wild tribes of Koords, accepting the hospitality of their chiefs and gathering information for the outside world. Mr. Schultz, a scientist, the only man who had ever attempted to penetrate that region, had a few years before paid the penalty of his rashness by the loss of his life at the hands of a suspicious Koordish chief. Dr. Grant kept a careful record of all of his experiences and observations; and to-day his journals contain the most accurate and trustworthy reports we possess regarding that

wild and interesting people. Dr. Grant was a direct contributor to the general education of the English reading world, and the world was not slow to appreciate the fact. Not long since, the writer inquired in the British Museum for the best book or books upon the Koords, and he was handed the journals of Dr. Grant with the remark, "That is the best thing we know."

What the missionaries of the American Board in Asia Minor, Armenia, Koordistan and Persia did for broadening the intellectual horizon of the people of the United States and England, other missionaries of this Board and other similar Boards in India, Ceylon, Burmah, China, Africa and the Pacific islands also accomplished for their region. Not only were the reports of these missionaries printed in religious and missionary magazines, but scientific journals also vied with each other in securing articles that were so original, entertaining and instructive. The American Oriental Society depended upon the missionaries for its most valuable material. Of the 591 pages of the first volume of the Journals of this Society, 153 pages were written by five different missionaries. In the second volume, eight missionaries filled 134 of its 342 pages. Considerably more than one-third of the whole contents of the Journal, for many years, was furnished by foreign missionaries.

What was true in this one instance was equally true in many directions. Missionary magazines like the "Missionary Herald" had a wide circulation, and were filled with articles and reports of personal investigations made in remote and unknown parts of the world. Permanent works were prepared and issued, like "The Land and the Book," by William M. Thompson, forty years a missionary of the American Board in Syria. This masterly work has undoubtedly done more to introduce the English-speaking world to the people and country of Syria than any other. Even to the present time, this book remains a classic and is sold in a variety of editions with many illustrations. China was introduced to the Western world by the massive and classic work, "The Middle Kingdom," written by S. Wells Williams, a missionary of the American Board. Time has not impaired the value of this masterly work; and scholars to-day turn to it for accurate information regarding the religion, life and government of the Chinese.

These instances, which might be indefinitely multiplied, are sufficient to show that, while the movement inaugurated at Will-

Williamstown in 1806 through a prayer-meeting was in the minds of the participants purely religious, nevertheless, in actual fact, it was one of the most far-reaching educational movements for the English-speaking world that have ever been set in motion.

Incidentally, this new movement, which in the minds and purposes of its originators was purely religious, had a large value to Americans commercially. It is true that it was no part of the purpose of those five young men at Williamstown, neither has it been the purpose of their successors nor of the Board that sent them out, to promote the commercial interests of this country. At the same time, it must be recognized that as rapidly as the conditions prevailing in the East were known to the merchant classes in the West, trade opportunities were eagerly noted and seized. The missionaries' articles and reports necessarily contained much that attracted the attention of the traders of the West. The missionaries were always in advance of the consul or diplomatic agent. They blazed the way and demonstrated by their own continued residence in countries like Turkey, Persia, China, the Sandwich Islands and Africa, that residence in these countries was safe for an American. Then followed the pioneer of commerce and trade, the American consul. However much the missionaries may have wished to have the facts otherwise, it is true that the consul came. Thus American products in a variety of forms and in astonishing quantities found their way into the East through doors opened directly by the modern missionary movement. These products consist of school, hospital and printing-house supplies, machinery, agricultural implements and tools of many varieties, musical instruments, kerosene-oil, watches and clocks, books, foodstuffs, cloths, etc. A missionary set up the first electric telegraph instrument in the Turkish Empire, and to-day there are thousands of miles of wire in operation. The religious service held at Williamstown one hundred years ago inaugurated a movement which has accomplished more for American trade and commerce than is often accredited to it. All that the cause of foreign missions has cost from that day to this has been returned manyfold in profits accruing from trade with the East growing out of the plan and purpose to evangelize the world.

The advantages above mentioned accrued to this country, although the effort sprang from purely altruistic motives. There have come, however, to the countries abroad, into which the mis-

sionaries entered and where they labored for the Christianization of the people, advantages of which the originators of the movement never dreamed. It is possible to mention but a few of these, and that with greatest brevity; but the few will suffice to show something of the import and wide sweep of the movement called "foreign missions," hitherto thought by many to be a plan only for converting individuals and securing their baptism.

The introduction of modern education into the East and the Far East must be credited to the foreign missionaries. The condition of the Sandwich Islands in 1820 is too well known to require description here. The people were not cannibals, but they were not far removed from the lowest and most degrading savagery. Missionaries set up there the first printing-presses, opened the first schools and inaugurated and conducted general educational institutions for two generations. To-day the islands possess collegiate and theological institutions and a modern school system, directed by the descendants of the missionaries and the enlightened children of native leaders. China knew no learning except that which centres in the classics of Confucius, and all Western education was considered beneath their contempt. For nearly a century the missionaries gave time, strength and talent to the preparation and production of modern text-books and in conducting schools for the training of Chinese young men and women. Missionary educators were repeatedly called by the Government to take charge of national institutions. The popularity of modern learning rapidly increased, until, in October, 1905, by imperial decree, Western learning was made the basis of the civil-service examination throughout the Empire.

At the opening of the last century, in India there was hardly a trace of anything in education that could be called modern. India's millions not only were not educated, but they had little desire for learning. Gradually, schools were established by the missionaries and the principles of modern education were taught. As the influence of the British Government increased, the officials, perceiving the supreme value of the educational work the missionaries were doing, began to subsidize their schools. This Government subsidy has increased until, at the present time, hundreds of thousands of dollars are given annually for the support of educational institutions, recognized to be of high grade and under the control of missionaries. The university system of India

is the direct outgrowth of the missionary educational system, and is made up very largely of the combination of missionary colleges. These universities are examining bodies and not teaching institutions. Students in mission and private colleges that come up to the standards of the university receive their degrees at the hands of that body. Remove from India to-day the institutions established by missionaries, and the five Indian universities would be forced to reduce greatly their operations or go out of existence.

Perhaps one of the most marked illustrations of the influence of modern education upon a country and the races that inhabit it is that of Turkey and the Levant. In 1820, the doors of that country were practically closed to all that was modern in the way of schools or teaching. While the Mohammedans were slow to arouse themselves to seize the new privileges offered them, this was not true of the Greeks, Syrians and Armenians. Soon the Turkish Government took alarm at the rapid progress the cause of education was making in the Empire and strenuous but unsuccessful endeavors were made to check it. From the Bosphorus on the west to Persia on the east, and from the Black Sea on the north to Egypt on the south, modern colleges for both sexes have been established and are to-day crowded with eager and able students. Robert College at Constantinople and the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut stand out as examples of many more that might be named. Students from these dozen or more institutions are to-day taking post-graduate work in our best Universities. Missionaries have carried into every country they have entered the modern school of every form and grade. Through these, in greater or less degree, modern education has been introduced into every Asiatic country; and in some of them, like Japan and China, it has resulted in completely transforming the national educational system. We do not claim that missionaries have done all this. We do claim that they were the pioneers.

The missionary movement has introduced into the East the modern practice of medicine and surgery. As early as 1834, the American Board appointed a missionary to China, Peter Parker, M.D., who at Canton in 1836 had acquired a wide reputation among the Chinese for his unusual skill. Gradually the Chinese came to recognize the value of modern medicine, and occasionally in recent years missionary physicians have been put in charge of Government hospitals or hospitals erected by influential officials.

The missionaries have opened medical schools in the Empire equipped with modern appliances; and to-day hundreds of educated Chinese youth are preparing themselves for competent medical service to their own people. Many others are studying in the medical schools of Europe, and the United States and Japan. Japan quickly passed from the traditional form of treating diseases to the modern method.

Similar progress has been made in India, Africa and Turkey, as well as in other countries. Go where you will in any city of importance in Asia, and there you will find the modern hospital for both men and women, in which American, British and native physicians practise side by side. Most of these are missionary hospitals. In connection with not a few of them are medical schools of high grade. This modern medical movement is rapidly crowding back into oblivion the ancient and cruel medicine men and women, and substituting in their places the educated native physician, trained in all that is best in modern medical methods. In this movement the foreign missionaries were the pioneers.

The missionaries have carried into the East the most colossal social reform the world has ever seen. Within the first half century of modern missions, thousands of educated Christian families established themselves in remote, but strategic, centres of Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea. They took up their residence in those places, not for a brief period, preparatory to a return to the home land, but they settled down among a strange, rude and often savage people for a lifework. There they established their home. There were their children born, and in multitudes of instances there also they were buried by the side of the dead of the land. Through famine and plague and massacre they remained. The missionary's home became a place to which the troubled, the perplexed, the broken-hearted went for help. All classes found there a common welcome. The influence of such a home widened and the fruits of it began to be manifest in transformed native homes, in an altered society, in a new conception of fraternity. In many instances the old missionary was laid to rest in the soil his life had hallowed, by his son, who, after securing an education in the home land, had gone out to carry on to completion the work his father began.

Multiply this single experience by something like 6,000, the number of widely scattered stations in the East and the Far East

now occupied by European and American missionaries, and one can begin to conceive of the measureless social influence of this work. Caste has been broken in upon; social evils in countless forms have been made unpopular, crowded out of sight or abandoned; the position of women has been lifted from that of a servant, or even a slave, to that of a friend and companion. The home has been discovered and glorified. Men and women have been induced to combine in effort for the common good. Selfishness has been made to appear mean, and the nobility of service for others has been given high place. All this has not been as yet carried through to perfection by any means, but the movement is inaugurated and is progressing. The purpose is, not to transport into the East a European or an American society, but to cause to spring from the soil of the Orient new social conditions that shall be in every respect Oriental, while preeminently Christian. This new social force was potentially present in the Williamstown prayer-meeting, but no one recognized it.

The last of these great movements which I will mention, having their origin at Williamstown a century ago, is that leading to a truer sense of the fraternity and community of interest among all nations and races. To Americans at the beginning of the last century all Asiatics were "heathen." The man of the East presented no attractions to the man of the West, except as a curiosity and as an object for religious instruction. That the Oriental could teach anything except evil to the Occidental never for a moment entered the mind of the American. Filled with this idea, the modern missionary movement was inaugurated, and the Eastern peoples in their true character gradually became known. It was a surprise to many to learn how intelligent, far-sighted, devout and capable of great development were many of the Eastern races, and especially of some individuals in all races. It was indeed a brave missionary who first advocated the new and almost heretical doctrine that, even in the religions of the East, there were many customs and beliefs worthy of respect and reverence. Almost imperceptibly the feeling of contempt and pity for the Asiatic was turned, in a degree, into respect. Out of this came a conviction that the educated, upright Chinese, Japanese, Korean or Indian is a brother man, with whom conference upon every theme, including religion, may be profitable to all parties. This sense of fraternity was fostered more directly by the educational

institutions established and directed by American missionaries, and patronized by the brightest and most intelligent young men and women of the East. The white teacher was forced into admiration for his intelligent pupils, while the students, who, it may be, entered the school with little regard for the pale-faced foreigner, came to hold him in high esteem. The intelligence of the East was thus revealed to the people of the West, establishing mutual respect. Not only were the West and the East united, but different countries in Asia came to know and esteem each other through the intervisitation of students at the more recent student-federation gatherings. The fraternity engendered and fostered by the great student conventions in both the East and West cannot be estimated at the present time.

Out of these conditions grew the desire upon the part of the students of Asia and Africa to go in person to the new world, and from actual contact with the West learn for themselves. In constantly increasing numbers, students from mission and national colleges in the East are coming to America and Europe for post-graduate work. At the same time, they are passing back and forth between institutions in their own countries. To-day, there is hardly a college or university in the United States or in Europe that has not upon its rolls Asiatic students, often of many different nationalities; while there are few great educational institutions in the East in which there are not American or European students. In all of these institutions, East and West, race distinctions are rapidly disappearing and the student body, the most democratic body in the world, is uniting, all irrespective of race or color. Those who make up this student body are the men who are to be leaders in every particular in their respective countries. They are to shape the intellectual, commercial, political, social and moral life of their own countries. Who would undertake to estimate the importance, in its bearing upon the peace of the world, of this mingling of students of all nations in the educational institutions of the East and West, their participation in great world-student gatherings, their acceptance of a common basis for true education and common standards for justice and morality? I venture the statement that, for the coming of the future peace of the world, this one fact alone is worth more than all of the navies of all of the great Powers.

These are some of the marked results of the haystack movement

one hundred years ago. It has been customary to think that the outcome of that historic prayer-meeting was simply the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which soon became one of the largest and most important of foreign missionary boards. It has been customary to enumerate the 20 widely scattered missions of that Board, number its 18 colleges, its 14 theological seminaries, its 76 hospitals and dispensaries, its extensive publication work in 26 languages, its nearly 700 churches and over 4,000 trained native leaders, and many other facts of this nature, and consider these the sum total of the results of the new movement. Even these wide results were not foreseen by those who were most instrumental in the organization. To them the purpose was almost, if not quite, purely religious, and a sharp line was drawn between "the religious" and "the secular." Little did these five men know that they were making plans that would affect the intellectual life of every race, drawing the world closer together with bonds created by a community of interest. From no other prayer-meeting of which we have any record have come such momentous results.

At the beginning of the last century Africa, Japan, China, India, and, in fact, all Asia, were practically closed to the West. To-day, as the direct outgrowth of modern foreign missions, every important section of Asia has been penetrated and has become the permanent residence of Americans and Europeans, and about these have sprung up institutions that awaken the intellects of the people, that tend to create a safe and pure society and to impart high ideals. By mission presses alone, not less than one million pages of Christian and educational literature are daily put forth. Millions of the natives of these countries enjoy the benefits of modern scientific medical practice. There is hardly a city of importance in the Far East in which a traveller, if taken seriously ill, could not receive the best of medical and surgical care, either in a missionary hospital or in a hospital that is the direct outgrowth of missionary operations.

Savage lands have yielded up their savagery, and in the place of violence and plunder one finds sobriety, intelligence and peace. In countries that were impenetrable for the boldest traveller a century or less ago, a woman can now travel alone in perfect safety. Western merchandise by great train-loads is entering the interior of the Far East, where two generations ago missionaries

cautiously picked their way on foot among suspicious and openly unfriendly peoples. Warehouses for Western goods stand upon ground made sacred by the blood of murdered pioneers. Stone churches and substantial school buildings in countless numbers commemorate countless martyrdoms. From north to south and from east to west across Africa have the missionaries gone, until there are few sections of that so recently "dark continent" that are not now well known. It was the missionaries who opened the Eastern world to the West. They have battered down the barriers which separated these regions, and are now demonstrating the solidarity of the race and the common interest of all mankind.

Had it not been for this modern foreign missionary movement, it would have been impossible to bring together anywhere in the world such a gathering of students as met at Nashville, Tennessee, in March of this year. Here were assembled in a convention that continued for five days 4,346 delegates, representing 26 different countries and 716 educational institutions. Similar student conventions were held in Toronto, Cleveland and other cities in this country, as well as in different cities in Europe and the Far East. At the present time, arrangements are in progress for a gathering of a similar character in Japan. The entire student world is rapidly federating upon the platform of fraternity, cooperation and a common faith in man and God. This spirit is winning both the Occident and the Orient to a supreme effort and self-forgetful sacrifice. It is breaking down race prejudice, making impossible the perpetuation of national rivalries and jealousies and laying the foundation for international unity.

All this and much more is the direct outcome and result of the organized effort that began with the haystack prayer-meeting in Williamstown in 1806. Neither the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, nor any other, nor all other, mission boards, accomplished all this. But the movement that began at that time has enlarged in a multitude of directions, appropriating to itself new forces and instilling into old forces new life and inspiration, and to-day it is putting its stamp upon every nation, and is giving to the world a common conception of righteousness, justice, truth and civilization. No known standard can measure the force and value of this century of Christian missions, and no intellect has a sufficiently clear prophetic vision to forecast its conclusion.

JAMES L. BARTON.

THE NEW ERA IN SOUTH-POLAR EXPLORATION.

BY OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

SWIFTLY, incessantly, during the century just ended has our knowledge of the earth advanced. Step by step, the interiors of the great continents have been explored; and though as yet no one has reached the North Pole, enough has been done to make it probable that the Arctic world has now no great surprises left in store for us.

But the time of the "white patches" on the map is not yet past. In the farthest south, framed in by seas that, swept by eternal storms, seem to meet the invader with the hollow-voiced threat, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" stretches an immense territory, "the great white desert" of the earth. A region almost as large as North America remains unvisited by man; what we know of the borders of this mysterious world consists of a few stray data, collected during the cursory visits of sealers, or the rarely occurring voyages of the explorers of the Southern Seas.

I have said that the whole of this region is unknown, but that statement is not quite accurate. It *was* unknown when, eight years ago, I cast longing looks from Cape Horn, the southernmost point of the American continent, towards a still farther south. Since that day much has been changed, although the extent of the unknown tracts has not shrunk in any considerable measure.

But an age that has done so much towards the exploration of other regions of the globe could not let such a territory, an entire continent, remain unvisited; and no less than seven great Wintering Expeditions—no count being made of the

shorter visits of relief-vessels—have been sent out to Antarctica during the course of the last few years.

The first two of these expeditions, one Belgian under de Gerlache, and one Norwegian-English under Borchgrevink, started ere the nineteenth century closed, and may perhaps be considered as pioneers in the actual work of investigation. No very great knowledge is needed of the difficulties that beset Polar explorers in general, and South-Polar explorers in particular, to enable one to understand that isolated expeditions can do but little in tracts of such vast extent as the one in question, and therefore a great international collaborative expedition was arranged, wherein, at first, England, Germany and Sweden took part, each country sending out a vessel to work within a district lying south of one of the great oceans. England undertook to explore the tract south of the Pacific, especially that part of it which lies south of Australia; to Germany was allotted the district south of the Indian Ocean; while the Swedish Expedition, under my leadership, was to explore the lands and seas south of the Atlantic and South America. The three parties started towards the close of 1901; a year later, we were joined in our work by a Scotch Expedition, whose principal task was to study the seas forming the southern boundaries of the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans.

The task of the Swedish Expedition was to investigate the American-Atlantic division of Antarctica. Unlike our English and German sister expeditions, ours received no state aid, and this fact was to a great extent the reason why we could not think of procuring such an expensive equipment as theirs. We were therefore obliged to be content with a not very modern vessel, but the ship we chose, the "*Antarctic*,"—so named from having been used some years previously in a whaling expedition to the far southern seas—was a well-known, first-class vessel, that had given a good account of itself in many a bout with ice and storms in Polar Seas. It was my intention, after I had landed for the purpose of wintering amidst the ice, to send the vessel back to South Georgia and the extremity of South America, in order to carry out scientific work at those places. In Dr. J. G. Andersson I found an excellent man for the post of leader of the scientific work during my absence from the vessel, whilst the command of the ship itself was entrusted to Captain Larsen, a man who had gained his experience on whaling and sealing expeditions.

We did not leave Sweden before the 16th of October, 1901, and we caught sight of the Antarctic Shetland Islands by the 10th of the following January. After a month devoted to a voyage of exploration, I landed, with five companions, on the little island named "Snow Hill," which was a place, as the first glance showed, of unusually great scientific interest. Our little party watched from the shore the gradual disappearance of the vessel towards the ice-free seas to the northwards. But we experienced no feelings of disquietude; in a year she was to return and fetch us off; and how much would not each party, in its own fields of observation, have learned and gathered during that period! And which of us could imagine that we should nevermore see our good "Antarctic," or that twice twelve months should elapse ere we greeted other human beings again!

We had brought with us the materials necessary for building a house—which we ourselves put together—with provisions calculated to last two years, in case of need.

And now we had to begin our work in earnest. We had now to learn to know the wonderful aspects of Nature that surrounded us, and to endeavor to penetrate to unknown regions by means of sledge-journeys. In respect to the first of these tasks, it would be scarcely possible to imagine any place more full of interest than that we had fixed upon as our home and as the scene of our earliest labors. The present conditions of nature in the Antarctic World were unknown, and yet they must be of the greatest importance, and nowhere could they be better studied than just where we were; but there was something in addition to this: these gray sandstone rocks, from which storms had swept away the snow, formed a great book in whose pages we were allowed to read a wonderful and hitherto unknown story of development.

It is not my intention to give here a recapitulation of the scientific results obtained; the large work, which is now beginning to be published at the cost of the Swedish state, will give an account of these matters. But we may, however, dwell a while on one subject. Perhaps the weightiest result of the work of the combined Expeditions is, that the misty dreams of olden times of the existence of an Antarctic Continent are now beginning to assume fast form; but this new world is merely a mass of ice and snow through which project a few wind-swept peaks, and at whose edge lie small, naked patches of shore. But

it has not always been thus. We have not only discovered innumerable fossils of the animal world that, in former times, lived in what is now the Antarctic Ocean, but we have also proved that numberless years ago—although in what, in geological respects, is a late epoch—there was here the seacoast of a land not as now snow-clad, lashed by a thousand storms and with verdureless rocks, but a land clothed with luxuriant forests, a land on whose shores lived a rich animal world; although a remarkable fact is that this animal life, even then, consisted to a great extent of penguins. But these olden penguins were very unlike those of the present day; they were giantlike forms of more than human size, and they were, most certainly, among the strangest creatures that ever lived on this earth.

What possibilities are not opened, by means of these discoveries, in knowledge of the history of the world's development? There has thus been a time when the Antarctic Continent formed a bridge linking the three southern continents, and, from this now frozen land, America, Africa and Australia probably received much of their now existing animal and plant forms, ere cold and ice came to kill all that could not take refuge in the waters of the sea.

For the purposes of geographical exploration, our station was, on the other hand, somewhat too northerly, but I had hoped that, in consequence of this northerly position, the winter would be both milder and lighter, and that we should thus be enabled to make longer expeditions. In these expectations I was thoroughly disappointed. The unexpectedly severe climate we encountered here forms one of the most interesting experiences of our Expedition; amongst all Antarctic territories, those lands south of South America appear to be comparatively the coldest and the most inaccessible. But worse than the cold were the terrible blizzards, which no words are forcible enough to describe. During the first winter, we experienced these fierce gales for more than half the time, the storms lasting weeks in succession, and making it a matter of mortal peril to go out and read off the instruments. The whirling snow swept past in clouds that made it difficult to see one's hand when held before one's eyes, and the small grains of hard-frozen snow struck the face like needles. The house shook as though it were part of an express train; heavy objects, such as full-packed chests, were carried far out on

to the ice, and our largest boat was blown away over the shore and smashed against the rocks. It was only by creeping on hands and knees that one could move against the wind, and even then there was a risk of being blown away by sudden gusts. This with a temperature of thirty or forty degrees *below zero, F.!*

Such being the weather, all thoughts of sledge-journeys were, of course, out of the question; but, when spring came with somewhat quieter conditions of the atmosphere, I at once started on an expedition. It was early in the spring, at the close of September; for, when summer came, our vessel was to return too, and therefore I felt that there was no time to be lost, and started southwards with two companions and five dogs; these latter being all the canine help available.

It was an exciting journey along an unknown coast, where the natural features were quite unlike those presented by North-Polar tracts. Unfortunately, the storms and cold returned; once, for example, we had to lie in our sleeping-bags five days together, fearing every moment that the tent would be blown away. When the ice grew worse and worse, becoming full of fissures that formed bottomless abysses; when our provisions began to run short; and when, finally, one of my companions injured his arm badly, we were at length compelled to return, at a point situated some 200 miles from the wintering-station.

The summer was now at hand, but it brought no warmth that could melt the ice; and it was, in reality, the coldest summer that any human beings have anywhere experienced, the immediate neighborhood of the North Pole not excepted. Longing looks were here of no avail, and with an insufficient supply of provisions, for we had not stinted ourselves during the year—in complete ignorance of the fate of our comrades—ignorant if we should ever be relieved—we saw that another long winter was approaching, and felt that the Antarctic cold was drawing its fetters closer and closer around us.

I shall not dwell on the winter that followed, but turn instead to the most wonderful part of the story of our Expedition. When spring had once more come—in October, 1903—I found myself again on a sledge-journey, and in the midst of a newly discovered world of islands, channels, straits and fiords. It was a sunny day and we went briskly onwards, I ahead, half-running, and behind me my comrades with the sledge and dogs.

Close in by the shore I see some black objects, a little taller than they are broad, but I suppose they are only blocks of stone. Who can describe my astonishment when I see that these objects are moving! Can it be any survivors of the old-time race of penguins, or—is it anything still stranger? Our sledge comes to a standstill; with trembling hands I take out my field-glass and—It cannot be possible, but it is, it is men I see! Off we go at a run, the dogs following at my heels, and my companions shouting to me to take out my revolver in case of need.

For these creatures did not resemble the picture that we, two-year prisoners, could still form of men from the world outside: two coal-black forms, with faces half covered with clumsy wooden masks (made, as we afterwards found, to serve as snow-glasses to protect the eyes); with hair and beard in ragged masses, from which hung long icicles; clothes of wonderful cut and as stiff as armor-plate. Had it not been for the skis they stood on, I should have taken them for aborigines of the Antarctic Continent, but *who* they were I could not guess, and the situation grew no clearer when we stood face to face, and they asked me in Swedish where the “Antarctic” was. They were obliged to tell me their names, and they were Dr. Andersson and Lieutenant Dure. A companion was busy cooking close inshore, and thither we hurried as soon as we had brought the dogs to their senses—for the animals had become wild with fear of these black figures—and it was then first that we were able to listen to their long and remarkable narrative.

At the beginning of the preceding spring—about a year before this meeting, that is—and after a winter rich in work and in results, the “Antarctic” had started southwards, in accordance with the plan agreed upon, in order to fetch us off. But the same singularly cold summer that had occasioned us so much inconvenience soon began to exert its direful influence on our ship too, for in places where an ice-free sea was usually to be found in the summer months, there now lay immense masses of ice, and all attempts to pass these barriers proved futile. The summer was going, and it grew plain that, if anything was to be done, it could only be by means of some extraordinary effort.

It was, therefore, determined to divide the expedition on board the “Antarctic” into two parties, both of which should endeavor to force a way to our wintering-station, but by different routes.

Dr. Andersson and two companions were to go ashore, and, partly by land-journeys and partly by crossing the sea-ice, endeavor to reach Snow Hill Island on foot, while at the same time the ship, under the command of Captain Larsen, was to try to find a way to us through the pack-ice farther to the east; and so they hoped that, if everything went well, we should all be reunited by the close of the summer.

But this hope was not to be fulfilled. The land-party soon found that it was an impossibility to travel with their heavy sledge across the ice, which was very loose in places, and so the three men were obliged to return to "Hope Bay"—the name they afterwards gave to their starting-point—there to await the return of the vessel which was to call for them there in the event of not meeting them at the wintering-station. A most interesting place this Hope Bay was. Dr. Andersson made important finds of fossils there, whilst round about lived a colony of hundreds of thousands of penguins, the most peculiar representative of the peculiar Antarctic animal world. No description of South-Polar tracts would be complete were nothing said of these strange creatures, which, with their erect attitude, their short stumps of wings that they use like a pair of arms, and their involuntarily comical appearance, give the beholder an impression that he is in the presence of caricatures of human beings. One never grows tired of studying their life. And think what memories of them must haunt the men who remember, as we do, that they have these birds to thank for their own lives!

Week after week passed, and the three comrades looked with growing anxiety for the ship that was never to come. Of the fate of those on board we who had just met were all equally ignorant, and that explains why the first question of our new-found comrades, who had spent the winter in a stone hut they built at Hope Bay, had been of the whereabouts of the "Antarctic."

We from the station had, of course, no news of the vessel to give them. But if, eight months earlier, our longing glances cast northwards over the ice that covered the Erebus and Terror Gulf had been miraculously strengthened, we should have seen our ship no longer proudly battling with the ice, but wounded to the death and about to sink into her watery grave. The strife was ended; a storm that had forced the ice landwards had crushed her strong sides; the propeller was useless, and the month-long efforts

of twenty men who, day after day and night after night, had striven their utmost, were of no avail. The men have taken the most essential necessities of existence out of the ship and placed them on a drifting floe; they stand there silently and watch for hours the slow disappearance of their vessel, their home, beneath the waves. With a swish and a rattle, the water and the ice-blocks rush over the rail, the blue and yellow flag still flutters at the gaff—the blue and yellow flag that reminds them of a native land whose shores, maybe, their eyes shall never more behold. Now the flag disappears beneath the waters; the bowsprit goes; the last mast-top—and the ice-clad ocean lies there as free of sail as before earth's pigmies sent their spies hitherwards.

And whither shall these men turn their steps in such an hour? But he who should lose hope, even when everything is hopeless, ought never to venture on a journey to the Pole. After a few weeks of extraordinary labor—Death in a thousand forms attending their every step, and watching them with unwinking eyes through all the weary days and nights—they reached a gloomy, volcanic isle called Paulet Island; they reached land, but with only the remains of the equipment necessary for wintering at such a place. Autumn was already come, with storms and a temperature sinking to 0° F.; the penguins and the seals were preparing to leave the neighborhood. To send information of their whereabouts to the one or the other of the remaining divisions of the Expedition was, at the moment, an impossibility. But they did not lose heart, even now, when it had become a question of forcing Nature, for the first time in these icy, inhospitable regions, to supply the chief means of subsistence during the coming winter.

Now, afterwards, when we know their varied fortunes, it seems a most wonderful story, that of how these two parties—the three men at Hope Bay, and Captain Larsen with his companions on Paulet Island—succeeded in providing themselves with food during this long, melancholy winter. Both parties were most imperfectly equipped; both, using most skilfully all the possibilities that presented themselves, built their stone hut, and supported life chiefly on seal meat and penguin meat, which they cooked by means of blubber-stoves. Food and firing!—only an Esquimaux can rightly understand what these two words meant for our poor adventurers. There was not much difficulty as regards food, for they had always the store of tough, old, frozen and not

very palatable penguin meat, which they had obtained by killing the birds in the autumn; but firing could only be supplied by the seals, and these animals were not so plentiful. What a watch was kept for them on sunshiny days! With what rapture did they not see on the ice the dark mass that *must* be a living creature!

There was no question of hunting, for these animals have never learned to know their most dangerous enemy, and they do not fly when a human being approaches them. A blow on the head with the sharp hack and the colossus lies there quivering, dead. The warm blood is drunk with eagerness, although the greater part is saved in order to make blood-pancakes of it. Were the supply of seal plentiful, many of the men would willingly eat the delicious blubber, fried as though it were bacon, but there must be no thought of this. The meat is taken home, and little of the animal is it that is left unused. And when in the evening there is brought in a dish of fresh seal-liver and kidneys, fried in blubber, each one feels the occasion to be one of no little solemnity, and the man who can produce an old ship's biscuit, saved from breakfast-time, to eat with the brown, fat soup which, on alternate days of the week, is called, and is intended for, tea or coffee, that man could certainly not seem more contented were he sitting down to supper at a first-class restaurant in New York.

Still, it really was not very often that a man felt thus supremely contented. There were three things they missed most of all: sugar, salt and tobacco. Of course food *can* be prepared with seawater, but unfortunately, the process entails most unpleasant consequences for the first few weeks, or until the stomach has grown accustomed to the new method of preparation. And the poor fellows who had hitherto been accustomed to enjoy tobacco the whole day long, in one form or other, had now a very bad time of it. The most horrible substitutes were used to replace the beloved weed; best of these were coffee grounds and tea leaves many times boiled. A few grains of snuff added greatly to the flavor of both of these "mixtures," whilst one confirmed tobacco-chewer waited with joyous and patient expectancy for the promised bowl of a wooden pipe that showed signs of being soon unfit for its original use.

How often did not our friends express their regrets that the season prevented them from obtaining a supply of the greatest

delicacy these regions afford—penguin eggs. How they longed for the approach of spring, when they would be able to eat their fill of such delicious food! It was a great day when the first penguins came, bringing the company good, fresh meat and the promise of eggs. These made their appearance at last—it was in November—and no words can describe how greedily they were devoured. A score of them, large as goose eggs, was the average number to a meal per man; one seaman ate thirty-six, or ten pounds' weight, of them at one time!

But this happy time was not to last long, for when it came, help too was near at hand, and the egg-supply that had been collected, the meal and the vegetables and the preserved foods that, in the days of greatest need, had been saved against a time that threatened to be still gloomier and more full of want, all these supplies were never to be used. They still lie there, awaiting the arrival of those who in future days may tread in our footsteps. The reader, perhaps, already knows how the Expedition ended, but for those who shared the adventures of these wonderful days new memories continually arise, new impressions are formed, new views are gained by every description given.

Spring came early that year, and on Paulet Island measures were soon taken for making clear the best boat, for the intention was to send out a party, as soon as the ice broke up, in order to communicate with the parties at the other stations. Larsen himself was to lead this difficult and dangerous expedition, and five chosen men were to accompany him. The boat was dragged across the ice, and the journey was continued amidst colossal, drifting floes that threatened every moment to smash the boat as though it were an egg-shell; whilst one most adventurous night was spent on a little floe that the violence of a hurricane was gradually rendering the prey of the waves. Thus was the journey continued for a week, the voyage often interrupted for many hours at a time by storms. During the intervals of comparative calm, all on board worked with unflagging energy in order to reach the goal with as little delay as possible. But to what end? thought they. They could bring us nothing but sorrowful news, news of a vessel lost with precious collections on board; news of the death of one of the crew; news that could give us no gleam of hope. And we who had been hoping for the return of the "Antarctic" should now be filled with despair, for what time might not pass ere any-

body thought of sending us relief! But, in spite of these reflections, they rowed on, tired, worn out; on the last day they rowed almost incessantly for two-and-twenty hours. Was it a presentiment that wondrous events were about to happen that urged them on?

They are obliged to traverse the last stretch of ice on foot. Midnight is approaching, and the dusk of the Antarctic summer night is falling over snow-covered land and ice, when, at a distance, they catch sight of the outline of our building, of the house whose skeleton they had helped to erect twenty-one months before. A pack of madly barking dogs rushes towards them, but nothing can be heard of the dwellers at the wintering-station. Why does no one come to meet them? And why is the Swedish flag flying above the roof at this hour? What news should they hear? So great is the strain of the moment that no one dares to knock at the door and enter, but they wait outside on the ice to see what the next minutes will bring forth.

Some one comes out and looks with questioning eyes at the dark figures below him; he gives a shout; rushes into their outstretched arms; calls again, with incoherent voice, to us within the house, "Larsen is here!" and, to the new-found comrades: "Relief is here; out there lies an Argentine vessel. By Christmas we shall be home in Sweden!"—words that make the newcomers doubt whether their friend is in his senses or not.

And what does the reader suppose had happened at Snow Hill Island on that memorable day—the 8th of November, 1903? Three weeks had passed since our return from the journey when we had encountered our three sooty, barbarized comrades, and the nine of us who were thus united were now awaiting the arrival of the "Antarctic" with help. Who can picture our delight when, one forenoon, we caught sight of two black spots far off on the ice that were rapidly approaching us. "Men! Men!" was the cry, and we rushed out in a body to meet the newcomers, who, of course, we thought, must be comrades from the "Antarctic."

But what a revulsion of feeling we experienced when, on nearer approach, we saw before us two officers of another nation, and when they informed us that the Argentine Government had sent a vessel to our rescue. How great was our gratitude towards the land that had done so much for us; how great our joy to be able to return to our own country—but who shall measure the sorrows we felt when we thought that not the slightest hope could exist of our

ever again seeing the comrades we left on board our vessel. But this was not the moment for regrets; we should search for the "Antarctic" later on; but now we had to make rapid preparations for leaving the place where, during two long winters, we had gathered such rich stores of memories. Now we had to pack up our belongings; now there was an end to all our scientific labors here. No wonder, then, that when night came the flag above the house was forgotten. That none of us thought of sleep was, of course, but natural, and it was no great wonder that, for a long time, the noise made by the dogs did not arouse interest enough to make any one go out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. But the long silence that succeeded drew our attention to the matter, and thus it was that some one went to open the door in order to see what had aroused the dogs.

Then he sees that group of silent men, whom he cannot recognize in the darkness. But as he stares at them, memory awakens; still, the thoughts recalled are so impossible that he begins to doubt the evidence of his eyes. *For it is a group of our lost comrades*, who are returned from the dead; they come nearer; it must be reality. A shout, and he springs to meet them; and the next moment we are all crowding around our comrades to view the miracle; but a long time elapses ere we can understand how this impossible meeting can be a truth.

This put a period to the difficulties of the approaching journey. Two days later, we took the remainder of our shipwrecked comrades, who had remained on Paulet Island, on board the Argentine vessel, the "Uruguay," and continued our journey northwards, our journey home.

I have now concluded my little sketch of this South-Polar Expedition. The Argentine vessel had not been the only one sent to our rescue, for our own country had fitted out a search-expedition, and another started from France under the leadership of Dr. Charcot. It is but lately that this last-named expedition has returned, after having spent a winter on the west coast of the same stretch of land which had been our field of labor.

It is as yet too early to attempt giving any account of the scientific results of the recent journeys to the far-off southern seas, but it is clear that they will prove to be of the greatest importance.

The South-Polar regions are no longer, in this respect at least, a "*terra incognita*." That part of the international programme

which dealt with the meteorological and magnetical investigation, has been carried out much more thoroughly than could ever have been expected, to the benefit of humanity and especially of all voyagers in southern waters. We have learned to know a remarkable climate, and the peculiar aspects of Nature which show us here far more ice and snow than can be found in North-Polar regions, show us a rich animal and plant world in the sea, and, to some extent, on the land, too. And what is of no less importance, by means of the fossil finds made by the Swedish expedition we are now able to follow this new continent through the stages of its development during geological epochs, down from the time when warmth and verdure reigned in the regions now lying beneath the sway of perpetual ice.

For it is a new continent we have there in the south. It had long been suspected that such was the case, but it is only now that, by means of these latter-day exploring expeditions, we have gained a firm basis for our assumptions. As yet we are acquainted with but details of this land, but these fragments are rapidly being united, and few will now doubt the fact of the existence here of a great and continuous mass of land.

But, still, the geographical discoveries are far fewer than those made by science. Only one of the many expeditions—the English—has penetrated to any great degree into the Great Unknown, and even that party has done little more than follow a coast-line. What the interior of the continent has to show us is at present an unsolved riddle. But this will not be so forever. The way is marked out, and the experience we gained by our manner of living, after the loss of the “Antarctic,” proves that life may be supported there even with the resources offered by this poor southern land.

Much remains to be done and many difficulties must be overcome by future expeditions; still, how much clearer is the way now than it was before! Three hundred thousand dollars; a well-equipped expedition under an energetic leader and with able members who will know how to make use of our experience; a little of that good-fortune on the road of which every explorer stands in need—and the South Pole will be reached, and the greatest of the problems the globe yet offers shall have found its final and its full solution.

OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD.

IS THE CELTIC REVIVAL REALLY IRISH?

BY MARY K. FORD.

THE surprising discovery, through the death of that hard-headed, canny Scotch writer and critic, Mr. William Sharp, that he and the supposed Gaelic poetess, Fiona Macleod, were one and the same person, leads one to ask whether the so-called "Celtic Renaissance" is, like the plaintive music of negro slavery, the emotional expression of a suppressed nationality, or merely a modern, conscious, and complex form of writing, ill-adapted as a garment for the Irish sentiment it is meant to clothe. For to many readers, and those not, perhaps, the least discriminating, the leaders of this new movement are singularly devoid of those qualities of simplicity, humor and pathos which, inspired by the love of the Irish for their religion, their country and their homes, have hitherto been the chief characteristics of the Celtic literature, and especially of its poetry, much of which is in ballad form. The intense love of the Irish for their country, loved all the better for its misfortunes, is voiced in countless poems, such as "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" "The Shan Van Vocht," and in none more fervidly than in "The Wearin' o' the Green," which, although introduced to the American public through the medium of one of Dion Boucicault's dramas, really dates back to the rebellion of '98.

The name of Thomas Moore stands at the head of Irish poets, and is known wherever the English language is spoken. His Irish Melodies, almost perfect of their kind, are, in their lightness of touch, beauty of rhythm and felicity of expression, brilliant examples of what is best in Irish verse. A celebrated Englishman once declared that the constancy of true love had never been better defined than in those lines,

"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!"

The poem from which these lines are taken, "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," is perhaps the best known of Moore's songs, and, set to music so suitable that the one can hardly be recalled without the other, still has the power, a century after it was written, to bring an Irish audience to its feet.

Another form of ballad deals with the simple events of daily life, and it is in them that the charm of humor and pathos is so marked. "Father O'Flynn" and "Widow Machree" express the more hilarious moods of the race, while in "Soggarth Aroon" and that beautiful ballad of the Irish famine, "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," written by Lady Dufferin, the gifted granddaughter of that most brilliant and typical of Irish authors, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the patience and resignation of the Irish poor are shown with a tender simplicity, so suited to the subject as to be the perfection of style. A noted exception to this classification is the work of that unhappy writer, James Clarence Mangan, whose poem "The Nameless One" breathes a grief and despair unlike the patient sorrow so often voiced in the simple Irish ballad. And yet, dark and bitter as had been his experience of life, the religious faith of his race still lived, and in his poem "The One Mystery" we see that faith struggling with despair, and finally asserting itself in the concluding words, "Endure and Adore."

Irish prose has been more varied in its form, embracing writers of irresistible humor (of whom Sheridan is perhaps the most brilliant example), as well as others in whom the racial characteristics are less marked. As Moore is the best known among the Irish poets, so Miss Edgeworth may be said to occupy a correspondingly prominent place among Ireland's prose writers. Here the likeness ceases; for Moore, the gay frequenter of London drawing-rooms, the singer of wine and wit, had little in common with Miss Edgeworth, the didactic author of "Moral Tales," "The Parents' Assistant," and the originator (in the character of Laura) of the female prig in literature. Although born in England, Miss Edgeworth lived all of her life in Ireland; and it is surprising that, with a long list of novels and tales to her credit,

there should be so little humor in her books, though it may have once existed, only to be crushed by her father's dominant influence. "Castle Rackrent," as it is the best of her shorter tales, is also the most amusing; but Miss Edgeworth is far more English than Irish in her style. Charles Lever and Samuel Lover, both typical Irishmen in their social qualities and high animal spirits, have infused into their writings a dash and verve which, although slightly boisterous, carry the reader along with them. These traits are less marked in the works of such authors as Lady Morgan, whose "Wild Irish Girl," written when she was only twenty-three, made her reputation, and Sheridan Le Fanu, whose "Uncle Silas" could freeze the blood of an older generation.

Of later Irish writers who have upheld the traditions of their race without allying themselves with any "movement," are the talented authors of that most amusing book of sketches, "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."; Jane Barlow, whose poetry and stories of Irish peasant life are among the most beautiful and convincing that have been written; and Miss Eleanor Alexander, the daughter of the Primate of All Ireland, whose "Lady Anne's Walk," a charming book about the Archbishop's Palace at Armagh, has the true national blend of simplicity and humor. Father Sheehan's delightful stories of clerical life, "Our New Curate" and "Luke Delmege," show another side of Irish life and emphasize the Irish peasant's strong religious feeling, his passionate love for his church. These are only a few of the names connected with the Irish literature of the past century; but, diverse as their subjects may be, there is a touch common to them all which we characterize as "Irish." How do the writers of the Celtic Revival compare with them?

Perhaps the best known of the latter, in this country at least, is Mr. W. B. Yeats, who lectured here a few years ago on the Gaelic Revival, and was listened to with rapturous attention by audiences containing a large percentage of people who knew nothing of Irish literature, past or present, but to whom the lecturer and his subject represented the latest intellectual fad. And, certainly, Mr. Yeats looked the inspired poet, as Paderewski looks the ideal musician. Tall and slender, with dark eyes and a lock of hair falling over his brow, his appearance was all that could be desired, and his hearers succumbed to his charming personality sufficiently to try and believe that a play like his "Pot of Broth"

(really a threadbare jest told in dialogue form), acted by untrained Dublin apprentices, would prove that realization of the dream of the "intellectual drama" for which culture has been long athirst.

Most of Mr. Yeats's subjects are taken from the old legends of Ireland, many of them still handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth. How these may sound when told by the light of the peat fire it is not easy to say; but, when read from the printed page, most of them are extremely dull. Let any one who desires an acquaintance with the interesting folk-lore of Ireland turn to Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends," written eighty years ago, and see what perfect simplicity of treatment can do with the tales of the peasantry. In those pages he will make the acquaintance of Teigue of the Lee (own brother to Tinker Bell), the Fir Darrig and the Leprechaun, and have his flesh set creeping by the blood-curdling story of the Phooka.

Ireland, artistically, is as strongly divided as she is politically. The writer once asked a clever old Irish lady what was thought of Mr. Yeats in her part of the world. She replied without any hesitation: "Sure we think he has a slate off."

A critic of such views would hardly appreciate Mr. Yeats's undoubted beauty of phrasing, which is particularly noticeable in his prose and in his dramatic work. "The Hour-Glass" suggests the old morality plays, and in it his love of symbolism has full play. His poetry is less poetical than his prose, his sense of rhythm being faulty; and, like most reformers, be their field of action life or literature, he is entirely without humor.

The undue prominence of folk-lore in modern literature is another manifestation of that forced interest in Nature and her works that compels us to read, most unwillingly, books concerning trees, plants and the domestic habits of insects. Lady Gregory, another prominent writer of the Celtic Revival, goes back to primitive times, and takes the old story of Cuchulain for her subject. As long as a legend does not exceed the limits of a short story, it is readable, though not always enjoyable. Expanded into a volume of 350 pages it is a weariness to the flesh, from which no beauty of expression can save it.

Mr. George Russell, who writes over the signature A. E., is another of the group about whom it is hard to become enthusiastic. Some of his poetry is obscure as to its meaning, and very

little of it is musical, though it has real poetic feeling and a distinct appreciation of the picturesque quality of words.

The verses of Ethna Carbery (Mrs. Seumas Macmanus) are much more melodious than those of the writers previously mentioned, as well as being full of the poetic feeling which is common to them all. The frequent introduction of Irish words mars the enjoyment of the reader, not one in a hundred having the faintest idea as to their sound or sense, a great drawback to the pleasure of reading poetry. Mrs. Macmanus had a keen ear for the music of words, and in her early death Irish poetry suffered a real loss.

The most characteristically Irish of these modern poets is Moira O'Neill, who, in her charming ballads, has all the qualities so long associated with her nationality. Her "*Corrymeela*" has been pronounced the finest type of the modern Irish lyric, a judgment with which no real lover of poetry will quarrel, for in these six verses are displayed the Irish peasant's appreciation of nature and intense love of home, with a simplicity and pathos that go straight to the heart. Her last volume is called "*Songs from the Glens of Antrim*," and it is well named, for her poems come like a breath of mountain air, after the slightly labored style and artificial atmosphere of those who call themselves "*Symbolists*," and of whom one of our own critics says that they "*prefer hallucination to fact, the sound of a wind blowing through a rag of tapestry to the human voice.*"

It is not possible to give in this short article an exhaustive criticism of the many writers who are connected with the Celtic Revival, or even to inquire how many of these ardent patriots live in England. In their efforts to preserve the Gaelic language, they have the sympathy of every one who has witnessed a similar movement among the Provençals, the Poles, and other submerged races. But, to those who have felt the charm of Irish literature, there seems something strangely lacking in the work of these authors, who, with all their ability, their poetic feeling, their enthusiasm, have failed to do that which far less pretentious writers of their race have done—to touch the heart.

MARY K. FORD.

A PRECEDENT FOR DISARMAMENT.

A SUGGESTION TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

HIDDEN away in the archives of the Department of State at Washington is a little document which has attracted but small attention; and yet its effect upon the welfare of two nations has been immense, while its purport is altogether unique. It is an "Arrangement" between the United States and Great Britain, bearing date April 28th, 1817, and signed by Richard Rush, acting as Secretary of State on behalf of this country, and Charles Bagot, Envoy Extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty. The entire contents of this document could easily be copied upon a half-sheet of paper, and it reads in substance as follows:

"The naval force to be maintained upon the American Lakes by the Government of the United States and His Majesty shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side, that is:

"On Lake Ontario, to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon;

"On the Upper Lakes, to two vessels (of the same burthen and armament);

"On the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel (of the same burthen and armament);

"All other armed vessels in these Lakes shall be forthwith dismantled, and no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed."

The war of 1812 had made Lake Erie and Lake Champlain the scenes of bloody conflicts. The people living on the shores of those lakes were for the most part connected by blood and traditions, and the war was in character almost a civil war. It was clearly desirable to prevent such conflicts, if possible, in the future; and to some wise and humane statesman the happy idea occurred of removing, or reducing to a minimum, the instruments

of strife, recognizing the fact, proclaimed by Victor Hugo, that the chief cause of war is to be found in the armaments of nations.

It can hardly be denied that naval men desire naval war. They would not be worth their salt if they did not. When the lawyer actually wishes for the abolition of litigation, when the physician prays honestly for the disappearance of patients from the surface of the earth, when any man longs for the lack of opportunity to practise his chosen profession or trade, then, perhaps, will the professional fighter yearn for peace. But the soldier, *quâ* soldier, ought to wish for war. It is his only *raison d'être*. Apparently appreciating this fact, the men who drafted the agreement of 1817 provided for the removal of that incentive to war which the existence and display of a naval force necessarily involves. Their argument seems to have been that Satan will find some mischief still for idle ships to do, and, in consequence, for nearly a century only four toy gunboats have been kept in commission by either country in these waters.

How fully the result has justified their action! We have had plenty of disagreements with Canada. Time and again the disputes between us have reached the point of acerbity and irritation. It is almost certain that, if we had had our weapons handy, one or other of us would have drawn a bead on the other. But, luckily, our hip pockets were empty, and no damage was done. And consider for a moment how different the aspect of the Great Lakes would be to-day if this Arrangement had not been signed! The mad rivalry of armaments would have been reproduced in miniature in each of them. Manufacturers and contractors would be besieging Congress and Parliament to authorize the construction, now of a floating battery, and now of a battle-ship, and each new vessel on either side would be used as justification for a similar one on the other. To withstand such navies, land defences would be necessary, and garrisons to man them. Every port—Oswego, Buffalo, Cleveland, Duluth, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston,—would require modern forts and ordnance; immense expenditure would be necessary even in times of peace, and the continuance of peace would be rendered precarious. The possibility of such a state of affairs has been removed by the Arrangement of 1817, and it is quite likely that the example of peacefulness which it set along the Lake frontier has had the effect of making more or less trivial the preparations for war on the rest of the boundary-line. Has

there been anything enervating or unmanly in all this? Not at all. No one doubts for a moment the courage and ability to fight of the men on both sides, but that courage and ability have been released for service in the conquests of nature and industry. Such have been the far-reaching effects of the Arrangement of 1817, which at the time was not thought worthy of the title of "Treaty" and is called simply an "Arrangement." Mr. Monroe was President then, and his name is associated with another declaration of policy; but I am inclined to think that there are possibilities in the Rush-Bagot Arrangement which may well eclipse those of the Monroe Doctrine.

It is a pity that all our acts toward Canada have not been as graceful as our assent to this Arrangement. Visit the towns on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River, look across that easily ferried stream, and think of the artificial obstacle which our tariff has erected along its course. We spend millions to bridge chasms, to tunnel mountain ranges, to bring into nearer communication widely separated points, and then, by a stroke of the pen, we conjure up imaginary impediments to intercourse, which make the worst obstructions of nature seem like child's play. If we could put the Atlantic Ocean next to the St. Lawrence and then on either bank pile up the Alps, the Andes and the Himalayas, it would cost less to bring goods across them from Canada into the United States than it costs to-day to pass the invisible fiscal line. When an American first walks along the great river on Canadian soil and looks over into his native land, and thinks of the vast arbitrary gulf which has been set between them by his own nation, then at last he sees what a slap in the face to our neighbors our protective tariff is, and how we have, so far as in us lies, shut them out in outer economic darkness. Surely, from the lowest standpoint of policy, this is a mistake. Not long ago an acquaintance of mine, an anti-Imperialist and free-trader, was by some peculiar chance invited to address a conservative, Imperialist and somewhat Jingo society in a Canadian city. He presented himself as an ambassador from a minority, expressed his regret that so much of the policy of his country was unfriendly, hoped for a time when the Canadian, without abating a jot of his patriotism, might feel as much at home under the Stars and Stripes as under the Union Jack, and cited the Arrangement of 1817 as a conspicuous instance of neighborliness, and a good example for the rest of the

world. His remarks were received with enthusiasm, and he was informed afterwards by a Canadian who was present that a confirmed follower of Mr. Chamberlain, who sat next to him, said as they went out, "If they all talked like that, they'd have us in no time!" Friendliness is the best policy.

The second Peace Conference, called by the Tsar, is soon to meet; and its members will wish to have something practical to do. Statesmen and lawyers are afraid of untried paths, and they are always searching for precedents. Why cannot our delegation carry with them this precedent of 1817 which our grandfathers have left to us, and which has worked with such entire success? It is fitting that Mr. Roosevelt, the historian of the Naval War of 1812, should have a hand in applying its best lesson. Even a short step in advance along this line would be a notable departure. Some other sea can be selected for the reduction of armaments. The Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Japan Sea, could be made the scenes of a similar experiment, which is indeed an experiment no longer. In time, the principle could be extended to the Atlantic or the Pacific, and finally to navies as a whole. Nor is there anything to prevent its application to land forces. It may be easier to enforce such an arrangement in the Great Lakes than in more open seas, but the principle is always the same. Canada has natural access for war-vessels from the sea into Lake Ontario and by canal into the other Lakes, but that has not made the Arrangement less fruitful. It is no valid objection to a proposed treaty that it may possibly be broken. If it could not be broken, it would not be worth while to make it. In this whole matter of disarmament, too, we are in a far better situation to take the initiative than any other great Power, for we have no mighty standing army menacing us at our doors. With the precedent of 1817 in their hands, our delegates can with good grace urge an extension of the principle to other international relations, and thus take a leading part in the Conference, and place the world under lasting obligations to them.

ERNEST CROSBY.

SOME RECENT ESSAYS.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

It would seem to be toward the familiar essay that one should turn, in these days, for that proper study of mankind, the presentation of personality. When all is said and done, one comes back to the old-time saw, that the one perennially interesting theme under the sun is character—man as a personality, a force, an original, independent, creative power, modifying conditions, effecting environment, taking stock of the visible, tangible universe, transforming the facts already to hand, and out of himself creating new facts and more visible world.

There was a time when characterization was the chief pre-occupation of the novel. From Sterne and Fielding through the famous Victorian period, stretching far enough to cover the two great living masters of the novel, Hardy and Meredith, the presentation of character, its environment, limitations, growth, and ultimate reactions upon external facts and conditions made the novel; and only of recent date, and certainly of inferior import and quality, is the novel of plot, in which the complex situation and its solutions are the chief interest. It is fair to say that the novel or tale is second rate which we read rather for the story than for its character, where incidents stand out, and the force of personality which lies behind and projects all happenings is lost sight of. Stories are mere illustrations of character, and to read a story for the story's sake is to fall back into that unintelligent stage of existence which prefers pictures to text, which takes in only such rude and general information as may be conveyed by illustrations, and foregoes the subtle and nice distinctions, the full and copious understanding of words. In the end, the transitory existence of the slightly built, episodic modern novel does more than anything else to prove the truth of the saying of our great

living master, that fiction is valuable only in proportion as it offers us philosophy of life. Philosophy is most easily given by the study of human character. The development of soul, Browning said, was his chief concern, for little else was worth study. The novel being for the moment too slightly and superficially preoccupied with the infantine, final surprises, the essay, standing always after poetry as the chief concern of literature, holds the field as the medium for the portrayal of personality.

The essay, if it is to be taken into account at all, must deal in intellectual analysis, in nice distinctions and carefully weighed appreciations. Its splendid ancestry demands that a man should first, to some degree, discover himself, his real and abiding self, and against this background he should set up for consideration the authors, the subjects, the life, of which he writes. It is far from necessary that, like Montaigne, he should openly and constantly introduce himself, by name, anent each subject he lights upon. The essays of Pater are no less self-revelations than those of Montaigne, for every carefully drawn opinion is a publication of the state of soul, the level of mind from which the thought emerges. For this reason, those essays are of highest value which avoid current topics and changing, momentary, casual conditions. Wherever the heart, by reason of personal implication, governs the head, wherever the heat of debate is kept alive by the friction of immediate contact with a subject, the author runs the risk of presenting his casual and momentary feeling, rather than his ultimate judgments. Current matters and living authors may lead a writer astray with vastly more ease than the established far-removed fact which he views with impartial interest.

It would seem, too, that no man more than the essayist is committed to general studies and broad vistas. It is against the mass of his general knowledge that we must bring an author or a work to judgment. If we know only by comparison, the greater the amount of data against which a man sets a new object, the more apt is he to come at a sense of relative values. So the essayist is, by the nature of his work, partially redeemed from the blight of modern scholasticism, specialization. When the essayist specializes, it is at the cost of breadth. It is not the opinion of a scientific specialist upon a work of literature that tells; still less is it the opinion of the average man-in-the-street, but it is the opinion of a man of all-round parts, of general information and wide

study. Goethe was an ideal humanist and one of the wisest and most far-seeing of critics. Montaigne, the father of the essay *intime*, was a man of phenomenally wide reading. If we run over the list of successful English essayists, Sir Thomas Browne, Drummond of Hawthornden, whose "Cedar Grove" should undoubtedly admit him to the ranks, Addison, Steele, Johnson, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Arnold, Stevenson, Pater, we find we are dealing with men of wide knowledge and very general reading and appreciation.

To be sure, the main study of the essayist must be the art of combining words, conveying his thoughts with force, precision, elegance and individual charm; but, aside from this, he may have the widest-branching side issues into life, travel, the arts, sciences and metaphysics.

It is difficult to overrate the value of style, however, to the essayist. If the novelist can lean upon structure for his success; if the poet can trust to subject-matter to trim a halting measure; if, to the scholar, learning can replace charm, the essayist cannot away from the necessity for beauty, not only in diction, but in his sentence cadence. I came recently upon a monograph by a well-known American writer upon a subject of deepest interest to me, and yet found myself overwhelmed by dreariness and depression in the reading. That the result was not caused by the subject-matter was evident; and, after some difficulty in analyzing the trouble, I found that for twenty-seven running pages the author had not altered the order of his sentence structure and the periods were practically of uniform length.

We have had three essayists in the past generation, difficult to excel in this matter of fine style: Pater, whose warmth and richness of color it is difficult to find duplicated anywhere in English prose before or since, unless it be in that of Sir Thomas Browne, or Jeremy Taylor; Arnold, with his clarity, his elegance and precision of statement; and Stevenson, that intricate, quaint designer and artificer, taking us ever at unawares with his quips and cranks and turns of fancy, his delightful, vital grace of movement, and his talent for finding new settings to old words.

It is the white-light prose of Newman of which we are faintly reminded by A. C. Benson's style in "Seen from a College Window." "I find myself every year desiring and admiring this kind of lucidity and purity (Newman's) more and more. It seems to

me that the only function of a writer is to express obscure, difficult and subtle thoughts easily," he writes in "The Upton Letters." What a man desires, that to some degree he attains; as the old maxim runs: "We are as holy as we will to be holy." And so Mr. Benson, who aims in style and matter at the two highest reaches, simplicity and sincerity, has given us in the past year, two books* which tentatively, at least, we put in the shelf with our Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, St. Augustine, Montaigne and Stevenson to return to for counsels of fine living. The form of his two books is that of the personal confession. We get a picture of a gentle, leisurely scholar, surrounded by the best culture of his day, dwelling in one of the three most beautiful cities left in the world, looking out upon life from his vine-draped college windows upon the velvety college courts, and dedicating his chief thoughts to the enlargement of spirit which grows out of sympathy and truth. The subjects dealt with from the college window are the Point of View, Growing Older, Books, Sociabilities, Conversation, Beauty, Art, Authorship, Habits, Religion, etc.—in fact, life, regarded on its different sides and frankly discussed. In Sociabilities, the author writes movingly of solitude and in Authorship of sincerity, that difficult accomplishment of finding out who and what the self is which seems to be the motive-power of our bodies, and what is its relation to others apparently dwelling in like manner in the same world. "If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a fascinating document," he tells us. He himself is constantly trying to break down the barriers and tell us the truth about himself, to look into the minds of other men and to stretch sympathy to that unity of soul which is at the root of so much of the endeavor of this twentieth century. There is a certain amusing anecdote of a well-known American professor of philosophy, who, composing his most erudite book near a window overlooking the street, was constantly distracted by a stone-breaker at work outside. As long as the author worked, forcing words to convey his thought, the stone-breaker continued to let his pick rise and fall upon the larger stones. But the philosopher could not away with a burning desire to know how the stone-breaker was occupying his mind all day.

* "Seen from a College Window." A. C. Benson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906.

"The Upton Letters." A. C. Benson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906.

Finally, he went out and offered the conventional preliminaries of acquaintance about the weather, and then asked, "And what do you think of, while you work here all day long?" The stone-breaker stopped his activity, just long enough to raise his head and enunciate the words, "My work." Well, the professor was a true citizen of the twentieth century, for his consciousness included the widest range of abstract speculations and also the stone-breaker in the street and his occupation, while the stone-breaker was a mere survival of some dark age when the soul looked out no further than the stone it was breaking its outer shell upon. So Mr. Benson is of this new century, as large as himself and all his friends and his critics, as wide as all his knowledge and his sympathy. "I have myself," he says, "an intense curiosity about other people's point of view, what they do when they are alone, and what they think about." He frankly offers us his creed:

"I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bad taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of all dreariness; that pleasure exists, not in virtue of material conditions, but in a joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place; that congenial labor is the secret of happiness; and many other things which seem, as I write them down, to be dull and trite commonplaces, but are for me the bright jewels which I have found beside the way."

This is a clear and truthful offering of a personality, a point of view, and who loves the atmosphere will add this writer to his riches, will put the book near at hand to recur to it, as he would to an adjacent park, when his mind is weary or his spirit too frail to raise its own curtains of hope and courage and look out into a sunshiny infinite.

He tells us further:

"As I make my slow pilgrimage through the world a certain sense of beautiful mystery seems to gather and grow. I see that many people find the world dreary—and indeed there must be spaces of dreariness for us all; some find it interesting; some surprising; some find it entirely satisfactory. . . . I do not know why so much that is hard and painful and sad is interwoven with our life here; but I see, or seem to see, that it is meant to be so interwoven. All the best and most beautiful flowers of character and thought seem to me to spring up in the track of suffering; what is most sorrowful of all mysteries, the mystery of death, the ceasing to be, the relinquishing of our hopes and

dreams, the breaking of our dearest ties, becomes more solemn and awe-inspiring the nearer we advance to it. . . . The only happiness worth seeking is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eye and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be quiet in their presence."

And with one last quotation and word of humble gratitude we must turn from this author, who is doing the fairest service that can be offered to man, teaching him to recognize and to multiply his best moments, to realize that the gratification of desire bears no relation to true happiness, and that there is nothing in the whole universe to be afraid of but selfishness:

"I believe there is in life a great and guarded city, of which we may be worthy to be citizens. We may, if we are blest, be always of the happy number, by some kindly gift of God; but we may also, through misadventure and pain, through errors and blunders, learn the way thither. And sometimes we discover the city afar off, with her radiant spires and towers, her walls of strength, her gates of pearl; and there may come a day, too, when we have found the way thither and entered in; happy if we go no more out, but happy, too, even if we may not rest there, because we know that, however far we wander, there is always a hearth for us and welcoming smiles. I speak in a parable, but those who are finding the way will understand me, however dimly; and those who have found the way, and seen a little of the glory of the place, will smile at the page and say: 'So he too is of the city.'

"The city is known by many names and wears different aspects to different hearts. But one thing is certain—that no one who has ever entered there is in any doubt again. He may wander far from the walls, he may visit it but rarely; but it stands there in peace and glory, the one true and real thing for him in mortal time and in whatever lies beyond."

This description of the mystic city, so easily recognized by those who have even had glimpses of it from afar, brings us to a very different book by a very different writer,* who closes his volume of essays on somewhat the same note:

"I cannot doubt that there are some in the world to-day who look back over the long past and watch the toiling of the human race towards peace, as the traveller in the Alps may, with a telescope, follow the mountain-climbers in their slow ascent through the snows of Mont Blanc; or, again, they watch our labors and painstaking in the valley of the senses, and wonder at our grotesque industry; or look upon the striving of men to build up a city for the soul amid the uncertainties of this life, as men look at the play of children who build

* "Shelburne Essays." Paul Elmer More: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905.

castles and domes in the sands of the seashore and cry out when the waves have washed all their hopes away. I think there are some such men in the world to-day, who are absorbed in the fellowship of the wise men of the East and of the no less wise Plato, with whom they would retort upon the accusing advocates of the present, 'Do you think that a spirit full of lofty thoughts and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence can possibly attach any great importance to this life?' They live in the world of action, but are not of it. They pass each other at rare intervals on the thoroughfares of life and know each other by a secret sign, and smile to each other and go on their way comforted and in better hope."

So Mr. Paul Elmer More, too, is in the open secret; and, having quoted this final passage from the third series of his *Shelburne Essays*, I have given the most moving and most eloquent part of the volume. This is a book of literary criticism, and of his general literary doctrine it is difficult to do more than gather together the fragments which seem to make up the body or general attitude, and then to comment:

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know and know full well. . . ."

Mr. More comes to us with the very highest recommendations of the press, and with the authority of a most distinguished position in American letters. We have been told that there is no one now writing who gives evidence of a better critical equipment than Mr. More; that he has width of view, an intimate acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world (and a very wide knowledge that is too!), that he has formed for himself a sound literary canon and a sane philosophy of life, and that he is aware of his best predecessors and is apparently on the way to a set of philosophic principles which should lead him to a high and perhaps influential place in criticism. Having thus first absorbed such phrases as would have been adequate for a Hazlitt or an Arnold,—but who would praise the dead in such unmeasured terms!—it was distinctly a blow to cull the following opinions from the third series of essays:

"For my part, when it comes to a breach between the poetical and the prosaic, I take my place submissively with the latter. There is, at least, a humble safety in retaining one's pleasure in certain things of import with the vulgarest English mind; and, if it were obligatory to choose between them, I would surrender the wind-swept rhapsodies of Swinburne for the homely conversation of Whittier."

This is a winning point of view to the general, and there is no doubt that just such statements draw the unlettered to Mr. More, for the saying of that ancient Hebrew poet, that "where there is no vision the people perish," has ever been highly unpopular. It is true that all the English poets lapse from time to time, that Keats wrote that execrable stanza which begins:

"Oh, come, Georgiana, the rose is full blown,
The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,"

that Tennyson published,

"O little room, my heart's delight,"

and that Wordsworth rhymed,

"At this the boy hung down his head
And blushed, nor made reply,
And five times to the child I said,
'Why, Edward, tell me why?'"

But there is a gulf as deep and as wide as the Atlantic between the triteness of these and the vulgarity of Whittier's lines suggested by "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

"Dry the tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her."

Who admits such lines as these and does not recognize the standing of the poet who wrote:

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just fate gives,
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down
He, dying, so lives;

"Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering though he face man's fate:
How should he die?

"Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head,
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead—"

has himself taken his measure as a critic of poetry and annulled his influence with the reader more effectually than any one else could do it for him.

The same essay contains further matter, with which, if one

does not agree with it, one disagrees so vehemently as to feel discussion beyond the pale. For example when Mr. More says:

"Byron had written verse as vacillating and formless as any of Whittier's; Shelley had poured forth page after page of effusive vaporings; Keats learned the lesson of self-restraint almost too late; Wordsworth indulged in platitudes almost as simpering as 'holy Eva.'"

We are told that Christina Rossetti had "no guiding and restraining artistic impulse," that Mrs. Browning's sonnet:

"When our two souls stand up erect and strong,"

"would fit perfectly well into Dante Gabriel Rossetti's 'House of Life,' and that it is distinguished from the sonnets of that wholly unrelated author by a certain falsetto in the tone"; that "Thackeray's women are more womanly than George Eliot's," that the secret of Browning's fame "is just this, that he dresses a worldly and easy philosophy in the forms of spiritual faith, and so deceives the troubled seekers after a higher life."

All these comments are noticeable because they vary so widely from all received canons of faith; and we cannot but feel that Mr. More has drawn attention to his criticism by means of a mental quality which resembles in the physical world the shrillness of the American voice. Again such a sentence as "The passion of Mrs. Browning, her attempt to *control* her inspiration to the demands of a shaping intellect," does not inspire confidence in the writer's fastidiousness. One does not control *to* something else, and a very obvious and slight inversion would have given the sentence precision; it would have been very easy for Mrs. Browning to shape her inspiration to the demands of a controlling intellect. There is one point, however, which we commend with enthusiasm in Mr. More's essays, and that is their length. They are long, and they give evidence of mental concentration, a definite self-reliance and independence of judgment in a day when criticism is ever apt to rely upon witticism, and brevity to verge upon levity. There is none of the light-handed and careless method of Mr. Chesterton, for example, whose whole literary stock in trade is to say vehemently that things are not as they seem, and to whom it is sufficient for anything to be accepted as a fact to write a whole essay to prove that the truth is only come at by turning things upside down. Probably, the finest criticism is the outgrowth of admiration, reverence and interest, those frames of mind which put self-interest to sleep, so that the critic, instead

of giving us himself and his opinions, gives us new reasons for deeper insight and fuller appreciation. It is, then, a misfortune that the third series of the Shelburne Essays should have lingered over the nineteenth century, the century preeminently of romantic idealism with which Mr. More has such imperfect sympathies.

If there is something rather thin and arid, something of the clear sweeps of the thought-emptied air of the West, about Mr. More's essays, it is pleasant to turn to the informal talks of A. T. Quiller-Couch,* for the wind that blows in at his Cornish window is heavy and redolent with memories and associations, and once more we are led along the paths of leisurely scholarship; we feel the very atmosphere fraught with the thoughts and pulses of the hearts now dust, adding to the mere personal dream of life the fulness of the past and the sense of the continuity of life and thought. "Suffer no chasm to interrupt this tradition, . . . Continuous life . . . that is what we want," he quotes his friend Thomas Edward Brown as saying to the schoolboys; and once again, of a long-lived church, "I postulate its continuity." It is just this continuity of literary interest that gives warmth and color to the Cornish Window Essays. They are informal talks labelled with the months of the year, and the writer ranges over all sorts of topics, poetry, philosophy of life and boating, where he is at his very best, and politics and athletics and antiquarianism where he is distinctly less interesting.

The criticism of our day has run to psychological analysis and detail. We go so far as to reconstruct the whole man, the relative keenness of his senses, his temperament, his habits, his physical abilities and defects from his works. The Rev. Mr. Beeching, however, has edited in Canon Ainger's "Lectures and Essays,"† a writer who belonged to an earlier and a larger tradition. Canon Ainger's volumes contain interesting and appreciative talk upon Shakespeare, Lamb, Swift, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Coleridge, Tennyson, and various lighter current topics. Mr. Beeching sums up the main point in the essays when he says in his introduction:

"With all his sensitiveness to beauty of form and expression, Ainger's interest in literature was in the main ethical. He was the product of a time when our English poets and imaginative writers were largely

* "Seen from a Cornish Window." A. T. Quiller-Couch: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

† "Lectures and Essays." 2 vols. Alfred Ainger: The Macmillan Co., 1905.

concerned with ideas, and when critics were largely occupied in discussing the ideas of their authors.

"It was Ainger's idea that criticism was not to coruscate but to analyze: to get down to the truth about any matter, not to say brilliant things for the amusement of his audience."

In the matter of adding beauty by intimate knowledge of sources and origins, one can be especially grateful for the essay on Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection" and all the essays concerned with Shakespeare and his Art.

We have learned to expect a very well-defined attitude of mind and canon of taste from Mr. Arthur Symons;* he has stood for the survival of that blossom of æstheticism which had its golden hour in the early eighties, when Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti were living, when Ruskin was lecturing to working-men, when Burne-Jones was painting and Oscar Wilde posing, and the new æsthetic impulse was still in full force. About that time, too, Nichols, Mackail and Beeching published that exquisite little volume of young Oxford verse, "Love in Idleness," and Symons, somewhat belated, has clung to the old tradition and distilled many of its virtues and its vices, and absorbed them into his writing. So in the volume of "Studies in Prose and Verse," we find the subjects we should naturally have looked for, Merimée, Gautier, De Quincey, Hawthorne, Pater, Morris, de Maupassant, Oscar Wilde, d'Annunzio, Robert Bridges, Ernest Dowson, etc. There is always danger in trying to sum up a man's attitude towards life in a sentence or paragraph. Even the famous conclusion to Pater's "Renaissance," the wonderfully eloquent appeal to multiply our moments of keenest consciousness, would hardly convey his whole philosophy, but in part, at any rate, Mr. Symons's outlook may be given in the last sentence of his conclusion:

"A man who goes through a day without some fine emotion has wasted his day, whatever he has gained in it. . . . The making of one's life into an art is, after all, the first duty and privilege of every man. It is to escape from material reality into whatever form of ecstasy is our form of spiritual existence. There is the choice; and our happiness, our success in life, will depend on our choosing rightly, each for himself, among the forms in which that choice will come to us."

The essay on d'Annunzio is one of the most penetrating in the book, and avoids the faults of most of his critics, since it is

* "Studies in Prose and Verse." Arthur Symons: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

neither a panegyric nor a wholesale denunciation. The Latin temperament, its preoccupation with mere personal emotion, its utter lack of social consciousness, its passive habit of living in the enjoyment of the perceptions, and, above all, the narrow circle of self in which it turns and turns, its hunger for material beauty and animal sensation, he analyzes with both sympathy and suspicion, ending on the questioning note of Mallarme: "*La chair est triste, hélas, et j'ai lu tous les livres.*"

Less sympathetic than one would have expected are the essays on Hawthorne, Stevenson and de Maupassant; with all their brilliancy the essays are too lacking in substance and body to last.

A volume that misses all the points to be scored by the literary essay is "Personal Forces in Modern Literature."* It is a volume in which the index page is, by all odds, the most interesting and best executed. The plan for studying the influences of such men as Cardinal Newman and James Martineau upon the moral thought of the age, of Huxley upon the scientific thought, of Wordsworth and Rossetti upon poetry, of Dickens upon the novel, of Hazlitt and De Quincey upon ranging and vagrant thought, is eminently satisfactory; but, alas! the author has stopped short at the scheme. He reaches no conclusions, and he sins hopelessly in the matter of diction, paragraphing and grammar. There are sentences without verbs, and pronouns hopelessly wandering without antecedents. The poetical essays are interesting by reason of the parallel readings industriously gathered together. This is a field vast enough for many students to till. "Personal Forces" would seem to be a book without a background of personality projecting it; it fails, not only because it is hastily and carelessly executed, but because the author had not an assured and definite enough point of view from which to write.

After all, what a man sees in the world and in books is what he is; and we look to the essay for the presentation of his personality. A man's actions and occupations are often foisted upon him by external circumstances; but when he writes an essay, he offers us his hours of natural preference and secret delight, and so we turn to the essay always for pleasure, for personal intercourse and for edification.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

* "Personal Forces in Modern Literature." Arthur Rickett: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, W. D. HOWELLS, FREDERICK TREVOR
HILL AND JOHN H. FINLEY.

SWINBURNE'S LYRICAL POEMS.*

MR. SWINBURNE'S lofty place among English poets, for those who really know and care about such matters as great poetry, has, of course, been taken for granted for almost as many years as some of us care to acknowledge. The "Poems and Ballads," of which the present Selected Lyrical Poems is a straight reprint, with a few additions from later volumes, was published in 1865, and Mr. Swinburne has been a classic ever since. He has not, of course, been popular in the common sense,—though some of his contagious rhythms have caught what one might call the large ear of the public through the medium of coarser lyres. But, with all due respect to the *vox populi*, the great heart of the non-reading public, and so forth, no honest lover of literature has ever supposed that a poet's greatness goes by plebiscite. No great poet is read by the people. He is imposed upon them by superstition, or filters down in a few proverbial catch-words, or, now and again, as in the case of Tennyson, he is able to write down to their level of thought and sentiment. This, of course, applies chiefly to that Anglo-Saxon race which, paradoxically, has produced such great poetry, and read so little of it. Other races are not so unconscious of their great poets, but even recognize, and doff the hat to, them in the streets; as one can witness to this day in Christiania, or Berlin or Paris. Yet I wonder how often Mr. Swinburne has been recognized, as, all these years past, he has taken his morning walk up Putney Hill to Wimbledon Common. No doubt, he himself is more than thankful that he can go abroad without some poetical passer-by chanting *sotto voce* some chorus

* "The Lyrical Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Selected." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1906.

of "Atalanta in Calydon"; and yet, now and again, such an accident might come as a grateful surprise to one more great poet born to the inclement immortality of England.

So far as Mr. Swinburne is known at all to that vast public which never reads anything, but is curiously supposed to preside over the fame of writers, he stands with them, grotesquely caricatured, as the poet of lust and alliteration. Even readers who should know better are not seldom to be met, particularly on this side of the Atlantic, who also share so gross a misconception of perhaps the greatest lyric poet in the English tongue. Because, indeed, in his youth, particularly in the first series of "Poems and Ballads" now reprinted, Mr. Swinburne sang the "*Laus Veneris*"—though in a manner entirely misinterpreted by the small libidinousness of his critics; and because, at times, his unequalled gift of verbal music has run riot in leaping cataracts of meaningless sonority—as every great artist has always thus illustrated the defect of his own special quality; an opinion has long been abroad that Mr. Swinburne's only theme is "the kisses that burn and bite," and that, generally speaking, his poetry is a thing of "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

What a preposterous travesty of Mr. Swinburne's real achievement such a rumor is no one who has read him need be told. Robert Buchanan, himself an ineffectual bombastic imitator of the very school he arraigned, started the "fleshly" misconception of Mr. Swinburne's work, in his famous pamphlet entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry," the main object of his vulgar attack being the noble love-sonnets of Rossetti. That is an old story now. Buchanan is dead, and his works have followed him. His name is no longer on the lips of men. But the names he so basely maligned ascend each year more surely into the serene ether of the fixed stars of song.

Mr. Swinburne has indeed sung nobly, as perhaps has never been sung in English, the glory and grandeur of the passion of love, as in certain unmatched passages of "Tristram of Lyonesse"—perhaps the greatest love-poem in the English language; but he has always sung its superb elementalism, passion purified by the very whiteness of its own fire; and it is only those "small and sickly eyes that glare and gloat" who have read into his cosmic ardors their own puny licentiousness. Even in such poems as "Dolores," "*Laus Veneris*," and "Faustine," those poems which

will usually be quoted in support of the "fleshly" charge against his work, who that reads them with a grown-up mind, and not as schoolboys read the Bible, but must realize that, far from their being a glorification of the pride of the eye and the lusts of the flesh, they are the tragic music to the dust and ashes of that Desire which impiously assumes the name of Love—an inspired prophecy against the diabolism of the beauty of woman.

But it really makes one angry that a poet of such wide range of material, and of so various an achievement in art, should be so vulgarly misapprehended. You might as fairly pronounce your absurd judgment on Shakespeare from a reading of "Pericles" or "Venus and Adonis." For those who really know Mr. Swinburne's poetry, those exuberant and brilliant young things of his making which I have named are marvellous and memorable indeed, but they are comparatively forgotten in the solemn death-music of "The Garden of Proserpine":

"Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;"

in the choruses of "Atalanta in Calydon," in the glorious surges of "Tristram of Lyonesse"—for no one has ever sung the sea, and the gusto of the swimmer, as Mr. Swinburne; as in that night of storm when Iseult at Tintagel interpreted the Cornish seas in terms of her tragic heart,

"And all her soul was as the breaking sea
And all her heart anhungered as the wind;"

or that morning when Tristram stood by the shores of Brittany and cried:

"O strong sun! O sea!
I bid not you, divine things! comfort me,
I stand not up to match you in your sight—
Who hath said ye have mercy toward us, ye who have might?"

And, again, who except Shelley has sung so nobly of Liberty as Mr. Swinburne in "Songs before Sunrise"; or who has sung so tenderly of children as the poet of "The Century of Roundels"? There is room in even necessarily so exiguous an appreciation of Mr. Swinburne, for one of these roundels, brief and delicate as a butterfly: this on a baby's feet, "*étude réaliste*"—

"A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

"Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

"No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet."

And yet, when a man has written such things as this, the ignorant populace, that has ever been undeserving of the windfalls of the gods, dares to speak, not only without knowledge, but even with absurd condemnation of so pure and so radiant a gift of song. There is nothing the world cares for so much as poetry,—and there is nothing for which it is so ungrateful.

Particularly difficult for the world to understand is that sheer music of words which seems to say nothing, and yet says all—music such as the music of Coleridge in "Kubla Khan," music such as Poe's; and, of all poets, Mr. Swinburne illustrates that vanishing-point where words turn, so to say, into birds; where the concreteness of language is resolved into dew and the morning sky. For sheer rapture and radiance of lyrical passion he stands alone in English poetry.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"KIPPS: THE STORY OF A SIMPLE SOUL."*

THE mind of Mr. Wells is so manifold, and his work in such very widely different sorts, that it is not easy to know where to have him at his best; where to have him at his worst is no part of the inquiry which my pleasure in his latest fiction has disposed me to make very friendly. In fact, nearly everything of Mr. Wells's which I have read disposes me to a friendly inquiry. His fantastic romances have all an air of good faith; the illusion is so artfully respected that you are glad to be in it; the people are so much like your every-day acquaintance that you feel the impossibilities in which they figure to be entirely probable; if things did not happen as he says, that seems to be a fault in the

* "Kipps: the Story of a Simple Soul." By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

frame of things, and no mistake on his part. His vaticinations as to our social future are so wisely as well as justly hopeful (I am speaking humanly, not Americanly, for he has his doubts, apparently, of the American future) that they win the heart while they convince the reason; and, when he drops his plummet into the abyss of the unknown, and draws it up to find some proof of the practicability of forecasting the future on the lead, you look affectionately over his shoulder, eager to believe that he has got it. When it comes to his forays in the realm of realism, you are, if possible, still more cordially with him.

There are few novels of the last three or four years, which have so abandonedly abounded in novels, half or one-tenth as good as "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and I will frankly own that "Kipps" is not so good, though I found it, too, better than the multitudinous wash of recent fiction. Like the elder and the better novel, it deals with the simpler life, curiously streaked with the æsthetic life, which would like to be simple if it knew how. But, whereas Lewisham was eager to get on, educationally, and was glad to be rid, but not ignobly glad to be rid, of the past in the form of his first love, Kipps quite as gladly reverts to his earliest days, even to the days before he became a dry-goods clerk, and turns with relief from the æsthetically and socially ambitious girl (she is never more than a polite Bohemian) whom he has unexpectedly won, to marry the little maid whom he loved when a boy, and finds that he still loves when she has grown up a little serving-maid. A good deal more of a plot than I like is needed to bring this about, or rather employed to bring it about. Kipps has to inherit a fortune from his grandfather, who had ignored him till the author's necessity, real or fancied, constrained him to leave Kipps his money; and the knowledge of his good luck has to come to Kipps by one of the most surprising chances, such a chance as art should be charier of than life is. Then he has to make friends on the borders of that great world which he ultimately finds he is not fit for, and these have to bring him in relations with the young lady whom he had idolized afar, but who, when she comes to idolize him, wishes to form him over in the image of that world, so much as she herself knows it, and to orient him anew in regard to his aspirates, and so wearies and wounds him with her instruction that his heart turns from her. It is very prettily imagined that she gets more in love with Kipps

as he gets more out of love with her, and the whole situation is very humorously conceived. The courage with which Mr. Wells lets his hero be himself is most uncommon; less daring would not have been equal to turning him aside from the social longings which come to Kipps with his fine clothes and his limitless money. At times the humor mounts till, in the chapter of the Anagram Tea, it reaches its highest; but it is never unkindly, and it touches pathos in the passage of Kipps's ineffectual stay in a great London hotel with all its incidents of mortifying failure in the endeavor to be a man even of the hotel world.

What is very admirable in the author is that he knows how to hold his hand, except at one supreme moment, where I foresee that I am going to lose my patience with him, when I come to it. He does not satirize the girl who has too interestedly accepted the simple soul, and he does not satirize her mother or her brother, or her family friend, the courtly Coote; he lets them satirize themselves; and, upon the whole, though he does conceal the girl's interestedness, he lets you feel a little sorry for her when Kipps quite ruthlessly, but not malevolently, jilts her. Some more plot comes in, I am sorry to say, when it is desirable to confront Kipps and his earliest love with themselves, and with the fact that they are not equal to their sudden riches. The brother of the jilted girl has to lose Kipps's money in a speculation, and they have to come down to very small things, and work slowly up from the fear, for there is never quite the danger, of poverty. They are entirely equal to that; but, in behalf of the weak-minded reader who wants his endings very good indeed, and his butter in a lordly dish, more plot is used to bring the Kippses back to a reasoned and prudent affluence. A rather improbable young playwright has induced Kipps to buy a share in the play which he cannot get produced, and then can, and begins to earn untold gold with it, and faithfully pays over to Kipps his princely share. But he is a very amusing playwright, if not a very probable one, and it is not he whom I am to find fault with in the inquiry which I promised, or expected, to make so wholly friendly.

It is the author whom I am to find fault with, and yet not the author either so much as that bad English school of fictional art, whose teachings he ought to have forgotten. When it comes to the lowest period of the Kippses' spiritual squalor, when their sufferings are too much for their principles, and the author con-

ceives that you are perhaps thinking he is not aware how much they are suffering, but is hard-heartedly having fun with their misery, he comes forward and openly tells you that he is not, but is really and truly sorry for them. No greater break was ever made by Thackeray, of whom Mr. Wells must have learned the bad business of coming forward in person, and talking directly to the reader. It is the greater pity, because the art of the book though at some times less than fine, at others is for the most part so very good, and needed so very little this piece of extraordinary self-sacrifice on the part of the artist.

W. D. HOWELLS.

“WALTER REED AND YELLOW FEVER.”*

PEACE is said to have victories no less renowned than war, but it is certain that the victors in the war against disease have not received the recognition accorded to military geniuses. It is extremely doubtful if the average well-read man could, if challenged, name the scientists who gave to suffering humanity the boon of anæsthetics. Comparatively few know who discovered the means of combating smallpox. Not many could unhesitatingly tell whose researches revealed the antitoxin which reduced the diphtheria death-rate from over fifty to less than six per cent., and not every one could instantly name the conqueror of hydrophobia, or even the discoverers of radium. It would, however, be insulting to challenge any educated company to name the victorious captains at Waterloo, Sedan, Gettysburg, Manila, Port Arthur or any of a dozen other bloody battle-fields. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Men of science are less in the public eye than military leaders, and they usually care but little for popular acclaim. Moreover, their battles against death, fought in hospitals and laboratories, lack the spectacular element which appeals to the imagination, and the forces with and against which they are struggling are not generally understood.

Occasionally, however, the work of a scientist is attended by incidents as moving and dramatic as any recorded in military history, and of this character was Dr. Walter Reed's campaign against yellow fever, resulting in an epoch-marking victory for

* “Walter Reed and Yellow Fever.” By H. A. Kelly. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

medical science, and in the practical elimination of a supposedly unconquerable foe to mankind.

Starting with the unproved theory of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, that yellow fever was conveyed by some sort of mosquito, and aided by certain valuable observations of Dr. H. R. Carter, of the Marine Hospital, Dr. Reed proceeded to make an exhaustive study of the subject. He was at that time a United States Army surgeon with the rank of Major; and when, in 1900, he was appointed head of a Commission sent to Cuba to study the infectious diseases of that island, he was peculiarly well equipped for his task. With him were associated James Carroll, Jesse Lazear and A. Agramonte, all assistant-surgeons in the army, and after careful preliminary researches Reed determined to put his conclusions to a test. Obtaining the necessary authority from Governor Leonard Wood, the four physicians selected the site for a camp and erected two buildings—one as sanitarily perfect as possible, the other deficient in light and air, and both completely screened with wire netting. The first of these buildings was designed for subjects who would permit themselves to be bitten by a variety of mosquito known as *stegomyia fasciata* which had previously been fed upon the blood of yellow-fever patients; and the other was to be occupied by persons who were to don the clothing of yellow-fever victims, sleep on infected beds with stained and filthy blankets and linen, and otherwise expose themselves to contagion from such sources. Before the arrangements were completed, Dr. Carroll permitted himself to be bitten by an infected mosquito and suffered a severe attack of the fever, and Dr. Lazear, being accidentally bitten, died of the disease.

Volunteers from the army were then called upon, and the first to respond were privates John Kissinger and John Moran, both of Ohio. Reed carefully explained to them the risk they were assuming, and informed them that, should they submit to the experiment, special funds had been provided for their compensation. Both refused any pecuniary reward and declared themselves ready for the ordeal. Such an exhibition of moral courage was beyond the experience of the physician. Drawing himself up, he saluted the intrepid soldiers, who immediately entered the mosquito-infested house, were bitten and contracted the disease. Not less courageous were Dr. Cooke and privates Folk and Jernigan, who entered the infected - clothing

house, unpacked tightly closed boxes containing soiled sheets, pillow-cases and blankets, which they handled and shook thoroughly to disseminate the germs of yellow fever if those articles contained them, and then lived in that vile atmosphere, with loathsome surroundings, for twenty days. Not one of these heroes, however, contracted the fever; and these and subsequent experiments demonstrated that the spread of the disease is effected solely by the bite of *stegomyia* mosquitoes which have fed upon yellow-fever patients' blood.

Through this discovery, Havana—a former pest-hole—has been practically freed of the plague, several incipient epidemics and one serious outbreak in the United States have been stamped out, and it is not probable that the country will ever witness another similar scourge.

What this means can be best appreciated by an examination of Professor Kelly's interesting volume, "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever."

Designed primarily as a tribute to his former co-worker in Johns Hopkins University, the author has produced something far more valuable than a mere appreciation of the scientist whose death was hastened by his labors in perfecting what is, probably, the most important medical discovery of the age. With admirable simplicity and clearness he has told the story of the long and futile war against the most dreaded of diseases, its fearful ravages in the South, the bravery, cowardice, selfishness and unselfishness it has disclosed, and its final conquest at the hands of the American army surgeon whose name should be a household word. Without the slightest pretence at literary style, the writer has handled his subject with a keen appreciation of the dramatic value of facts, a dignified reserve and a touch of authority which holds and convinces.

The book is distinctly a contribution to history; but it embodies a story in which every American may take pride and with which all should be familiar, for it demonstrates that there are unselfish men and women working in this country for the common good without thought of private gain, and that the best results are being accomplished by efforts of this character—facts which are sorely needed for our instruction and encouragement in this day and generation.

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.

"THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS."*

THE first volume embraces the lives of four Chancellors: Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham and Truro. But of the nearly five hundred pages only seventy-five are given to Cottenham and Truro, and as the Chancellorship of Brougham ended before the accession of Queen Victoria, while but one brief Chancellorship of Lord Lyndhurst's three lies in her reign, the major part of the content of this volume would seem at first, as the author frankly observes, to be "a fraud upon the title." The title is justified, however, even in this volume, by the fact that both Lyndhurst and Brougham, though born in the seventies of the eighteenth century, were late in the fifties and early in the sixties of the next century still active and conspicuous in public life. Bagehot, in an article on Lyndhurst written in 1863, refers to a remark which the latter made in the House of Lords three years earlier, that "he could well remember the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1789," and he himself adds that perhaps Lyndhurst was the only conspicuous man in Europe, certainly in England, at that time who could say this. It will help the American reader to realize the length of the lives of these two Chancellors if they are measured by events in our own political calendar. Lord Lyndhurst was born three years before the Battle of Lexington (in "the province of Massachusetts," his mother's father being the consignee of the famous tea-chests which were emptied into Boston Harbor), and he was speaking in Parliament with no sign of mental failure after the outbreak of our Civil War. Lord Brougham, born two years after our Declaration of Independence, successfully fought the execrated Orders in Council (but too late to avert the War of 1812), and was still making addresses and writing books years after President Roosevelt was born. Yet, near as they and their distinguished associates are to our own day, I venture to say that not one person in thousands of the younger generation living in the land of Lord Lyndhurst's birth has the slightest knowledge of his ever having lived, that Lord Brougham has scarcely a larger constituency of acquaintance, and that the other two distinguished occupants of the Woolsack are less widely known than many a police magistrate of to-day.

* "The Victorian Chancellors." By J. B. Atlay. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1906.

Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors" ends with that of Lord Eldon, but a posthumous volume includes both Lyndhurst and Brougham. This work takes up the story where Lord Campbell stopped (that is, with Lord Eldon), but makes no pretence to being a continuation of his classical series. Mr. Atlay finds reason for including the Lives of the two Chancellors just named (which Lord Campbell "professed to write") in the injustice that has been done the memory of the one, and in the new material that has been available concerning the other. The result is not a clear, strong characterization, but a rather hazy composite, in which, however, the benign and beneficent qualities and services come out rather more strongly. I can but think, having just been hearing an eminent British scientist tell of the experiment out of which have come all the coal-tar products and derivatives, that Mr. Atlay has gotten, so far, only the colorless precipitate, out of whose further treatment the distinct and permanent colors may yet be produced. There is in Mr. Atlay's volume no definite fixing of these characters in the spectrum of history. Perhaps this ought not to be expected, but the general reader is hardly competent to do this for himself. And the scholar in this field will not be much helped by this incomplete assembling of data already accessible to him.

But, though the general reader will not be able to carry away from a hundred or more pages of Mr. Atlay's Life of Lord Lyndhurst, for example, as clear an impression of the Chief Baron, as he might get from Mr. Bagehot's eight paragraphs on "What Lord Lyndhurst really Was," nor to feel the exuberance of Lord Brougham's prolific and unquiet genius, as he is made to realize it in twenty pages of Bagehot, he will in the intimate detail of these Lives, in the varying views of those whom they touched and in the dramatic settings and clashings, as gathered and presented by Mr. Atlay, come to lose some of his awe of the Woolsack, perhaps some of his respect for it, to care more for the men whose identity has been concealed beneath the wig and robe of office, to know their frailties as well as their powers, and to think more charitably of lesser men under the temptations of office.

These Lives are in the nature of *Nisi Prius* cases. The Barrister has turned Judge and is sitting in circuit. In his summation and charge, he has rehearsed the testimony as to the facts of these Lives, but he has left the jury largely to its own opinions as to

their justification. The whole interest of the non-professional reader in the *Life of Lyndhurst* is centred in the question as to whether Serjeant-at-Law Copley (who later became Lord Lyndhurst) was guilty, not of political profligacy and apostasy, but of selfish, immoral tergiversation. To this general non-professional reader the achievement of the Master of the Rolls in introducing Chancery reforms (though the general reader's memory of Charles Dickens has impressed him, beyond effacement, with the misery, desolation and woe for which the administration of equity was then responsible) or the learning which enabled the aged Lyndhurst to "discuss Shakespeare with Sir Henry Holland and Homer with Gladstone," is of little consequence and interest in comparison with the question of the integrity and honor of the man. The barrister-judge, after quoting the acrid criticism of Miss Martineau and the charge of Bagehot (that Copley, in accepting office and prospect of preferment at the hands of the Tories, when his expressed sentiments had before been hostile, instead of acting contrary to his principles, had no principles and "did not care to have opinions"), leaves the whole matter to the jury, with the comment that the "real gravamen of the charge against Copley lies in the allegation of treating politics as a mere game in which he played exclusively for his own hand," quoting Copley himself in support of this opinion, and adding, as if in extenuation, that "to this reproach lawyer-politicians must be exposed so long as the great prizes of the profession are reached by the avenue of Parliament." Greville in his *Journal* speaks of Copley, though this testimony is not cited by Mr. Atlay, as "scarcely an English gentleman (for his father was an American painter), a lawyer of fortune, in the sense in which we say a soldier of fortune, without any fixed principles and only conspicuous for his extraordinary capacity." And Bagehot, though he characterizes him as a "great man," adds that he was "great in power, but not great in the use of power, a politician, not a statesman, a man of small principles and few scruples, . . . who played the game of life for low and selfish objects, and yet, by the intellectual power with which he played, redeemed that game from its intrinsic degradation." But Mr. Atlay lets the "noble Lord" go back into private life, after laying down the Seals for the third and last time, taking with him "the affection and esteem of his colleagues without a single exception," and as going from life

itself in his ninety-second year "happy, . . . supremely happy." This testimony of his peers and this death-bed utterance can but favorably dispose the jury of a generation which needs not to be appealed to for leniency in its demands of a brilliant public servant.

Mr. Atlay's "Brougham" is an appealing personality with all his faults, and they are not concealed by the Barrister out of respect, fear or awe. The ambitions of Henry Peter Brougham carried a multitude with him, and so his "return for Yorkshire" was an "unsullied success" free from the color of self-seeking, and his preferment to the Woolsack a "necessity." Moreover, he had ample punishment in his own lifetime for his sins of omission and commission, personal and political. He passed the zenith of his fame and power when he was but half-way in his active public career; and more than thirty years later, at one of his last public appearances, he was referred to by the "budding Solicitor-General" of that time as "Poor Old Brougham"—this man who, as Mr. Atlay puts it in summary, "had rescued a Queen of England from the very jaws of destruction, who struck the fetters from the slave, who carried the Reform Bill in the teeth of King and Peers." But, together with this splendid achievement, Mr. Atlay shows the meanness that lay in some of his acts, his vulgarity in others, the pretence of his learning, his low intrigue for the regaining of lost prestige, and his overacting in his great speech for the Reform Bill; intimates that the vehicle which bears his name is to be his most lasting monument, and ends the last chapter by informing the "general reader" ("little though he may know it") that Brougham's "most prominent feature catches his eye on the corner of the London Charivari every week"—where an imp or an elf trails by a string "a mask with upturned face, from which is visible and distinct the proboscis which once adorned the countenance of Lord Brougham."

I have not referred to the chapters which must especially interest the readers of the legal profession, nor have I spoken of Mr. Atlay's more kindly and appreciative estimates of Lord Brougham's services to the cause of popular education and to letters. Even these are stunted by the criticisms of those who thought that "his efforts for popular objects, especially for education, were based on party and personal grounds," and the advice of Mr. Atlay that salt be liberally employed in the use of the

certain material of Brougham's compiling. On the whole, the reader is reluctantly brought into sympathy with the conclusions of the "Broughamania" on which Mr. Atlay has so largely drawn, and by which he is "afraid," as he says in his preface, "that Brougham's reputation is not enhanced."

Of the chapters on Cottenham and Truro I cannot here speak beyond saying that they are of especial interest to the professional reader. And of the whole volume I must add this final word that it is deserving of a much wider reading than it will probably have this side the water.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

WORLD-POLITICS.

ROME: WASHINGTON.

ROME, September, 1906.

"*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*" is the inscription on the Jesuit arms, dictated by St. Ignatius himself; but not all, even among good Catholics and other ecclesiastics of the Roman Church, believe that the work of the Jesuits has always been inspired only by a desire to promote the glory of God. This is, perhaps, difficult of understanding in America, where the Jesuits are chiefly known as an intellectual Order, dedicated almost entirely to teaching. They still conduct the Georgetown University, the oldest of Catholic seats of learning in America, and have flourishing colleges in many parts of the United States, especially in St. Louis, New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco and New Orleans. Besides, their settlement in the United States and in Canada is connected with the remembrance of their missionary work, they having been the true pioneer missionaries, who advanced into the wilderness with unshakable faith in their religion and in the triumph of civilization. Even in the Philippines, where such bitter hatred existed against the religious Orders as to render necessary the expulsion of the Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians and Recollets, no complaint was raised against the Society of Jesus, who still hold their place there.

In Europe quite the contrary is the case, and the immense interest aroused by the election in Rome in these days of the new General, to succeed the late Father Luis Martin, is chiefly caused, not by the religious character of the institution founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola, but by the political influence which it has exercised in all countries of the old Continent, for nearly four centuries.

The Company of Jesus was formed at a time in which the Catholic Church was going through some of her darkest days, notably

in Germany, in England and in France, so that the audacity, the iron discipline and the unscrupulousness of action of Loyola's followers, summarized in the principle that the end justifies the means, was then most acceptable in Rome, which considered them as the best anchor of safety to which recourse could be had. Paul III and Julius III granted them privileges which no body of men in the Catholic Church ever enjoyed before or after. They were entitled to all the rights of the Mendicant and Secular Orders, to be exempt from all episcopal and civil jurisdiction and taxes, recognizing no authority except that of the Pope, and even that through the General of the Company. They were permitted to exercise all priestly functions, having even the power to absolve from all sins and ecclesiastical penalties, which even the Archbishops cannot do unconditionally; they were allowed to acquire churches and estates and erect Houses for the Order, without Papal sanction, and they dispensed themselves from fasting and using the breviary, etc., so that they had a spiritual power almost equal to that of the Pope; hence the rapid development of the Order, its incontestable successes, and the parallel growth of dislike among the other religious bodies, jealous of the immunities and privileges which were denied to them. In their condemnation it has often been said that the prophetic words attributed to their third General, Francis Borgia, elected in 1565, have been fulfilled. Speaking of the Order, at the head of which he was placed, he said, "Like lambs we have crept into power, like wolves have we used it, like dogs shall we be driven out, but like eagles shall we renew our youth." It must, however, be said, without intending to lessen the historical responsibilities weighing on the Society of Jesus, that, considering the times in which they started into life, and the mission which they imposed upon themselves, it was for them very difficult, not to say impossible, to keep out of politics, if they wished to make any headway; and, in fact, they were so mixed up in politics that their fortunes, from the middle of the sixteenth century, have risen and fallen with the rise and fall of the politico-religious principles which they have upheld.

The volcanic fluctuations in their history, down to the time when Clement XIV was induced to suppress them in 1773, are too well known to be recorded here. What it is interesting to consider, on the occasion of the election of the twenty-fourth General of the Order, is their present situation in Europe, and

especially in Italy, both with regard to the Italian Government and the Papacy. At the epoch alluded to above, in which Clement XIV issued his famous Bull of Suppression, they had reached the height of their power. They numbered over 20,000 members, had churches, houses, universities, colleges, and ecclesiastic and lay privileges in all countries; one of them, Father Roberto Bel-larmino of Montepulciano, nephew of Marcellus II and confessor of Clement VIII, would have been elected Pope in the Conclave which put Paul V (Borghese) in the chair of St. Peter, had he not absolutely refused; another, John Casimir, son of King Sigismund III of Poland, finding himself heir to the throne, was allowed by both Pope and General to leave the Order, marry and become King, deserving from Alexander VII the title of the "Orthodox King." Independently of this, the Jesuits had had many Pontiffs and Sovereigns entirely subservient to their will, so that the measure adopted by Clement XIV astonished the world. The Pope did not sign so momentous a document without many searchings of heart. He retired to his apartment and for three days and nights was seen by no one, while he scarcely ate or slept, so great was his indecision. The third night was made glorious by a clear moon; and, as he stood at his window looking down on the fountains of the Piazza of St. Peter, sparkling in the moonlight, and not a sign of life anywhere, as it was three in the morning, he came to a sudden resolution, and, rushing to a table, he seized document and pen, signing the former on the window ledge, as his room was in darkness. Once this was done, he almost repented, and threw Bull and quill on the floor in a corner, not to be tempted to touch them again, and retiring hurriedly he slept like a child for the first time in many days. A year later, Clement died, under such peculiar circumstances that the Jesuits have never been able to free themselves from the suspicion of having hastened his end.

Thus, according to the Ecclesiastical Dictionary of Moroni, the Order solemnly confirmed by nineteen of Clement XIV's predecessors was suppressed and remained disbanded for forty-one years, except in Prussia and in Russia, the two countries which, in our days, are most severe against them, the former tolerating them without, however, allowing them to reestablish their Houses, and the latter never having permitted them to reenter the Muscovite Empire since they were driven out of it.

In Austria, Spain and Portugal, they now flourish again, while in France, Belgium and England their influence is considerably augmented. In Italy, they made the mistake of identifying too much the struggle for the unity and independence of the country with anti-Catholicism, perhaps because the movement which was to transform the "geographical expression" into a new Power comprised the suppression of the Papal States. They, therefore, found themselves the allies and supporters of reaction and anti-patriotism, thus augmenting the dislike which had already accumulated against them. There was a time in Italy when the hope was entertained of freeing the Peninsula from foreign dominion with the assistance of the Papacy, and many still remember the enthusiasm aroused by Pius IX when he sent the Pontifical troops to fight the Austrians. Even Garibaldi then put his sword at the Pope's disposal, but the influence of the Jesuits changed all, and from that moment the fate of the Temporal Power was decided.

The taking of Rome, in 1870, did not discourage the Jesuits, as they firmly believed that such a state of things could not be permanent, and they used all the means at their disposal to hasten the change. They had insisted that Pius IX, repeating what he had done twenty-two years before, when the Roman Republic was proclaimed, should fly from the Eternal City, before the entrance of what they then called the "Piedmontese." Their idea was that a Pope in exile, far from the Vatican, would gather the sympathy and help of the whole Catholic world for his restoration. It is believed that they would have succeeded had it not been for the opposition of Cardinal Antonelli, who maintained that such a step would be a blot on the history of the Papacy.

They displayed great activity in creating, both at home and abroad, all possible difficulties for the new Kingdom. The long duration of political brigandage in the south of Italy is attributed to their assistance, combined with that of the dispossessed Bourbons of Naples, while they started that policy of intimate friendship with France which reached its culmination under Cardinal Rampolla, and was based on the conviction that the day would come in which that country would have her *revanche* against Germany, which, in their minds, would also mean the *revanche* of the Papacy, as the loss of the Temporal Power was the consequence of the defeat of France in 1870. At that time, through their influence, the Government of the French Republic kept the

man-of-war "Orénoque," in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, at the disposal of the Pope, for a period of four years, until October 14th, 1874. This, as can be easily understood, was a constant source of incidents and friction, which began only a few months after the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome, when M. Bourgoing, French Ambassador accredited to the Vatican, under pressure from the Jesuits, had arranged that the officers and crew of that ship should on New Year's Day come to Rome to present their homage to the Pontiff. M. Fournier, French Representative to the Italian Government, who was then only a Minister, not having yet been raised to the rank of Ambassador, protested, maintaining that, if the French sailors were to come to Rome at all, their first visit should be to the King. Paris had to intervene in favor of the Minister, so that the Ambassador resigned. When Napoleon III died at Chiselhurst, the Jesuits, to please the French Government, wished that the Papacy should participate in the condolence as little as possible, so they detained the telegram which Pius IX sent to Empress Eugénie, and they delayed the permission asked by Cardinal Bonaparte to assist at the funeral until it was too late. It was also discovered that the Jesuits were organizing in Rome, with disbanded Pontifical soldiers, chiefly ex-Zouaves from Italy, France, Belgium and Canada, Carlist Bands for an expedition to Spain. In the monastery of the Church of Santa Maria della Scala, arms, manifestoes and banners were seized. All these incidents and many others, which now seem insignificant, created such bad feeling that the Government was obliged to present a bill for the suppression of the religious Corporations, which was approved and the General House of the Jesuits was closed with the others, their property being sold at public auction, notwithstanding the excommunication of the purchasers.

The headquarters of the Society were transferred to Fiesole, the picturesque village on the slopes above Florence, so rich in artistic memories, and from thence they continued for many years their anti-Italian campaign. They hurled their thunders against Count Andrassy when, in 1873, he arranged the visit of King Victor Emmanuel to Vienna, calling him the "Hungarian conspirator," and predicting his fall. They again tried to transfer the seat of Catholicism from Rome and Italy, when, after the death of Pius IX, the Conclave for the election of the new Pope

was to meet. In the Congregations preparatory to it they induced several Cardinals, including Pecci, afterwards Leo XIII, Ledochowski, afterwards for so many years Prefect of the Propaganda, and Manning and Howard, and Oreglia—the only survivor of the Cardinals created by Pius IX—to vote for holding the Conclave outside the Peninsula. Signor Crispi, who was then Minister of the Interior, was approached to learn from him what would be his attitude should the Sacred College decide to leave. “I shall have the Cardinals considered and treated throughout the Kingdom to the frontier as Princes of the blood,” answered the Sicilian politician. “And should they return?” “Ah! As to that I can guarantee nothing,” he replied, with a significant smile. The Cardinals understood that if the Holy See was once transferred from Italy, it would probably never return again, and they ended by all agreeing to meet in Rome.

Not having succeeded in bringing the Papacy out of Italy, the Jesuits themselves left the country in 1892, when their late General was to be elected, and they went to the classic land of their origin at Loyola, where all spoke of their founder. The General elected there, Father Luis Martin, and his assistants, among whom there was for the first time an American, Father Rudolph Meyer, of St. Louis, Missouri, had the merit of understanding that the time had come to change attitude and direction, as the old intransigence and aggressiveness could in no way be to their advantage.

Fiesole, notwithstanding the Cyclopean walls of its Etruscan remains, the inspiring ruins of its Roman Capitol, and the traces of great Florentines from Fra Angelico to Brunelleschi, was for the leaders of the Company a kind of exile. They wanted Rome with its history and prestige, they wanted to sit next to the Vatican and not far from their largest Church, the Gesù, where the remains of St. Ignatius lie. Thus they did what in no other country than Italy would be tolerated. Although no change had taken place in the bill which suppressed their General House, they gradually transferred themselves again to the Eternal City, without, however, officially announcing their removal or taking a building for themselves, but becoming the guests of the German College, one of their institutions. The strong anti-Italian feeling of past time is much modified; they, indeed, to a certain extent, feel gratitude at being unmolested. On the other hand, the

Italian Government closed not one but both eyes, being rather glad to have at its disposal such a strong arm as the application of the bill of suppression, should the Jesuits abuse the hospitality tacitly permitted them.

Since their return to Rome their programme, which very likely will be followed by the new General also, has consisted chiefly in obtaining a complete supremacy in the Church, so exemplifying, and not for the first time, the saying that the "Black Pope," the General of the Jesuits, is more powerful than the "Red Pope," the Prefect of the Propaganda, and even the "White Pope," the Pontiff himself.

WASHINGTON, *October, 1906.*

DURING the last thirty days political onlookers in the Federal capital have been preoccupied, not with the question whether the Republicans will retain control of the House of Representatives in the Sixtieth Congress—of this there now seems to be no doubt—but, first, with the intervention of the United States in Cuba and the possible effect of that act on the outcome of Secretary Root's mission to South America, and, secondly, the result of the State election in New York, which, obviously, will have a direct and important bearing on the use that will be made of that State's thirty-nine electoral votes in the next Presidential contest. There is no doubt that our interposition in Cuba was necessary to save this year's sugar and tobacco crops, upon which the islanders mainly rely for their support. Nevertheless, it is fortunate that the establishment of a provisional Government by Secretary Taft had not only an economical, but a political, justification. It was plain, indeed, to impartial observers, for some time before Secretary Taft landed in Cuba, that the Moderates, who, since the accession of President Palma to their party, had dominated the Havana Government, were unable to quell the insurrection started by the Liberals, their political opponents; but, had the Moderates maintained the contrary, and insisted that our intervention was needless, we could not have forced it upon the Cubans without exciting suspicion and misgiving throughout Latin America.

As a matter of fact, indeed, the Moderates are estopped by their own act from pretending that our interposition was uncalled for and superfluous. Since the publication of the cabled

correspondence between President Palma and his Secretary of State with our State Department, it has been made clear that our intervention was most urgently solicited by the Havana Government for at least a week before the arrival of the first United States war-vessel in the harbor of Havana. The request was based upon the frank admission of inability to put down the insurrection, to preserve the sugar and tobacco crops from devastation and to safeguard the city of Havana itself from attack and spoliation. Under the circumstances, the strongest possible case was presented for interference under the so-called Platt Amendment to the Cuban Constitution, which made it, not only our right, but our duty, to interpose for the maintenance of law and order in the island. As the Liberals, who were arrayed in arms against the Palma Administration, had already requested our interposition, we had absolutely no excuse, after receiving the earnest appeal from the Havana Government, for refusing to act.

Act, accordingly, we did, but with reluctance and the utmost circumspection. Thus, when our first war-vessel reached Havana, and, in compliance with a pressing demand from President Palma, a force of one hundred and fifty sailors had been landed for his personal protection, the guard was presently withdrawn by a peremptory order from our Navy Department. Even after Secretary Taft's arrival, he spent many days in efforts to persuade President Palma to reconsider his determination to resign, and to assent to some compromise with the Liberal insurgents, whereby a new election might take place under Palma's supervision, and thus any break in the continuity of the native Government be averted. President Palma and his fellow Moderates, however, refused to acquiesce in any compromise, having, apparently, taken it for granted that the United States would use its military and naval forces to sustain them as constituting the *de facto* Government, without instituting any preliminary inquiry into the equities of the case. This Judge Taft very properly declined to do; but, after an investigation which threw a lurid light upon the methods by which last year's election in Cuba was conducted, expressed a willingness to uphold Señor Palma temporarily in the post of Chief Executive, provided he would order a new general election, and abide by its results. President Palma refused to do this, and persisted in resigning

his office. Vice-President Capote and all the members of the Cabinet followed Palma's example, and, as a quorum could not be secured in the Cuban Congress, the Constitutional election of a successor in the office of insular Chief Magistrate was impossible.

Cuba was thus left without a Government, and there was nothing left for Secretary Taft to do but to proclaim himself the head of a provisional administration. That the intervention was to be provisional in the strictest sense of the word was made patent by the declaration that it would only last until order had been restored throughout the island, and until the situation should be such that a new and fair general election might take place. On the part of the Cuban Liberals not a protest was raised, and the Moderates, as we have said, were estopped from remonstrance by the knowledge that their own Administration, of which Señor Palma was the head, had repeatedly requested interference.

There is no room, then, for any misconstruction of our motives on the part of our Latin-American neighbors.

In the opinion of onlooking diplomatists in Washington, some of whom, perhaps, were not overanxious to see crowned with success Mr. Root's mission to South America, it would be difficult to exaggerate the caution, wisdom and skill with which the delicate and difficult problem presented by the Cuban situation has been solved by the Roosevelt Administration. Instead of undoing the work performed by Secretary Root, our solution of the Cuban problem has confirmed his assurances, and has demonstrated in the most striking and conclusive way the truth of his assertion that, in dealing with our sister republics, we are animated by the purest and most generous purposes. It should henceforth be impossible for the most sceptical observer in Montevideo, or Buenos Aires, or Santiago de Chile, to misconceive the intention with which our Government has interposed to shield the Dominican commonwealth from its foreign creditors. Events have enabled us to furnish in Cuba an object-lesson which cannot be misinterpreted. In view of it, Latin America must recognize that there is absolutely no trace of a desire in the United States for southward annexation. If we do not want Cuba, where much American capital is invested, and upon which we are largely dependent for our supply of sugar, we certainly

do not want Santo Domingo, much less Venezuela or Colombia. In a word, we want nothing but the good-will and trust of our Latin-American brethren.

Mr. Root told the Latin-Americans the truth, and we might almost say that the Cuban Liberals deserve to be thanked for giving us an opportunity of proving it.

The intense interest felt, not only at Washington, but all over the Union, in the New York State election, is intelligible enough. Not only political, but social, issues of vital import are involved in it.

If, by any chance, Mr. William Randolph Hearst should succeed in getting himself chosen Governor, it is obvious that with his newspapers and with his pecuniary resources, and with the prestige of success in the Empire Commonwealth, he could start movements in the adjoining States of New Jersey and Connecticut which would give him a chance of adding in 1908 their nineteen electoral votes to the thirty-nine of New York. In that event, he would become a formidable rival of William J. Bryan for the Democratic nomination two years hence, especially as, in a Democratic National Convention, two-thirds of the votes are needed to accredit a nominee. That, under the circumstances suggested, Mr. Hearst could muster a third of the votes, we probably may take for granted. He managed to get scores of votes even in the St. Louis Convention, when he had nothing behind him but an extraordinary exhibition of brazen assurance. With the delegations of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts at his back—he is sure of Massachusetts if Moran, the Democratic nominee for Governor in that State, should prove more influential than George Fred Williams—he would be almost certain to pick up many additional adherents in the South and West.

These are no shadowy terrors: they are indubitable facts; and for that reason the campaign in New York is watched with acute anxiety. Not the least nervous of the anxious observers must be President Roosevelt himself. We have the best of reasons for asserting absolute confidence in the sincerity of the resolve repeatedly expressed by Mr. Roosevelt not to be a candidate, or even to accept a nomination, for another term. Yet, if, by any chance, Mr. Hearst should be chosen Governor of New York this year, the demand for Mr. Roosevelt's renomination

at the head of the Republican ticket in 1908 might prove irresistible, and he might have to yield.

Aside, however, from its political aspects, the Hearst movement, which is not by any means confined to New York and Massachusetts, but is active and aggressive in Illinois and California, excites the greatest apprehensions in thoughtful men, who perceive its bearing upon our whole social structure. Although Mr. Hearst himself professes to be an individualist, and, in some of his speeches, has disavowed any personal predilections for Socialism, there is no doubt that his newspapers are not only vociferous in their advocacy of Socialistic demands, but, at times, in their rabid denunciation of the accumulations of capital by thrift and brains, stop but little short of direct incitement to predatory and homicidal anarchy. Day in and day out, they preach the gospel of the discontented. They strive to array class against class, to foment hatred and malice; and, if they could have their way, would make of this happy land of ours a hell.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *October 8.*

The Threatening Hearst Force.

WHEN the vulture was substituted for the eagle as a party emblem at Buffalo, the Democratic party ceased for the time being to exist in the Commonwealth of New York. An exact definition of the present situation would make a direct issue unmistakable between conservatism, represented by the Republican organization, and radicalism, as portrayed by the Hearst force. Neither the one nor the other comprises an obvious majority of voters. The determining element is a group of men who have been accustomed to vote the Democratic ticket from what they regarded as principle, except at times when the leading candidate seemed to have repudiated essential tenets of their faith. It is evident, therefore, that, if the State is to be saved from the odium which would attach to the elevation of a political adventurer to its highest public position, these are the citizens who must be awakened to the necessity, not of negative inaction, but of positive and earnest endeavor to avert a minatory calamity. Mere denunciation of the force itself, or of the force as personified by its candidate, will not suffice. Appeal to the reasoning and moral faculties is clearly essential. Primarily, the partisan must be convinced that, in this instance, he is freed from even a nominal obligation of allegiance. In view of the unprecedented and shameful exhibition at Buffalo, this should not be a difficult task; and yet intelligent opponents of the malign influence now seeking to fasten itself officially upon the State seem to regard mere expression of their opposition as adequate to the requirements of the situation.

Such an assumption might readily prove, after the event, to have been fatal. Despite the notable improvement in the character of Republican control during the past year, there still re-

mains in the minds of the element referred to deep-seated repugnance to the continuance of that party in power. The disposition also of thousands of younger partisans, who recognize the advantages of compliance with so-called "regularity" in striving for political preferment, must be reckoned with. The truth, then, should be made manifest, iterated and reiterated, that there is no Democratic candidate for Governor, and that there should be no Democratic emblem upon the ballots.

The demonstration of this fact, as we have observed, is easy. Disregarding the necessarily vague accusations of bribery on the part of the Hearst force in Buffalo, the facts relating to the Convention there held are substantially as follows: After obtaining the great Tammany vote from Manhattan Borough by an unholy alliance, which was nevertheless in technical conformity with party usage, the Hearst force in the Convention represented a total strength of two hundred and ten votes, or sixteen less than a majority. The only method by which the additional number could be won over was by unseating delegates regularly elected and by substituting contestants. To accomplish this purpose, it was necessary to obtain control of the committee on credentials, which was made possible by the action of the representative of a leading county, who suddenly and suspiciously reversed his position, ignoring the instructions under which he had been elected a member of the Convention. That this conduct on his part was a base betrayal of his constituency is obvious; but it did not conflict with any technical requirement of party regulation. So far, all essentials of regular procedure were complied with.

It was in the committee on credentials itself that the technical violation took place. Contests were hastily arranged, and by a majority of a single vote were quickly determined, without regard to evidence, good faith or precedent. The most flagrant instance was that of the Queens County delegation, which had been chosen by an overwhelming majority of nearly five thousand. There was no complaint from the defeated candidates after the primaries, and no claim has since been made that the election was not conducted in strict conformity with the provisions of the law. The only pretext advanced by the contestants before the committee was the assertion that police officers had surrounded the polls in such numbers as to deter citizens from voting. No instance was given of any person having tried unsuccessfully for this, or any

other, reason to cast a ballot, and no heed was given to the fact that absence of the police officers from the polls would have been a direct violation of the statutes. It was an absolutely arbitrary proceeding, conducted with fitting cynicism and utter contempt of both law and custom. Twelve delegates thus overwhelmingly elected were promptly barred from the exercise of their right, and other similar contests increased the total number of votes transferred in this despotic manner to fifty-one, which was considered and proved to be a safe margin.

Such a betrayal, not only of party usage, but of the fundamental principle of Democracy itself, of course, frees every partisan from any obligation to recognize the action of a Convention thus constituted. Consider further the facts that the candidate named by the usurping delegates had not only proven recreant to the latest nominee of the Democratic national organization, but within a year had himself forfeited all rights from the view-point of regularity by becoming an independent candidate against the nominee of the party, and at that moment was the candidate of yet another independent organization, whose platform was at utter variance with Democratic principles, and the absolute extirpation of claims upon party fealty becomes so manifest and conclusive that the duty of a partisan respecting his organization is to vote against the candidate, not in spite of, but because of, the fact that he is a Democrat.

If our assumption be correct that the Republican and Radical forces are so evenly divided as to leave the real balance of power in the hands of conservative Democrats, it is clear that too much stress cannot be placed upon this partisan interpretation of the actual facts. It remains only to give it full expression, not only through the public journals, which have united with singular unanimity against the exponent of unrest, but by word of mouth from platforms throughout the State. This can only be done at meetings held under the auspices of the conservative Democrats themselves. Attempts to accomplish the result in gatherings directed by Republican managers would be certainly futile and probably harmful.

While it is almost inconceivable to our mind that the great Empire State will submit to the threatening disgrace, we cannot ignore the fact that the surrender of a time-honored party, having more than seven hundred thousand votes at its disposal, seemed

almost equally improbable. All apprehensions and predictions of disastrous outcome of popular government have rested upon anticipation of a day when the forces of vice, envy and ignorance should find themselves in a majority and brutally exercise their power. We may only hope and pray that, in this definitive test, good citizenship, true Americanism and aroused conscience will set the seal of righteous ascendancy upon our most cherished institution. But we seriously adjure our fellow citizens to let no easy assurance supplant grim determination and unremitting endeavor. There is danger in the air.

TUESDAY, *October 9.*

The American Girl a Bore.

WE wonder whether the observation which convinced Mr. Howells that the American woman talks with a nasal twang is quite recent. Time was, perhaps a score of years ago, when undoubtedly such an assertion would have been capable of easy demonstration, especially in New England and the Middle West peopled from the Atlantic coast; but, while hesitating to dispute the conclusion of the first living American student of social conditions, we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that a notable change in enunciation has been wrought during the past few years. It began simultaneously with the movement eastwards of teachers and mothers and daughters in search of combined education and recreation, and it has been intensified year by year in proportion to the swelling magnitude of that migration. In that fashionable society whose god—or should we say goddess?—is form, the nasal inflection has been wholly obliterated; and, while traces undoubtedly remain in certain segregated sections of the country, we seriously question whether anywhere it is now sufficiently common to justify the declaration that it is the chief defect in American young womanhood.

Our girls have not yet acquired the peculiar beauty of the cultivated English voice because of a continuing disposition to speak with the muscles of the throat rather than of the lips; but this practice is very far removed from the nasal method, and possesses a distinct advantage in freedom from the English doll-like monotony. In common, we suspect, with Mr. Howells, we find little that is interesting, aside from her physical appearance, in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the Ameri-

can boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations. To the Englishman her pertness, which he imagines to be *chic*, is fascinating and indicative of mental brightness, but this effect is attributable largely to his own dulness. It is the clever management of a limited number of phrases, supplemented by copious use of what he considers delightful slang, not substance or even measureable information, that appeals to his jaded mentality. In point of intelligence, she is, we believe, the equal if not the superior of her English cousin, but in the choice of language she is sadly inferior. The use of slang by boys finds some excuse in unavoidable association with unrefined men; its use by girls is simply odious and a direct reflection upon the attention and taste of their mothers. This is easily proven by inquiry into the sources of the petted phrases. Take, for example, two of the latest—"Twenty-three" and "Skidoo." These have slightly different meanings, the exact interpretation of the former being "to the rear," and of the latter "scamper" or "flee in haste." The former had its origin at the race-track, which ordinarily has only sufficient width to accommodate twenty-two horses standing side by side, so that the twenty-third is necessarily relegated to an unfavorable position. The use of the coined phrase, therefore, implies a knowledge of details of professional sport, the possession of which by a young girl is distinctly unbecoming. The second is a mere substitute for "skedaddle," itself of American origin and now regarded by common assent as egregiously vulgar. Scores of like illustrations might be put in evidence; but these should suffice to convince a mother, teacher or even a comparatively ignorant girl herself of the desirability of seeking the roots of terms whose use she has come to regard as an evidence of smartness.

The mother of the present day, for whose comrade-relationship with her boys we have profound admiration, is likely to be so apprehensive that her daughter may seem old-fashioned and lack some of the immediately modern competitive fascinations that she unwisely tolerates practices disagreeable to herself. Apparently, she has yet to learn that, to the intelligent American of marriageable age, pertness soon comes to be as distasteful as even priggishness. While, then, in no sense decrying

attentiveness to the defect still considered serious by our kindly critic, we cannot conscientiously forbear indicating a foible, the importance of whose elimination seems even more manifest.

WEDNESDAY, *October 10.* Are We Unconsciously becoming Socialistic?

IT was the custom of the Puritans to instil into the minds of their sons the theory that striving for material success is wholly in unison with the worship of God, and almost, if not quite, as praiseworthy in the eyes, not only of their fellows, but of their Maker. The respective rewards, almost equally desirable in their estimation, were appreciation of achievement in this world and a satisfactory abiding-place in the world to come. Particular credit was supposed to attach to the prosperous issue of the endeavors of those born with few advantages. The traditional poor boy who went forth and conquered the world became an heroic example and found his way into the songs of the people, down to the day of the poet Lowell, who portrayed in delicate verse his priceless heritage. Even to the past generation the teaching prevailed, and came to be regarded as possessing a quality distinctively American. Some who call themselves individualists still persist in advocacy of the familiar doctrine; but, generally, it seems to have been left behind, and sometimes we wonder whether as a people we are not becoming unconsciously socialistic.

Take, as an illustration of the present tendency, the case of one of our very rich men whose success would have been the wonder and admiration of the past generation. He left home as a poor boy in the customary manner, wholly dependent even for a living upon his personal exertions. Good fortune did not come quickly. He remained comparatively indigent for many years; but, after a time, inherited mental capacity and developed industry and perseverance wore away the barriers, and step by step he advanced, until to-day he is the active director of the greatest and most successful business in the world. Fifty years ago, such an one would have been honored, his opinions heeded and his favor sought. His influence would have been not only great but affirmative, as was, for example, Peter Cooper's. Now it is restricted to a class whose chief weakness lies in its financial strength, and, broadly speaking, it is wholly negative. In recent years, men occupying similar positions have refrained from expressing judgment bearing upon the conduct of public affairs because of the

apparent unwisdom of so doing; and, although we have known well this particular man and observed his conduct somewhat closely, we cannot recall a single utterance from him of the character mentioned since he achieved his preeminence. We were surprised, therefore, to note a departure from his lifelong custom the other day, when, in a newspaper interview, he frankly espoused the cause of a certain political candidate upon the ground that the opposing force was a menace to the business interests of the country. The effect was quick and inevitable. Those in whose favor he declared sighed; those of whom he disapproved exulted. The former discreetly minimized, the latter loudly magnified, the significance of the utterance; and we have no doubt that the consensus of opinion would be that the one acted wisely and the other shrewdly. And yet the judgment possesses great value and the personal interests represented thereby are quite in common with those of the people as a whole.

But we hear some one say that we have not told all, that there must be other reasons why advice from such a source will not be heeded. This very successful American must be a bad man personally, or he must have engaged in wrongful practices in building up his business and his fortune. We know of but few men, rich or poor, to whose careers the word "saintly" would apply precisely, but, speaking in a comparative sense, the objection has no force in this case. This man is not a bad man. On the contrary there are many evidences of exceptional goodness. Like his traditional prototypes, he has endowed his native town with a lavish hand and is known to be an unostentatious yet generous contributor to scores, even hundreds, of commendable efforts on behalf of those who are less fortunate. The crowning manifestation of his fidelity is found in the fact that his friends, though few because of the simplicity of his life, are invariably loyal. In the conduct of his business he has done only those things which others have done and only those things that his honored predecessors in the earlier period of our national existence did. Undoubtedly, in dealing with unscrupulous men he has, as they say, fought the devil with fire; but, in all the torrent of abuse that has been heaped upon him, there has never been so much as a hint of disloyalty to an associate; the basis of his achievement has been extraordinary sagacity. These facts are well known, and yet, as we have observed, his public influence is notoriously negative.

There is nothing singular in this American man's case; he is but one of hundreds in like circumstances confronted by the same condition. How can the fact be accounted for, except as an indication of an almost revolutionary change in our traditional theory of commendable existence? Can it be possible that appreciation of individual achievement and acquisition has been supplanted so quickly by determination to enforce a distribution of the results of the endeavors of others? If so, surely the brink of Socialism is not far distant, and the subject is one which should engage the earnest attention of serious minds. Whether the plainly discernable tendency, fomented by demagoguery and self-seeking, prove to be temporary or lasting, there can be no doubt that we are face to face with a condition such as confronted Germany twenty years ago, and is surely making headway to-day even in conservative England. Unlike the Continental Empire, we have no autocracy with which to combat heresies; but, unless the fathers and sons of the Republic even to the present generation have been grievously mistaken, the spirit of patriotism is not dead and cannot be killed. The living questions are whether it has not been permitted to lie dormant too long, and in what way it can be aroused to the necessity of recognizing and solving, with wisdom and tolerance, the immediate problems involved in the guidance of a posterity to be counted by hundreds of millions.

THURSDAY, *October 11.*

Conscience at the Custom House.

WHAT of the American conscience of the present day? Are its warrants and inhibitions the effect of inward conviction denoting principle or only the logical outcome of mental argument affected by desire and convenience? What would be the answer of the thousands of men and women now arriving daily from abroad after passing through the ordeal of conversation under oath with the customs officers of the Government?

The situation is one familiar to all travellers. We may take for granted that nine-tenths of the returning tourists have in their trunks articles for their own use and for presentation which cost materially more than the insignificant sum fixed by the Government as the total value of purchases exempt from tariff duty. It is also certain that not one-tenth make declaration to that effect. A large majority solemnly affirm, with raised right hand and with the help of God, that they have no dutiable goods

concealed about their persons or elsewhere. But they have, they know that they have and the customs officer knows that they have. How, then, can we reconcile the perjury—for that is what it really is—with the further assertion, which we unhesitatingly make, that they are honest persons? The various explanations and excuses of those culpable are familiar. One seriously convinces himself or herself, usually herself, that the purchases, whatever their cost, would not be worth more than a hundred dollars to any one else, or would not sell for more at the auction block. Not that this consideration has any bearing upon the matter; it is only self-condonation, but it is preferable to frank admission of fault. Another finds excuse in the obnoxious features of the regulations, and argues glibly that, since the Government will not accept his or her word under oath in any case, there is no obligation to speak the truth. A third takes exception to the meanness of the law itself in depriving faithful and law-abiding citizens of some vague inalienable right. But we suspect that only those whose moral sense has not yet been blunted by frequent aberrations find such explicit extenuation essential to freedom from apprehension of annoyance in the hereafter. Long experience enables the customs officer to detect such an one at a glance. He notes the heightened color, the twitching hand, the hesitating voice and the ill-concealed movement of the throat, suggestive of the resemblance between a conscience and the swallowed angleworm of his boyhood that was accustomed to tickle when it squirmed, and reminiscently, though gravely and sympathetically, he smiles as he affixes his signature to the fateful document. The greater number, however, comforted by the fact that they sin in large company and that a whole people cannot be indicted, complacently assure themselves that, while the regulations are doubtless essential to the apprehension of wicked smugglers, the duties were really meant to be placed only upon articles intended for sale, of which he—generally he, in this instance—has none.

This is broad reasoning but probably as good as any, and, frankly speaking, the best we ourselves, after no little searching, have been able to descry. We do not, of course, recommend its adoption by God-fearing people who see wrong in granting to conscience even so brief a period of rest; we merely record the facts as bearing gently though fixedly upon the inquiry suggested.

FRIDAY, *October 12.*

Statecraft and Seeing.

A CENTURY of time has elapsed since Joubert, writing of Montesquieu, uttered his famous dictum that "statesmanship cannot be taught by books," but recognition of its validity by rulers the world over has come at last to the decisive advantage, we believe, of progressive civilization. Simultaneously with the more or less general adoption of the "new diplomacy" of openness and frankness inaugurated, we flatter ourselves, by an American Secretary of State, has arisen appreciation of the value of observation at first hand by master minds. To see with their own eyes, to study with their own faculties, to report with their own lips, a President visits Panama, one cabinet minister goes to South America, another to the Philippines and Cuba, the British Secretary of State for War to Germany, the eldest of elder Japanese statesmen to Korea, the first viceroys of China to Europe, while at frequent intervals intelligent princes from far and near land upon our own hospitable shores. To the improved art of statecraft has been added the first principle of scientific inquiry, that of accurate observation as a preliminary to generalization, thus rendering the inductive method operative in the government of nations. Better understanding, kindlier feelings, greater tolerance, wider vision, wiser action, all tending to make for the peace and progress of the world, logically ensue and cannot fail to expand because back of all is no mere chance, but a serious ethical purpose in process of steady development. How pitiable in this light seems the dictum of Tolstoi that "a virtuous statesman is as great an inward contradiction as a moral prostitute, an abstemious drunkard or a meek brigand!"

SATURDAY, *October 13.*

Unification of Christian Endeavor.

"FROM Greenland's Icy Mountains," was once and, we dare say, in some sections of the country continues to be an inspiring hymn. The militant note in the Slav-like music admirably supplemented the appeal of the fervid words to that enthusiasm in a great cause which is inherent in all rightly constituted natures. Probably no single agency has contributed more to the success of the work initiated one hundred years ago this month by the five young men who engaged in prayer by the celebrated hay-stack in Williamstown, Massachusetts. It is a

record of amazing achievement on the part of our foreign missionary societies which is recited authoritatively in this REVIEW by the Rev. Dr. Barton. The fact that the annual revenue from the churches for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign lands has grown to millions of dollars is in itself a sufficient indication of the magnitude of the work, but is really insignificant in impressiveness as compared with the great number of colleges and schools now standing in every quarter of the globe, as monuments to the triumph of an idea developed by the energy of faith. Mighty, however, as has been the educational phase of the movement abroad, it has scarcely exceeded that at home. Acquaintance and understanding have obliterated the original notion that only the followers of Christ are the children of God and that all others are heathens. The bigot who formerly bore the torch into dark places, often because he was incapable of making a livelihood in an enlightened land, has been superseded by the wiser and more tolerant missionary teacher of the present day. Unsuspected truths have been discovered in Hinduism and Confucianism, and while the existence of but one living God is still maintained, the former insistence that Christianity is the only faith capable of leading men to Him has gradually yielded to the effect of a broader and saner comprehension. The frequent necessities, moreover, of cooperation in distant lands, have tended to eliminate the petty differences between the various denominations at home, and unification was naturally recognized at the Centenary celebration in Williamstown as the most important and immediate phase of further intelligent development. For ourselves, we have never been able to perceive the necessity or desirability of attempting to foist upon other reverent peoples our own particular form of religion, but if the century of foreign missionary work just ended should ultimately, as seems likely it may, result in a union of all sects in one great, broad, tolerant Christian society, the vast expenditure in lives, endeavor and money during the past hundred years will find ample justification in the eyes of a far-seeing God as well as of discerning men.

MONDAY, October 15.

Can the *Entente Cordiale* Endure?

Is the *entente cordiale* really anything more than a refinement of that which we once knew as "armed neutrality"? Lovers

of concord generally approved the establishment of the present agreeable relationship between France and England, as not only desirable in itself, but also as indicative of the possibility of a happy commingling of historically antagonistic races. But, pleasant as it seems and is, of course, in an official sense, is it a fact that the two peoples have come or could come into truly close communion? We wonder. Of a summer evening, in a famous restaurant in Paris, the host, in conformity with his custom, appeared at a certain hour and passed from table to table, shaking hands and conversing genially with his regular patrons, comprising among others a Russian duke, an Italian nobleman, an American journalist and two members of the richest family in France. At a secluded table sat a typical Englishman of high rank in diplomacy. Before him the host, still smiling at a clever observation by one of his guests, paused and from a suitable distance made his most charming bow. The Englishman accepted it in profound silence, though with a smile of blended tolerance and approval; and, returning into himself, resumed consideration of his excellent dinner and the advertisements in the "Times." The difference in the manner of the host's greetings was not due to the exalted position of this particular guest, since the social and diplomatic rank of others present affably treated was known to be quite as high. Nor did it evoke so much as a word or a look of comment, being regarded obviously by all present, bar one amused onlooker who is now recording the incident, as a matter of course. The explanation is simple. One participant in the little episode was French; the other was English, neither Russian nor Italian nor even American; therefore, hands did not touch, and geniality faded into grave though perfect courtesy. So it is, so far as opportunity has enabled us to observe, in all relationships between the individual Frenchman and the individual Englishman. The oil and the water may be poured into one basin, but they simply will not and cannot mix. The feeling of the French people that the English have frequently and roughly deprived them of material possessions, is no less abiding than the established belief of the English that the characteristic traits of all Frenchmen and most Frenchwomen are flippancy and immorality. Can an *entente cordiale*, in such circumstances correctly defined as a mere polite official fiction, endure? Can even apparent self-in-

terest long prevail over the impulses of human nature and the dictates of habit? Borrowing the delightful phrase of the most pleasing of philosophers, himself a Frenchman of English descent, we are "curiously doubtful."

TUESDAY, *October 16.*

Of Japanese Humor.

THE preternatural solemnity of the Japanese is probably responsible for the original impression that they lack that quality so essential to human happiness known as the sense of humor, and yet such acquaintanceship as we have made with those who have visited us has surely tended to its confirmation. It is with no little surprise, therefore, that we learn that we have been misled, and that the Japanese really possess a subtle understanding quite as keen as that of the fun-loving folk of China. The discovery was made by an American war correspondent, who, having been politely deprived of the privilege of depicting scenes of battle, now finds food for reflection in the study of character.

We regret the necessity of saying that the illustrations presented by the discoverer in substantiation of his assertion are far from convincing. For example: On a certain day the Japanese adjutant said to the correspondents, "To-morrow you shall go to the war"; but when the morrow came the honorable promise had been politely forgotten; whereupon the impatient foreigners appealed to the Baron General, chief of staff, who listened with the customary grave courtesy, and, after due consideration, instructed the interpreter to reply as follows:

"His excellency the General says you shall have not longer cause to make complaint. You make complainings because one day we the most unworthy Japanese say one thing and the next day something different. It shall not so be. Yesterday we the Japanese say you the honorable correspondents should 'go to the war to-morrow'; we shall not say different to-day. No, to-day his excellency say he wishes in name of honorable Government to repeat same thing, 'To-morrow you shall go to the war.'" At the door the interpreter stopped the correspondents and gravely added: "His excellency the Baron General say honorable foreign sirs come to-morrow we the unworthy Japanese tell them same things. Always same thing every day, 'To-morrow you shall go to war.'"

The bit of amusement afforded by the anecdote is appreciated, but the writer is under a serious misapprehension respecting the nature of his discovery. This is not humor; it is not even irony; it is characteristic deceit, pure and simple, practised with avowed

hypocrisy. The correspondents had come a long distance at great expense and were received with a simulation of excessive courtesy, only in the end to meet with an insult in the guise of a joke. In this country, where the sense of humor is not only developed, but refined, sarcasm and satire long ago ceased to be regarded with favor; even wit must be harmless, and mere smartness in evasion of a serious pledge, such as the Baron General's, would be considered intolerable. The true humorist is patterned after the real lady, who, we are informed, always remembers others and never forgets herself.

Wednesday, October 17. Of Woman's "Inherent Right" to Vote.

WE have received the following communication:

To the Editor of "The North American Review":

SIR,—Your declaration of your conviction "that the time has arrived when the welfare of the Nation would be most effectually conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office" arouses the enthusiastic appreciation of many thinking women, to whom the words of a man, emancipated from the thought processes of the stone age in his consideration of woman's relation to national life to-day, are a rare, welcome, inspiring and most heartening message. In the name of some of these women, permit me to thank you.

I must beg leave to question, however, your statement that women have no "inherent right" to the ballot, upon the ground that the history of my country has taught me that taxation without representation is tyranny.

I have just had a conversation upon this vital subject with a man of material (not spiritual) intelligence and wide information. Possibly his remarks and my replies might serve some minor purpose in the controversy.

He said: "Women should not have any rights. They have too many privileges."

I replied: "Is it wise to confuse rights with privileges? Privileges are a mutual affair between men and women. Men grant women many privileges, but do not women the same? What son has a right, what husband has a right, to all the privileges mothers and wives rejoice in heaping upon them?"

He said: "Women have neither the knowledge nor capacity to use the ballot advantageously."

I replied: "Leaving the question of woman's natural mental capacity aside, how can you justly withhold the ballot from her because of incapacity? Education is given always to the ignorant, the incapable, for the purpose of making them wise and capable. They grow up to the demand made upon them. Education also is always adapted, slowly but inevitably, to the needs of those to be educated."

He said: "I should dislike to see a woman sitting as Judge in a Court."

I answered, "No woman will ever sit as Judge unless she is competent. Your idea of women as judges is no less anomalous to you than the idea of *some men* as judges would seem anomalous to anybody. Incompetent men are rarely made judges. Would incompetent women be made so? A well-balanced mind, in man or woman, is its own justification."

He said: "Women do not revere abstract law. If two hundred men told my mother I had killed a man, and I said, 'Mother, I did not,' she would believe me."

I replied: "I do not know your mother, but it is not impossible that with all your love for her you underestimate her character and strength of mind. Mothers have, time out of mind, renounced their sons for abstract principle and right. The soil of most if not all countries has been wet with the blood of women who have sacrificed all for their idea of Right."

He said: "Women are too much taken up with their household affairs to vote."

I said: "How much time does it require of you? Or of any man of an average experience?"

He said: "Women cannot bear arms in defence of their country. Why, therefore, should they be entitled to vote?"

I replied: "If you will look somewhat more deeply, you will perceive the fact that the chief object of the race is its own preservation and continuance. Defence in war is only one element working toward such continuance of the nation. The rearing of children is the chief element. Victory in war, without the constant production of children, will not suffice. That the children should be sustained and nourished is equally important in war and peace. This share of the nation's duty falls naturally to women. Men, however, could be trained to rear and cherish children, and women could be trained to go to war. This would be obviously a waste of nature's endowments to each sex, and would be unwise and a perversion."

He said: "The bearing and rearing of children is woman's vocation. She should do nothing that would interfere with her life-work."

I replied: "You may be quite sure that she never will—any more than men will allow anything to prevent their providing for their families. Do you not lose sight of the fact that nature is all-powerful, and that the eternal masculine and the eternal feminine, which have individually survived the cataclysms of time, will still remain?"

He said: "Men respect women as mothers; they may not respect them as voters."

I replied: "Men have always 'respected' women as mothers, even when they withheld from them up to a very recent period individual ownership of their own property, or any right to the possession of their own children. When women are given the normal rights of citizenship, men will not respect them the less as mothers, but the more as citizens."

I am, sir, etc., LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Finding ourselves in general accord with the arguments used to discomfit the man ill equipped with even "material intelligence," we are concerned only by this one of many remonstrances, which we had anticipated and have received, against our denial of woman's "inherent right" to vote. It is quite true that the colonists repudiated taxation without representation, but it is also recorded that Great Britain obstinately refused to accept their dictum as conclusive and compelled them to establish it by force of arms, thus confirming our assertion, as "a fact of surpassing moment," that "since the world began, the possession of power has depended upon ability to acquire and hold it." The same method might with equal propriety be adopted in enforcing woman suffrage, but the physical strife involved would be disagreeable at best and even less promising of success than that of the colonists at one time seemed to be.

Further study of the history of her country, moreover, will teach our esteemed correspondent that, for many years after the republic was established, women were not permitted to own property. We must assume, therefore, that their "right" to vote was not inherent at all, but became acquirable simultaneously with the gift to her of the privilege of property ownership, the withdrawal of which would, in turn, extinguish the basis of the claim entirely. Logically our correspondent succeeds only in confirming our position and in confuting her own.

As we observed previously, advocates of woman suffrage only weaken their case by persisting in a purely academic discussion leading to no practical accomplishment. Ethically they may adduce a semblance of justification, but the fact is that the franchise can be obtained only by convincing those in actual authority that the time has come when the bestowal of the privilege would be advantageous to the country. Surely nothing can be gained by devoting to resentment of a condition time and energy which might be employed in compassing a remedy. Moreover, if real achievement be the true goal, existing circumstances cannot be ignored. A lawyer visited a man in jail, listened to his statement of the cause of his incarceration and said indignantly, "This is outrageous; they cannot lock you up on such a charge!" "But," said the untutored man with plaintive voice, "here I be!"

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—V.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

SUSY's remark about my strong language troubles me, and I must go back to it. All through the first ten years of my married life I kept a constant and discreet watch upon my tongue while in the house, and went outside and to a distance when circumstances were too much for me and I was obliged to seek relief. I prized my wife's respect and approval above all the rest of the human race's respect and approval. I dreaded the day when she should discover that I was but a whited sepulchre partly freighted with suppressed language. I was so careful, during ten years, that I had not a doubt that my suppressions had been suc-

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cessful. Therefore I was quite as happy in my guilt as I could have been if I had been innocent.

But at last an accident exposed me. I went into the bath-room one morning to make my toilet, and carelessly left the door two or three inches ajar. It was the first time that I had ever failed to take the precaution of closing it tightly. I knew the necessity of being particular about this, because shaving was always a trying ordeal for me, and I could seldom carry it through to a finish without verbal helps. Now this time I was unprotected, but did not suspect it. I had no extraordinary trouble with my razor on this occasion, and was able to worry through with mere mutterings and growlings of an improper sort, but with nothing noisy or emphatic about them—no snapping and barking. Then I put on a shirt. My shirts are an invention of my own. They open in the back, and are buttoned there—when there are buttons. This time the button was missing. My temper jumped up several degrees in a moment, and my remarks rose accordingly, both in loudness and vigor of expression. But I was not troubled, for the bath-room door was a solid one and I supposed it was firmly closed. I flung up the window and threw the shirt out. It fell upon the shrubbery where the people on their way to church could admire it if they wanted to; there was merely fifty feet of grass between the shirt and the passer-by. Still rumbling and thundering distantly, I put on another shirt. Again the button was absent. I augmented my language to meet the emergency, and threw that shirt out of the window. I was too angry—too insane—to examine the third shirt, but put it furiously on. Again the button was absent, and that shirt followed its comrades out of the window. Then I straightened up, gathered my reserves, and let myself go like a cavalry charge. In the midst of that great assault, my eye fell upon that gaping door, and I was paralyzed.

It took me a good while to finish my toilet. I extended the time unnecessarily in trying to make up my mind as to what I would best do in the circumstances. I tried to hope that Mrs. Clemens was asleep, but I knew better. I could not escape by the window. It was narrow, and suited only to shirts. At last I made up my mind to boldly loaf through the bedroom with the air of a person who had not been doing anything. I made half the journey successfully. I did not turn my eyes in her

direction, because that would not be safe. It is very difficult to look as if you have not been doing anything when the facts are the other way, and my confidence in my performance oozed steadily out of me as I went along. I was aiming for the left-hand door because it was furthest from my wife. It had never been opened from the day that the house was built, but it seemed a blessed refuge for me now. The bed was this one, wherein I am lying now, and dictating these histories morning after morning with so much serenity. It was this same old elaborately carved black Venetian bedstead—the most comfortable bedstead that ever was, with space enough in it for a family, and carved angels enough surmounting its twisted columns and its headboard and footboard to bring peace to the sleepers, and pleasant dreams. I had to stop in the middle of the room. I hadn't the strength to go on. I believed that I was under accusing eyes—that even the carved angels were inspecting me with an unfriendly gaze. You know how it is when you are convinced that somebody behind you is looking steadily at you. You *have* to turn your face—you can't help it. I turned mine. The bed was placed as it is now, with the foot where the head ought to be. If it had been placed as it should have been, the high headboard would have sheltered me. But the footboard was no sufficient protection, for I could be seen over it. I was exposed. I was wholly without protection. I turned, because I couldn't help it—and my memory of what I saw is still vivid, after all these years.

Against the white pillows I saw the black head—I saw that young and beautiful face; and I saw the gracious eyes with a something in them which I had never seen there before. They were snapping and flashing with indignation. I felt myself crumbling; I felt myself shrinking away to nothing under that accusing gaze. I stood silent under that desolating fire for as much as a minute, I should say—it seemed a very, very long time. Then my wife's lips parted, and from them issued—*my latest bath-room remark*. The language perfect, but the expression velvety, unpractical, apprenticelike, ignorant, inexperienced, comically inadequate, absurdly weak and unsuited to the great language. In my lifetime I had never heard anything so out of tune, so inharmonious, so incongruous, so ill-suited to each other as were those mighty words set to that feeble music. I tried to keep from laughing, for I was a guilty person in deep

need of charity and mercy. I tried to keep from bursting, and I succeeded—until she gravely said, "There, now you know how it sounds."

Then I exploded; the air was filled with my fragments, and you could hear them whiz. I said, "Oh Livy, if it sounds like *that* I will never do it again!"

Then she had to laugh herself. Both of us broke into convulsions, and went on laughing until we were physically exhausted and spiritually reconciled.

The children were present at breakfast—Clara aged six and Susy eight—and the mother made a guarded remark about strong language; guarded because she did not wish the children to suspect anything—a guarded remark which censured strong language. Both children broke out in one voice with this comment, "Why, mamma, papa uses it!"

I was astonished. I had supposed that that secret was safe in my own breast, and that its presence had never been suspected. I asked,

"How did you know, you little rascals?"

"Oh," they said, "we often listen over the balusters when you are in the hall explaining things to George."

From Susy's Biography.

One of papa's latest books is "The Prince and the Pauper" and it is unquestionably the best book he has ever written, some people want him to keep to his old style, some gentleman wrote him, "I enjoyed Huckleberry Finn immensely and am glad to see that you have returned to your old style." That enoyed me that enoyed me greatly, because it troubles me [Susy was troubled by that word, and uncertain; she wrote a *u* above it in the proper place, but reconsidered the matter and struck it out] to have so few people know papa, I mean realy know him, they think of Mark Twain as a humorist joking at everything; "And with a mop of reddish brown hair which sorely needs the barbars brush a roman nose, short stubby mustache, a sad care-worn face, with maney crow's feet" etc. That is the way people picture papa, I have wanted papa to write a book that would reveal something of his kind sympathetic nature, and "The Prince and the Pauper" partly does it. The book is full of lovely charming ideas, and oh the language! It is *perfect*. I think that one of the most touching scenes in it, is where the pauper is riding on horseback with his nobles in the "recognition procession" and he sees his mother oh and then what followed! How she runs to his side, when she sees him throw up his hand palm outward, and is rudely pushed off by one of the King's officers, and then how the little pauper's consceince

troubles him when he remembers the shameful words that were falling from his lips, when she was turned from his side "I know you not woman" and how his grandeurs were stricken valueless, and his pride consumed to ashes. It is a wonderfully beautiful and touching little scene, and papa has described it so wonderfully. I never saw a man with so much variety of feeling as papa has; now the "Prince and the Pauper" is full of touching places; but there is most always a streak of humor in them somewhere. Now in the coronation—in the stirring coronation, just after the little king has got his crown back again papa brings that in about the Seal, where the pauper says he used the Seal "to crack nuts with." Oh it is so funny and nice! Papa very seldom writes a passage without some humor in it somewhere, and I don't think he ever will.

The children always helped their mother to edit my books in manuscript. She would sit on the porch at the farm and read aloud, with her pencil in her hand, and the children would keep an alert and suspicious eye upon her right along, for the belief was well grounded in them that whenever she came across a particularly satisfactory passage she would strike it out. Their suspicions were well founded. The passages which were so satisfactory to them always had an element of strength in them which sorely needed modification or expurgation, and were always sure to get it at their mother's hand. For my own entertainment, and to enjoy the protests of the children, I often abused my editor's innocent confidence. I often interlarded remarks of a studied and felicitously atrocious character purposely to achieve the children's brief delight, and then see the remorseless pencil do its fatal work. I often joined my supplications to the children's for mercy, and strung the argument out and pretended to be in earnest. They were deceived, and so was their mother. It was three against one, and most unfair. But it was very delightful, and I could not resist the temptation. Now and then we gained the victory and there was much rejoicing. Then I privately struck the passage out myself. It had served its purpose. It had furnished three of us with good entertainment, and in being removed from the book by me it was only suffering the fate originally intended for it.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa was born in Missouri. His mother is Grandma Clemens (Jane Lampton Clemens) of Kentucky. Grandpa Clemens was of the F.F.V's of Virginia.

Without doubt it was I that gave Susy that impression. I cannot imagine why, because I was never in my life much impressed by grandeurs which proceed from the accident of birth. I did not get this indifference from my mother. She was always strongly interested in the ancestry of the house. She traced her own line back to the Lambtons of Durham, England—a family which had been occupying broad lands there since Saxon times. I am not sure, but I think that those Lambtons got along without titles of nobility for eight or nine hundred years, then produced a great man, three-quarters of a century ago, and broke into the peerage. My mother knew all about the Clemenses of Virginia, and loved to aggrandize them to me, but she has long been dead. There has been no one to keep those details fresh in my memory, and they have grown dim.

There was a Jere. Clemens who was a United States Senator, and in his day enjoyed the usual Senatorial fame—a fame which perishes whether it spring from four years' service or forty. After Jere. Clemens's fame as a Senator passed away, he was still remembered for many years on account of another service which he performed. He shot old John Brown's Governor Wise in the hind leg in a duel. However, I am not very clear about this. It may be that Governor Wise shot *him* in the hind leg. However, I don't think it is important. I think that the only thing that is really important is that one of them got shot in the hind leg. It would have been better and nobler and more historical and satisfactory if both of them had got shot in the hind leg—but it is of no use for me to try to recollect history. I never had a historical mind. Let it go. Whichever way it happened I am glad of it, and that is as much enthusiasm as I can get up for a person bearing my name. But I am forgetting the first Clemens—the one that stands furthest back toward the really original *first* Clemens, which was Adam.

From Susy's Biography.

Clara and I are sure that papa played the trick on Grandma, about the whipping, that is related in "The Adventures of Tom Sayer"; "Hand me that switch." The switch hovered in the air, the peril was desperate—"My, look behind you Aunt!" The old lady whirled around and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled on the instant, scrambling up the high board fence and dissapeared over it.

Susy and Clara were quite right about that.

Then Susy says:

And we know papa played "Hookey" all the time. And how readily would papa pretend to be dying so as not to have to go to school!

These revelations and exposures are searching, but they are just. If I am as transparent to other people as I was to Susy, I have wasted much effort in this life.

Grandma couldn't make papa go to school, so she let him go into a printing-office to learn the trade. He did so, and gradually picked up enough education to enable him to do about as well as those who were more studious in early life.

It is noticeable that Susy does not get overheated when she is complimenting me, but maintains a proper judicial and biographical calm. It is noticeable, also, and it is to her credit as a biographer, that she distributes compliment and criticism with a fair and even hand.

My mother had a good deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I, and I think that the unbroken monotony of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never thought of it before, but now I see it. I never knew Henry to do a vicious thing toward me, or toward any one else—but he frequently did righteous ones that cost me as heavily. It was his duty to report me, when I needed reporting and neglected to do it myself, and he was very faithful in discharging that duty. He is "Sid" in "Tom Sawyer." But Sid was not Henry. Henry was a very much finer and better boy than ever Sid was.

It was Henry who called my mother's attention to the fact that the thread with which she had sewed my collar together to keep me from going in swimming, had changed color. My mother would not have discovered it but for that, and she was manifestly piqued when she recognized that that prominent bit of circumstantial evidence had escaped her sharp eye. That detail probably added a detail to my punishment. It is human. We generally visit our shortcomings on somebody else when there is a possible excuse for it—but no matter, I took it out of Henry. There is always compensation for such as are unjustly used. I

often took it out of him—sometimes as an advance payment for something which I hadn't yet done. These were occasions when the opportunity was too strong a temptation, and I had to draw on the future. I did not need to copy this idea from my mother, and probably didn't. Still she wrought upon that principle upon occasion.

If the incident of the broken sugar-bowl is in "Tom Sawyer"—I don't remember whether it is or not—that is an example of it. Henry never stole sugar. He took it openly from the bowl. His mother knew he wouldn't take sugar when she wasn't looking, but she had her doubts about me. Not exactly doubts, either. She knew very well I *would*. One day when she was not present, Henry took sugar from her prized and precious old English sugar-bowl, which was an heirloom in the family—and he managed to break the bowl. It was the first time I had ever had a chance to tell anything on him, and I was inexpressibly glad. I told him I was going to tell on him, but he was not disturbed. When my mother came in and saw the bowl lying on the floor in fragments, she was speechless for a minute. I allowed that silence to work; I judged it would increase the effect. I was waiting for her to ask "Who did that?"—so that I could fetch out my news. But it was an error of calculation. When she got through with her silence she didn't ask anything about it—she merely gave me a crack on the skull with her thimble that I felt all the way down to my heels. Then I broke out with my injured innocence, expecting to make her very sorry that she had punished the wrong one. I expected her to do something remorseful and pathetic. I told her that I was not the one—it was Henry. But there was no upheaval. She said, without emotion, "It's all right. It isn't any matter. You deserve it for something you've done that I didn't know about; and if you haven't done it, why then you deserve it for something that you are going to do, that I sha'n't hear about."

There was a stairway outside the house, which led up to the rear part of the second story. One day Henry was sent on an errand, and he took a tin bucket along. I knew he would have to ascend those stairs, so I went up and locked the door on the inside, and came down into the garden, which had been newly ploughed and was rich in choice firm clods of black mold. I gathered a generous equipment of these, and ambushed him. I

waited till he had climbed the stairs and was near the landing and couldn't escape. Then I bombarded him with clods, which he warded off with his tin bucket the best he could, but without much success, for I was a good marksman. The clods smashing against the weather-boarding fetched my mother out to see what was the matter, and I tried to explain that I was amusing Henry. Both of them were after me in a minute, but I knew the way over that high board fence and escaped for that time. After an hour or two, when I ventured back, there was no one around and I thought the incident was closed. But it was not. Henry was ambushing me. With an unusually competent aim for him, he landed a stone on the side of my head which raised a bump there that felt like the Matterhorn. I carried it to my mother straightway for sympathy, but she was not strongly moved. It seemed to be her idea that incidents like this would eventually reform me if I harvested enough of them. So the matter was only educational. I had had a sterner view of it than that, before.

It was not right to give the cat the "Pain-Killer"; I realize it now. I would not repeat it in these days. But in those "Tom Sawyer" days it was a great and sincere satisfaction to me to see Peter perform under its influence—and if actions *do* speak as loud as words, he took as much interest in it as I did. It was a most detestable medicine, Perry Davis's Pain-Killer. Mr. Pavey's negro man, who was a person of good judgment and considerable curiosity, wanted to sample it, and I let him. It was his opinion that it was made of hell-fire.

Those were the cholera days of '49. The people along the Mississippi were paralyzed with fright. Those who could run away, did it. And many died of fright in the flight. Fright killed three persons where the cholera killed one. Those who couldn't flee kept themselves drenched with cholera preventives, and my mother chose Perry Davis's Pain-Killer for me. She was not distressed about herself. She avoided that kind of preventive. But she made me promise to take a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer every day. Originally it was my intention to keep the promise, but at that time I didn't know as much about Pain-Killer as I knew after my first experiment with it. She didn't watch Henry's bottle—she could trust Henry. But she marked my bottle with a pencil, on the label, every day, and examined it

to see if the teaspoonful had been removed. The floor was not carpeted. It had cracks in it, and I fed the Pain-Killer to the cracks with very good results—no cholera occurred down below.

It was upon one of these occasions that that friendly cat came waving his tail and supplicating for Pain-Killer—which he got—and then went into those hysterics which ended with his colliding with all the furniture in the room and finally going out of the open window and carrying the flower-pots with him, just in time for my mother to arrive and look over her glasses in petrified astonishment and say, “What in the world is the matter with Peter?”

I don’t remember what my explanation was, but if it is recorded in that book it may not be the right one.

Whenever my conduct was of such exaggerated impropriety that my mother’s extemporary punishments were inadequate, she saved the matter up for Sunday, and made me go to church Sunday night—which was a penalty sometimes bearable, perhaps, but as a rule it was not, and I avoided it for the sake of my constitution. She would never believe that I had been to church until she had applied her test: she made me tell her what the text was. That was a simple matter, and caused me no trouble. I didn’t have to go to church to get a text. I selected one for myself. This worked very well until one time when my text and the one furnished by a neighbor, who had been to church, didn’t tally. After that my mother took other methods. I don’t know what they were now.

In those days men and boys wore rather long cloaks in the winter-time. They were black, and were lined with very bright and showy Scotch plaids. One winter’s night when I was starting to church to square a crime of some kind committed during the week, I hid my cloak near the gate and went off and played with the other boys until church was over. Then I returned home. But in the dark I put the cloak on wrong side out, entered the room, threw the cloak aside, and then stood the usual examination. I got along very well until the temperature of the church was mentioned. My mother said,

“It must have been impossible to keep warm there on such a night.”

I didn’t see the art of that remark, and was foolish enough to explain that I wore my cloak all the time that I was in church.

She asked if I kept it on from church home, too. I didn't see the bearing of that remark. I said that that was what I had done. She said,

"You wore it in church with that red Scotch plaid outside and glaring? Didn't that attract any attention?"

Of course to continue such a dialogue would have been tedious and unprofitable, and I let it go, and took the consequences.

That was about 1849. Tom Nash was a boy of my own age—the postmaster's son. The Mississippi was frozen across, and he and I went skating one night, probably without permission. I cannot see why we should go skating in the night unless without permission, for there could be no considerable amusement to be gotten out of skating at night if nobody was going to object to it. About midnight, when we were more than half a mile out toward the Illinois shore, we heard some ominous rumbling and grinding and crashing going on between us and the home side of the river, and we knew what it meant—the ice was breaking up. We started for home, pretty badly scared. We flew along at full speed whenever the moonlight sifting down between the clouds enabled us to tell which was ice and which was water. In the pauses we waited; started again whenever there was a good bridge of ice; paused again when we came to naked water and waited in distress until a floating vast cake should bridge that place. It took us an hour to make the trip—a trip which we made in a misery of apprehension all the time. But at last we arrived within a very brief distance of the shore. We waited again; there was another place that needed bridging. All about us the ice was plunging and grinding along and piling itself up in mountains on the shore, and the dangers were increasing, not diminishing. We grew very impatient to get to solid ground, so we started too early and went springing from cake to cake. Tom made a miscalculation, and fell short. He got a bitter bath, but he was so close to shore that he only had to swim a stroke or two—then his feet struck hard bottom and he crawled out. I arrived a little later, without accident. We had been in a drenching perspiration, and Tom's bath was a disaster for him. He took to his bed sick, and had a procession of diseases. The closing one was scarlet-fever, and he came out of it stone deaf. Within a year or two speech departed, of course. But some years later he was taught to talk, after a fashion—one couldn't always make out

what it was he was trying to say. Of course he could not modulate his voice, since he couldn't hear himself talk. When he supposed he was talking low and confidentially, you could hear him in Illinois.

Four years ago (1902) I was invited by the University of Missouri to come out there and receive the honorary degree of LL.D. I took that opportunity to spend a week in Hannibal—a city now, a village in my day. It had been fifty-three years since Tom Nash and I had had that adventure. When I was at the railway station ready to leave Hannibal, there was a crowd of citizens there. I saw Tom Nash approaching me across a vacant space, and I walked toward him, for I recognized him at once. He was old and white-headed, but the boy of fifteen was still visible in him. He came up to me, made a trumpet of his hands at my ear, nodded his head toward the citizens and said confidentially—in a yell like a fog-horn—

“Same damned fools, Sam!”

From Susy's Biography.

Papa was about twenty years old when he went on the Mississippi as a pilot. Just before he started on his tripp Grandma Clemens asked him to promise her on the Bible not to touch intoxicating liquors or swear, and he said “Yes, mother, I will,” and he kept that promise seven years when Grandma released him from it.

Under the inspiring influence of that remark, what a garden of forgotten reforms rises upon my sight!

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

CHIEF-JUSTICE CLARK ON THE DEFECTS OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THERE has appeared a notable pamphlet, by the Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, on "Some Defects in the American Constitution." The author's general view is that the defects are derogations from the full democratic ideal, to which he supposes the framers of the Constitution to have been untrue. I cannot help thinking that he carries this theory rather far, and that he is inclined to ascribe to the Fathers an insidious policy which was totally alien to the character of Washington—whose influence, surely, must have been felt on the main questions—and, I should think, of most of those concerned. It is perfectly true that some of them, especially Hamilton, who was the offspring of a Royal dependency, had highly conservative and even monarchical leanings. But though they might have the desire, it would not be easy, I think, to convict them of the design.

The compact with Slavery was clearly wrong and ought never to have found a place in the Constitution. But it had not at the time the anti-democratic force and aspect which, after the invention of the cotton-gin, when Slavery had assumed portentous dimensions and a Southern aristocracy had been formed, it afterwards assumed. Of this defect, the descendants of the Fathers, in the second and third generation, paid the terrible cost.

Equal representation in the Senate of all the States, great and small—of Nevada with its 40,000, and New York with its 8,000,000—is now anti-democratic indeed. It makes the representation of the people of the United States, in the House in which power is now centred, practically less popular than was that of the people in England before the Reform Bill of 1832. In the

election in which Pitt beat the Fox and North coalition, a hundred and sixty seats in the House of Commons changed hands on a political issue. But the equal representation of all States in the Senate was not an anti-democratic measure; it was a concession to the jealousy of the smaller States, each of which the Revolution had tacitly left sovereign, and which it was hard enough on any terms to coax into union. The defect, however, is undeniably great, since the Senatorships of the small States must be liable to falling under the control of sinister interests, even if they are never actually purchased, as was assumed by the cynic who suggested that they should be sold by public auction and the proceeds carried to the account of the State. In Delaware there appears to have been an attempt at something like direct purchase, baffled only, after a long struggle, by a body of patriotic and honorable men. M. Ostrogorski, in his very instructive work on "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," gives a doleful picture of the decline of the Senate, describing it as mediocre in intelligence, full of sinister influences and interests, and "representing everything save enlightened opinion, to which its members pay not the slightest heed." This he takes to be the work of the caucus. But subjection of the elections in the small States to sinister influence must surely be not less to blame. Election of Senators by the people of the State, if it were substituted for the present mode, as is proposed, would not cure the defect arising from the inequalities of population.

The set of power, away from the House in which the people are fairly represented, to the Senate seems to be the result of defects in the Constitution; of the shortness of the term for which the members of the House are elected, and their moral supersession, during a part even of that short term, by the election of their successors. Added to this is the large membership of the House, while there is no organization corresponding to the Ministerial leadership of the British House of Commons; a defect only in part and somewhat incongruously supplemented by the action of the Speaker, whose proper functions are those of an independent Chairman.

The Supreme Court, the powers of which provoke the Chief Justice's democratic jealousy, was an obvious necessity of the general Constitution, which is that of a nation with a federal structure; the States retaining rights against each other and against

the federation as a whole, which can be guarded and defined from time to time only by the action of a judiciary. There were, besides, specific contracts—that with the several States respecting equal representation in the Senate, and that with Slavery—to be sustained. That the decisions of the Court should be conservative, therefore, could hardly in itself be regarded as implying a defect in the Constitution. It was designed to be a conservative institution. Marshall's interpretation may have somewhat enlarged its powers. The appointment of the judges, being made by the head of a party, could not fail to be in a measure partisan. I heard Lincoln, the most upright of men, say that he would take care to fill a vacancy with some one who was right on the great question of the day. But, if this is a defect, it is a defect in the party system, not in the structure of the Constitution. In some cases, probably, as in that of the income tax, the Supreme Court has no doubt decided what in England, or in any country having a legislature invested with sovereign powers, would be questions, not of law, but of policy. This is unavoidable when the Constitution is not that of a nation proper but of a nation with a federal structure.

I can hardly presume to class among the defects of the Constitution that which Mr. Andrew D. White regards as one of its perfections; but I cannot help thinking that the separation of the legislature from the executive, whatever advantages it may be thought to have in other ways, has not been conducive to the formation of statesmen. Montesquieu, whose view the framers of the American Constitution adopted, was mistaken in supposing that in England the executive and the legislature were independent of each other. The real executive, which was not the King but the Cabinet, was in the legislative assembly, by which it was virtually nominated and controlled. The members of the Ministry, which is the real executive, have not only been almost invariably trained in Parliament, but, as a rule, before becoming members of the Cabinet, have held minor offices of State. Their special training has hardly any counterpart in the case of the United States. Members of what has with doubtful correctness been called "The American Cabinet" are picked up at large, sometimes at the bar, in commerce or on the platform, without apprenticeship in offices of State. At the last Presidential election, a judge was taken off the Bench to become a candidate for

the headship of the nation; and, at the present time, the only candidate for the Presidency apparently in the field is one who, though he has sat in the legislature, owes his position to the platform, and to platform advocacy of a theory on the subject of currency now practically abandoned.

Your President, when his term has expired, instead of remaining, like an ex-Prime Minister in England, in political leadership, quits public life. I was greatly impressed by the reception given at a large and miscellaneous meeting to Mr. Cleveland. It showed that his authority was great. But he was excluded from public life.

The Constitution is of course impressed with the marks of its origin as a compact among States, each of which, having thrown off the sovereignty of Great Britain, regarded itself as sovereign and was jealously tenacious of that character. Had the framers of the Constitution proclaimed that the sovereign power was thenceforth to be in the united nation, a general recoil would have ensued. The result is that there is no sovereign power; or, if there is, it is not in the nation but, as some have contended, in the several States. To say that it is in "the people" is to say that it has no assignable seat. This makes itself felt when the law is trampled under foot and the whole nation is disgraced by lynchings or local affrays, and when the whole continent is on the point of being deprived of one of the necessities of life because local authorities have not the force necessary to guard the working of the coal-mines. A consequence of this defect seems to be an unconscious tendency, perhaps, rather than a disposition, to put power into the hands of the President, who alone represents the nation, and who, if his personal ascendancy happens to be great, may presently be tempted to further encroachment, especially if the Republic should proceed in the essentially Imperialist course of territorial aggrandizement as, when the Panama Canal has been executed, it may possibly be tempted to do.

A fair opportunity of formally investing the nation with sovereign power may be thought to have been allowed to pass at the end of the War of Secession. The more I reflect on those momentous events, the more, I confess, it seems to me that the only tenable ground and certainly good object of the war was the extinction of Slavery, which threatened otherwise to extend itself further on this continent. By failing to execute the Fugitive

Slave Law, the North might be held to have broken the Constitutional compact with the South, and given the South a ground for secession. But the fundamental difference of social structure, and consequently of political character, made the parting in the end inevitable, though long delayed by the artifices of compromise. The Southern Confederacy, though formed by disruption, was, when formed, to all intents and purposes a nation. Its Government was recognized, its laws were obeyed, its flag flew, its currency circulated over the whole of its territory. The North, in fact, never thought of treating the war, practically, otherwise than as one between nations, regulated by the ordinary laws of war. But the theory that secession was rebellion was persistently upheld and put in force after the surrender of the South. Southern leaders, such as Lee and Longstreet, whose cooperation in the settlement was generally thought desirable, and would probably have been willingly afforded, were thus excluded from the settlement. In the Northern councils there was no thought of anything but the assurance of negro freedom. The opportunity of revising the Constitution and supplying the defect of national power in the Government, if that was desirable, was thus lost.

The most serious defect of all, however, is one which can hardly be charged to the account of the Constitution or of its framers, except in so far as the framers may be deemed to have shown want of practical forecast in regulating the election of the President. Washington regarded party as a transitory evil, of which he could get rid by bringing Hamilton and Jefferson together into his Government. An election to the Presidency, were it practically held as the Constitution prescribes, would be the calm and impartial choice, by select boards, of eminent and respected citizens. It is by the complete perversion of the Constitutional method that the contest for the Presidency and its patronage has divided the nation into two organized parties, carrying on a perpetual conflict with the familiar weapons of faction, and with not a little of the rancor and anti-national passion of civil war; treating State policy as a repertory of planks for party platforms to be shifted as electioneering tactics may require, while each party keeps on foot a sinister army of "bosses" and workers whose morality is the party game. Such is the party system everywhere. But in the United States it is specially dominant and has actually received legal recognition as an institution.

So clearly has party superseded the country in the allegiance of the partisan, that, when a disputed election to the Presidency had given birth to a situation of national peril, and a single vote would have turned the scale and redeemed the situation, it was not thought morally possible that a single vote should be changed. In private, every American with whom you talk condemns and deplores the enormous Pension List as a fraud, the moral effects of which are even worse than the pecuniary loss. In public, both parties emulously flatter the system for fear of losing votes. It is difficult to say to what lengths faction, inflamed by the struggle for power and place, will not go in sacrificing the interests of the nation.

“Two political parties assemble to-morrow to do something, one at Saratoga, the other at Buffalo. Very much the same necessity confronts each, and that is to make a desperate appeal to public confidence.

“The great mass of the people of this State is sick of both of them; sick of the party in power because of its unexampled corruption, apathy and depravity; and sick of the Democracy because of its ingrained imbecility, instability of purpose and suppression of its decent elements.”

Such is the language of a first-class and extremely able journal respecting the character of the two parties which have converted national government into a perpetual struggle for power. Such a system, surely, cannot last forever.

The evil, so far, has been mitigated and the danger has been held at bay by the political character and intelligence of the American people. But how long will that character and that intelligence hold out against the immense flow of alien immigration, some of it drawn from bad sources? The public school may improve the minds of the alien elements, and to some extent assimilate them socially. But it can hardly at once bestow upon them moral fibre, especially as at moral training it can barely be said effectively to aim. With the stream of immigration can hardly fail to come the socialistic tendency bred of unhappy class relations in the Old World and subversive of American independence, the growing dislike of labor and the imperfect sense of political duty which prevails among the masses in Europe. Yet it does not seem practicable to shut the gate.

“Time,” says Bacon, “is the greatest innovator, and if time, of course, alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?” There

are two ways of amending the American Constitution. But it has never been amended in any important particular since its final completion by the supplementary amendments, except in the case of the abolition of Slavery by a Northern Congress at the cost of civil war. Nor does it appear that it would be possible to get the two parties to suspend their conflict and combine for the purpose of revising the Constitution. If hereafter there should take place a union of this Northern Continent, an occasion for revision might be afforded. But, in the mean time, events march, and democracy, as a general form of government, is on trial.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

PAN-MANIA.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE latest and most virulent political disease, whose character is indicated by the title at the head of this article, is more difficult to diagnose than appears at first sight. It is capable of many variations and inconsistencies; and, in fact, its one distinguishing symptom is a tendency to megalomania and an arbitrary use of the word "Pan." The principal developments of Pan-mania at present (there is no reason to suppose that we may not have others in due time) are the Pan-American, Pan-German, Pan-Slav, Pan-Islamic, Pan-Buddhist and Pan-Hellenic.

It will be seen from this list that Pan-mania may have a racial, national, geographical or religious origin. There is, in fact, no group of human interests, no sphere of activity, no common ties which may not be arbitrarily lumped together and labelled "Pan" something or other. The one thing needful is that the community thus formed should unite, not in any special policy, but in regarding themselves as part of that special "Pan" family. Having attempted the impossible in making this explanation of a movement which is, in fact, neither logical nor coherent, and is only to be accounted for by the love of every people who are conscious of their political or social existence for a tripping phrase, we will now examine the historical development of Pan-mania.

People who decline to leave us any illusions as to the picturesqueness and unself-consciousness of the Middle Ages now assert that the Pan-Slav made his appearance in the fourteenth century. There is, indeed, evidence that one or two thinkers and writers who were far ahead of their times suggested, at this early period, the advisability of uniting the scattered Slav peoples—the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, Bulgarians and Serbo-

Croats—in a great Slav league, whose principal object should be to resist the Germanic Power under the Emperor of the Romano-Germanic Empire. Unfortunately for such a scheme, the Magyar nation had successfully effected the division of northern and southern Slavdom, nor was there any special inclination to union among the smaller Slav peoples. Most of them have traditions of wide-spread domination at one period of their existence. Moravia was the greatest of central European states in the ninth century, being the head of a confederation of Slavs which stretched from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Moravia was broken by the Magyars; but the greater part was absorbed by Bohemia, another Slav power, which was the premier state of the empire in the fourteenth century, and her capital the seat of the great Emperor Charles IV. Poland had her periods of greatness likewise; at one time she was the most powerful country, as well as one of the most civilized, in eastern Europe. But the fall of Poland was great in proportion, and to-day her provinces go to swell the empires of Prussia and Austria, while her main territory is under her neighbor Slav, the Russian. The story of the southern Slavs is no less tragic. Bulgaria was the earliest and greatest of their empires, had a literature of her own in the tenth century, and in the tenth and eleventh centuries was one of the great European Powers. The title of Tsar was conferred on the Bulgarian ruler five centuries before the Duke of Moscow took it. Yet she fell, first under Byzantine domination, and then before the rising power of Servia. Servia was in her zenith as late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when she comprised in her empire not only modern Servia, but Croatia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, and the greater part of the Balkan peninsula. This vast empire (like other Slav creations, which were rather loose confederacies than empires on the Roman model) crumbled away with startling rapidity, and the rising tide of the Ottoman invasion swept over the Southern Slavs and submerged them for nearly four centuries.

The modern Pan-Slavist propaganda is sometimes declared to be the creation of the Pan-Germans, as a justification for their own existence. Naturally, it was made to centre in the one great Slav empire, Russia, and was patronized by those Russian statesmen and politicians who cherished the idea of improving the position of their country in Europe. The events which turned

Russia's gaze eastwards, and caused her to embark on that Oriental expansion which met such a violent check in the late war, naturally caused a languishing interest in Pan-Slavism; but in the affairs of the Balkan states Russia has never ceased to concern herself with the utmost zeal, in which her position as an orthodox Slav power is used to the fullest extent. But no one of the smaller Slav peoples is, in fact, really friendly to the Russian pretensions to the hegemony of the Slavs. The Balkan states do not forget how little they owe their great neighbor for assistance in regaining their liberty, and they all cherish hopes of recovering, in that no-man's land of European Turkey, some of the provinces and peoples which belonged to them at their golden periods. To such designs Russia, who has other plans for the inheritance of the Sick Man, can give no countenance. As for the northern Slavs, it might have been expected that the Czechs, in their struggle against German influence, would have leaned to their Russian kinsmen, and in fact a pro-Russian propaganda has been ventilated in Prague. The immediate effect was to alienate the sympathies of the Poles, who are racially, politically and geographically nearest to the Czechs. The present condition of Russia and the result of the Japanese war have, however, entirely diverted the current of racial feeling, and at the present time the Pan-Slavic movement in Bohemia is confined to what is really a national area, with some slight attempt to promote literary and artistic union with the southern Slavs. An interesting phase is to be observed in Hungary, where, to judge from official reports, Pan-Slavism should be flourishing. There is a considerable Slav population in that country and particularly in the northwest, where are found the Slovenes, remnants of the ancient empire of Moravia, who retain their national characteristics, costumes and customs despite many centuries of Hungarian rule. The Slovenes, however, are not ardent adherents of the Pan-Slav movement, which appears to them in the light of an attempt to deprive them of their national idiosyncrasies, language and traditions, and to tack them on (not politically but racially) to their more vigorous and successful Czech relations. But the Hungarian Government, bent on uprooting all national feeling among their subject peoples, finds it convenient to wage war on it under the guise of "Pan-Slavism," which would, of course, be tantamount to treason to the Hungarian ideal.

There is a considerable revival of Slav feeling among the Serbo-Croats and Slovenes, but this literary renaissance, in which the Slav languages are reasserting themselves to the detriment of German or Latin (the old tongue of Hungary) is not a "Pan" movement, being, in fact, strongly individualistic. Even the literary renaissance is marked by the jealousy of the different branches of the language; and Bulgars, Poles, Czechs, Serbs, and Croats dispute as to the purity and antiquity of their several tongues and will hardly allow merit to any but their own. Nor is there much political sympathy among these peoples. There have been Pan-Slavist congresses and much writing and talking under this head, but in all this there is a great deal of "Slav" and very little "Pan." In short Pan-Slavism, without a definite object, organization or common centre, is only to be considered seriously as a temporary expedient in the Austrian parliament or a pious aspiration for the *litterati* of the various Slav countries.

Far otherwise is it with the second great "Pan," which has its central idea in the unity of the German race. Although not all coherent, Pan-Germanism has a solid foundation; and the idea of strengthening the bond that ties all Germans to their Fatherland is one that excites sympathy and has received approval from the Emperor himself. So long as Pan-Germanism means only an attempt to secure for the Fatherland the intellectual and spiritual allegiance of its children, even when their bodies owe fealty to an alien land, it is at once a great and an elevating ideal. The world owes so great a debt to German character and culture that it cannot consider such an allegiance to be otherwise than ennobling. But, unfortunately, the idea is Utopian. With some peoples such an attempt might be successful—the French-Canadians are an illustration of the tenacity of Latin civilization; but the German is of all peoples the most easily denationalized, not only in the political, but in a wider, sense, and to attempt to keep him German in heart and mind under foreign rule is to bind him with ropes of sand. Nevertheless, the Pan-Germanists who confine themselves to this view of their mission have a very active organization. In recent years, a systematic fostering of national feeling has been promoted through schools, clubs, economic societies, the clergy and a variety of other agencies. A number of these do not openly flaunt the Pan-Germanic ideal, but they are inspired by it, and frequently supported from funds at

the disposal of the central organization of the League. The headquarters of the League are at Berlin, where it has its own organ, the "*All-Deutsche Blätter*"; and since 1894, when it was re-organized under the leadership of Professor Hasse, it has had a career of phenomenal success. The societies affiliated with it are at least fifty in number, the most important being the General School Association; but an equally powerful weapon (for European use) is found in certain politico-religious societies, which have been recently active in promoting the "*Los von Rom*" agitation in Austria and Bohemia.

The mention of this movement brings us to the second phase of Pan-Germanism, and perhaps the one of most interest and importance at the present moment. This has as its *motif* the defence of German interests in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Since 1866, when Austria was finally excluded from the German Empire, the policy of the Hapsburg Government has been to cultivate a Catholic and Austrian rather than a Protestant and German sentiment among its people, but the rise of the Slavs and the growing independence of the Magyars have made this a difficult task. At the present time, a strong German reaction is taking place against the growing domination of Slavs and Magyars alike, and it was the promotion of this sentiment which led to the "*Los von Rom*" propaganda. So far have its advocates gone that they even preach treason to the Hapsburgs, and declare that German Austria must find protection under the Hohenzollerns. Thus, in Austria the Pan-Germans are actually organized as a political party with a definite platform—they are the only "Pans" of any kind enjoying this distinction; they have twenty-one seats in the Austrian parliament and add their voices to the clamor of nationalities in that heterogeneous assembly.

But there is a third and wider phase of Pan-Germanism which, ludicrous as it may sound in the telling, absorbs the energies and claims the sympathies of a wide circle in Germany. This is the expansion of the root-idea to cover all those peoples who were originally of Teutonic stock, except the English. Thus, the Netherlands and Swiss, as well as the Teutonic element in Scandinavia, Denmark, the Baltic provinces, the Tyrol, Austria and Bohemia are to be united into one big Germanic family, the nature of the bond being left to the choice of the individual Pan-Germanist. Some believe in a great European Confederation

with Prussia at its head; others prefer the cultural and moral hegemony of Europe as their ideal. In the teeth of this vast scheme, however, we have the Russification of the Baltic provinces, the unsuccessful counter-attempts of Germany in Poland and her own Baltic territory, the revival of Czech, which is driving German out of Bohemia despite the fact that it is the official language, the encroachments of the Italian element in the Tyrol and even in Switzerland, the sturdy resistance of the Dutch, the quite recent effort to resuscitate Flemish, and many other indications that Europe does not view with equanimity the spread of "*Deutschthum*."

The colonial policy of the Kaiser, which is at present far from popular among his subjects, has of course been assisted by the Pan-German doctrine; but the only real success is to be found in the settlement of Germans in South America. Here there has been no active political and social organization with which to contend. In North America the presence of certain communities, and even of whole towns which have a German flavor, where German customs and the language still prevail, does not indicate a genuine survival of the German tradition. In no country do Germans lose more quickly the peculiar cast of mind which distinguishes them in Europe, nor is the cultural influence of the Fatherland strong enough to contend with the atmosphere of youth and democracy which surrounds them. Two generations, or even one, educated in the American schools—and very few German schools exist in North America—will be sufficient to turn the German emigrant, not only politically, but in all essentials of mind and feeling, into a thorough-paced American or Canadian.

Although the Kaiser gave his imprimatur to the general idea of Pan-Germanism, that cult is not officially recognized in the Fatherland and is, at the present time, rather inconvenient to, and therefore looked at askance by, the powers that be. It is rather a cult than a political propaganda (except in Austria), and, as such, it enjoys popularity and support among all the different political parties, wields immense influence, and dispenses a vast amount of money for the advancement of its various aims.

The third great Pan is one with which American readers are so familiar that the writer, compelled by the exigencies of space to compress his review of it, approaches it with diffidence. Mr. Blaine is generally credited with the paternity of the Pan-Amer-

ican movement, but it might also be claimed for Bolivar, the "Liberator" of Bolivia. The difference of interpretation which the two men would have given to the term "Pan-American" illustrates the difficulty of generalizing on the subject. It is obvious, however, that "Pan-American" did not originally imply, (as it is now assumed to do) the league of American republics under the headship of one special race of Americans. Nor is the Monroe Doctrine, which is sometimes supposed to be indissolubly bound up with the Pan-American scheme, in reality an essential feature of it. This view—the oneness of the Monroe and Pan-American doctrines—has received its most powerful support lately from the enunciation of the "Drago Doctrine," whereby international debt-collecting by force is to be prohibited.

The original idea of Pan-Americanism was undoubtedly nothing less than a great political league of American republics. Unlike the Pan-German aspiration, this would have only a geographical foundation, since there is no unity of language, civilization, religion or race on which the league could be founded. Subsequently this ideal was supplanted by that of an American Zollverein, but both the political and commercial schemes were rather anti-European than pro-American in the widest sense of the term. But the interests of the northern and southern continents are by no means identical, either commercially or politically, and, although the South-American republics are not averse to taking advantage of Monroeism when it suits them, they are not prepared to allow their great neighbor to assume the position which the modern Pan-American doctrine assigns to her. The cultural influences of Europe are still paramount with Latin America, and the commercial relations with Europe are still more important than those with North America. The first Pan-American Congress met in 1889 at Washington, the one tangible result being the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics. The second took place in Mexico in 1901, and the business done (out of a vast programme) was chiefly the resolution to meet every five years and a vote in favor of a Pan-American railway ("Intercontinental" would be a more correct term). The third Congress was nearly frustrated by recent events in Central America, but it has taken place without any hitch, and the chief result, after a great display of eloquence, is a resolution to refer certain questions to the Hague Conference,

As a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe that there is in the Latin-American republics any political sentiment, any range of ideas, which can be made the bond of union with the republic of the northern continent. "Americanism," in the sense of a feeling or ideal common to both continents, cannot be said to exist; and, if no other circumstance separated north from south, the question of color would be sufficient to do so. As for the prefix "Pan," it is only necessary to point out that Canada takes no share in the Pan-American propaganda, to indicate the inaccuracy of the term. Pan-Americanism is not a race movement like the renaissance of the Slavs; it is not a national cult like Pan-Germanism; it is rather a political device, used by American statesmen, and chiefly popular in certain circles among those who do not see that the commercial and political sides of the question are closely interwoven.

The latest "Pan" movement is that of the Pan-Hellenes, which is racial and political, and directed against the Bulgarian or Slav population of the Balkans, among whom the Greeks have to live. To be a "Greek" in the Balkans does not necessitate Hellenic descent, but merely outward conformity with the orthodox ritual. The Bulgars have their own church, and the religious warfare has drawn the attention of Europe to the spectacle of two Christian peoples, living under Islamic rule, and murdering each other without mercy. Pan-Hellenism is also flourishing in Crete, where it has a more reasonable basis. The idea of labelling the party of Greek expansion "Pan-Hellene" was a very ingenious one; but it has a purely political foundation and is therefore not bound up in any way with the most glorious side of Greek tradition, nor identified with Hellenism in the sense in which intellectual Europe understands that term.

We have now come to two religious propagandas, Pan-Islam and Pan-Buddhism; and, beside the area and scope of these two, and the natural organization with which they are furnished, all other forms of Pan-mania are insignificant. The megalomaniac can allow his fancy full play with the idea of the two vast religious worlds, of Islam and of Buddha, united respectively for purposes of defence and even of offence. Pan-Islam has already been the subject of a study by the writer in this REVIEW,* and since then, in the past few months, a great deal of writing has

* In the number for June, 1906.

appeared on this theme. The facts are briefly these. Almost the whole Mohammedan world is living under alien rule, and Great Britain and France are the two chief Mohammedan Powers, having between them something like one hundred million Islamic subjects. The idea had grown up that Islam, once the greatest militant power in the world and ruler of half Europe, had entirely lost vitality, and that Islamic states are bound to decay. But careful observers have noted in recent years a genuine revival of Mohammedan enthusiasm, in place of the dead indifference which seemed to have paralyzed all Islamic communities. The Sultan of Turkey, who plays a considerable part in the Pan-Islam movement, has succeeded in securing from the entire orthodox Mohammedan world the recognition of his position as Kalifa; and, having won this, he is finding opportunities of using his influence in a manner which is embarrassing to other Mohammedan Powers, who are aliens. The position has been complicated by the ambitions of Germany (a non-Mohammedan Power), who for her own ends has acquired considerable influence with the Sultan. At the same time, he is reactionary in his internal policy, so that it is impossible to regard him as the protagonist of a progressive Islamic revival. Moreover, many ardent Pan-Islamites (like those of India) have reached a high state of civilization under foreign rule, and are not so much desirous of change in their political status as of the preservation of their religion in its full purity and the demonstration of its good qualities to the world. At the opposite extreme of this religious revival movement are the fanatical brotherhoods, such as the Senoussi, who are conducting an extraordinarily successful campaign in Africa, and spreading Islam by the most energetic means. They are the most dangerous factor in the Pan-Islamic propaganda, and the one which it is most difficult to estimate. How far their recognition of the Sultan secures their subservience to him, how far they are inspired by political or religious zeal, or are simply ignorant fanatics, it is impossible to say. They wield enormous influence in Northern and even Central Africa to-day, and the whole weight of that influence is anti-European.

It will be seen that Pan-Islam may mean to the polished Indian lawyer the cultural advance of his coreligionists; to an Egyptian fellah, it may be a call to raise the green standard and exterminate the cursed unbelievers. The singular feature of this

special form of Pan-mania is its catholicity. It has no limitation, ethnographic or national; and, though it is religious in name, it must not be forgotten that Islam is not merely a religion but a legal, social and political system in itself.

Pan-Buddhism, last in our list, is a phase of Pan-mania of which Europe is at present little aware. It had its origin before the Russo-Japanese war in the anxiety of Japan to awake the slumbering forces of national patriotism and the racial affinities of China. Buddhism, like Christianity, has had many schisms, and there is no central rallying-point for her coreligionists. A vast number of her most backward adherents looked till recently to Tibet, but the religious fervor of the Buddhist world has never been of an active or militant character, and the religion itself, pure and beautiful in its original conceptions, has degenerated and decayed until it has, in truth, no very practical influence save as a devitalizing force. The Pan-Buddhist propaganda originated with that section of the Japanese leaders who were averse to the development of their country as an European Power, and preferred to aim at the hegemony of the Orient. Bound up with this aspiration was the development of China, also on non-European lines, and the close alliance of the two chief Oriental peoples. Although official countenance was not given to the Pan-Buddhist scheme, it has enjoyed powerful support. Emissaries have gone to all Buddhist countries, and a genuine attempt has been made to effect a *rapprochement* between the different sections of the Buddhist world. Moreover, a college was established in China to give the Buddhist clergy a better training and raise them to a higher level, and in fact the whole policy has been to revive, for political purposes, the sense of religious and racial affinity between the Chinese and Japanese, and to stimulate national ambition. Such purposes as these are worked slowly and quietly in the East; and although Pan-Buddhists may meet together they do not advertise themselves very widely. The weak point in their scheme is its foundation upon a religion which is pacific and unsuited to the purposes of a political crusade.

These are the principal forms of Pan-mania existing at present, but it is difficult to see why ingenious politicians should not invent some new ones. There is as yet no "Pan-Latin," no "Pan-European," and no "Pan-Christian" league.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

WHY THE UNITED STATES OBSTRUCTS INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY EDWARD L. ANDREWS.

THE United States has a peculiar interest in the progress of International Arbitration. As a great commercial country, we are burdened with our own subjects of controversy with foreign Governments. But, in addition, we are encumbered with the numerous and harassing complications due to our tutelary relation towards other American republics. In recent years and on several occasions, these various interests and relations have nearly brought us to the point of undiplomatic combustion. Therefore, as a nation which is normally pacific, we are in many directions interested in substituting for the arbitrament of war the system of adjudicating disputes among states through some international tribunal. That being the case, it has been a matter of some surprise that the Secretary of State has not recently arrayed our Government as an adherent to an international principle of arbitration in respect to contract claims by and against our bodies politic. But the reasons for this reserved attitude will be apparent to any one who examines the whole situation.

The most important topics of ordinary international contention, among European and American Governments, relate to torts against their respective citizens and public contracts with those citizens. And in reference to both classes of frictional incidence, the European nations are generally the creditors or the complainants. In view of the support given to the Calvo doctrine by the South-American States, at the recent Pan-American Conference, it seems that most of them are willing to submit to the Hague Tribunal disputes arising out of contract. While the United States, as a party to the recent Conference, has agreed to a tentative reference to The Hague, there are some latent obstacles to our

adoption of this ideal method of international satisfaction, in regard to contracts with our State Governments, as well as torts against foreign subjects by our citizens.

It is plain that, if we advocate the incorporation of the remedy by arbitration into the public law of nations, that remedy must be reciprocal. If the United Kingdom should bind itself by treaty to abide by the decision of arbitrators upon contract claims by our citizens against England or Canada, the United States must bind itself to satisfy the awards of the Hague officials in the case of similar British claims against our Governments. Or, if we desire to extend the scope of the subject-matter of arbitration so as to include tortious acts, we would be naturally compelled to respond to Italy, or mayhap to China, for assaults upon or injuries to their subjects residing in this country.

These conditions conflict with some peculiarities of our present Federal system. This conflict would not have been involved if our governmental system had been allowed to remain as originally constituted; it is the result of changes brought about in the Constitution through popular impulse. The framers of the national Constitution established an adequate and ingenuous system for satisfying international justice. By the terms of that instrument, the humblest subject of the King of England, or the pettiest citizen of the republic of Switzerland, could arraign the State of New York before the Supreme Court of the United States. And the Constitutional Convention went further on this path of amity and redress; it opened our highest Court to any foreign State that had a grievance against any State in the Union. With reference to the General Government, there was also a provision for jurisdiction by the Supreme Court, leaving to Congress its detailed arrangement. Was not this system a splendid contribution by the men of 1789 to the cause of international justice? For the first time in history, a nation said in its fundamental law that its tribunals should be open to the foreign world, collectively and individually, against its own bodies politic, National and State.

Such was the pristine jurisprudence which the Courts of the Union proceeded to administer. An incident of this judicial administration deserves special mention because it contributed to bring about momentous changes. Among the suits brought under these comprehensive provisions of the Constitution, was an action instituted against the State of Massachusetts by a noted family

of United Empire Loyalists, appropriately named Vassall. It was founded on the treaty of peace with George III, which provided compensation for the property of Tories under sequestration by the newly inducted authorities. In view of this treaty, and of other conventions which we had made with European nations during the Revolution, the Constitution includes under its protection, and within the competence of the Federal Courts, cases in law and equity "arising under treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States." And so it was that the Vassalls instituted their proceedings, and other well-known litigations arose and were pending in due course before the United States Judges, culminating in the Chisholm decision, which affirmed the judicial power over the States. At this time the Constitution had barely been adopted. Particularism was rampant both North and East, and to some extent in the South; and it so happened that it found its first utterance in connection with this subject of the suability of States. Was this the nature of the Federal Government that these States had been induced to enter? Was it not enough that they had fought the greatest of then known empires; that they were poor and proud; and that it was beneath their dignity to be "hailed up" before these newfangled United States Courts? And for whom? A set of pesky and obnoxious monarchists. Why not confiscate their property and take the fee from their innocent heirs? It was true that our own improvement on the law of the Mother Country condemned attainder of blood. It was true that the Federal charter confirmed and protected these rights of loyal colonials, which treaties had secured. But who would speak for the Tories? They were the American *Emigrés*. They had plotted against us and fought us, and had then been deported. They were *Emigrés* and Vendéans in one.

In this way it came about that the great cause of American justice was vitiated by prejudice, and the meanest kind of prejudice—that which affected the pocket. From this impetus, the deep and broad foundations of humane jurisprudence, on which the Federal judicial structure had been reared, received their first blow. Ten amendments had recently been adopted by the States. The Federal feeling was lukewarm, where it was not non-existent. When the Supreme Court said to the States that they must pay, the agitators retorted that the Supreme Court should not have power to make them pay. But the resultant Eleventh

Amendment was not embodied in any such frank and courageous language. A paltry device was resorted to. The amendment declares that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State." It was pretended that the "Federalist" had led the provincials to believe that the Constitution did not mean that they could be made to fulfil their public liabilities. As a matter of fact, a note to an old and authorized edition of the "Federalist" called attention to the analogy of the jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber of Germany, which had cognizance of reclamations by a subject of one German Government against the Prince of another State; indicating this power as the model for our Judiciary Article. But the suggested subterfuge of the amenders was adopted. The theory was incorporated in the amended Constitution that the States were the victims of a judicial construction of the Constitution whereby they were bound to perform their legal duties. Hence we have a hypocritical formula introduced into the Constitution of the United States, directing that it shall not be construed in a certain way.

A few words more to illustrate the purely personal nature of the popular vote for the Amendment. Congress had arranged to pay the Revolutionary paper of the several States, and their financial condition was improved by the development of the shipping industry, and the transfer of the carrying trade to our flag at this period of the French Revolution. Real public questions, however, were not at the bottom of this assault on the virility of the national authority; its *rationale* is found elsewhere. The confiscated property of the Tories had been vested in individual purchasers, who had paid Continental money for their holdings. The State treasuries had paid out this paper for the prosecution of the war, and what was left on hand was repudiated. The fellow citizens of these purchasers of loyalist estates were inclined to regard the novel mandates of this new General Government as merely academic; particularly so when they were invited to compensate their late fellow colonials who were then residing under the British flag. In view of this personal consideration, the amendment was worded to include "any suit commenced," and thereby to effect the annulment of

existing actions for the benefit of the defendants. This is the true story of the famous or notorious Eleventh Amendment. Was it not a piece of contemptible political "welching"? Talk of Kings in the Middle Ages clipping their coinage; we did not clip, we deleted. It should be added, in reference to this particular matter of reimbursing loyalists, that the Federal Government made some amends. The same statesmen who could not resist the popular clamor in their home districts against debt-paying were willing, and probably anxious, to meet the ethics of the transaction by making partial payment to the loyalist claimants out of the national exchequer. Indeed, it was most unfortunate that the broad principle which we had established—of making all public bodies justiciable—should have been subjected to this particular strain. If some ordinary or current liability of the States had been involved, the Constitution would not in all likelihood have been so tampered with. But the identification in the public mind of State suability with a class of obnoxious claims and claimants precipitated this hasty change in the Federal judicial system.

However, the concrete transaction ended in this way, but its moral consequences remain to trouble us at the present day and in the practical conduct of public affairs. In point of fact, the United States is disposed to enter upon conventional arrangements which will assure its own repose, and also obviate its continual disturbance by the affairs of its sister republics. But the manner in which its juridical structure has been dislocated by this so-called amendment puts irksome, but effective, restraint upon it.

During the period of reconstruction, the opportuneness of expunging the Eleventh Amendment was discussed among public men, and the writer recalls a conversation on that subject with Senator Conkling. But the great weight of more pressing questions, and the lateness of the period at which the suggestion was mooted, prevented action. When the general arbitration treaties were recently before the Senate, the unwillingness of the defaulting States of the Union to submit to arbitration their debts to foreigners contributed largely to the rejection of those international arrangements. For the reasons stated above, individual aliens, as holders of the bonds of these communities, are barred from relief through the Federal Courts. And by the Senatorial course referred to, the readier and more comprehensive forum of arbitration is for the present denied them.

At this point it should be noted that, while some of the States have retrograded in the course of justice, the General Government has progressed in recognition of its duties. It has opened its judicial portals to all claims against itself on contract, express or implied; and a judgment of the Court of Claims is honored.

But it must also be said that our national predicament is peculiarly delicate in reference to these State debts; because we cannot, in this instance, and in good conscience, fall back upon the limited functions of our Federal Government. The State debts in issue were contracted by Governments organized and sustained by the direct action of Congress. It can be fairly said that the United States is morally responsible for the contracting of these liabilities. Should the United States appear before the Hague Tribunal as the standard-bearer of international arbitration, let us glance at its predicament when required to apply the same principle of arbitration in reference to holdings of the bonds of one of our States, which we invoke in reference to creditors of other American republics. Our State Governments, having annulled the forensic remedies against them, now refuse to arbitrate. On the other hand, our sister republics, which are liable to forcible compulsion, open their tribunals to foreign claimants; and, if these Courts be inadequate to determine this class of controversies, they are willing to submit to the decision of the International Tribunal. These are the contrasted positions of the North and South American republics; and the physical protection which the General Government throws around our repudiating debtor States enhances the moral duty of the United States to provide some remedy. Moreover, the political circumstances under which these State debts were contracted emphasizes the ethical plight of the United States, on this question. The Washington authorities were competent to create and foster the State Governments that issued the bonds. Everything else done by those reconstructed Governments has been stamped with national approval. Would the International Tribunal relieve the nation from responsibility before the world for its sponsorship of these bodies politic? This is the risk which the United States would incur by agreeing to be bound in regard to public contracts by the awards of the Hague Tribunal.

Yet, the other horn of the dilemma in our international relations is still more dangerous—this continuous state of semi-

belligerency with the great Powers on account of our republican brethren. Is there no remedy for this sinister status? Is violence still to remain the arbiter of these international disputes? Is the United States to become the principal sufferer by the retention of this illogical wager of battle? Is it to maintain a larger navy to protect the republican principle from Guatemala to Patagonia? Is its commercial life to be perturbed by Venezuelan incidents? These conditions render it desirable to harmonize with the requirements of public law the position of the National Government towards these State obligations.

A practical remedy seems to be within the power of the Federal Government. For seventy years past the non-paying States of the Union, in common with the other States, have been enjoying the benefit of the Federal surplus of 1836. Several millions of dollars of these moneys are now loaned by the United States in those States that are in default in the payment of their bonds. And while the United States is affording these communities the benefit of these funds, its Treasury is the holder of substantial amounts of their defaulted obligations. From time to time, the United States has instituted suits against these debtor States, and recovered portions of the amounts due the General Government. But large sums of money belonging to the taxpayers of the whole country are still represented only by the unredeemed obligations of these States. In common with aliens, and with citizens of the several States, the Federal Government is a disregarded creditor. But the duty of the United States, as a member of the family of nations, arising from its paternity of the special State authorities that issued these obligations, is of far higher import. And its economic and ethical interest in the substitution of reasoned justice for unreasoning violence, in the settlement of Pan-American and world-wide disputes, is its paramount interest.

The large amount of funds which the National Government has left outstanding in the defaulted States should, in justice to the whole country, be withdrawn from those sections, and applied to relieve the nation from the embarrassment in which its international affairs have been placed by these recalcitrant States.

After the Revolutionary War, the Congress provided the funds for the settlement of the debts of the several States, through a Commission that sifted and adjusted them, and without recourse against the indebted States. No such proposition is now pre-

sented. Merely the restricted application of this precedent is suggested, to the extent to which the surplus funds now held by these debtor States may be withdrawn by the nation. The conditions of the plan should require the acceptance of these limited amounts by the alien and domestic holders of these repudiated bonds, the United States to be a preferred creditor of the fund for full payment of its claims against these States. The plan should also require the transfer of all the State bonds to the United States, with full recourse against the indebted States. To carry out this plan, no money would be taken from the Federal Treasury. The Government would become the owner of the bonds, in the same manner in which it has become the owner of its present holdings from the Indian Trust Funds. The Government could, if it so desired, recover before the Supreme Court, and collect, from the railroad securities held by the indebted States, at least the amount of its surplus funds withdrawn from those States. Above all other considerations, there would be no further obstacle to our agreement to the arbitration of public contractual liabilities.

In some form or another, our historical precedents show that the nation has been eventually condemned to pay for the sins of its several States. In the case of the New Orleans riots, we debated *ad nauseam* with Italy in disclaimer of the national responsibility; but it was impossible to convince her that the United States, with which she made treaties for the protection of her subjects, which controlled the ports at which they landed, and maintained courts in the same territory, was not in some way responsible for the treatment of aliens. In the end we paid something, under some sort of eleemosynary plea; and, moreover, we enacted a statute of the United States to make such wrongs justiciable by the national tribunals. Recalling this outcome of an international dispute in reference to tortious acts, how can we escape the responsibility in a forum of nations for the acts of Governments that our Congress erected, that our armies sustained, and whose legislation contributed to perfect the organic law of the nation. Instead of being called upon to meet this issue before a commission of publicists, would it not be more statesmanlike to remove the practical difficulty by means of resources that seem fortuitously and costlessly adapted to accomplish the result?

EDWARD L. ANDREWS.

THE ARMY AS A CAREER.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, U.S.A.

IN a country under whose flag enormous fortunes have become the rule, and under whose laws protection is guaranteed to vast aggregations of capital in single families, public opinion should demand from the members of these families in return some participation in the government beyond the mere payment of taxes. It is true that the number of desirable appointive offices has become extremely small because of the constant extension of the civil-service system, but there still remain many opportunities, of which the sons of the wealthy do not avail themselves, for rendering public service to the nation. The Army and the Navy, through the medium of the national Academies, are always open to a considerable number, and many do take advantage of the educational facilities furnished by these institutions; but, with few exceptions, they resign before opportunities for distinction have arrived. Many of the young men of wealth who have thus quitted an honorable service which abounds in fine traditions, have taken up an active business or professional career. Others have sacrificed their trained talents to the idle life of a leisure set, which, in America, has few resources worthy of men of their education and character. If such men should seek the service in considerable numbers, they would not only honor their families by so doing, but here and there opportunities for distinction would come to some, whose names would be inscribed with credit upon the pages of the nation's history. The satisfaction to be derived from the social successes of the idle rich is as naught compared to the pride which comes of having rendered the state some gallant or useful service.

Every man whose titles to property are confirmed and protected by the laws of nation or state should not only be ready to

take part in its defence in war, but should regard it as a solemn obligation to fit himself properly for this duty by service in peace, at least for a time, in the Army, the Navy or the National Guard. In any event, the law should forbid the hiring of substitutes in time of war, for the whole Constitution rests upon the basic theory that the militia, composed of every able-bodied citizen, stands as the bulwark of the Republic.

In the Army, as in the Navy, there are representatives of many families which have sent sons of every generation into one or the other, and sometimes both, of the services, in accordance with the old British custom. Almost without exception, these sons may be counted upon for loyal and gallant services because of personal characteristics, as well as pride in the records of their families. Respect for the cloth is usually bred in the bone of these men, and they value the privilege of following in their fathers' footsteps beyond the opportunity of amassing mere material gain.

In a nation so much given to genealogical research, in the effort to locate ancestors who have rendered the nation some service, it is indeed remarkable that so many of the descendants are entirely content with the work of their forebears, and oblivious to the fact that they too might do something for the country. The coveted privilege of membership in one of the numerous patriotic societies seems to satisfy the ambition of too many able-bodied, well-educated descendants of virile ancestors.

In the British and several European armies, the pay of officers has been purposely kept so small as to make it practically impossible to live in the service without a private income. The British articles of war, somewhat amended, and the customs of the British service were commended for adoption by Washington and his Continentals, because they were familiar to so many who had served with the colors before the Declaration of Independence. But, from the very first, Washington urged that, to secure and retain the services of reputable and desirable gentlemen, Congress should provide officers with enough pay to make it unnecessary for them to use up their private means or to adopt makeshifts to eke out scanty allowances.

The British nobility and landed gentry ever have not only given of their best blood to the army, but, as a voluntary contribution to the state, they have habitually supplied the greater part

of the funds necessary for the support of the large body of officers. This burden has always been accepted as a patriotic duty to the Crown; and, through several centuries, these high-born gentlemen, although averse to association with those engaged in trade, have freely risked and often sacrificed their lives in protecting the rights of some distant and obscure trader over whom floated the British flag.

Had the Russian royal family, the nobility and the first citizens of the Empire stood patriotically together, and volunteered their services in the recent war in the Orient, to the same extent as corresponding classes of Great Britain did in the South-African War, there might have been a different tale to tell in Manchuria. Had this course been followed, it seems impossible that the revolution at home could have been successfully launched at so critical a period. The creation of a Russian national spirit, demanding moral and financial support of the armies in the field, beyond all other considerations, would have given heart to the brave men who for nearly eighteen months stood against the Japanese nation, all classes of which were actuated by a common impulse having for its object the halting of the advance of the Russians and their eventual ejection from Korea and Manchuria.

Strange to say, in America, those who by reason of accumulations of property have assumed the rôle of the leisure class and have more or less association with that British element which supplies its scions to the Army, Navy and Civil Service, seldom or never consider the propriety of devoting themselves or their sons to the public service, unless it be as ambassadors or ministers at foreign courts.

The very excesses of a few social reporters and hysterical journals have had their natural result in putting on the defensive the great body of respectable editorial writers, who, in future, as they have done in the past, will go on creating and preserving a public opinion that will hold far above mere pecuniary gain the successful work of the statesman, the jurist, the soldier and the sailor. It is no crime to be rich; but the acquisition of wealth does not release the possessor from the duties of citizenship—service at the primaries, the ballot-box, and, when necessary, in the forefront of battle.

In all countries which maintain regular armies, the social

position of officers is never questioned except on personal and individual grounds. During all the early years of the Republic, no important social function was considered a success which did not include in its company the available representative members of the Army and Navy. In *ante bellum* days of the old army, officers and their families constituted no small part of the principal social set at the nation's capital. Some slight change has taken place in this respect, and foreigners have frequently expressed surprise at the small participation of the Army and Navy in social affairs, as compared to the influence exercised by members of the two services in the capitals of England and Europe. The influx of wealthy families and the excessive cost of living have unquestionably compelled the families of many excellent and talented public officials, civil and military, to avoid a society in which to go the pace means debt, social or pecuniary.

The old order of service in the Army, which for a century guarded the frontiers and made possible the upbuilding of a thriving empire in the "Great American Desert," has completely passed away. The excitement and interest of the trail, the chase and Indian combat; the matching of the white man's intellect against the red man's stratagem and backwoods lore, have now all given way to a new field of duty which encircles the globe. With this ever-widening field of action has come need of more careful study and training, through all the grades; for, time and again since the nation assumed the rôle of a World Power, there has been thrust upon junior subalterns the determination of grave questions involving diplomacy, commerce and the law, international, civil and criminal.

A correct decision, with prompt and forceful action, may tide over many grave emergencies, which are soon forgotten, whilst an honest error may live to mar a record through a lifetime of loyal service. These are the chances that every candidate for a military career must needs take. In taking these professional risks, the young officer, if he anticipates a contented life, must accept the general rule and be satisfied with a consciousness of duty honestly performed as the highest reward that will come in the majority of cases. If, perchance, others of not greater merit be called for important service when he had hoped to be selected, he must needs nerve himself against the sting of envy, else it

may poison his mind and inspire him with discontent. The demands of duty seldom fit those of convenience.

Despite the small number of chances of obtaining high rank, and the assured prospects of frequent hardships and deprivations, there has never been a time when reputable candidates in abundance were not in waiting for commissions in the Army.

The pay of an officer, which at best furnishes but a modest support, has recently lost much of its purchasing power, because of the unexampled prosperity and a general rise in prices throughout the country. This likewise affects unfavorably all persons whose salaries are fixed by law or otherwise. If the officer has a family dependent upon him and he is ordered to duty out of the country, he is embarrassed by unusual and comparatively excessive expenses. Should his orders take him to the Orient, the time required in mail communications becomes a serious and unhappy factor, if it be necessary, as is so often the case, for the family to remain at home.

In England and her possessions and on the Continent of Europe special consideration is shown to officers who are obliged to travel, and, until the recent rate bill was passed, American railways generally followed the custom of granting half-rates for families of officers on their journeys back and forth across the continent, in connection with duty in Hawaii and the Orient. This was in the nature of a contribution to the nation, to assist public officials whose pay was fixed by law many years before the army sailed away to Manila.

Very few citizens are aware that officers are required to pay all their living expenses. Some thirty-odd years ago, the present pay-table was adopted in lieu of all allowances, except fuel. This allowance was continued, because of the possible unfairness to officers stationed at isolated posts in the far North and compelled to buy enormous quantities of fuel. This continuance was considered as part of the implied agreement in fixing the rates of pay for all grades. In a spasm of economy, some years after the adoption of the rates of pay, Congress took away the fuel allowance without compensatory advantage of any kind. It was not altogether the actual reduction of pay by this move that appeared unjust, but the injection of inequality into the schedule, as between those serving in the far South and those stationed along the Canadian border and in Alaska.

Promotion in the Army under normal conditions is usually extremely slow. With all the losses incident to the war with Spain, the Chinese Expedition and the Philippine campaigns, promotion has not been so fast but that officers of from thirty to thirty-five years' service are still waiting for the eagles which carry with them the command of regiments. For the young lieutenants recently commissioned, the climb upwards looks interminable, but the element of chance usually plays a prominent part in keeping up an average movement towards the top.

The methods of filling vacancies in the lowest grade of commissioned officers is in accord with the American theory that no door of public employment should be closed to any man. In the old army, promotions from the ranks followed the British custom, and for a hundred years the commission was available for meritorious non-commissioned officers who had proven their courage and their ability to command men, this although the nation possessed a military academy of the most democratic kind, acknowledged to be the equal of any in the world. Not satisfied with this open door, Congress enacted legislation under which any private of two years' service and within the age limit may compete for a commission in an examination which requires no greater ability than is called for by the entrance examination at the West Point Military Academy. The competitor for a commission may never have commanded a squad; in fact, he may be in a staff department and never have attended a drill or performed any duty with the line, in which he must be commissioned, if at all.

The law was intended to open the door for commissions to all men without necessity for the approval of their immediate commanding officers. Many excellent young men have enlisted in order to secure commissions, and, having gained them, are proving themselves worthy in every way. Many misfits have resulted from too free a construction of the statute; and, altogether, the real object of the law—to elevate the character of the whole personnel of the ranks—has not been realized in the slightest degree. On the contrary, the presence in the ranks of young men whose sole object is to obtain a commission, and who generally select the organization in which they are to serve with special reference to the probability of being rapidly advanced to the grade of non-commissioned officer, has a disheartening effect

upon other men, particularly upon the sterling old non-commissioned officers who, through defective education or over-age, are not qualified to compete in the examinations.

Notwithstanding the many excellent officers in the Army who have gained their commissions under the new law, it may be said, without reflection upon their merits, that every one of them would have been more accomplished professionally had he been given the advantage of the West Point course. Herein lies the reason for the suggestion for keeping open the door to a commission through the ranks, and at the same time making full use of the West Point training which has given the country a Grant, a Sherman, a Sheridan and a host of trained officers of lesser fame.

Through the generosity of Congress, the capacity of West Point has been largely increased. It would be to the great advantage of the individual, as well as of the service as a whole, if all the young candidates, say from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, who are in the ranks for commissions should be sent to the Military Academy as additional cadets, to the limit of the accommodations, and if the direct promotions to the grade of second lieutenant should be reserved for the few cases of meritorious non-commissioned officers who may prove in action their courage and ability to control men under fire.

With all the advantages and all the drawbacks weighed in the balance, there remains a goodly margin in favor of the Army as a career for a man adapted to the profession of arms. It is entirely possible for a young man to live with decency and credit upon his pay, but the possession of a small additional income may remove the worry incident to extraordinary and unforeseen contingencies. There are occasions when, as public officials, both Army and Navy officers become involved in heavy expenses for entertainment, which in justice should be met from the public purse. It is to their credit that they generally measure up to such occasions like gentlemen, even though their doing so subsequently involve them in unpalatable economy.

Altogether, whether in the government of Indian or Oriental tribes, in the fair and patient handling of angry mobs, in the tender nursing of earthquake sufferers or in the supreme test of battle, the Army has ever conducted itself in a way that deserves well of the country.

WILLIAM H. CARTER.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY, POET AND DREAMER.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

"Whom lovest thou best, enigmatical man, say, thy father, thy mother, thy sister, or thy brother?"

Thy friends?"

Thy fatherland?"

Gold?"

"I love the clouds . . . the clouds which pass . . . over there . . . the marvellous clouds."

—BAUDELAIRE.

THOSE whom duty keeps more or less vigilantly at post upon the critical watch-towers have of late been increasingly aware of that none too frequent apparition: an artistic figure of wholly novel physiognomy—precisely, of a musician who made an immediate impression of singularity and distinction. A Frenchman, he spoke a language which was as a strange tongue to those for whom Gallic music in our day is summed up in the diversions of Saint-Saëns, Massenet and their kind. His utterances bore the authentic stamp of modernity; yet it was not the modernity of Wagner, nor of Brahms, nor of Strauss. He eluded positive definition; nor was his school, at first glance, altogether obvious. This perplexing and eccentric personage was Achille Claude Debussy,* born at St.-Germain in 1862, a *Prix de Rome* winner in 1884, now living in Paris; composer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," a music-drama based upon Maeterlinck's play; of the "Trois Nocturnes" for orchestra; of the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," after the Eclogue of Mallarmé; and of other orchestral and choral works, chamber-music, piano pieces and

* He no longer uses the first of these given names.

songs. In Paris to-day he shares with Vincent d'Indy the place of honor among the musical elect; he is industriously imitated; and elsewhere, as in America and in England, he is exercising an influence that is already far from negligible.

Debussy, with what one must regard as an impish endeavor to confound the understanding of those who would too confidently appraise his art, has observed, gravely enough, that music "should give us immediate joy"; should be "perceptible"—an admirable jest from one whom his colleague, Alfred Bruneau, has accurately characterized as the "*très exceptionnel, très curieux, très-solitaire M. Claude Debussy.*" For this outspoken champion of obviousness and naïveté is known to his opponents as the most incorrigible of *précieux*, and those who misunderstand his purpose and dislike his method call him *un cérébral*—an epithet that, while grotesquely inaccurate as a definition, is at least a sufficiently clear indication that he is not regarded precisely as an active exemplar of the doctrines he has avowed. Any one who is at all aware of his essential quality knows that no artist ever more uncompromisingly shut himself in his tower of ivory than does Debussy. He exhibits an abhorrence of the commonplace, of the easily achieved, which is, as Mr. Philip Hale has justly observed, malignant"; he "shuns the harmonically agreeing crowd as he does the mob of loungers on the boulevard." Yet this detachment, this aversion to direct communication, this passion for the esoteric, is wholly sincere—it is the man's natural idiom, and once one has become fully cognizant of his personality, it is impossible to conceive him writing otherwise.

It is a point of approach which has already, and abundantly, justified itself. There is marvellous music in his "*Pelléas et Mélisande*"—undoubtedly, thus far, his masterpiece: music of a twilight beauty and glamour, music that persuades and insinuates, that persistently enslaves the mind. Here, as has been said of a kindred art-work, is one of those "dream-colored dramas of the mind, best seen against imagined tapestries . . . against revealing shadows and tragic glooms and radiances" whose compulsions are very actual and very poignant. One is here aware of elemental forces working in silence and indirection; of a secret and haunting beauty inhabiting the shadowy figures who move dimly, with a kind of shy and wistful pathos, through a no less

shadowy pageant of griefs and ecstasies and fatalities. The "Nocturnes" for orchestra are conceived half in the spirit of landscape, half in the mood of reverie. Here, as Debussy has himself explained, the composer is not concerned "with the form of the nocturne, but with everything that this word includes in the way of impressions and special lights." In the first, "Nuages," is "the unchangeable appearance of the sky, with the slow and melancholy march of clouds"—a conception realized with an incomparable felicity and restraint. "Fêtes," the second of the set, is as elusive and bafflingly suggestive as the fading actuality of a dream: there is the suggestion, in Debussy's own words, of "a festival and its blended music," and passing through it, a magical and entirely chimerical procession. It is an extraordinary fantasy—an embodiment of a concept so subtle as quite to defy exposition. One savors it, and is moved and enthralled by it; but exactly what it implies is as evasively stated in the music itself as in Debussy's cryptic exegesis: "Movement, rhythm dancing in the atmosphere, with bursts of brusque light—luminous dust participating in total rhythm," are his words for it. The third piece, "Sirènes" (written for orchestra and women's voices), is no less impalpable . . . "the sea and its innumerable rhythm" is the key-note of its mood—the sea and its voices of seduction and command. In the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune"—an earlier work—Mallarmé's famous rhapsody, which is exquisite enough in itself, is, in a way, transfigured. It is music of the most inveterate subtlety, of the most aërial refinement; yet it grips and abides.

It is made clear throughout his later and characteristic work that this unique tone-poet lives almost wholly, and with an unequalled intensity in what one must call, for want of an apter term, the psychic world. His music is colored, not with the hue and quality of moods which are the result of vague or specific emotional stimuli, but, as it were, their astral images—their reflection in the supersensuous consciousness: he gives you, in brief, the thing alembicated, distilled to the last degree. Herein lies, I believe, the secret of his remarkable art. For him the visible world does not, recognizably, exist—it is only upon the borderland of his soul that he discerns any certitude of what other men know as passion and emotion. In his eager and insatiable thirst for all beauty that is fugitive, and interior, and evanescent,

he reminds one of that most sensitive of modern poets, William Butler Yeats. He is like him in his supreme unconcern with those emotional gestures that are traditional and immediately significant. Hence it is that he is far less responsive to that region of the spirit where "the multitudinous beatings of many hearts become one," than to the thrall of a luminous and absorbing world of dream and fantasy. His contemplation of reality is at once clairvoyant and ecstatic:

"You need but lift a pearl-pale hand
And bind up your long hair and sigh,
And all men's hearts must burn and beat."

But he worships at an altar whose true significance, it may be, he does not fully apprehend. His is less the adoration of beloved things than of the priestess of beauty who discloses their immortal substance.

This spiritual attitude is revealed through the medium of a style which is, in itself, singular and arresting enough to suggest to the most casual the presence of a new voice among the clamorous tongues of contemporary music. Certain of its roots strike deep into the fertile soil of Wagner; yet from that source of immeasurable richness Debussy has won a product that is, today, altogether his own. He has contrived an entirely novel system of expression. It pays tribute neither to the elder traditions of diatonic procedure, nor to the ungoverned chromaticism whose formulas have obsessed the music of the last half-century. From the dominance of the ascending half-tone progression of which Wagner's "Tristan" gave modern musicians the pattern, he has, in his later and representative work, kept himself conspicuously free. His system is, in a narrow and pedagogic sense, subversive, for it involves a complete overthrow of those canons of tonal integrity which, for so long, have seemed to have the force and authority of immutable law. Wagner was censured for modulating in every bar; but Debussy modulates with every beat of the measure. It is the signature of his style. He has broken down almost the last of the artificial barriers that a restricted interpretation of musical principles has arbitrarily set up between the different keys; and he has attained thereby an order of fluid and untrammelled utterance that is capable of an unimagined eloquence.

Harmonically, his style is a marvel of invention and artistry. Almost twenty years ago Debussy was employing in certain songs harmonic ideas that, even to-day, perplex and disconcert many minds not unreclaimably orthodox; and in his maturer work—in, for example, "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" and in the "*Nocturnes*"—he does things that, for those whose chosen or hieratic function it is to uphold the elder codes, seem little short of anarchistic. Yet, when his idiom is comprehended, one becomes aware of a delicately inexorable logic, an uncompromising ideal of form, underlying the shifting and apparently lawless structure. He is the first composer to suggest completely the analogy of a painter mixing colors. His harmonic hues are not so much juxtaposed as blended; his tonal combinations refract, and, so to speak, reecho one another, as the dominant notes of the painter's color scheme merge into and react upon their complements. For in this music the key relationships established by long tradition are no longer apparent—indeed, for our ears, they cease to exist at all. We are, to alter the figure, upon a changing and multicolored sea; there are impinging currents, and we are conscious of waves and tides. The familiar buoys are absent; yet we are not sensible of being adrift—we are invited merely to yield ourselves to a new control, to a wayward-seeming pilot whose understanding, it may be, perceives deeper currents and subtler winds than does our own.

Debussy marks a return—how broadly significant one need not now inquire—to a method essentially homophonic,—made natural enough, no doubt, by his preoccupation with specifically harmonic effects. He has shown no especial fondness for intricate polyphony. There are not a few contrapuntal felicities in his writing, but they impress one as incidental. He has demonstrated no particular capacity, or perhaps one should say no liking, for the deliberate accomplishment of such polyphonic miracles as are worked by Richard Strauss with so superb a mastery. Instead, he has carried to a point of almost incredible adroitness, flexibility, and resourcefulness the art of purely harmonic utterance. He has invented, indeed, a new harmonic idiom, and has measurably enlarged and enriched the expressional material of music.

The melodic element does not hold so significant a place in his scheme. But one must immediately qualify such a statement by the observation that Debussy is very far from turning

melody and its persuasions out-of-doors; nor is the type of melody which is native to his genius to be impeached because it will not stand the absurd test of being listened to without its harmonic support. His melody is emphatically individual. There are times when it verges upon obviousness, and it is not wholly guiltless of the sentimental curve. Sometimes, and quite properly and inevitably, it is but the border of his harmonic design, or is more rhythmic than melodic, without marked character of its own; again, though less often, it asserts itself with potency and distinction; at its best, it has both saliency and beauty, and then it partakes of the deep-seated and influential magic that informs his musical personality.

Debussy's musical ancestry is not obscure. He has owed much to Wagner—whom in print he has called, with diverting vehemence, “insupportable.” The early songs show quite clearly his allegiance to the creator of “Tristan,” full as they are of his own quality. From Massenet he acquired some minor traits which he is happily unlearning. For any marked traces of the influence of Berlioz, of Liszt, of Brahms, one searches fruitlessly. Occasionally he makes one think of César Franck; but Wagner has been his fountain-head. He has gone far on the path of his own destiny; no one since Wagner himself, not even Strauss, has evolved for himself a style more richly dyed with personality; but the greatest of modern music-makers taught him, at the start, much that he learned well and deeply. He acquired all that Wagner could teach him of the potency of dissonantal combinations, of chromatic relationships, of structural flexibility; and he has applied the lesson, with extravagant *finesse* and most subtle understanding, to his own intensely sophisticated yet unlabored art.

One wonders for what field of creative musicianship his gifts best fit him—whether for what we amusingly call “absolute” music, or for that whose primary inspiration proceeds from a dramatic, pictorial, or concretely emotional stimulus. It has been said of him that he is “obviously a ‘literary’ composer”—that “his brain must first be excited by the contemplation of a dramatic situation, a beautiful bouquet of verse, a picture, a stirring episode in a novel. But why cavil whether the initial impulse for his music be the need of money or Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*?” Why indeed? Undoubtedly, in this sense, he is a “liter-

ary" composer. His only considerable works that are not avowedly associated with a particular external stimulus are his "Fantasie" for piano and orchestra, and his string Quartet, a curiously fascinating piece of writing that dates from what may be called his "middle period"—it was composed in 1893 and produced in Paris by Ysaye's quartet in the same year. In lyric form there are, besides the songs: "L'Enfant Prodigue," an early cantata which won him the *Prix de Rome* at the Institut in 1884; "La Demoiselle Éluë," after Rossetti, composed four years later in Rome; and "Pelléas et Mélisande," his most important and indicative work. For orchestra there are (besides the "Fantasie" already mentioned) the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune (Eclogue de S. Mallarmé)"—to give it its full title; the "Trois Nocturnes"; a "Danse Sacrée" and a "Danse Profane" for chromatic harp and orchestra; and three sketches, "La Mer": all belonging to the period between 1889 and 1906. There are numerous piano pieces, of which the more characteristic are a "Suite Bergamasque," "Estampes (Pagodes, La Soirée dans Grenade, Jardins sous la Pluie)," and "Images (Reflets dans l'Eau, Hommage à Rameau, Mouvement)"; and there are many songs, in which are contained much that is rare and typical. This is, quite evidently, the output of a music-maker for whom the most engaging function of his art is its capacity for emotional and dramatic representation. Yet, for those who know him, it will seem otiose to record the fact that, however natural an exemplar of "programmatic" writing he may be, he is anything but a tonal realist, a slave to delineation. It has been made evident enough in the foregoing pages, I think, that he is, in the purest sense of that outworn and misdirected term, an impressionist: a sensitive recorder, to use his own apt phrase, of "impressions and special lights."

His doctrines and prepossessions are contained *in esse*—have come, as it were, to a focus—in "Pelléas et Mélisande." He has revealed in this, as in no other work, his distinguishing traits. Nowhere else is he so completely and disarmingly himself, so happy in his medium. One would have said, in advance of the event, that he, of all living composers, was best fitted to write music for Maeterlinck's beautiful and exacting play. He was not only best fitted, he was ideally fitted; in listening to his music one catches oneself imagining that it and the drama issued from the

same brain. Not only is it impossible to conceive of the play wedded to any other music; it is difficult, after hearing the work in its lyric form, to think of it apart from its tonal commentary. For Debussy has caught and reuttered, with almost incredible similitude, the precise poetic accent of the dramatist. He has made definitely and poignantly articulate the heart-shaking sadness and beauty of this "vieille et triste légende de la forêt." Its indescribable glamour, its veiled and shadowy loveliness, the magical and fate-burdened atmosphere in which it is steeped—these things have found voice and tangibility in Debussy's score.

He has subjected the play to anything but a conventionally operatic treatment. The voices sing in a constant chant—technically, an unbroken recitative; there is no vocal melody whatever, none of the contrasted declamation and *cantabile* that Wagner employs with so brilliant an effectiveness. It was this feature of "Pelléas" that, more than anything else, brought down upon its composer's head the wrath of the rear-guard when the work was produced at the Opéra Comique in April, 1902. To the dissenters, his musical personages were mere "stammering phantoms"; he was regaled with the age-worn charge of having "ignored melody altogether"; and Maeterlinck himself (whose musical perceptions are not, conceivably, unlimited) called the work an "incomprehensible version." Debussy has defended his practice with point and directness: "I have been reproached," he says, "because in my score the melodic phrase is always found in the orchestra, never in the voice. I wished,—intended, in fact,—that the action should never be arrested; that it should be continuous, uninterrupted. I wanted to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. Melody is, if I may say so, almost anti-lyric, and powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song (*chanson*), which confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder, through technical exigencies, the changes of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. It is effaced as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures as in their cries, in their joy as in their sorrow." However much one may hesitate to subscribe to Debussy's generalities, the final justification for his procedure is in the fact that it is ideally suited to its purpose—the tonal utterance of Maeterlinck's rhymeless, metreless, and broken phrases. To have set them in

the sustained *arioso* style of "Tristan und Isolde" would have been as impossible as it would have been inept. As it is, the writing for the voices in "Pelléas" never, as one might reasonably suppose, becomes monotonous. The achievement—an astonishing *tour de force*, at the least—is as artistically successful as it is unprecedented in modern music. It is pleasant to speculate upon what Rossini or Verdi or Gounod—or, indeed, Wagner—would have said to the idea of an opera written, from beginning to end, in recitative; yet the effect of the thing is spontaneous, unforced, inevitable.

In his treatment of the orchestra, Debussy makes scarcely less resolute a departure from tradition. There is little symphonic development, in the Wagnerian sense. There are a number of representative phrases, of singular beauty and character, but they are employed more sparingly and simply than modern precedent would have led one to expect. They are seldom set in sharp and vividly dramatic contrast, as with Wagner; nor does Debussy contrive the fabric of his accompaniment as a polyphonic interweaving of significant themes. His orchestra reflects the emotional implications of the text and action with scrupulous fidelity, but suggestively rather than with detailed emphasis. The drama is far less heavily underscored than with Wagner; the note of passion or of conflict or of tragedy is never forced. His personages love and desire, exult and hate and die with a surprising economy of vehemence and insistence; there are scarcely more than a dozen *fortissimo* marks in the entire score. Yet, un-rhetorical as the music is, it is never pallid; and in such truly climactic moments as that of Goloud's agonized outbreak in the scene with Mélisande, in the fourth act, and the ecstatic culmination of the final love scene, the music supports the dramatic and emotional crisis with superb competency.

Throughout, the effect is of the enclosure of the play in an atmosphere of ambient and suffusing tone: it is this perfect adjustment of exalted speech, action, music, and scenery, that makes the work in its lyric form the unparalleled and insinuating thing it is. Many passages are of an hypnotic and abiding fascination. There is something necromantic in the art which can so swiftly and so surely cast an ineluctable spell upon the heart and the imagination—such a spell as is cast in the scene at the "Fontaine des Aveugles," in the second act; or

when, upon the staircase under the castle tower, *Mélisande's* unbound hair falls and envelops *Pelléas*—an unforgettable page; or when the lovers meet for the last time at the Fountain of the Blind; or in the scene of *Mélisande's* death—one of the most pathetic and affecting pages in all music. With what simplicity, concentration, and delicate precision Debussy has accomplished his results only those who care to understand the structural organization of a score can quite appreciate. These will wonder at the elasticity and richness of the harmonic texture—which, while it is incurably “irregular,” is never crude nor inchoate; at the suppleness and refinement of the melodic line; at the rhythmical variety and expressiveness; at the masterly and individual orchestration. But it need require no faculty of trained perception justly to value the excellences of Debussy's score. There is great beauty, great eloquence, in this music. It has sincerity, dignity, and reserve, yet it is charged to the brim with ardor, with tenderness, with sensibility.

It is less with the thought of marking its deficiencies than of defining the limit of what it attempts, that one notes of Debussy's art, as a whole, that it has more of ecstasy than of vigor, that it excels in subtlety rather than in breadth. Yet it is neither frail nor slight. It is always, in its graver moments, at close quarters with human and sincere emotion; but Debussy, one must say again, envisages his world through a psychic veil that magicalizes without distorting—a veil that, while it may lessen the impression of actuality, yet has the curious and compensating property of revealing unsuspected and secret aspects, unnoticed lights and surfaces and contours. Here is a musician who walks with those eager and quickened beings for whom, behind every concrete manifestation of human life, hovers a shape of fire and air—for whom the dreaming spirit of the world has a far greater authenticity and a nearer presence than the shifting substances that are its shadow. It is this remote, this astral life that profoundly and exclusively concerns him. Of the manner in which his art reflects it, one may not inaptly say that it has pervadingly that beauty defined by Pater—“a beauty wrought from within . . . the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions.”

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT.

BY CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

DURING the last twelve or fifteen years much has been heard of the efforts of both employers and trades-unions to restrict or limit the output of manufacturing establishments. It is comparatively a new economical subject, so far as discussion is concerned; and little has been written about it. Attempts to limit output both by employers and employees are quite old, but it is only with the recent development of machinery that such attempts have been in large degree effective.

The word "restriction" is not quite the correct one. "Regulation" may represent the truth more clearly, although any regulations which limit the product of the works or of the men are essentially restrictions.

Trades-unionists allege that employers do not hesitate to limit the output of their works when the goods they produce are overstocked. Such limitation or restriction is to affect the price, but the employer, while desiring to keep the price up, must also, while his works are running, run at a speed that will not increase the cost of production per unit. The employee does not have this complication when he attempts, by any regulation of the union or other organization, to limit the production of the individual. The effect of the employer's effort is to limit the aggregate output. The effect of the working-men's effort is to limit or regulate the output per man in a given time. The public is not generally familiar with this feature, as it is with that of rebates on railroads, and yet it is quite as important—even more so, from the consumer's point of view.

There have been some rather aggravated attempts during the past few years, like that of the cotton-growers of the South, who met in a convention a few years ago when the price of cot-

ton was very low and passed resolutions to the effect that there should be a decrease in the area planted, thus hoping by regulating the amount of cotton grown to keep the price where they thought it ought to be kept. The result was somewhat comical, for many went home from the convention feeling that, as most planters would limit their areas, they individually could increase theirs and thus profit by the operation. All such attempts are of course uneconomic, impolitic, and they result in much demoralization in the market.

Four or five years ago there was a glut of Christmas trees in the New York market, and prices were lowered very materially. The holders of the trees deliberately destroyed a large quantity, so that the supply might be lessened and thus the prices enhanced. Such things are open to public observation; but where, in a line of mechanical industry, there is an overstock of goods, the public does not recognize the process by which the stock is limited until the supply and demand are fairly equalized. It has not been rare that under such conditions the managements of establishments involved, not wishing to suspend their works and thus decrease the output, have ingeniously engineered a strike, resulting in a shut-down of the works, when the managers could stand before the public as being the victims of a strike, and not as having suspended for the sake of decreasing the supply.

So, too, agreements are sometimes made between employers and employees for the very purpose of limiting the output, the employees receiving a higher wage meantime and the producer a higher price. Some years ago, this method worked very successfully for quite a period in the glass-blowing trade. This method has also prevailed to some extent in the ship-building industry in England, in the pottery industry in this country, in the machine industry, in the production of lamp chimneys and in various other lines of productive industry. This method seems to be the favorite one where the unions and employers work in fair harmony; but if such agreements result in higher prices, or in preventing reasonable competition, the consumer pays the bills.

But the restriction or regulation of output about which most is said relates to the attitude of trades-unions; a careful study of the subject leads to the conclusion that there is not any very severe restriction on the part of trades-unions, but rather an at-

tempt to regulate output, so that justice may be done in the various complicated conditions of mechanical industry, and that in this matter of regulation is to be found the most subtle relation of employer and employee, a relation not very well understood by the public or by economic writers.

The bald charge of restriction seems to be the limit of discussion, of course with details as to the quantity and value of the restriction. That such regulations on the part of trades-unions result oftentimes in a very marked increase in cost, cannot be denied. Trades-unionists in America do not hesitate to admit that they indulge in regulations so far as their members are concerned, but justify them on various grounds. The English trades-unionists have flatly denied the existence of any rules limiting output.

Mr. Mosely's delegation of working-men, when in this country, stated to the writer, in the most emphatic manner, that the trades-unionists of England did not indulge in any limitation of output; yet the facts show that they do so regulate their work as to effect restriction and to increase cost of production. One of the most distinguished builders of London told me recently that the public in America was not aware of the fact that it cost more to erect buildings in London than in New York, because the bricklayers' union, for instance, would not allow bricklayers to lay more than 450 or 500 bricks per day, while in this country from 1,500 to 2,000 bricks are laid per day in the same line of work, that is, straight-wall work.

Some will remember, although it was not generally known, that four or five years ago employees in the Chicago building trades attempted some very severe regulations as to the quantity of work which should constitute a day's work, their theory being that quantity and not time should be the measure of work, for which a certain wage was to be paid. The lathers, for instance, reduced the number of laths which should be laid in one day as against the number which a fairly skilled workman could lay, and the plumbers instituted a rule that three wiped joints should be considered a day's work, although a plumber of ordinary skill could make such a joint in thirty minutes. The limitations which it was attempted to put in force at that time were absurd in great degree, and employers retaliated in their way, so that finally some of the most extravagant claims of the amount of

work which should be paid for as "a day's work" were regulated by agreement. The limitation of work in the ship-building trades in New York and vicinity has resulted most disastrously in the transference of repairs, etc., to neighboring ports. The same principles prevail or apply in these matters as in all others where there is an attempt arbitrarily to fix economic conditions.

There is probably as much complication growing out of attempts to regulate output in the printing and publishing business as in any other. The introduction of linotype machines aroused the compositors to such a degree that they feared their trade was to be demoralized and work taken from them. They therefore undertook, when such machines came into use, to regulate rates and amounts, so that fair justice should be done. At present this contest does not exist, because, while there was a temporary loss on the part of compositors, it has been more than made up by increased work and otherwise. Here, as in other industries, what is known economically as the "dead line" is brought forward as a reason for regulation. The "dead line" means the minimum quantity of product per day which entitles an employee to employment. In some cities employees and employers are quite averse to the employment of men who fall below that line. This dead-line idea applies only to machine composition, where it applies at all, in the printing industry. Where an operator falls below the prescribed quantity, he is considered as falling below the "dead line," and thus there is a restriction in this direction.

Other restrictions relate to the number of persons employed and the kind of composition and other matters pertaining to the trade.

Of course the unionists justify limitation on account of nervous exhaustion in the use of machines, technicalities of the machine, the insistence of publishers that steady, moderate speed should be used.

There are many agreements between employers and employees in the manufacture of hardware. A large proportion of the product is controlled by pools that restrict, regulate or apportion the output, and there are in some cases formal compacts which affect prices. The men sometimes know all these things and retaliate by making limitations of their own. They insist upon certain conditions, one of which has been the cause of a great

deal of antagonism, that relating to the number of men in proportion to the number of machines. Employers oppose the one-man-one-machine rule, and in some cases this rule does not amount to a limitation of the output, but is a regulation in the interest of health and proper conduct.

The union also adopts some rules or regulations relative to the introduction of cutting-tools. One of their chief contentions relates to piece-work. If piece-work could be carried on by allowing a man to do his best, there might not be so much friction, but machinists' organizations do not like this work and discontinue it whenever they get the power, even when the result is a reduced earning capacity. Employees complain that, when the piece-work system is established, at first the price is high and they can make more money than on any other basis, but that the piece rate is reduced as time goes on, so that as day wages go up piece prices are apt to go down, the piece rate being cut so that at a new rate of speed the workman earns no more than under the day-wage system. It is seen that in this industry, therefore, there are reasons for the attempted regulations beyond the simple restriction of output which is alleged.

Union men oppose the idea of the employer's obtaining a large or increased percentage of product without a corresponding increase of wages to the workmen; hence they attempt some form of regulation. So the unions in the machine industry quite generally claim that they have no specific restrictions on output, but regulations looking to juster conditions and more impartial operation of the works.

What has been said relative to the machinery industry applies in large degree, although not in detail, to the iron and steel industry. Complications in these are great indeed, and all the processes involving double turns and single turns and even three-turn systems, different shifts, the charging of furnaces and all the processes of production, must be the subject of minute regulation, or injustice would be done in many cases.

In coal-mining, especially the bituminous industry, there is really abundant occasion for proper regulations, even though such regulations result in a limitation of output. The operators must conduct their business so as to secure a fair profit, the miners must work in such a way as to enable them, by a reasonable day's work, to secure a fair day's pay. The use of machines

enters into this matter largely, and very many other conditions demand regulation. In the anthracite-coal industry the operators have claimed for a long time that the miners' union restricts output, and yet they themselves must regulate their industry in such ways as in many cases to lead to such limitation. Both parties occupy peculiar relations to this matter of restriction. The operators, when they endeavor to maintain an output ample to meet current demand, do not permit a surplus that might unsettle prices and affect the earnings of those engaged in the industry; while, if they press the mines for greatest output and there is slight demand for the product, prices must decline to such a low point that a material reduction in wages would be absolutely necessary.

It would therefore seem quite necessary, in the interest of both miners and operators, that there should be some regulation relative to the quantity of coal mined; yet, when such things are attempted, the public feels that it is the victim of unlawful combination in some way, although it is not easily ascertained in what way the combination is illegal. Yet it is certain that the railroad companies to some extent limit the total output of coal to conform to that quantity which the market will take at prices which are uniform for the different companies operating. The union attempts to distribute work in such a way that all shall be fairly treated, as by the regulation as to the number of cars—mine cars—which shall be loaded per day, or the number of hours of a shift from one period to another and at different times of the year. All the restriction, all apparent restriction, really occurs in regulating the total output. All other items are simply the result of distributing the output equitably among the railroads, collieries and miners.

So there are certain rules which might be called restrictive in the ready-made clothing trade, whereby the union secures what it considers certain advantages. They attempt to substitute for piece-work a system of week-work to make uniform the conditions of labor in the trade, and to reduce the hours of labor gradually to eight per day. They also institute regulations relative to cutting with the electric knife and with the band knife. The unions have rarely adopted any rules limiting the amount of work or earnings, unless their attempt to limit the hours of work per week be restriction.

The Cigar-makers' Union of America has indulged in rules and regulations very largely by agreements between them and employers, by which the conditions of the industry have been made more agreeable and at the same time more profitable.

The boot-and-shoe industry has been subject to many rules and regulations for a long time, with a view, however, to adjusting conditions rather than to limiting output.

In slaughtering and meat-packing it is charged by employers that there is a general decrease in output in all departments, resulting from the actions of the unions; while the unionists charge that employers resort to various means for keeping the product within certain lines for the purpose of affecting prices. On the part of the workmen, there has doubtless been a slowing down in the speed, and union representatives agree that this has been so, but they allege that it is an unconscious slowing up in prosperous times following the speeding up that occurs during periods of stress. These are natural processes rather than forced ones. Officials of the Chicago Packing Trades Council state that there are no restrictions in the general work of the packing-houses outside of the cattle and sheep killing, and there it is not restriction but an agreed limit which has been admitted to be a reasonable hour's work by the employers.

It is in only a few trades of the United States that the subject of restriction is of any importance. There are of course very many trades or industries in America, but probably not more than thirty-five or forty are alleged to have any restrictions or regulations affecting the quantity of output. The information for thirty of such trades, that is nearly all, has been collected in an official report by the United States Commissioner of Labor. This report also embraces some features of alleged restriction in Great Britain, although information relative to the subject is very difficult to obtain. The real discussion of the restriction of output as a policy in Great Britain arose with the issue, by the International Federation of Ship, Dock and River Workers, of what is known as "the ca'canny circular." "Ca'canny" is a simple and handy phrase which is used to describe a new instrument or policy which may be used by the workers in place of a strike. This gave rise to a movement in England under that name when the workmen proposed regulations for the work. This circular insisted that workmen paid good wages could give their

best labor and their best skill; and, as "ca'canny" means "go easy," the union named instituted the "go-easy" policy until the operators and employers were willing to meet and confer with the men's representatives, thus hoping to avoid a strike; so after the appearance of the circular, October 10th, 1896, the shipworkers urged the adoption of the "ca'canny" policy as a regular method on their part when the wages, in the opinion of the workers, were unfairly low. Specifically the "ca'canny" system meant that, if a man could get only four shillings for five shillings' worth of work he did in a day, he should do only the four shillings' worth, and that he was a fool to do otherwise. Here was a rule which meant restriction in a certain sense, although not a direct restriction on output. The policy caused a great deal of discussion, and the unions were accused by "The Times" and other periodicals of adopting a policy of restriction; but the federation of trades-unions repudiated the idea that they were indulging in any such policy. The discussion and agitation continued, and its development is likely to affect different classes of workmen.

Certainly in the ship-building trade there has been more or less restriction, and it is the result of persistent organized effort, for in the ship-building trades the foremen themselves are practically members of the union. Piece-work, the employment of machinery and other conditions have led to these regulations.

The printing and publishing industry of England has come under rules regulating output, and to such an extent as to result in some limitation. This is true also of the boot-and-shoe industry, and certainly in the building trades, as has been stated, especially in bricklaying. Cabinet-making has been subjected to the rules of the union, especially to resist united pressure of employers. Even in street-paving, it is found that there is some limitation. Employers insist that there is much of this, but their position is combated by the employees, who insist that their limitations are only indirect results of proper regulations.

The textile industry, one subject of competition especially from abroad, offers an opportunity in Great Britain for various rules resulting in more or less regulation of the output of establishments. There are industries in Great Britain that are subject to the prevailing methods. There is, of course, a great deal of ill adjustment of the relations of capital and labor in Great

Britain as well as in this country, and it is to overcome these ill adjustments that the trades-unionists claim they are instituting their regulations. What Professor John H. Gray, who has studied the subject in Great Britain, says of that country is quite true of this. He says:

"Formal restriction, therefore, is likely to be, as it doubtless has been in the past, a matter of general understanding among the workmen in certain shops or districts, carried on perhaps against the judgment of the national union leaders and oftentimes without those leaders having any knowledge of the fact.

"When it comes to the indirect action of the unions which really may affect the output in a serious way the matter is somewhat clearer; for, in the attempt to bring about the changed relations between employer and employed, the question of manning and rating machines, of apprentices, of standard rates and numerous other things constitute the weapons of the laborers."

But everywhere, whether in Great Britain or on the Continent or in this country, there are very many points which can be adjusted by joint agreements, which, though indirectly affecting the amount of output, must and will result in better relations, in more just conditions, in more uniform wages, a more reasonable length of day for work. These subjects relate to the intensity of exertion, a very important matter, subtle, elusive, hard to reach by any regulation or any dogmatic or arbitrary rule. A restriction of speed may make possible a larger number of hours of work during the day, or may enable the workman to continue at work with greater regularity through the year, and therefore with a reduced number of idle days for rest and recuperation, and it may make possible a longer period of trade life. The workman is therefore directly and peculiarly interested in any regulation which shall relieve him of annoyance and severe strain resulting from the exertion required to produce a certain amount of goods in a certain length of time. But every attempt to restrict speed is certainly a restriction of output. The consumer meets the result by increased cost, it may be, although increased speed ought to decrease cost; but, should it not do so, must not the consumer be content to contribute some share of the expense necessary to relieve the workman of the great strain of increased exertion under modern industrial methods?

So, too, in the question of machinery. All students of the

subject must admit that there can still be better, more healthful and saner rules relative to the working of machines and the application of improved tools. The consumer gets any general benefit from the introduction of any machine. He should therefore be willing to meet part of the cost. Society owes something to the workman in this respect. The writer has heard great employers claim that all benefits from the introduction of speeded machinery should belong to the workmen. It is probable, however, that ethical and economic law would not approve of the statement. The workman should receive a large share, and does receive a large share, of the benefits resulting from the introduction of machinery. Society, however, is the chief beneficiary.

Another matter which must come under regulation is the division of labor. So, too, the question of administration, by which the greatest economy is secured, can be the subject, as it already is to some extent, of regulation. Hours of labor and wages and methods of payment can be regulated by joint agreements, but indirectly they must be considered as restrictions. Also the matter of employing and discharging workmen is a subject of regulation. There must be a sane and just method of regulating this difficult question. All the unions enforce restrictions in this respect, if possible. The employer's freedom is at stake; while, on the part of the public, the general rule that the employer has a right to employ and discharge without let or hindrance is accepted and is recognized by the courts everywhere.

Both employers and employees are becoming more and more sensitive as to what they call their rights, and at the same time are willing to indulge in joint rules which shall relieve industry of strained relations, which are worse for the public than any reasonable restriction of output.

Certainly, the public can stand all possible regulations which employers and employees will mutually accept or adopt, that are aimed at securing steady, fairly paid employment, healthy conditions for work, and as much justice in all the delicate and ever-subtle relations of employer and employee as is possible with human nature and ethical and economic law.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

AND THE CONTEST IN NEW YORK STATE.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

THE contest for the office of Governor of New York State is being followed with quite unwonted sincerity and depth of interest. And quite rightly, it would seem. For far more is involved than the personalities of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hearst. The present conflict brings us back to the principles on which the life of states and nations is built. The decision now reached will be remembered as a turning-point, perhaps, in our national history.

It is not merely that the present contest will have great influence on the next Presidential election; that success for the candidate of the Democratic party now will mean a flush of hope for his success in 1908; that the election of the present candidate is more than likely to determine the choice of that candidate for the greater struggle two years hence. In reality, far more is involved.

The real importance of the conflict seems to be this: The last few years have seen an extraordinary development of our national life. New forces have come into being, new forms of force and energy have been developed, new groupings of the very elements of humanity have been reached; and conditions have arisen, full of vitality and full of fate, such as we have never seen before, and such as no nation has ever seen before. The direction of these momentous forces will determine our entire future as a nation, and will greatly influence the life and destiny of other nations. The two candidates for the office of Governor of New York State are representative men. Each embodies a certain principle of action. Each stands for a method of dealing with

the great forces of our modern life. Each comes with clear proposals and a clear policy. And the present choice is likely to determine which of these policies will be followed in our national life for years to come.

If we ask what the new and unprecedented forces in our national life are, we can easily get the answer from the letters of acceptance of the two candidates. To begin with, we find Mr. Hughes declaring against "boss" rule, and affirming that he will accept no dictation but that of his own conscience. This may provoke little wonder; so used are we to the influence of the "boss" in politics that we hardly give the matter a thought. Yet it merits most careful thought, for the system involved is not only vicious; it is also disintegrating, and cuts at the root of liberty and free government.

Let us make this clear. The following would, perhaps, not be an unfair description of the "boss" system, as it exists in most of our cities and States. The "boss" is a man of great natural force. He is often a born leader. He has the personal magnetism which induces willing obedience. He is astute and able in his plans. Like a good leader, he chooses able lieutenants. They must have, in their degree, personal magnetism and astuteness. They must be ably seconded by lesser men, whose business it is to know practically every voter, almost every man, woman and child, in the district committed to their care.

In practice, the "boss" and his satellites do a great deal for their adherents. They have influence with employers of labor, with State or city officials, with heads of departments. By a word in season, they can get work for those out of employment, or better pay for their friends. And under the "boss" system there is always some one who can "put things through" with ease and despatch. If one has a new undertaking in hand which requires the assent of the State or city, the influential personage will "see it through." Somebody must be "seen," and, if the interview is satisfactory, things will presently begin to move smoothly in the desired direction.

What is true of private enterprises is true of public offices. The word of the "boss" is decisive. The friend of the "boss" gets the nomination. And when election day comes, the "boss" can "make good." His lieutenants can "swing the voters into line," and secure victory at the polls. We presently have a

corporate government made up of "friends of the boss," and there is little reason to expect that the stimulus of self-interest which has moved matters up to this point will cease to determine the further course of events.

In fact, we presently find a parasite life developed and grown strong within the body politic of State or city; a second State within the State, absolutely selfish, absolutely mercenary, wholly unscrupulous, avowedly after money, "first, last and all the time." When we read of the condition of Spain, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, where a web of religious houses and organizations had spread over the land, drawing from the people a larger revenue than the national revenue of Spain, and exempt from taxation, we throw up our hands in horror, and very justly. Yet we have something very much worse in the "boss" system which permeates our States and cities to-day. For the essence of the whole system is injustice. It aims, and successfully aims, at obtaining for its adherents some advantage at every point above what they are entitled to, in strict justice to their fellow citizens. It aims at securing them from due punishment for evil-doing, in return for corrupt consideration. It aims at building up within the State an organization whose members shall at all points be favored, protected, defended, beyond the measure of strict justice, and to the detriment of every one outside the organization.

When we read of some strong wrongdoer of the Middle Ages, who was able to build up for himself an almost regal power within the State, securing for his armed "*bravi*" unlimited plunder, immunity in evil, license in all kinds of violence, we can see at once what an evil and injustice we are dealing with. We are far slower to realize that the "boss" of to-day, with his organized adherents, represents exactly the same evil principle, and is working exactly the same wrong to the body politic, is inflicting exactly the same injustice on the whole body of citizens. Justice should secure absolutely fair dealing for every member of the State; justice should establish and maintain an absolutely fair relation among all members of the State; and Law, the most sacred thing in human life, should be an expression of this even-handed justice. The "boss" system, with its organized scheme of favoritism, of immunities, absolutely defeats justice, and cuts at the root of law. It attacks, and must ultimately destroy, the very foundation on which the life of a nation rests.

We need not suppose that the "boss" and his followers are more depraved than the great mass of their fellow citizens. They are ambitious and eager for money. But then, as a nation, we are eager for money and ambitious. The "boss" and his *bravi* have simply applied in a special field the wonderful American gift for organization; and they have chosen the field of government to exercise their faculty in, because they have a low sense of obligation to justice and Law. Their power is made possible by a wide-spread failure to esteem Law and obedience to Law at their high and sacred value; by the general unwillingness of "people of the better sort" to make the sacrifices of personal comfort and gain which would make a thorough reform possible.

We have, therefore, in the "boss" system an immense force, practically a new development of life, due to the conditions of our national growth, and calling for vigorous and incisive action. And we have, in their relation toward this question, the first touchstone of the two candidates for the office of Governor of New York State. It is a question, not of words, but of deeds. We find one candidate explicitly declaring his independence of "boss" rule. We have the other candidate in close alliance to the "boss" system, and seeking to profit by it.

Again, in Mr. Hearst's letter of acceptance this time, we have much said of corporations, "the trusts that rob the people," as they are eloquently styled. And here, it seems to me, we have a second touchstone. For both candidates have a defined and clear-cut policy toward corporations, and Mr. Hughes at least has given us admirable object-lessons in the application of his policy.

It is, perhaps, a defect in our national character, that we are too completely absorbed in practical life to think our way to the root and principle of things; just as, in science, we are far more apt at applied mechanics than at large and universal discoveries. So it happens that we have reached an immense development of corporations, without any clear idea of what they imply; and so it becomes possible for certain types of people to spend their days and nights denouncing corporations, trusts and combinations of every kind, without there being at hand any very ready answer to their attacks. How many of us are clear in our minds as to the necessity and rightness of trusts and corporations? How many can give a reason for the faith that is in us?

We shall proceed most safely by the historic method. Corporations, combinations of resources, have grown up by natural stages, to meet actual wants and conditions. There are undertakings without number which no individual could carry out; and the principle of the division of labor is the germ of all corporate enterprises. The truth is that combinations of effort are absolutely right and necessary; that they belong to the stage of life on which humanity has entered; that their application to all productive undertakings is a necessity, an inevitable development of forces inherent in humanity.

In the last great epoch, the main activity of humanity was political. Families were welded into tribes. Tribes were welded into states. States were welded into nations. Whether it be the coalescence of the kingdoms of Mercia, Anglia, Northumbria and the rest into the one realm of England; or the formation of modern France from the great feudal principalities; or the making of United Italy; or the union of the kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and the rest in the German Empire, we have everywhere the principle of combination, of a wider and wider corporate life. And we have everywhere, as the result, a wider growth of human consciousness, so that each individual feels for England or France or Germany or Italy, holding the whole nation within his conscious life. In the process of welding there was much suffering, much injustice. War and bloodshed were rife throughout the whole epoch. Nevertheless, the outcome is great and lasting human good, a good which is purely moral and spiritual in the last analysis.

The same principle of combination, of corporate life, is now being applied to production, as it was formerly applied to individual lives. And in the long run its fruit will be as beneficial. Internal competition in any productive industry is exactly the same thing as internal friction in a machine; a definite loss, which is not compensated in any way. It is so much sheer detriment. And the abolition of internal friction, which is brought about by the formation of corporations or trusts, or whatever they may be called, is such an immense advantage that it has made great fortunes in numbers hitherto unknown in human history. We all profit in ways innumerable by undertakings which embody this principle of combination. We are served by them in endless directions; and without them almost everything which

characterizes our civilization would be impossible. More than that, these undertakings bring distinct moral and spiritual gain, as surely as does the principle of combination in national life. For, through vast enterprises like our telegraph and steamship lines, our railroads and telephones, all mankind is brought into a common consciousness; so that nowadays we think for more than England or France, Italy or Germany. We think for the whole human race. Every morning, as we read our newspapers, we are taking a survey of no less than the whole of humanity, and the moral gain involved in that is incalculable. Therefore a moment's sane thought will convince any one that combinations, whether we call them trusts or corporations or whatever it be, are right and just, an essential factor in human progress.

The truth is that, by confusion, accidental or deliberate, this question of combined energies is involved with another, of wholly different nature: the question of prices. In former days, prices were determined by competition, and one competitor sought to gain business by underbidding his neighbors. Yet in this struggle there was an immense loss, through internal friction, and the total level of prices was raised to make good this loss. Competition determined prices, but prices can be determined without competition. For example, the price which railroads may charge for carrying passengers was determined long ago in England, by Parliamentary enactment; so that, even now, many of the railroads quote three fares: First, Second and "Parliamentary," the last being equivalent to two cents a mile. This is one instance of a method which has already very wide application, and which is capable of indefinite extension; and just as it is vastly easier and more economical to travel, say, from London to Edinburgh in a "parliamentary" train, the fruit of a combination whose price is regulated by law, than to travel over the same distance in a carriage, so, in general, production through properly regulated combinations will be much more economical in every direction.

Here, once more, we have a vast new force, which in our own country has had and is having an unprecedented development, and which is without doubt one of the forces which will determine our future as a nation. It contains great elements of good. It contains dangers and seeds of evil. Once again, we may use this condition of things as a touchstone, to try Mr. Hughes and

Mr. Hearst. In the one, we have a sane and balanced recognition of the part which is played, and which must be played, by the great combinations of resources which are called trusts and corporations. And we have, besides, an admirable, well-judged and temperate policy of control, which Mr. Hughes has shown himself able to devise and apply to two immense and powerful combinations: the gas trust and the insurance societies. The method of Mr. Hughes, in dealing with the gas trust, was simplicity itself. He first ascertained the actual value of the plant, property and rights owned by the trust, and then determined what would be a fair and equitable price for gas, which would secure a fair profit for the trust, while supplying the public at a fair and moderate cost. It is exactly what was done in the case of the "parliamentary" trains, and the principle is capable of wide application. It may be noted, in passing, that the very fact that all the gas plants were combined in one corporation made it greatly easier to determine the question of price, so that here also the principle of combination proved itself to be an economic advantage. Mr. Hughes's work in providing for the proper control of the insurance companies is too recent and too well known to need any description. It is enough to point out that it illustrates the true way of dealing with great trusts and corporations.

On the other hand, in Mr. Hearst we have a policy of denunciation. We have sentences concerning "the trusts that rob the People," "corrupt corporations," and so on, in endless variety of phrase, but with dull monotony of thought. We have indiscriminate abuse, without any penetrating understanding of the true principles involved, or the part played by the principle of combination in the past, and destined to be played by that principle in the future. We have a total failure to understand, covered up under an unceasing flow of condemnation.

A third great element in our life, and one which we may well call unprecedented, is the almost universal spread of the elements of education. Nearly every man, woman and child, in our vast population of eighty millions, knows how to read, and does read. Here are great possibilities of good, and also great dangers.

We have an immense multitude able to read, yet with very little knowledge, wholly deficient in the historical sense, knowing almost nothing of the long epic of man, very short-sighted, and almost exclusively occupied with questions of personal well-

being. Here is a wide field for the sowing of good seed, or the sowing of evil. If there be among us men ambitious of power and profit, with a flow of words, with no high sense of justice and responsibility, they have a wide field ready to hand. They may come before this multitude, which is able to read without being able to judge, and they may fill its ears with condemnations, with denunciations, with tales of robbery and fraud. They may appeal persistently to self-interest and selfishness. They may do this in season and out of season, fanning the flame of envy and discontent, telling the multitude that they are being robbed, tyrannized over, maltreated. In this way they may gain countless followers. They may become a power, with which the older parties may have to reckon, either as opponents or as allies. They may gain the highest offices in the nation. Yet who can doubt the unwisdom and injustice of all this, the wide evil produced, the ultimate disaster invited?

The danger of a policy of denunciation has always been that the denouncer will presently be outstripped by others, who have less scruple, who find even more to denounce, in fiercer words. There is the growing force of the avalanche. Envy, hatred and malice are strong forces. Who stirs them up is kindling a fire which will presently become a conflagration. They are forces of destruction, of disintegration. And for this disintegration, history knows only one remedy: military despotism.

The application of all this to the present contest in New York State is evident. We are already face to face with dangers of this kind. Strong appeals are made to envy, jealousy, class hatred in every form. Grave responsibility is incurred by every one who seeks to turn these forces to personal profit, or who gives cause for these sermons of denunciation. Yet even were just cause wholly lacking, the danger would not be absent, the possibility of evil would hardly be less.

In the present contest, the forces of denunciation are directed against trusts, corporations and all forms of combined effort and resource. Yet we have seen that the formation of such combinations is eminently necessary and right; that they are one of the greatest factors in modern progress, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times, and, further, that they are simply a new application of the older forces that built up nations and national life. These combinations are indiscriminately denounced as "the

trusts that rob the People," though in sober truth the great fortunes made through the trusts are due primarily to the immense economic advantage of the principle of combination, which eliminates internal friction, and not to robbery of the people at all. We have all profited largely by the vast economies thus made possible, and we are destined to profit even more largely, as the principle of control further supplements the principle of combination. For, as we have seen, it is absolutely possible to fix prices equitably and justly by law, so that both parties to the bargain shall be fairly treated. This has been done in the case of railways in England, and of land rents in Ireland, to mention only two typical cases; and it can be done in every field of human production. Yet we have that perpetual torrent of abuse, of condemnation, appealing to envy, hatred and class jealousy, and sowing the seeds of evil, which may presently spring up in a disastrous harvest.

We need, at the present time, fairness, moderation, justice. We need clear vision, evenly balanced judgment, the ability to see far, and rightly to estimate the gigantic and novel forces which are shaping the destiny of our country, and influencing the fate of the whole world. We emphatically do not need an increase in the forces of hatred, of malice, of discontent, of unjust and indiscriminate condemnation, directed against the new creative forces which, as yet, have only begun their mighty work.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

OXFORD AND OTHER WORLD-UNIVERSITIES.

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE
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It has been said that French history could be written in epigrams. An interpretation of Oxford could be written not only in epigrams but also in paradoxes. Oxford is a University, and is ever to be so interpreted, but the College is the unit and the soul. It is a union of immortal youth and of immemorial age. It stands for the highest social classes of a nation in which social distinctions are cut wide and deep, but it is also the source and origin of the most popular movement in religion since the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. It is conservative, fighting for the retention of Greek as a compulsory study; but it is also alert, inquisitive, responsive to a degree to the day and the hour. It represents tolerance; but the typical Oxford man is supposed to be arrogant, cocky and remote. It has been and still is the buttress and support of the Church, but the late Bishop Creighton, most competent interpreter, said that it lacked "moral spring." Oxford is indeed a paradox, or rather a series of paradoxes.

Among these paradoxes is the fact that the worth of Oxford's education goes far to prove the worthlessness of the ordinary means of education, known as learning or knowledge. Oxford is the best illustration of the value of the remark not uncommon in American colleges, "Don't let your education interfere with your college life." Its methods go far to avoid the peril which the most famous of recent masters, Jowett, intimated in saying that "Education may be the grave of the mind." Oxford does use learning and knowledge in giving an education, although its primary atmosphere is not scholastic; but it uses also and far

more the person. Its purpose is not so much to push out the boundaries of science as to form character. Its aim is rather human than humanistic. It seeks to be the mother of men. It aims not so much to teach as to develop. Teaching it uses as a means, and upon that it lays emphasis, but not emphasis at all so heavy as it puts upon the end of character itself.

In seeking this purpose Oxford uses scholarship, but scholarship more as a condition than as a cause. The cause is the man, the teacher, the tutor, the person, the friend. It adopts the homœopathic principle; it seeks to make men through men. The personal force is not the formal professor. The formal professor is in peril of being simply "ornamental," as an Oxford tutor said to me, although the peril is in many cases happily avoided. The personal force is the tutor; he comes into close intellectual grip and grapple with the students. He it is who embodies the essential of good teaching, declared in the remark, "He calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out."

The force which the University and the College thus use is not only the tutor, mature in character; but also the equal, the contemporary, the fellow student of the student himself. Student makes student, man man. The attrition of pebbles of equal size wears each into smoothness. The talk of the common room, the intimacies of breakfast and of luncheon, the pulling of oars in the same boat, constant and intimate association, represent forces and conditions which help to make men. The club of any good sort has value in terms of character.

In this mutual creativeness of manhood, criticism is a constantly used tool. The Englishman is a hard hitter. He both gives and receives good blows. He respects a worthy antagonist; he despises a weak one. What we in America would call rather hard criticism appears, for instance, in the Oxford Magazine regarding the debates of the Union Society. I copy these comments from several numbers of that review: "—— has a confidence in himself which is remarkable; we wish that we could have put an equal confidence in all his arguments." "—— gave us a lecture when we wanted a debate." "—— needs to unlearn his fatal fluency, if he is to become a really good speaker." "—— is at present overburdened with confidence. With a little more humility he should make a good speaker." "When the bell rang he remarked that he had better sit down. Perhaps he

was right. He wants more experience." "—— should remember, however, that the Debating Hall is small in size, and that the voice need not be raised so loud as it has to be when addressing five thousand Irishmen." "—— was perhaps lacking in maiden modesty. He should simulate a little bashfulness and drop a tendency to pulpit methods." These remarks, however, are not to be taken too seriously, and, furthermore, they were accompanied by remarks quite as complimentary respecting other speakers. The criticisms, moreover, are on the whole a part of the critical mood and attitude of Oxford. The talk of the common room is critical of men as well as of movements. The advice which Jowett gave to Matthew Arnold when he was beginning his service as Professor of Poetry, "Teach us not to criticise but to admire," has not received general adoption.

In this personal development is seen an instance of the application of the elective system of studies. The elective system I now use, not in the sense in which it is used in the American college, of a choice between different studies, but rather in the sense of a choice between studying and not studying. The advice which a private tutor gave in "Punch" to a pupil whom he was fitting for the University, "Work well with me for six months, and I promise you a long three years' holiday when you go up to Oxford," is supported by altogether too much evidence. Some men read at Oxford and read hard; many certainly do not. In the year 1860, Walter Bagehot, writing of Gladstone, said that the education given at Oxford acts as a "narcotic rather than as a stimulant"; but the remark was made almost half a century ago, and in that period Oxford has certainly awakened, at least somewhat, from its "sacred torpidity." The Oxford of to-day is not the Oxford of Froude, yet what Herbert Paul says of Froude would be true of many men to-day: "He lived with the idle set in college; riding, boating and playing tennis, frequenting wines and suppers. From vicious excess his intellect and temperament preserved him. Deep down in his nature there was a strong Puritan element, to which his senses were subdued. Nevertheless, for two years he lived at Oxford in contented idleness, saying with Isaiah, and more literally than the prophet, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.'"* A son of Merton published some few years ago a magazine paper, which

* Paul's *Life of Froude*, pp. 20, 21.

received much comment, entitled "Lazy Oxford"; but it would also be fair to substitute "reading" for "lazy," for not a few men are laborious.

But such indolence is not so disintegrating or dissipating to power as is sometimes believed. For it is often a "waiting" and a consequent "growing," to which Robert Browning refers. It is an "inviting of the soul," of which Walt Whitman writes. For loafing may be an intellectual fallowness, a preparation for efficiency, or it may be animal laziness. Oxford loafing is on the whole pretty effective; for it helps a man to find himself. To many a thoughtful mind it means what the reverent reading of Plato means—a quiet self-reflection, reverent curiosity, a rich and fine contentment with the universe.

The finding oneself—the noblest result of education or of any experience—represents, both as cause and consequence, individuality. The English people is more individualistic than any other; and its oldest University is a microcosm of such development. At a Harvard celebration some years ago, James Russell Lowell and Francis Bowen were seated on the platform. Professor Bowen, as his students easily and happily recall, was specially sensitive to draughts. In the midst of the dignified proceedings, Professor Bowen drew out his red handkerchief and spread it over his bald head. The effect was at least diverting. Mr. Lowell said to a neighbor: "Universities exist to make that possible and natural." Oxford exists to train individualities, and trained them it has. They are now, if not less numerous, at least less conspicuous than in the time of Dean Burgon; but they can still be seen in Brasenose Lane and High Street. The whole atmosphere promotes self-development to the highest degrees.

This development of individuality goes along with a broad sense of toleration. This toleration applies to all subjects, social, political, academic, intellectual. Each man recognizes the right of every other to think as he pleases to think, to vote as he prefers to vote, and to act as he wishes to act. This right he is inclined to interpret in a large way. The political liberty which England early won has found its way into all forms of interpretation and of service.

Regarding the morals of Oxford men it would be easy, perhaps too easy, to write. The morals of the College men in the United States have vastly improved in the last generation. Sins

of appetite are far less common than they used to be. In the making of this improvement, be it said, athletics have greatly helped. There is some reason to believe that Oxford has not had the advantage of a similar improvement. Upon such a point I should not trust myself to write. I even should not be inclined to give full credence to the denunciations which the vigorous Bishop of London a few months ago hurled against the University, but it may be fair and just for me to quote from the Oxford Magazine (of March 15th, 1905), in which an editorial note declares: "It seems undeniable that young men in residence at the Universities get drunk far more frequently and violently than those who, on leaving school, live either at home or in lodgings in London or some other town. . . . The evil has increased in the last half-century. . . . A 'wine' is a comparatively rare occurrence and is commonly called a 'drunk.' No one can deny the appropriateness of the name. . . . At present, public opinion condones and even approves in Oxford conduct for which a man would be immediately expelled from a London Club."

Yet, when one has said all, it is to be affirmed, and with emphasis, that there is at Oxford a very great and vital interest in education. There never was a time when, in both England and the United States, there existed so vital and wide-spread regard for education as the most comprehensive and progressive force in modern civilization. There is at Oxford a feeling of discontent regarding herself, her methods, her forces, her conditions. A spirit of inquiry regarding University and College administration prevails. Conservative as she is, conscious of the last enchantment of the Middle Ages as resting upon her, she yet knows that she is not living for the sixteenth century. Improvements are slowly effected, but they are effected. Reforms are like repairs to her buildings—not usually made except as a condition of preserving the essential good of the old. Yet reforms are made, and standing "at the cross-roads," to use Percy Gardiner's phrase, she is taking that road which leads towards the East more frequently than any other. Matthew Arnold's "voices" are still heard; but the voice of the future calls with notes as strong as Carlyle's and as sweet as Emerson's.

Oxford is a University representing the English system of what in the New World is called the Higher Education. But at once comparison is invited with the other University on the banks

of the Cam. Oxford and Cambridge are so alike and also so unlike! The ordinary remark, more common in America than in England, that "Cambridge is the mother of great men and Oxford of great movements" is only half a truth. Oxford is, indeed, the mother of great movements, the Wesleyan, the Tractarian, the Social; but is Oxford not also the mother of great men? A larger share of the eminent men of England, as they appear in a biographical dictionary, have been educated at Oxford than at Cambridge. Each, however, has its proper share. To the ordinary beholder they,—the two Universities,—are so alike: the same architecture over which time and nature cast infinite enchantments, the same sequestered and satisfying quadrangles, the same gray spires and towers lifting themselves against a gray sky, the same "happy barbarians" at play; but, when one penetrates a bit beneath the surface, great differences are revealed. Oxford says that Cambridge is democratic, and uses the epithet with perhaps a certain sense of depreciation, but Cambridge accepts it as a compliment. Cambridge says that Oxford is ineffective, and also employs the epithet with an accent of depreciation, but Oxford accepts it with a smile and a shrug, and on the whole interprets the remark as a compliment. What is the use of being effective? Is not beauty sufficient unto itself? Oxford, too, hugs the Greek Grammar with a firmness a bit firmer than does Cambridge; and Cambridge points with modest pride to the Cavendish Laboratory, the most significant place of scientific research in Britain and some would say in the world. Be it also added, to these differences, that the Oxford Colleges are governed more by their heads, who are called by various names, Rector, Provost, President, and the Cambridge more by their Fellows.

In the recent years have sprung up in the Midlands several Universities,—Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield and Liverpool. In some cases they are enlargements of local and non-degree-conferring institutions, the University of Birmingham, for instance, being the enlargement of Mason College. The relation between them and Oxford is of a contrast yet deeper than that which emerges between Oxford and Cambridge. In a way which, perhaps, is not wholly fair, an Oxford journal has referred to the differences between the ancient foundations and the recent institutions. Oxford and Cambridge, it says, have

been called expensive clubs, Manchester and Birmingham cheap restaurants. The food at each is good. The difference is not one of content of education, but of class. Oxford and Cambridge are supported by those who are devoted to amusement; Manchester and Birmingham by those to whom life is efficiency. These distinctions do contain a truth, but they are not absolutely truthful. Oxford and Cambridge are not supported by those who are wholly devoted to amusement, and the element of a liberal education which some of the Midland Universities represent should receive greater emphasis in an interpretation. Yet of no one of the newer schools could the beholder say, as a son of Oxford has said of Oxford, "Kindly mother, dear and delightful, with a charm beyond all praise, greatly beautiful, and rather foolish." For they are technical schools; and what some would call "non-sense" is excluded.

As between the German University and Oxford the note of contrast is still to be continued. The primary purpose of the German university is to learn and to declare the truth; the primary purpose of Oxford is to train men. One might add that a tertiary—not even a secondary—purpose of the German is the training of men; and also, by a parity of interpretation, the tertiary purpose of the Oxford system is the discovery and exposition of truth. The head of one of the oldest and most famous colleges of Oxford has told me of the revelation and satisfaction which were his, on going to a German University, after taking a degree at Oxford, to find a professor lecturing with the single purpose of making a subject known in all relations to his hearers, without any regard to a forthcoming examination or to the effect of that examination on a man's future career. After the close confinement of a great course at Oxford, he found the freedom of inquiry for the truth, and for truth alone, a mighty relief. Indeed, the constant contrast between the scholastic method and purpose of Berlin and of Munich and the human purpose and method of Oxford is hardly less marked than the contrast between the conventual and monastic life of a College quad on the Isis and the Cherwell and the free metropolitan life of the students of Munich, of Leipsic and of Berlin.

There is also a further difference between Oxford, standing for the University education of England, and the German University. The philosophical and scientific interests of the Con-

tinent nation have been committed to the University. The corresponding interests of the island nation have been committed to the individual investigator. Spencer, Darwin, John Stuart Mill, the son as well as his father, represent great scholastic achievements made outside of University walls. The same condition obtained, too, in the earlier time. The name of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Ricardo do not suggest academic cloister. The result has been that German philosophy has been characterized as being systematic and English philosophy as being individualistic. The one represents a continuous orderliness of development, moving on like a river; the other, as embodying the personal equation of each student and thinker, philosophic or scientific.

As one approaches the discussion of the relation of Oxford to the great Universities of America — Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale and Columbia—one finds that the element of contrast passes over in part to one of likeness, but only in part. The American University and College are ordained to train men; but that is not their single primary purpose. Their primary purpose is a double one: both to train men and to find truth. The Harvard shield bears the word "*Veritas*" written across the pages of an open book; but it also intimates a human purpose in the further inscription of devotion to the Church and to Christ.

There is, however, one point of contrast, which, though in one sense narrow, yet possesses much significance. Oxford has no special chair devoted to the training of students in the art of English composition. For thirty years and more, the American College has been emphasizing this department and form of instruction. The Oxford system presupposes that the writing of English is an art and a science in which it is a duty of every instructor to give tuition. The department is not a department. It does not represent segregations. It must be confessed that the results of the two systems seem to favor the Oxford interpretation and method. One comprehensive deficiency of the American system is found in the lack of a sense of style which most of the writing done by American students shows. The writing is, if clear, common; and, if forceful, as it usually is not, it is yet commonplace. The writing of Oxford men may be somewhat slovenly, but it has flavor, balance, picturesqueness, good taste, allusiveness. The writing, on the whole, of the better Oxford

graduate is quite as much superior to the writing of the better American graduate as the editorials of the London "Times" are superior to the editorials of the abler American daily newspaper. The reason of the Oxford superiority lies, in my judgment, in two causes. First, there is the greater attention paid to securing good English in the study of every subject. The marks given in the examination paper upon any subject depend to no small extent upon the use of English. The Senior Fellow in an Oxford College said to me, in speaking of a certain examination paper, that he could not give it a good mark because the man did not understand English. The second reason lies in the dominance of the classical tradition. A professor of English at Harvard, Barrett Wendell, says the best method of teaching men to write good English is to write Latin verses. Another professor of English at Harvard College has said that a good method of training in writing good English prose is to write any kind of English verse. It is certainly true that a knowledge of Latin and Greek has made, or helped to make, English literature. It still contains such possibilities!

In comparisons of Oxford and the American University it is often asserted that the Oxford system of different Colleges could be transplanted into the large institutions like Harvard and Yale. I may be suffered to say at once that, in my judgment, any such transplanting is inexpedient and essentially impossible. There are various reasons for such a judgment. First, the Oxford system is a growth. It is a growth in and out of English soil. It is a part of English life. It is a delicate and highly developed plant. To cause it to grow and to flourish in other academic soil would be as hard as to make the Scotch heather grow in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. But this reason has small value in comparison with the consideration, secondly, that the Oxford system is very expensive in money. It represents duplication of laboratories, chapels, libraries, and scientific apparatus, although be it said that Cambridge, as a University, is giving instruction in the sciences. It also represents duplication of offices and officers. Oxford has more than a score of College presidents for about three thousand students. The system takes small account of economical efficiency or of efficient economies. One cause, indeed, why Oxford is receiving so little money from the wealthy men of England is the lack of economy or of efficiency

in its organic methods and governments. A third reason against the possibility of carrying the Oxford system over the seas lies in the fact that the worth of the system arises, in part at least, from the presence of a class of students and of tutors who are willing to wait for conditions of culture to work their way in a human character rather as conditions than as efficient causes. What Matthew Arnold would call the charm of social intercourse or good society represents a condition necessary for the proper working of the Oxford system. The College system represents men living together in intimate relationships. For such a system to have special worth there must obtain a certain tone, or atmosphere, which it is difficult to secure in any society; but which it is less difficult to secure in a staid and conservative society of fine traditions than in a new and changing community.

But there is an element of the Oxford system, and an element far more important than the College methods just referred to, which can be introduced into our American Colleges. It is the whole essential element in the tutorial system. The tutorial system represents Oxford more adequately than anything else. The tutorial system, let me say in passing, though good, very good for the students, is equally bad for the tutor. No man in Oxford is more faithful, more laborious, more conscientious, than the tutor; but, in his faithfulness and laboriousness, he is in peril either of killing himself in body or of producing mental atrophy. To teach five hours a day, year after year, to teach as one should teach, giving oneself as well as one's knowledge, is liable to result in mental disintegration, destruction or death or other damnable things. From such catastrophes tutors are saved only by frequent or long vacations. For them it is necessary that one-half of the calendar year should be a College vacation.

The great worth of the essential part of the tutorial system consists of two elements: first, the individual impartation of knowledge, and, second, the impression of personal character and the conveying of personal influence. The teaching is given to men in very small groups. Such teaching allows closeness of relationship between the teacher and the student. Such relationship represents the giving and receiving of knowledge in best form, and the giving and receiving also of personal influence unto highest relationships. These primary and fundamental elements of the Oxford system can be introduced into the large

American Colleges. The simple and single fact is that the number of teachers in the large College of the United States should be vastly increased, or the large College should cease to be large. "More teachers, smaller classes," should be made our College cry. Such teaching under such conditions would give us the best and the essential part of Oxford; and such teaching it is possible to introduce into the Colleges of America.

It is thus that there may be increased in our Colleges that supreme and signal quality which Oxford represents,—the quality of reverence. To the development of this quality much of Oxford ministers: the immemorial past, the quiet restfulness of noble architecture, the humanized landscapes; but this quality is also nurtured, and more, through wise and great souls bearing themselves in fitting intellectual sympathies, and of the heart, too, unto other souls less mature. Such is the Oxford method. Such a method would help to make the American College, and so American life, full of the dignities, the gentle reasonableness and sympathetic interpretativeness which constitute the comprehensive intellectual and moral virtue of reverence.

Oxford is the best England raised to the highest power. It represents the conservativeness, the thoroughness and the solidity of English life, character, institutions. In the shocks which our civilization is sure of meeting in the course of the forthcoming centuries, those qualities and elements which centre in and radiate forth from Oxford can be rested back upon as forces which shall help to maintain civilization in a state of stable equilibrium. Such solidity is of far greater worth than the loveliness and reposefulness which are so manifest to the ordinary observer.

CHARLES F. THWING.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY PAUL HARBOE, H. ADDINGTON BRUCE, EDITH BAKER BROWN
AND ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

GEORG BRANDES'S REMINISCENCES.*

THE personal record of the early life of Scandinavia's foremost critic, now accessible in English, was first published in serial form in "*Det ny Aarhundrede*" ("The New Century"), a Danish fortnightly. Subsequently, about twelve months ago, it was issued from the press of the Gyldendal house at Copenhagen, Brandes's loyal publishers for a generation.

The author of "William Shakespeare," that unique attempt at literary portraiture, grew up in the light of a spirit infinitely curious, ardent, strong. In his composition there was likewise the quality of defiance, which time, as we have seen, never tempered but rather intensified. Fascinated, even in childhood, with love of knowledge, he found himself wrestling, almost at every hour, with some new riddle; and it is particularly characteristic of Georg Brandes, as we now know him, that the first great mystery he was to solve, to his own satisfaction, should be that of God.

The book before us possesses all the interest and value of a rare human document, crowded as it is with things that reflect the emotional, no less than the purely intellectual, life of the man whose destiny it was, while still in his twenties, to shake Denmark to the roots of her being. In that feat, accomplished on November the 3rd, 1871, and repeatedly thereafter, may be found the explanation of the famous critic's unpopularity in the land of his birth. For it was Brandes's ambition to be—more than a man of letters—a leader, the absolute head of a movement launched by himself and whose basic aim it was to alter the general point of

* "Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth." By Georg Brandes. New York: Duffield & Company.

view of the entire nation. This stupendous purpose enjoyed but a short season of effective activity—a season, though, that saw the aureate dawn of Realism upon the Danish sky. But in their attempt to undermine the influence of the Church, or overthrow orthodox Christianity completely, the “leader” and his followers encountered disastrous failure. Practically all that now remains of what was dubbed “Brandesianism” thirty-three or thirty-four years ago is Georg Brandes himself—gray, furrowed, nearly sixty-five, yet as plastic and inflammable and determinable as of old.

It is impossible not to admire the courage, energy and independence of so extraordinary a nature. A mere boy, he fairly flew from discovery to discovery, from vision to vision, guided only by the sway of his own vibrative instincts. The world was such a gorgeous realm to visit, floating swiftly with the tides of life! The faster you moved the more you saw, the more clearly you heard, and the more intensely you felt! Note this altogether tangible manifestation of temperament in the five-year-old child:

“And at last I obtained permission [to go out into the town]. Happy, happy day! I flew off like an arrow. I could not possibly have walked. And I ran home again at full gallop. From that day forth I always ran when I had to go out alone. Yes, and I could not understand how grown-up people and other boys could walk. I tried a few steps to see, but impatience got the better of me and off I flew. It was fine fun to run till you positively felt the hurry you were in, because you hit your back with your heels at every step.”

For the presence of the phenomenon we call “consciousness of powers,” Brandes had not long to wait. Conclusions, sentiments, convictions—the fruit of passionate study and enthusiastic observation—were quick to mould in him a fixed attitude toward the prevailing state of things. That attitude was obviously one of protest. Two or three years prior to the date of his entering the University at Copenhagen (to which he was admitted when seventeen years of age), he could distinguish a personal goal, though this was yet “very indefinite,” but “to the general effect that I intended to make myself strongly felt, and bring about great changes in the intellectual world.”

These autobiographical accounts carry us up to the very threshold of Brandes’s career. They tell with amazing frankness the story of his elaborate training for the event, the achievement that made him, instantly, so glaring a figure in Danish public life.

For who had dared, before him, to attack the established institutions, the hallowed traditions, the exalted ideals of his country, with such almost vicious aggressiveness?

Few things were vital in Denmark in the sixties and early seventies. After the overwhelming defeat by Germany in the war of 1864, there came a period of impoverishing pusillanimity for the Danes. The poets sang songs of sorrow only, the thinkers steeped themselves deeper than ever in the stuff of the past, and he was a rare spirit who could hopefully face the future. Grundt, builder of a new sect, founder of the *Hojskole* system of education, teacher of Saga,—was at the brink of the grave. Dead were such efficient men as Sören Kierkegaard (the most luminous mind that ever waged war on ignorance and hypocrisy in the north) and Johan Ludvig Heiberg. Indeed, for half a decade the founts of inspiration seemed to have run dry. And, when the awakening finally occurred, its incessant question was: What will become of us?

Only a few months before Brandes's spectacular plunge, he makes this entry in his journal:

"What do we mean by *our national future*, which we talk so much about? We are in a false position regarding Germany, the centripetal force that draws the individual members of one nationality together, and which we in Denmark call '*Danishness*'; that which, further, draws nationalities of the same family together, and which in Denmark is called '*Scandinavianism*,' must logically lead to a sympathy for the merging of the entire race, a kind of *Gothogermanism*. . . . How characteristic it is of our poor little country that we always hear and read of it as 'one of the oldest kingdoms in the world.' That is just the pity of it. If we were only a young country! There is only one way by which we can rejuvenate ourselves. First to merge ourselves into a Scandinavia; then, when this is well done and well secured, to approach the Anglo-Saxon race to which we are akin. Moral: Become an Anglo-Saxon and study John Stuart Mill!"

Brandes has had to pay dearly for his agitative propensity. So violent was the indignation of his countrymen toward him in 1873, that he felt himself in the position of an outlaw, and made Berlin his home for the next five years. Even now, especially in the rural districts of Denmark, his name is hated and despised like no other. Renan was never treated with more contempt in France.

There is not a dull paragraph, not a single dry-as-dust element in this highly instructive autobiography, for which I earnestly

wish many readers in this country. The fire of the author's restless, sentient nature glows upon almost every page. I do not recall having read anything so intelligently charming as the chapters entitled "Discovering the World" and "Boyhood's Years."

The making of a considerable, even a great, man,—what secret, after all, could be more "interesting" than that?

PAUL HARBOE.

"THE PURCHASE OF FLORIDA."*

HUBERT BRUCE FULLER's monograph on the second step in the territorial expansion of the United States will, in all probability, arouse considerable interest among the historians by reason of its boldness and its breadth; but to the critic it is chiefly significant as illustrating to an extreme degree what are, perhaps, the two most distinctive tendencies in modern American historical writing. The first, which is deserving of warm praise, relates to point of view; the second, to treatment. Time was, and not so long ago, when there was reasonable ground for the complaint that American historians were wont to write as Americans first and as historians afterwards. To-day, on the contrary, it may safely be affirmed that, in respect to the fundamental requisite of freedom from the passions and prejudices of patriotism, the American historian compares favorably with the historian of any other nationality.

Indeed, in his earnest desire to deal fairly with all, he occasionally falls into the opposite error of doing something less than justice to his own country. This was the case, for example, with Captain Mahan's recent monumental study of the second war with Great Britain, and it is the case with Mr. Fuller's work, which assails generally entertained beliefs almost as harshly as did "Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812." His presentation of the events leading up to, and the circumstances attending, the purchase of Florida may be conveniently and sufficiently summarized in a few sentences. Noting how the seeds of future controversy were sown during the Revolution by the terms Spain demanded as the price of an American alliance, he definitely locates the origin of dispute in the boundary

* "The Purchase of Florida." By Hubert Bruce Fuller. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company.

clauses of the Treaty of Paris. He then dwells on the clashes between the American and Spanish settlers along the southern and western boundaries, and on the efforts of Spain to disrupt the Republic, making it very evident that Spanish intrigue was doomed from the moment of the adoption of the Constitution. Now the scene shifts to Washington, Paris, and Madrid, an elaborate account being given of the negotiations which were consummated in the futile Treaty of 1795 and in the Louisiana Purchase, which is denounced as the cession of territory to which France had no title. Louisiana secured, the argument proceeds, a deliberate and systematic campaign was begun by the United States to compel Spain to part with the two Floridas, the campaign comprising the presenting of enormous and unwarranted bills for war-time damages, the advancing of an untenable claim to West Florida, the fomenting of insurrections in Spanish territory, the rendering material assistance as well as moral support to the South-American revolutionists, and the actual seizing and occupying of Spanish forts and towns. In a word, Mr. Fuller regards the Florida acquisition as the result of methods fully as unscrupulous and shameless as those which, later, brought about the despoiling of Mexico.

In this there can be little question that he goes too far. Conceding the illegality and indefensibility of much of the Florida policy of the American Government, it must be remembered that all the right was not on the side of Spain, and that the irritating attitude maintained by Spain during the years when the fate of the Republic was trembling in the balance, was largely responsible for the enduring animosity of, and the overt acts of hostility committed by, the men of the border. More than this, the Mexican affair differed from the Floridian in lacking the element of inevitability, which, argue as Mr. Fuller may, is plainly apparent even in his own pages. But, if we cannot accept his final conclusion, and if we must feel that his indictment is unduly severe, it is none the less true that his researches among the documents have brought to light many facts assisting to a better understanding of the specific problems under issue, and of early American diplomacy in general. For which reason his treatise will undoubtedly find a place in the working library of the historical student.

It will not make an equally successful appeal to the historical

reader, laboring as it does under the burden of the second of the two tendencies mentioned above. This is the tendency to underestimate, even completely to ignore, the importance of style and narrative skill. Possibly, as Goldwin Smith has suggested, this is but the natural consequence of carrying to an extreme the passion for research. Possibly, at least in part, it is due to the circumstance that, as a rule, American historians are primarily teachers, rather than writers, of history. Whatever its cause, it is a fact to be reckoned with and deplored. No more than fiction may history hope to fulfil its mission unless it be cast in a form that will grip the interest and arouse the imagination. In the words of Hilaire Belloc, history is essentially the telling of a story, of a great story and of a true story. Appreciating this, and writing before the days when investigation was made a fetich, Parkman and Prescott and Fiske, to name only Americans, wrote in a vein that still holds a vast audience despite the criticisms of latter-day research—criticisms which, by the way, seldom reach the readers of this trio's works.

Of course, not every historian can be a Parkman, a Prescott or a Fiske, but every historian should be at least readable, and it is precisely this quality that is most lacking in the American historians of to-day, whose concern seems to be for detail, accuracy, and accumulation. There are a few exceptions, but exceedingly few, and Mr. Fuller, notwithstanding his manifest opportunity for a vivid, moving, dramatic narrative, is not among them. Consider the possibilities of his theme—the early conflicts and intrigues, with the Revolution as a background; the southern and western migration; the struggles with the Indians; the rage of the hardy pioneers at the closure of the Mississippi; the visionary empire-builders who labored to press on and wrest both Florida and Mexico from Spain; the plotters, Spanish and American, who conspired to sever the Union; the diplomats, seeking to turn to their advantage the troubles of America; the statesmen, trying to save the republic and make provision for the morrow; the dramatic consummation of the Louisiana Purchase; the plight of Spain at the mercy of Napoleon; the contest, diplomatic and military, over the ownership of West Florida; the occupation of, and operations in, both Floridas during the War of 1812; the filibustering expeditions to aid the revolutionists of South America; the romantic, if high-handed and murder-

ous, career of Jackson in the Seminole War; the storm raised by his conduct; and, finally, the yielding of Spain to the inevitable, and her departure from the Peninsula that had seen so much torture and rapine and bloodshed since first Pedro Menéndez seized it for King Philip in the long-gone days of the sixteenth century.

Surely, here is material for a narrative that shall stir and fascinate, and still be true. But this narrative Mr. Fuller has not written. Instead, he has elected to give us a "state-paper" history, a monument, it is true, to tireless industry and pains-taking analysis, but nevertheless a "state-paper" history, and as such destined to gain only a limited circle of readers.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

"THE CALL OF THE BLOOD."*

IF "The Call of the Blood" is not a second "Garden of Allah," it is at least a story written along the same spiritual and artistic lines, and very naturally so; there is more than the popular success of "The Garden of Allah" to account for it. Never had an author come more conspicuously into his own than Mr. Hichens when he gave us that really wonderful rendering of the desert and the story of passion which dramatized the desert life. He began his writing career as the clever and sophisticated parodist of an ultra-decadent social type; to-day it is hard to think of him as the author of "The Green Carnation." To be sure, "The Garden of Allah" has all the modern's subtle intellectual and æsthetic sense; but it deals with an elemental experience and in the simplicity of spiritual mood which comes to the man who is mastered by the emotion of his subject. Evidently, the experience behind "The Garden of Allah" would serve the author again; one doubts whether he will soon escape from it as an artist. In the new story, he has deliberately pursued the same means to the same end. Although the scene is shifted from the Desert of Sahara to Sicily, the motive is still the call of the sun to natures restricted by the Northern civilization. There is the same effort to present the genius of a locality, to body it forth dramatically in the love-story. What was per-

* "The Call of the Blood." By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

haps even more inevitable, the heroines of the two stories have most obviously the same prototype, and their spiritual love-stories are essentially the same. That the childlike woman shall appeal to the intellectually mature man is one of the platitudes of life and fiction. It takes the more unconventional imagination to perceive a no less vital attraction between the spiritually self-conscious woman and the man of primitive and impulsive type. But it is this fact, buried deep in a woman's maternity, that has taken hold of Mr. Hichens's imagination. We are reminded, in passing, of Hawthorne's unerring genius in uniting Miriam and Donatello.

One has only to read the opening chapters of the present story to realize how intuitive is Mr. Hichens's grasp of motive. We have the heroine, Hermione, in the beginning of her mature womanhood, intensely alive and buoyant physically and mentally, without beauty, but with the personal attraction of her vivid sympathies to draw others to her; and we have her friend, Artois, the bond between them being their intellectual comradeship, and also the generous nature of the woman which feeds the heart in the man who is accustomed to suppress his heart in favor of his very critical intelligence. This friendship between a man and a woman, almost spiritually perfect and very tender, but without the element of physical passion, is described with the most delicate truth and is set over against the relation of Hermione and her lover, a relation also perfectly intelligible and entirely real. Maurice Delarey is far younger than Hermione, both in years and in mind—one might also say in temperament. He has beauty to attract Hermione's imaginative gift, but it is characteristic of Mr. Hichens that he does not stop here in setting forth the secret of his charm for the woman. "Delarey had a rare charm of manner whose source was a happy, but not foolishly shy, modesty, which made him eager to please, and convinced that in order to do so he must bestir himself and make an effort. But in this effort there was no labor. It was like the spirit of a willing horse, a fine racing pace of the nature that woke pleasure and admiration in those who watched it." A touch of nature later in the same scene tells Artois a good deal about Hermione's feeling for Delarey. Hermione is seated with the two men at table and becomes absorbed in an intellectual discussion with Artois, in which Delarey takes no part. Presently, Delarey

touches her: "Hermione, your food, it is getting cold," he says gently; and Hermione responds with the "happy submission" of the woman. Nothing better proves how vital the author's conception of Delarey is than the way he later develops this character under a new environment, and yet makes us feel the same personality at work in the changeling of pagan Sicily. There is the deep unconsciousness in Delarey of the boy and the primitive man. We feel it underneath his simplicity and modesty in the first chapters. Later, it is the secret of his recklessness when the tide of passion rises. It is such hold upon essential motives that makes the truth of portraiture.

And yet it is precisely in his development of character that Mr. Hichens disappoints us in the course of the story. If his aim in "The Call of the Blood" is simply to dramatize the brilliant genius of Sicily, the beauty and physical rapture of that land of the sun, and the terror that underlies the simplicity of its pagan passions, he has done this with the skill of the accomplished artist, embodied it in a dramatic action, swift, complete, and absorbing. But one feels that the novelist has really proposed a different aim to himself in his opening chapters, one that centres more distinctly in character. There our interest is in a moral and personal situation. The question of jealousy is raised between Hermione and the two men, and Hermione confesses herself ignorant of jealousy and believes that even in love, if she should feel love withdrawn from her, her affection would die. Here we certainly have a right to feel that we have a clue to our author's intention. What will be the effect upon Hermione when she is confronted by her husband's infidelity, as these first chapters of the story plainly tell us will be the case? We can imagine. Both the maternity and faith of the woman have a conquering quality; but the story shirks the issue. The romantic episode of Delarey's death leaves Hermione ignorant of his infidelity; it also leaves the reader ignorant of all the forces in Delarey's soul. There are two men there—the pagan man, called to being by the pagan Sicilian sun, and also the spiritual man, hardly yet conscious, yet faithful at heart to Hermione. We are interested in the struggle between the two; but the story is cut short almost before it is begun. Again the relation between Artois and Maurice is most interesting to the student of character. That these two men, secretly jealous of each other,

and temperamentally antagonistic, shall be brought near by the man's understanding of the man's temptation, is the situation proposed and almost neglected. Delarey's death completes the drama of action with a neat artistic effect, but it leaves our deepest interest in the problem of character suspended.

On the whole, we think that in "The Call of the Blood" Mr. Hichens's aim as a romancer and his aim as a novelist were at odds. He found in the genius of the desert all the spiritual elements essential to his personal drama, and "The Garden of Allah" is complete both as a story of description and as a spiritual history. But Sicily was not a large enough field for the human drama which he set himself to work out there; and personally we are sorry that the human story was of less importance to him than the *genius loci*.

Mr. Hichens has a distinct philosophy of life which we are eager to see him work out in other novels, as he has worked it out in "The Garden of Allah." It is based on a perception equally acute for the physical and spiritual facts of life, a perception to which he owes the emotional realism of his art. It is of course easy to say that the body is the material out of which the soul is wrought; this is the bottom fact of our modern consciousness. But to realize this imaginatively is harder. As to the things of the body, the Anglo-Saxon has an instinctive reserve, and no matter how quick his intellectual perception of the facts may be, he can hardly speak without shame of those motives which are the substratum of our consciousness. Mr. Hichens's distinction lies in the fact that, while the physical world is intensely real to his imagination, he feels the physical facts of life always in their proper place, significant for what they mean in the human world of personality. They are the mysterious origin of something that is both beyond them and which masters them in the world of our sympathies and of our faith. We somehow feel that both his mysticism and his morality have a deep place in nature.

EDITH BAKER BROWN.

"PUCK OF POOK'S HILL."*

THE best books in the world for children are the books that their elders can read. A very different opinion is held by many

* "Puck of Pook's Hill." By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co.

makers of *juvenilia*. They proceed on the hypothesis that certain entirely arbitrary rules must be observed in writing for the young; the story must be framed with absolute simplicity, the domestic affections must, in one way or another, be introduced, and the heroics must be of the sort to persuade the reader that he himself might, in the same circumstances, achieve the same flamboyant triumph. The young football hero is perhaps the representative type in this field of literature. He is unendurable to the mature mind, and I wonder sometimes if he does not weary the small boy. But no really human small boy ever wearied of Andersen or Grimm, who also have their charm for every really human grown-up. There is no age at which it ceases to be a joy to read "The Rose and the Ring." Thackeray brought to the making of that little piece of enchantment the same genius, the same art, that he brought to the making of "Esmond" or "Barry Lyndon." If "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a delightful book, both for young readers and for old ones, it is because it is unmistakably the work of the author of "The Man Who Was" or "My Lord the Elephant." Mr. Kipling is as much the artist on this occasion as he has ever been; he gives as freely of his best in these tales, calculated to enrapture the nursery, as he has given in stories meant for men and women. This is to say that he has done what he has always done when he has been in the vein; he has made the figures in this book interesting, he has made them live.

There is nothing cleverer about "Puck of Pook's Hill" than its blending of what, in the absence of a better word, one must call instruction with sheer beguilement. To preach in a book for children is to do, from the standpoint of art, the unforgivable thing. *Juvenilia* with a purpose would be monstrous. In the last few years Mr. Kipling has preached, in verse and in prose, to an appalling extent, and I confess that as I first turned the pages of his latest volume I feared, for a moment, that he was going to preach again. The book threatened to have a purpose. But as I went on I saw that if the purpose was in the air at all it was to be left to take care of itself. There is no more effort here to point a moral than you will find in any book that is written for its own sake. The lesson, if it is there, lies in the very substance of the work, in the heart of the theme. Mr. Kipling loves his Britain, and has something like reverence for

the men who have made it. No doubt it would please him if English lads, reading his pages, came to love their country more, and to take a keener interest in its history. But he uses no urgings, realizing that he does not need to, realizing that all that is necessary to make his old England and his old Englishmen lovable and admirable is to let them speak for themselves. He recreates an ancient land, peoples it with human beings, and then, in a sense, stands aside. If he can foster patriotism so much the better, but the main point is to work the story-teller's spell.

The point is well illustrated in a passage, in one of these stories, which has already provoked some criticism. The hero of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," which deals with Roman days in Britain, is explaining how he joined the army, and speaks as follows:

"I went to my Father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at Aquæ Solis); but he said I had better begin service in a regular Legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.

"'I know they do,' he said, 'but remember, after all, we are the people of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire.'"

Separated from the context this suggests that Mr. Kipling is dragging into his romance the party cry which he has adopted in the politics of his own day. But it is important to note that the colloquy, in its proper place, is part and parcel of an old truth. It was natural for such men as Mr. Kipling brings into his story to talk as he makes them talk. It is his good fortune that they happen to feel as he himself feels to-day. In none of these tales are political ideas, or social ideas or any other ideas, incongruously interpolated. In each case the story is all of a piece, a vivid, essentially truthful picture.

Una and Dan, the two children to whom, through Puck's amiable offices, a vision of the past is granted, get their history as it were in the guise of experience. They set out to fish in the brook, and presently an old man in chain-mail comes riding toward them on a great gray horse. He tells them how he came over with William the Conqueror, and how he won his Manor. You might prove his case by the history books, but, as we listen

with Una and Dan, we scarce think of history, the glamour of adventurous romance is strong upon the page. The scene shifts again and again, following the varied inspiration foretold in Puck's song, the set of verses prefixed to the volume, from which I must take the following:

"See you the dimpled track that runs,
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

"See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

"See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke,
On the day that Harold died.

"See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

"See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

"And see you, after the rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?
O that was a Legion's camping-place,
When Cæsar sailed from Gaul."

It seems an easy task for Mr. Kipling to invent some new tale through which to make this or that epoch real and sometimes even thrilling. Hard reading has no doubt helped him, but once he has made himself familiar with characteristic traits and manners amongst his early Britons, he puts the latter through their paces as though they were just creatures of his fancy, men ready to do anything that his inventive faculty could suggest. In "The Knights of the Joyous Venture" he sends two valiant men of great William's time off upon a strange emprise into

far seas. In the next tale, "Old Men at Pevensy," the travellers, having returned with a store of gold, are entangled in the war-like politics of their day, and the treasure itself is by and by made the motive for still another fascinating narrative. In the story to which I have already alluded, "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," and two others called "On the Great Wall" and "The Winged Hats," we are taken back to the time of the Roman occupation and shown how the destiny of the land was an affair of the day's work — the work of grim fighting-men, very picturesque, sometimes stately, after an old Roman fashion, but, at bottom, men very like ourselves.

That is where Mr. Kipling makes sure of his reader. A wonder as of fairyland itself is always present, but so is a kind of human sympathy, the note that makes the most fantastic things credible and friendly. "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a book to which you make complete surrender, you lose yourself in the dim world it paints and are happy while you are lost. When, at last, the spell is broken, and you come back to every-day life, you bring with you a precious memory, and you feel, too, a peculiar gratitude for a special grace. Mr. Kipling has apparently passed through that political fever which for so long a time made him almost unreadable. His genius is restored to itself, and he writes as one would always have him write. For this reason alone I would rejoice in the new book. It is a brilliant performance, and it is a golden promise.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *October, 1906.*

I REMEMBER some time ago venturing, in these communications, upon a fairly easy and obvious prophecy. It was to the effect that if, as many think, the future of English politics is to be divided between a party of Socialists and a party of non-Socialists, the first token of the coming change would be a rupture between the Liberals and their semi-independent allies, the Labor Party. The events of the last few weeks have not shown that forecast to have been wrong. On the contrary, they have converted what was a speculation into a fact. They have made it clear, even to the intelligence of the average newspaper reader, that Liberalism and Labor,—Liberalism as it now is and Labor under its present direction,—are political incompatibles. The rupture that was inevitable all along has now taken place. What its ultimate significance may be, whether it really portends a gradual realignment of all English parties, is a question that a mere month-to-month diarist like myself may safely leave to time to settle. At present, one can only say that such a realignment is ardently desired and worked for by the Socialists, who, for the time being, dominate the Independent Labor Party; that one of the first fruits of their activities in that direction was bound to be a collision with official Liberalism; and that such a collision has actually occurred. Beyond that, it would be unwise to go. It was inevitable that the advocates of Socialism should begin by creating a disturbance in the field of politics. But it does not follow that, because that disturbance has taken place, the vast social transformation to which they look forward is necessarily brought any the nearer. This is a slow-moving country. It will take many years, it may take many generations,

to determine whether English Liberalism is to become imbued with a Socialistic bias. No one who knows the country can for a moment imagine that the English Liberals are going to be overrun as easily as the German Liberals have been overrun by Socialism. Thus the merely political, or rather the merely party, phase of the whole question is still a very long way from settlement. It is even too early to say that the Labor Party is destined, either as a whole or predominantly, to adopt the policy of the Socialists. It is even too early to say that the trades-unions must necessarily become Socialist organizations. Level-headed opinion will not, I think, at this moment venture beyond the bare assertion that the first outbreak of organized Socialism in English politics has had the natural result of leading to a split with the forces of Liberalism, and that the issue of the encounter does not seem likely to favor the Socialists.

Nevertheless, one can well understand the indignant irritation, not wholly free from alarm, with which the Liberals have watched the recent proceedings of Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends. Mr. Keir Hardie is the leader of the Independent Labor Party in the House of Commons. His followers number thirty, and he was chosen their leader by a majority of one. Most of them, it is perfectly safe to say, were elected to Parliament by the help of Liberal votes. As any one who has mixed in party politics will at once understand, that is a fact of capital importance. Another fact, equally pertinent and equally worth noting, is that the narrowness of the majority by which Mr. Hardie was elected to the leadership of the Independent Labor Party indicated a real difference of political opinion between himself and many of his supporters. As the man who had struggled almost single-handed through many dark years for the formation of a Labor Party, every member of which should be pledged to act independently of both Liberals and Conservatives, it would have seemed churlishly ungrateful to refuse to Mr. Keir Hardie the palpable reward of success. But there can be no question that Mr. Hardie's opinions are not at all points the opinions of his supporters. He represents the extreme section of his party. He is a convinced Socialist, and his followers, or many of them, are not. He has the aggressive and unaccommodating temperament that naturally belongs to a pioneer of Socialism in such a country as England, while the majority of his party, I believe, neither

share his views nor approve his tactics. While he is proclaiming with ceaseless stridency that Labor and Liberalism are irreconcilable, and is doing all he can to indoctrinate Labor with Socialism, the general inclination of his party, in my judgment, is to cooperate with the Liberals whenever cooperation is possible, and to keep such Socialistic tendencies as they may be conscious of well in the background. In other words, had any one but Mr. Keir Hardie been the Labor leader, it is very probable that the series of clashes which I have to narrate would have been averted. And there is a third fact which has also to be borne in mind. The Independent Labor Party are not the only representatives of Labor in the House. Outside of their ranks is a body of members directly elected in the interests of the workers in special trades and occupations, miners, for instance, and railway servants. These men at present subscribe neither to the programme nor to the Parliamentary methods of the Independent Labor Party. The presence of these detached members, whose sympathies are nearly as much with Liberalism as with Labor, disqualifies Mr. Hardie, but does not, of course, prevent him from claiming to be the spokesman of Labor as a whole.

Meanwhile, the Liberal Government has done all it could, and more than a good many Liberals relished, to meet the wishes of Mr. Hardie and his party. This was particularly evident in the case of the Trade Disputes Bill, Clause IV of which grants complete immunity to the funds of trade-unions from actions of tort. Taking into account, therefore, that but for Liberal votes at the last election there would now be no Keir Hardie in the House at the head of a party of thirty members; that Mr. Hardie's Socialism does not represent the convictions even of his own immediate followers, and flagrantly misrepresents the convictions of other members who, though outside his organization, are just as fully entitled to speak for Labor as himself; and that the present Government has strained the loyalty of its most devoted followers in attempting to satisfy Labor demands,—taking all this into account, official Liberalism might well have thought that it had purchased security from the Independent Labor Party's open attack. That, however, is very far from being the case. At a recent by-election at Cockermouth, although both local Liberals and Liberal headquarters offered to support a local Labor man, the Independent Labor Party in-

sisted on running a Socialist candidate of their own. The result was that a safe Liberal-Labor seat was handed over to a Tory. Mr. Winston Churchill at once gave strong expression to the bitterness of Liberal feelings. "I am bound to say," he declared, "that I do not think any great party would put up with the treatment they had been receiving at Cockermouth." He was followed in a day or two by the Master of Elibank, the able Scottish Liberal Whip, who roundly announced that he would do everything in his power to prevent Liberal seats in Scotland from being captured by the Socialists. Mr. Hardie was not backward in taking up the challenge. On September 17th, he said:

"The Master of Elibank had proclaimed from the housetops the truth that the Labor party must necessarily be a Socialist party; that between Socialism and Liberalism there was a gulf fixed that could not be bridged; and that the struggle must go on between Labor and both Liberalism and Conservatism until the time came when there would be but two parties in the State, the Socialist and the anti-Socialist. That was their object; they had never disguised it."

Language so vigorous and direct is rarely heard in English politics and it had an immediate effect. There was a sudden awakening of Liberalism to the fact that the Socialism it had petted and kowtowed to was in truth its implacable enemy, and a wide disposition to agree with the Master of Elibank that it might be "necessary in the future for the Liberal Party to embark upon another crusade." The crusade was, indeed, formally opened at the autumn conference of the Scottish Liberal Association on October 5th. That conference resolved by 55 votes to 34 that it is "the primary duty of the Liberal Party to present strenuous opposition to all candidates who are not prepared to dissociate themselves from the Socialist party, the avowed object of which is the complete destruction of those principles of individual liberty for which Liberalism has always contended." The Master of Elibank, who was present at the meeting, declared that Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends "looked in certain respects suspiciously like a body of malignant wreckers"; and another Ministerial Whip, Mr. J. A. Pease, stated that since the opening of Parliament 579 votes had been recorded by the Independent Labor Party against the Government, "and they had kept away and abstained from giving 2,600 votes which they

might have recorded for the Government." Speaking as a Liberal Whip, he was very sure that the Liberal Party intended to give the Socialists "very little quarter." Some of the Liberal journals have criticised the Whips for exceeding their functions in venturing upon such declarations of policy; but, whether the Master of Elibank and Mr. Pease spoke with or without the Prime Minister's authority, there can be no doubt they rightly interpreted the determination of the rank and file of Liberalism both in and out of the House of Commons.

Simultaneously with all this, the Socialists have been making a strong effort to capture such of the trade-unions as still stand apart from their organization. They have been helped in this attempt by the epidemic of strikes which, after and partly, no doubt, because of the rush of prosperity during the past year, seems now to be setting in. In South Wales, 28,000 coal-miners threaten to cease work at the end of the present month, not because they have any quarrel with the mine-owners, but in order to force non-unionists to join their organization, and also—this surely deserves to rank among the curiosities of industry—in order to compel members of the union who are behindhand in their subscriptions to pay up. At the same time, the Scotch coal-miners are demanding an increase of twelve-and-a-half per cent. on their wages, and 67,000 men may be affected. On October 1st, 6,000 boiler-makers employed in the Clyde shipyards struck work, the men asking for a five-per-cent. increase on piece-work rates and for a rise of thirty-seven cents a week on time rates. The strike, if persisted in, will probably be serious. The "black squad" is already out, and the "white squad"—that is, the shipwrights, carpenters, joiners, sawyers and so on—will be bound to follow their example from sheer lack of work. Moreover, the shipyards are the chief consumers of Scotch steel, and the steel-makers, in their turn, are the chief consumers of Scotch coal. A strike on the Clyde has, therefore, a devastating effect on allied industries; and there are those who think that Scotland may be on the eve of one of the greatest industrial struggles in her history. With the example of such a prospect to point to, and with the undoubted ferment that is at work in the mind of Labor to assist them, the Socialists have pursued sound tactics in making a special effort to attract the trade-unions to their side.

How far they have succeeded it is not easy to say. The annual

conference of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was held a few days ago at Cardiff, and adopted two essentially contradictory resolutions. In the first place, it decided to amalgamate with the Independent Labor Party; and, in the second, it voted down a resolution directing Mr. Bell, the general secretary of the Society and the Labor M. P. for Derby, to join the Independent Labor Party and sign its constitution. This latter resolution might conceivably have passed, had it not been for Mr. Bell himself. He vehemently denounced it as Socialistic persecution of a man who refused to swallow Socialist doctrines. He went on to argue that between trade-unionism and Socialism there could be nothing but an instinctive and irreconcilable antagonism, and he warned his fellow unionists that they would find the power of their organization gone directly they submitted to the dictation of any political faction. Whether this will prove to be the view taken by trade-unions generally is, I conceive, more than doubtful. The Miners' Federation, which closed its annual conference on October 5th, spoke hardly anything but Socialism, and Socialism of the crudest character. Yet its members decided by 101,714 votes to 92,222 to abstain from joining the Independent Labor Party and to maintain their own representation in Parliament. These obviously are the confused and tentative happenings of an unsettled time, and it is difficult to assess how much the Socialists may have lost or gained by them. If they were never more actively belligerent than at this moment, they have never been met with more steadfast obstinacy. A long, stern battle is clearly beginning; and, though one feels, by instinct rather than through any process of reasoning, that the time is far off when the English people will abandon the individualistic social formation, one feels also that the Socialists from now onwards have to be counted as a force in English politics. Their activities during the past few weeks are, at any rate, an interesting prelude to what promises to be an interesting session. When Parliament reassembles on October 23, the eyes of the country will be upon the House of Lords, and speculation will be busy with the action their Lordships will take on the Education Bill and the Trade Disputes Bill. The Liberals may then find that a more or less intangible argument with Socialism will give place to the necessities of a hand-to-hand struggle with the Hereditary Chamber.

ST. PETERSBURG, *October, 1906.*

"FURNISHED lodgings to let, but not to Russians," is the legend on some of the latest notices to be seen hanging up in the windows of cozy-looking houses in Geneva and Lausanne. It marks a change in European public opinion, a noteworthy change in the attitude of liberty-loving peoples towards the Russian revolutionary movement in its latest bomb-throwing phase. And the tone of a portion of the influential European press is also modified correspondingly. A few months ago, every Russian who took part in the struggle against the Autocracy was welcomed, encouraged, extolled in western Europe as though he were a Garibaldi or a Mazzini in embryo. But the "liberationist" methods, having since then been tried in other countries of Europe, failed to find favor in the public eye. The plot, for instance, to wreck a whole train between Coblenz and Treves, because of a Russian personage who was believed to be travelling on it; the attempt made by Russian revolutionists to derail a train in Belgium; the fabrication of bombs in Geneva; the raid undertaken by Finns on the Bank of Stockholm, and the murder of M. Muller at Interlaken by a Russian girl, whose remarks when she learned that she had killed the wrong man smacked of cynicism, have gone far to provoke something like a boycott of Russians abroad.

News from Russia, however circumstantial, should be received critically. For, even when such reports are literally true, the impression they make is often erroneous. Some of the foreigners who now visit the Russian capitals are surprised to find order so well maintained, while others are disappointed at the answer they receive from the hotel porters when they ask to be taken to "the place where the fighting is going on." Even provincial Russians are astonished at the high degree of security enjoyed by the inhabitants of the two capitals as compared with that of the population of other cities. In Warsaw, Odessa, Riga, Mitau, Baku, Tiflis, every man carries his life in his hand. And, as for landowners in the country, those who still reside on their estates are little short of heroes. They know not the day nor the hour chosen by the revolutionary bandits to maltreat, torture or kill them and theirs. Armed raids are sudden, swift, unprovoked. The raiders are mere lads, often truant schoolboys, but the revolvers they carry are genuine death-dealers. To an ac-

quaintance of mine, a widowed lady, living in the heart of the country, one of these "flying columns" of the Revolution appeared one evening. The bandits were attired in sombre garments, their features hidden by black masks, their language was peremptory and laconic. "Hands up!" one of them shouted on catching sight of the lady of the house. She raised her hands and appealed to him with her eyes. In vain. "Out with all the money and valuables you possess. The organization lacks funds." She moved to her table, opened a drawer, took out four bank-notes and handed them to the leader of the gang. "Fifty rubles!" he exclaimed, with a snort. "Give us the rest and be quick about it; do it while I speak. If the revolvers once talk, their sentence cannot be recalled. So hurry up." "I have no more money," the lady mutters, half-dead with fear. "Bosh! Yesterday you received eight hundred." "Yes, but I paid them out last night, the receipts are here." "Show them." Then the black figure bent down over some stamped papers and remarked: "Well, you're in luck, and we're too late; that's all. And now give us your watch." "This watch is the only souvenir I possess of my poor husband, who is dead. I would redeem it from you if I had the money, but—" Sobs broke short the sentence. The men, more soft-hearted than the average revolutionary highwaymen, left her the watch, but took her rings, brooches and other valuables. How did they know that she had received eight hundred roubles the day before? By magic, answer the masses.

The superstitious, ignorant peasant trembles when the flying columns draw near. Not only he, but everybody else, is afraid to offend them, for they quickly resent every act of unfriendliness and their resentment takes the form of robbery, arson or murder. Like the highwaymen of olden times, their deeds are wrapped in a haze of embellishing legend which they are careful to keep up. The simple-minded husbandman, whose notions of the universe are more rudimentary than those of Homer's hearers or Rameses's subjects, is told that the revolutionists have herbs that enable them to see through walls and at long distances, that they possess glass balls which can set stones on fire and that they are endowed with such preternatural powers as the masses ascribe to wizards and witches. Yet it often happens that these legendary heroes are mere idle schoolboys out on strike. In one instance, the raw lads had not the wherewithal to buy revolvers, so

they procured one rusty pistol and a few sardine-boxes, which played the part of bombs. Their cry of "hands up" was none the less promptly obeyed; for the every-day citizen is not given to quick, sharp observation. He takes things for granted.

Again in the south of Russia, the director of a great factory, a Belgian named Potiers, was driving home in the middle of the day. When his carriage was passing a lonely spot, a boy of fifteen ran up, threw a bomb which blew the hinder part of the vehicle into shreds, and wounded Potiers in the head, shoulder, side and abdomen. Then the young hopeful escaped. A mere boy of fifteen! "How could we hang the child?" an official remarked. "It's impossible." And that is why the elder ruffians are always setting on women and children to dabble in blood. The Grammar Schools and Universities having been closed, in consequence of strikes organized by the students and the school-boys, the latter improve the shining hour by armed attacks upon people and institutions.

This element of the comic opera, however, sometimes terminates in tragedy. A curious instance took place in Shavli, a city in the province of Kovno, a couple of weeks ago. Three Grammar School boys agreed to get some pocket-money by means of an armed raid. They seem not to have realized that they were incurring any serious risks, so smoothly do such expeditions usually work. They felt about it, probably, as mediæval Christians used to feel about magic charms and formulas for evoking Satan, that if you rightly perform the ceremony and utter the traditional formula some higher Power will do the rest. The boys blithely entered a Government liquor-shop, each with his revolver levelled. Then the leader pronounced the magic words, "Hands up!" And up went all hands. "Your money or your life!" was the next order given. But, meanwhile, one of the hands which ought to have been up was perceived to be down and armed with a revolver from which several shots were fired. Two of the boys fell dead; the third told the story of the raid.

Murder by proxy, pillage by proxy, incendiarism by proxy are now making headway in Russia. Some of the most ferocious of the ruffians who slay and burn and torture in the Baltic Provinces have admitted that they were brought thither from other Provinces, and paid weekly about two and a half dollars a head. In Warsaw, according to a statement made by an ex-

perienced administrator, the Social Democrats pay thirty copecks (about fifteen cents) a head for every policeman killed by a volunteer. In St. Petersburg itself a murder was quite recently committed in broad daylight by hired assassins, just as in mediæval Italy. The Government is powerless. No Government in any country could keep order if the bulk of the population were bent on violating it or sympathizing with the law-breakers.

And yet it is easy to exaggerate the extent of the troubles, the number of the crimes, the degree of insecurity. In the two capitals little is really changed, while outwardly almost everything seems normal. The theatres there are not only opened, but are well filled; other places of amusement are nightly frequented; crowds of people amuse themselves at all times; trade is brisk, industry is progressing, there are no strikes to speak of, and one might live in Moscow or St. Petersburg for months and not witness any firing or stabbing or fighting in the streets. Space in Russia is vast, beyond the average man's power of realization; and, when all the deeds of blood are spread over one-sixth of the terrestrial globe and divided among 140,000,000 people, the effect is not nearly so striking as it first seemed.

Moreover, there is an overwhelming proportion of the people in the country who never upheld the insurrection or indeed any other political movement, horny-handed toilers who live for work and hope for heaven. But they are inarticulate and, therefore, are not counted, although they assuredly count. Then there is another section of the population, a section still growing, which until recently sympathized with the revolution, but now looks up with hope to the Crown. They are sick of bloodshed and crime, are enervated by the chronic feeling of insecurity and are apprehensive for their work, their property and their lives. In a word, the reaction which invariably follows excessive action is in full swing. The political pendulum having spent its force in one direction is now moving in the other. At present, therefore, the Crown has a fair chance to recover lost ground, to appease angry feelings, to put down manifestations of criminal instincts, to reestablish order and set the machinery of government working smoothly again. But the Government, afraid of revolutionary public opinion, is confining its efforts to the punishment rather than to the repression of crime in the Baltic Provinces, the Caucasus and Poland. Its present scope is nar-

rowed down almost to that. And, unfortunately, every task it takes in hand is tackled in the half-hearted manner which has always characterized the Russian bureaucracy.

Here is an instance. The old institution of the Censure is abolished, which was wont to peruse, examine and forbid or authorize every newspaper, book, pamphlet, leaflet and advertisement written or read by the entire Russian nation. Works can now appear in print which would have been treasonable a year ago. But, for foreign productions, the Censorship still exists. Formerly, the standing rule to the Censors was: "Be strict with writings in the Russian tongue, and indulgent when dealing with books in foreign languages." But now the practice is to allow nearly all the forbidden books to appear in Russian translations, but to proscribe French, German and English originals and reproductions. Why? a high official was recently asked. "Because," he answered, "there is an army of officials of the Censorship who would die of hunger if their places were taken from them. So they are kept on. But, being self-respecting people, they cannot come to the office and content themselves with smoking cigarettes, so they continue to do the work to which they were accustomed."

Doubtless the Government has done much to pacify the peasants who were clamoring for land, but has done it clumsily and to little political purpose. A large slice of the landed property belonging to the Imperial Family, for instance, and another vast section of land belonging to the Crown have been set apart to be expropriated and sold, on very easy terms, to the peasants whose farms are inadequate. The original idea of the Prime Minister, Stolypin, was to present all these millions of acres gratuitously to the peasants; but the Emperor's most trusted advisers dissuaded him from carrying it out because the measure would fail to strike the imagination of the masses; it would be a salient example of that expropriation which the Tsar had publicly rejected and it would oblige the loyal nobility to go and do likewise. Therefore the resolution was taken to sell the land very cheap and not to give it gratis. But the point is that the Government is adopting ways and means to realize the measure which are highly ineffectual, chief among which is the Peasants' Bank. This institution consists of a network of red tape and a number of "Circumlocution offices." It is not run on business lines, on

philanthropic lines, nor yet on political lines, and the iron has so eaten into the souls of its clerical staff that it seems incapable of being reformed. For that reason, it seems very doubtful whether the agrarian question will be settled satisfactorily and whether the Tsar will reap the benefit of his generosity.

The other principal aim of the Government is to restore order. But here, again, Ministers are timid and half-hearted. Thus for a long time they shrank from the employment of force against force, because they feared revolutionary opinion in Russia and its echo in western Europe and in America. Now they have tardily had recourse to repression in some places, while they seem to brook lawlessness in others. The Premier whose conscientiousness, integrity and patriotism are acknowledged by friend and foe alike, reckons on his subordinates' sense of duty for the maintenance of order. But his subordinates are, for the most part, trimmers. They would fain run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. A most instructive instance of their methods occurred lately in Ekarterinoslav, where peaceful people went in fear and trembling for their property and their lives. A gang of revolutionary bandits were making raids, now on one house, now on another, abstracting money, scrip, jewelry and other valuables. At last the secret police were put upon their mettle and ordered to capture the gang at all costs. But in vain. The raids continued night and day as mysteriously as ever, and they would probably be still going on were it not for the discovery, made quite accidentally, that the secret police and the bandits were working together on the footing of chums.

And if duty is thus neglected, heroism which is indispensable to the salvation of Russia is almost unknown in the ranks of the Tsar's supporters. Almost, but not entirely. The obscure soldiers and police who daily, hourly, expose their lives to the bullets, daggers, bombs of assassins at street corners are genuine heroes. In Poland and in the Baltic Provinces, numbers of them are killed or mutilated every day. Here is a typical example which occurred on September 6th in the industrial city of Lodz, near the Prussian frontier. The hero, a policeman, named Konashevich, just off duty, wended his way homewards one evening to his wife, who kept a little shop. He was accompanied by two soldiers, Volkoff and Minnagaleyeff, and all three sauntered along light-heartedly. As Konashevich entered his shop, a

stranger was seen, hurrying up to overtake him. It might be a customer, but Konashevich's wife told her husband that he was a revolutionist, a member of the fighting columns, and without losing time she darted to the door to shut it. But, before she had actually closed it a number of loud reports were heard simultaneously from three revolvers, Konashevich fell dead, while his wife and his two comrades were wounded.

Volkoff, the soldier, grievously hurt, was not beaten yet. Tightening his hold on his rifle, he crept slowly to the door and, on the threshold, was about to take aim when the revolutionists, descrying him, fired a volley and scattered his brains. Minnagaleyeff, wounded in the loins and feet, was lying outstretched on the floor during that exciting scene. When it was over, he managed to take his comrade's rifle into his safe-keeping and to remain motionless in the dark there, alone and in great pain, until the ambulance van came round and conveyed him to the hospital, where he now is.

If the intelligent supporters of the Tsar had but a little of the courage displayed by these ignorant soldiers who die unwept, unsung and generally unhonored, the cause of the Russian Monarchy would be in safe hands. For the Emperor himself has taken his stand definitely, resolutely and wisely, throwing in his lot with the Constitutionalists. And all his actions seem to be in keeping with this. Last April, for instance, General Trepoff, whose ascendancy over him was for a time unchallenged, endeavored to induce the Tsar to convoke a Zemsky Sobor, or Territorial Council, which would supplant the Duma altogether. But his efforts were vain; the Monarch was firm. On another occasion, Trepoff said to a reactionary friend of his: "The Tsar is now actuated solely by Liberal views. He is firmly determined to be true to the Liberal Platform. He has lost all faith in the Autocracy and regards that *régime* as obsolete." That is why he has recently turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, made by some members of the Cabinet, that certain modifications should be introduced into the electoral law.

But the peasants seldom even hear of these things, and never fully realize them. Nothing is done to bring home to them or to the nation at large the advantages of a reign of order and the calamities inseparable from anarchy. The revolutionists spread disaffection among them, while the Government looks on silent-

ly, deprecatingly. Yet on the voice of the peasant the upshot of the next elections and the fate of monarchism depend. Unless something is promptly done to win their vote, the new Duma will not only be oppositional—for that would not constitute a misfortune—but it will be revolutionary as well. And then the new Constitution will be rudely shaken.

Meanwhile, the parties are all moving more and more towards radicalism. One of the most prominent politicians of the day, A. I. Goochkoff, having publicly endorsed the Government programme and approved the repressive measures adopted for the restoration of order, the central Committee of his party officially dissociated itself from him; although he is their President. They are now approaching the more liberal party of "Peaceful Regeneration," in the hope of amalgamating with them. The party of Peaceful Regeneration, in turn, is desirous of joining hands with the Constitutional Democrats, while, according to Prince Meshchersky,—who himself is an inveterate trimmer and an untrustworthy guide,—the Constitutional Democrats have a hankering after the Social Democrats. "The result is," adds the Prince, "a real tendency towards Revolutionism, combined with an oral disavowal of sympathy with terrorism. On the other hand, while all these moderate parties profess to be longing for order, yet they disapprove of the use of severe and energetic measures to restore it, fancying that the Government can suppress the revolution by feeble half-measures."

The friends of the Monarchy are consequently in despair. For they hold that now or never is the sowing-time for the cause which they have at heart. Unless the seed is scattered without delay, there will be no flowers or fruit in spring and summer. The iron is white-hot to-day and might be beaten into almost any shape; to-morrow it will be cold and unmalleable. But every ministerialist is hampered by scruples; nobody dares to strike a blow. Ministers and courtiers ask each other: "Does that measure dovetail with the letter of the law? What line will public opinion take?" As if speculative opinions mattered when the issue is one of life and death! As if the state of the country were not that of civil war! *Inter arma silent leges*. No proof is needed that the gods and the wise are always on the winning side. *Væ victis*.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *October 22.*

Intuition the American Guide.

WE are an amusing people. Witness our treatment of men who have become popular idols, suddenly raised to the pinnacle only to be dropped overnight into comparative oblivion! Instances of this character, exhibiting apparent, though not, in our judgment, real, inconsistency are so recent and familiar that they need not be cited. The latest, however, affords occasion for curious and interesting speculation. A statesman who had achieved unique fame by serving twice as a great political party's candidate for the Presidency left his native land for a stay of many months in foreign countries in search of information and recreation, both of which we suspect he needed, and both of which we are quite certain he obtained. His departure was of so little importance as to be hardly noted in the public journals, but during his absence the whirligig of successive events made of him a colossal figure, and shortly before his return the apparently sagacious remark was ventured that only two living men could prevent his elevation to the Presidency, one being our present Chief Magistrate and the other himself.

The time of his return seemed altogether propitious and the welcome extended him was as impressive as any ever beheld in this land. Inspired by the seeming acceptance and endorsement of his theories of government, which previously had been scorned and repudiated, he saw an opportunity to blaze a new and yet more popular way in precise parallel with those paths originally indicated by himself which had at last apparently won general approval. He thereupon expressed the opinion in no strident way, but rather tentatively, that the time would come when it would be desirable for the Federal Government to take over, presumably by purchase, the great railway systems of the country and to operate

them in the equitable interest of the whole people. It was not a revolutionary proposal. Nearly every other large nation has engaged more or less successfully in the same work and our own Government from the very beginning has directly managed the great and growing business of transmitting letters, newspapers, magazines and merchandise on the broadest and largest scale in the world. So far as one could perceive, moreover, the restive people seemed eager to welcome this explicit suggestion. With what amazement, then, must this statesman have beheld the instantaneous rejection, not merely of the proposal itself, but apparently of himself and all his works! His purpose upon returning home was to lead a mighty campaign to drive the present controlling influence in Congress from power. That he is even now more or less actively engaged in this undertaking we understand to be the fact, but his utterances have ceased to make so much as ripples upon the surface of public interest, and, indeed, are no longer printed and scarcely referred to in the public journals.

How is this abrupt reversal of the attitude of an entire people to be accounted for? If a fundamental principle or a cherished tradition had been threatened, the explanation would be easy and transparent. But, as we have pointed out, that was not the case. Nor theoretically is there anything alarming in so cautious a declaration. Our own predilections against radicalism in any form are strong and deep-seated, and yet we do not hesitate to express frank agreement with the proposition that such a time may be reached in the course of the development of the country. No moral law or traditional policy would be violated. Whether or not or at what political stage in our national career, if ever, the Government should assume the responsibility of general railway management is a simple question of business. That the day has not yet arrived is evident. Our greatest accumulator of material possessions through industrial endeavor, whose words of wisdom because of his very achievements often pass unheeded, spoke the simple truth when the other day he declared that as a people we must for many years continue to be builders rather than conservers. The enormous task of affording opportunities and providing homes for two or three hundred millions of population within our present borders has hardly begun. To make possible the utilization of millions of acres, at present only waste

places, probably a hundred thousand miles of new railways must be constructed during the next fifty years. The bitter experience of our Government in opening the way to the Pacific Coast, no less than the marvellous progression of railway construction through private endeavor, conclusively proves that this can be accomplished best by individual enterprise and energy. To check a growth which will soon become a positive necessity would be obvious folly. There are other and many reasons equally practical and potent, though of less serious moment, why acquisition of the railways by the Government would at this time be unwise, but the definite and almost universal rejection of the idea renders their consideration unnecessary.

The interesting question we have in mind is, How did the people so speedily reach a decision? There was no shock, as we have said, from principle or policy, and there had been practically no discussion of the business aspects of the proposition. Even such a marshalling of facts as might have resulted in unfavorable conclusions from the view-point of logic and reason had not been attempted. What, then, is left as the influencing and determining element except keen intuition that such a project would be ill-advised and that its sponsor therefore must be an unsafe guide? On the whole, we are disposed to think that it is this quality, characteristic of femininity, that makes and unmakes our heroes and plays a large part in shaping our national destiny. If this be indeed the case, it is a comforting reflection that one would experience great difficulty in finding an instance of error in the instinctive perception of the American people.

TUESDAY, *October 23.*

For a New National Hymn.

WILL not some one kindly compose a new national hymn? We should dislike to lose "The Star-spangled Banner" chiefly because of its patriotic origin on board an American frigate during a British bombardment, and we love to recall such incidents as that in Castle Garden, when Daniel Webster, to the distress of his wife, and the delight of the audience, set the example of rising, which has since become common, and, by main strength and with mighty voice, joining in the chorus with Jenny Lind. But, after all, only the words are American, the atrocious music being that of "Anacreon in Heaven," composed by an Englishman. It is therefore distinctively national only in part,

and after nearly a century of trying service might well be laid upon the shelf. A yet more efficient reason for seeking a substitute is found in the fact that the American people have been trying in vain for nearly a century to sing it. Despite the general cultivation of voices, the endeavor of an audience to-day to respond to the demand upon their patriotic spirit continues to be as pathetic as it has ever been desperate. Even our loyal navy takes "America" in place of "The Star-spangled Banner" at evening colors. From time to time the suggestion is made that this substitution be generally made, but here again objection arises from the fact that only the words of "America," too, are American. On British ocean steamships a prior right is tacitly accorded to the British, and "God Save the King" is sung. While we persist in adherence to "The Star-spangled Banner," it is fitting that this recognition should be extended to our British cousins, although as a matter of fact their claim upon the air for a national hymn is no stronger than ours and materially weaker than that of others. It was composed by the Frenchman Lully in the seventeenth century, was adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel and promptly taken over by Switzerland for "Rufst du, mein Vaterland" although the Hanoverians never abandoned it, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," not "Die Wacht am Rhein," being to this day the national hymn of Germany. Consequently, the eve-song of British, Swiss, German and American soldiers about to go into battle would consist of the same music and a jumble of words by Carey, Harries, Rev. Samuel F. Smith and whoever wrote the Swiss words. For double-quick marching "Yankee Doodle" continues to be satisfactory and "Hail, Columbia" is not without merit; but "America" is of too common use among the nations and "The Star-spangled Banner" too throat-rending; so again we ask, Will not some one kindly present us with a new distinctively American national hymn?

WEDNESDAY, *October 24.*

Of Obstinacy in Conversation.

WE seem to perceive, especially among women, a growing disposition to regard intellectual obstinacy as a valuable adjunct of conversation and to exercise it accordingly. The method is simple. One merely makes a practice of emphatically denying the assertion or deduction of any other, thereby enforcing immediate elucidation, of whose necessity there has been no antici-

pation and for which preparation is naturally lacking. It is a convenient and, if unexpected, an effective way of shifting the burden of proof in such a manner as to profit shrewdness at the expense of wisdom. The resultant irritation, familiar to all who have and express opinions of their own, we frankly admit not only to have felt ourselves but to have noted with inward glee in others. This fact alone sufficing to stamp the process as being unworthy as it is obviously unintellectual, the tendency, if our premise be correct, merits consideration.

Judgments respecting the value of mere disputation or, as we prefer to term it, mental obstinacy, differ widely. Plato entirely prohibited the exercise to "weak" or "ill-descended" minds, and Montaigne—after declaring that "we only learn to dispute that we may contradict; and, every one contradicting and being contradicted, it falls out that the fruit of disputation is to lose and nullify truth"—tacitly assents when he demands "To what end do you go about to inquire of him who knows nothing to purpose?" This, however, savors not only of rare petulance, but even of the sly inconsistency of Mark Twain's recent dictum in this REVIEW that he admires criticism—if it is his way; because in no other place did the great French philosopher waver from his positive declaration that "contradictions do neither offend nor alter, but only rouse and exercise me." Recognizing a presumptive truth in the elder Cato's observation that "the wise may learn more from the fools than the fools from the wise," he professes to admire "stout expressions amongst gallant men," irrespective of the merit of the utterances or the intellectual quality of those speaking; he values only "the friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of its communication, as love, in biting and scratching; it is not vigorous and generous enough if it be not quarrelsome, if civilized and artificial, if it treads nicely and fears a shock."

Such are the brave words of the great man, but, alas! they ring as untrue as his accounts of amours, which lived only in his imagination, and are completely confuted by his subsequent naïve assertion: "When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger; I advance towards him that controverts me, as to one that instructs me; the cause of truth ought to be the common cause of both; what will he answer?" Sincerity flies out of the window; policy enters the door. Less qualified yielding to the

detestable Socratic method of setting traps for the unwary could not be imagined. Even our own canny Franklin was more ingenuous when, gleefully recounting his discovery of the art in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, he wrote:

"I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it. Therefore, I took a delight in it, practised it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

"I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words 'certainly,' 'undoubtedly,' or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I 'conceive' or 'apprehend' a thing to be so and so; 'it appears to me,' or 'I should think' it so and so, for such and such reasons; or I 'imagine' it to be so; or it is so, 'if I am not mistaken.'

"This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting."

The cross-questioning of Socrates, the silly pretence of Montaigne and the crafty caution of Franklin, as combined in the method of those who display what we have termed obstinacy in their conversation, suffice to try the patience of a saint; and yet we cannot deny that the extreme contrary is equally unworthy and obnoxious. We are driven, therefore, to inquire whether there may not be a complete divergence from both which would have the seeming of a happy medium? If, for example, one be neither hatefully disputatious for effect nor hypocritically humble from policy, but frank, natural and wholly honest in both word and mind, is there not a reasonable probability that the impression made upon others would be as agreeable as they have a right to expect?

THURSDAY, October 25.

The Helpfulness of Fishing.

ABILITY to cast a fly has so long been recognized as the chief requisite of a true fisherman that those who profess to be sports-

men are prone to shrug their shoulders at mention of one who merely angles; and yet the great Izaak himself, whose rambling dialogue, "sweetening the temper of any man who reads it," has become a classic, was so ignorant of the more delicate art that a friend was called to make discourse thereon in the "compleat" book. We are probably justified, then, in assuming that there are two sides of the argument, the decision depending chiefly upon the purpose held in view. To one seeking active sport the lithe rod and shrewdly selected imitation of a familiar insect are essential, but to the philosopher seeking opportunity for reflection, the troll, the bob or the amiable worm meets every necessity.

One of our most exemplary citizens, chiefly distinguished from having twice served as Chief Magistrate of the Nation, uses the bob sturdily and skilfully, yet withal so considerately as to have achieved no small measure of popularity beneath the surface of the waters. It is this method of fishing that affords the widest range for meditation, and we are pleased to observe that some of the thoughts that have come to him in the intervals of waiting he has seen fit to set down for publication in a book, the reading of which is a delight, especially if one permit one's imagination to depict the conditions attendant upon specific reflections. For example: "Fishing stories are always to be believed" brings before the mental vision the inevitable doubter of the sad truth that "the biggest fish are always lost"; a clear conscience ensuing from stern resistance of temptation clearly appears in "It is better to go home with nothing killed than to feel the weight of a mean, unsportsmanlike act"; unconscious disapprobation of certain political methods may be suspected from "The unstrenuous, philosophical fishing fraternity does more good for humanity than the strenuous people"; and, finally, a plea for leisure as a cure for present evils is plainly manifest in "There can be no doubt that the promise of industrial business, of contented labor and of healthful moderation in the pursuit of wealth, in this democratic country of ours, would be infinitely improved if a larger share of the time which has been devoted to the concoctions of trusts and business combinations had been spent in fishing." Here speaks the statesman as well as the philosopher, the man of experience and affairs no less than the calm, dispassionate observer of current tendencies.

It is well, indeed, as Doctor Prime would say, to go a-fishing when one may catch such helpful thoughts, but better far and vastly more profitable to the jaded mind and worn conscience is the inestimable privilege of renewing acquaintance with one's self amid the singing of the birds and the sighing of the trees. Such, in considering the true need of the American man, we suspect to have been the feeling, though unexpressed, of our worthy sage.

FRIDAY, October 26.

"In Times of Peace."

WE had better make up our minds now than later that our friends the Japanese will become more and more pestiferous as the years roll by. That is an inevitable consequence of the condition incited by Great Britain for political purposes and sustained by those of ourselves who justly entertain a feeling of antipathy against Russia. That the present Government of Japan is sane and sober is manifest, but there seems every reason to believe that its restraint is wholly diplomatic and in no sense representative of the temper of the people. This is but natural. History bears no record of a speedy and unexpected communal triumph failing to induce self-confidence, sensitive notions of dignity and lust of recognition and even at times of authority. Alexander and Cæsar only personified the demands of those who had made their victories possible, and they would have been as helpless in cautious resistance to these demands as Napoleon himself would have been, had his temperament been such as to withstand the frenzy of France for replacement among the aristocracies of Europe. So in Japan to-day the rulers must reckon with a people becoming daily more restive in resentment of evidences of the indisposition of civilized nations to recognize in them specific rights, which they believe and firmly insist that they won by proven skill in warfare with a great Power.

In view of these circumstances it is not surprising to hear reports of an "Anti-American" outburst in Japan. Its immediate cause is of comparatively little importance, natural jealousy and desire to demonstrate even greater capacity quite sufficing to account for it; and yet it is interesting to note the shrewdness with which the most vulnerable spot in our national armor is selected for attack. We know and of course everybody else knows that, while receiving hordes of unwelcome beings from Europe, we

have been extremely chary of admitting those seeking entrance through our Western ports, and long ago, to serve the personal political ambition of a perennial candidate for the Presidency, we placed an embargo upon the Chinese. California in such matters was the dominant factor then and necessarily from geographical position is now. To her residents, therefore, accustomed as they have been for these many years to treat representatives of the "yellow peril" in their own sweet way, it was only casually incidental recently to enact that thereafter all children of Oriental descent should be excluded from public schools and compelled to study in places especially designated for them. The Chinese and Koreans meekly submitted as usual, but the Japanese official representative, after making an ineffectual protest, notified his people at home to such purpose that, despite the resistance of the Government, newspapers and assemblages have indulged in denunciation so vigorous that, according to a trustworthy correspondent, "a prompt repudiation of the anti-Japanese sentiment by the United States at large is necessary to avert a crisis here that would result in the destruction of the historic friendly political, financial and commercial relations between the two nations."

Whether or not this description of the state of mind in Japan is exaggerated, we can readily perceive a possible seriousness in the situation because of the underlying causes noted. The Japanese Government, of course, knows that neither the President nor the Congress nor the Supreme Court, nor all three combined, can make effective regulations of the public schools of San Francisco; the Japanese people, however, not only do not know that, but, we suspect, do not wish to be informed and in any case would not believe it. They occupy the position of a well-equipped pugilist seeking anything rather than trouble, but not averse to insult demanding as an expression of resentment a demonstration of strength and skill. The wise and pacific Japanese Government is probably strong enough to withstand the present stress, but it is only a question of time, to our mind, when pretexts for strife will become irresistible and it is for this particular reason, overshadowing all others combined bearing upon relationship with European Powers, that we feel the necessity of maintaining a masterful navy, not quite as a safeguard, but rather as insurance against possible incendiarism. So long as ten years ago the present

Tsar wrote to Prince Hohenlohe expressing his admiration of and liking for the Japanese; "but," almost pathetically as now appears, he added, "this sympathy has not kept me from acting against them when they have gone too far." Despite the apparently keen perception of possibilities implied in this absurdly complacent declaration, when the crisis came Russia was impotent from lack of preparation, and the results she experienced are not wisely to be ignored by even our own altogether peaceable though somewhat resourceful nation.

SATURDAY, *October 27.*

Long Live Elijah Pogram!

HOWEVER exasperating in the eyes of others we Americans have been, and continue to be perhaps in some respects, none will gainsay our exceptional contribution to the gayety of nations. If, for example, we had never cultivated the habit of bragging, how serious would have been the deprivation of our English cousins! It is with peculiar gratification, therefore, that we are enabled to note signs of a revival of what was beginning to seem to be a flagging interest in our traditional idiosyncrasies. Somewhat sadly, yet not without avidity, the discerning representative in this country of the "National Review" records his discovery that the eagle, so far from having completely lost his voice, is still a screamer. He finds his evidence in a recent political utterance of the most enthusiastic statesman of the Middle West, who, rising to the full requirements of oratory in urging the necessity of electing a certain candidate for the Congress, delivered himself of this eloquent and stirring peroration:

"The glorious American people, torch-bearers of Liberty; this American Republic, hope of the world; this American land, so nobly placed, so rich in all that ministers to human use and happiness; that people will not be corrupted by their prosperity, because their prosperity will be honest and pure; that Republic will not decay, because its Government will be kept close to that people; that land will not be spoiled and rifled by crazed efforts for hasty wealth, but made richer by intelligent industry and care. Development, not exploitation; progress, not decadence; while even brighter shines the light of the true freedom that men call 'equity before the law,' onward and upward, carried by the American millions as they press forward in the strength and joy of righteous living, passing by the gods of gold and leaving behind them the false worship of the broken idols of the market-place—a market cleansed, set in order and regenerated. So shall American civilization be made immortal and American institutions a blessing to mankind!"

To English ears, writes our solemn critic, this sounds ridiculous. "It is gasconade so absurd that one fails to understand how a prominent public man should be guilty of anything so childish, but the newspapers do not regard it as extraordinary, and I am sure the audience—and I speak with a long experience of American audiences—sat there spellbound, drinking in every word, thrilling in every emotion, believing all that they heard, and glorying in the thought that they were the chosen people." We dare say the audience chuckled; we are quite sure that we should if we had been there; and why not? Our national institutions are so few and our Elijah Pograms have become so rare since an inconsiderate Speaker effectually discouraged oratorical exhibitions in the House of Representatives that such a gush of pent-up emotion is more than welcome. Back go our memories to the happy days when the great General Choke was accustomed to speak to the visitor from a benighted monarchy such fervid words as these:

"You air, now, sir, a denizen of the most powerful and highly civilized do-minion that has ever graced the world; a do-minion, sir, where man is bound to man in one vast bond of equal love and truth. May you, sir, be worthy of your a-dopted country!"

Surely no true man could wish to expunge these noble sentiments from the fair pages of our glorious history or fail to rejoice in their occasional recrudescence. As we have already hinted, what cheer could we bestow upon our ancestral cousins if we should perfect the unhappy resemblance now partially existing? The oddity, also traditionally characteristic, lies in the inability of our self-contained relatives to perceive that one may derive genuine amusement from the exuberance of one's own verbosity. Unlike them, we have not yet acquired the remarkable capacity of always taking ourselves seriously.

Let us seize this opportunity to be frank and disabuse their minds! We should not like to have the admission repeated to the Latins or, above all, the Germans; but the fact, for family consumption, only, is that some of the assertions of our present-day Elijah are not quite true. We are a "glorious people," of course, and "torch-bearers of liberty" and the "hope" or prey of that portion of other communities considered undesirable at home; our land, too, is, if not "nobly," at least comfortably,

"placed" in comparative isolation and is really sufficiently fertile for all immediate necessities. We would not, however, insist very earnestly, except for purposes of oratory, that exploitation has yielded entirely to development, and we have given utterance to rather strong suspicions of late that the light of true freedom guaranteeing all men "equality before the law" is blazing somewhat less brightly than it might burn with propriety and usefulness. Nor are we absolutely certain that we have passed all of the gods of gold or broken the last of the idols of the marketplace, but the shattering process is well under way, and we are truly looking forward to a renewed experience at no distant day of the "joy of righteous living." Meanwhile, we beseech our ancestral relatives to be patient with us; we are young and crude, not hardened yet, as others are, even in sin—and we do love to hear ourselves talk because thereby, without irritating others unduly, we amuse ourselves at our own cheerful expense.

MONDAY, October 29.

For Woman Suffrage.

It was natural to expect, but is none the less gratifying to record, that the first and most earnest response to our proposal that the time has arrived when the interests of the country can be best conserved by conferring upon women the right to vote comes from our chief Western city. The "Chicago Evening Post" says plainly:

"The REVIEW takes a distinctly sane view of woman suffrage. Woman is fully equipped now to exercise the same political rights as man. Her exercise of these rights is essential to the welfare of the nation. She can vote with as much judgment and intelligence, and with much more moral responsibility, than man. Therefore, let her vote. She would fill public office as efficiently as man fills it; therefore, let her have the office.

"The country needs the vote of our women, it needs the morality of our women exercised in places of public trust. Give her the ballot, if she wishes to cast it; give her the office if she can win it."

The "Chicago Record-Herald" notes with satisfaction "A New Forward Impulse," and urges, as a matter of policy, that pleas be directed to women themselves in the hope of dispelling their apparent indifference. These are American newspapers of the highest type, and the value of their espousal of any worthy cause is inestimable. To others who advance the time-worn argu-

ment that women would not exercise such a privilege, it suffices to say that hundreds of thousands of citizens now qualified to vote seldom exercise their prerogative, but may be depended upon invariably in an emergency, such, for example, as now confronts the people of New York. Equal reliance, we firmly believe, might safely be placed upon women. In any case, assertion to the contrary is wholly speculative, in view of the fact that the condition has never arisen and the opportunity has never been accorded. The further objection, based upon a suspicion that universal suffrage would threaten the family relationship, we consider a mediæval notion, and no more sound than a theory that sons should not be permitted to vote lest they might not follow the lead of their fathers. These are days of enlightenment, independent action and individual responsibility, not of subjection of any portion of the human race morally and intellectually capable of exercising authority for the common good.

TUESDAY, *October 30.*

The Japanese in California.

THE opinion expressed positively by Macaulay, and echoed tentatively by other critical observers, that our written Constitution may eventually become an intolerable restriction and tend to our political undoing has never won very serious attention in this country; and yet the difficulties and embarrassments arising from its application to our rapidly widening relationships and responsibilities are so numerous already that reflection designed to effectuate a remedy is surely imperative. As a nation, no less than as a people, we unquestionably desire the firm establishment and the utmost possible extension of the principle of arbitration; but we are practically prevented by our fundamental law from assenting to most excellent proposals, such, for example, as will be presented to the Hague Conference.

We strongly dissent from the judgment expressed by a distinguished lawyer in this REVIEW to the effect that the United States is "morally responsible" for debts incurred and subsequently repudiated by individual States on the ground that such liabilities "were contracted by governments organized and sustained by the direct action of Congress," because we hold the reverse to be the fact, namely, that the Congress itself is but the creature of the thirteen original sovereign bodies and can exercise no authority beyond that recognized by the Supreme Court

as having been conferred upon it. Surely the Nation cannot be considered to have guaranteed in either a legal or a moral sense debts which it was known to have had no part in making, for the mere reason that they were contracted by political communities within its borders. Grant even that States exist by authority of the Federal Government; so do cities and townships and, for that matter, railway and industrial corporations, all of which have sold numberless bonds recognized by the purchaser as resting solely upon the mortgaged properties. We are unable to appreciate the risk, which our contributor considers to be involved, in agreeing to be bound by awards of the Hague Tribunal respecting public contracts, especially since the article providing therefor would surely take into account the sharp distinction between authorized National and unauthorized local obligations; consequently, we perceive no necessity for the application of the ingenious, though we suspect illegal, remedy which he suggests.

The pertinence, however, of his reference to the case of the Italians killed in New Orleans, as an illustration of our awkward inefficiency in dealing with other Powers, is obvious. The subterfuge to which the Federal Government was forced to resort, in that instance, to avert international difficulties, was not only humiliating to us, but unsatisfying to the complainants and wholly indeterminate as a precedent. Hence the present difficulty of the Administration in removing the causes of the dissatisfaction of the Japanese over the exclusion of their children from the public schools of California. The broader and more portentous aspects of this disagreeable situation we have already indicated; but the technical considerations cannot, in fairness, be ignored.

Japan and the United States are pledged by treaty to make no discrimination against their respective citizens in favor of those of other nations. Let us suppose that the American traders now transacting business in Nagasaki be subjected by the local governing body to a severe tax, from which their German competitors are exempted, that they make complaint to Washington, that our State Department remonstrate with the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs and receive a reply to the effect that authority to make such regulations rests exclusively in the prefecture of Kiushiu and that, consequently, His Majesty's Government is helpless. The parallel with the condition existing in California would be precise. True, the Emperor might and

doubtless would pledge his best endeavors to convince the honorable council of Kiushiu of the error of its ways, just as our President has promised to try to influence the constituted authorities of California and has given evidence of good faith by sending a Cabinet Minister, hat in hand, to beg the San Francisco Board of Education to kindly relieve the Federal Administration of embarrassment; but would the answer be altogether satisfying to our merchants or people generally?

Doubtless in this instance, as once before, our Supreme Court would hold that the treaty is the supreme law of the land and might even issue an order forbidding the San Francisco Board to violate its provisions, but if the Board should be obdurate there is no known way of enforcing such a decree. Altogether, the situation is curiously perplexing, and it would be ludicrous, but for a very real apprehension that, in the event of a failure of the President's appeal to public sentiment, it might become serious.

WEDNESDAY, *October 31.*

On the Eve of Election.

WE now see no reason to doubt that the Hearst force will experience a crushing defeat at the polls on Tuesday, November 6th. The canvass made by the radical candidate has been characterized by both shrewdness and audacity. Charges of inconsistency and insincerity made and substantiated by his antagonist he has calmly and cynically ignored, and has gradually narrowed his own claim to preferment to the assertion, probably correct, that large holders of property are arrayed solidly against him. To excite the masses against the classes has become in the latter days of the campaign his sole endeavor. How successful he has been will appear on the morning of November 7th. If his hopes should meet with the annihilation we anticipate, the result will be due to the recent arousal and conscientious action of conservative Democrats. No Republican campaign in years has been characterized by so great a measure of stupidity, beginning with unwise selections of Chairman and Treasurer of the State Committee, and ending we cannot tell where so long as opportunity to blunder remains. The original insistence that the issue was purely local was futile, depriving the Republican candidate until the very last of the efficient aid of such strong and respected statesmen as our two really great Cabinet Ministers. True, no questions of national party policy are involved, but the

Hearst force, as an issue, is distinctly national. It had its origin in California, is rampant in Illinois, has raised its head in the elections this autumn in Massachusetts, and loudly proclaims its intention of invading every section of the Union where unscrupulous journalism can be made efficacious. The real question to be decided next Tuesday is less whether the candidate of the force shall become Governor of New York, than whether the people of the Empire State shall set their seal of approval upon his aspirations to the Presidency. There was no question of this fact from the beginning, it was stated authoritatively and positively by the chief advocate of the force in this REVIEW. That the point should have been kept clearly before the public mind as the strongest that could be urged against the candidacy was plainly evident, and yet it has been practically ignored even by the Republican candidate himself, who in other respects has made an admirable and telling canvass. Nevertheless, the signs of the growth of a stern determination to preserve the State from disgrace seem unmistakable, and we would not be surprised to see the malign influence repudiated by a majority exceeding one hundred thousand.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—VI.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa made arrangements to read at Vassar College the 1st of May, and I went with him. We went by way of New York City. Mamma went with us to New York and stayed two days to do some shopping. We started Tuesday, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past two o'clock in the afternoon, and reached New York about $\frac{1}{4}$ past six. Papa went right up to General Grants from the station and mamma and I went to the Everett House. Aunt Clara came to supper with us up in our room. . . .

We and Aunt Clara were going were going to the theatre right after supper, and we expected papa to take us there and to come home as early as he could. But we got through dinner and he didn't come, and didn't come, and mamma got more perplexed and worried, but at last

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we thought we would have to go without him. So we put on our things and started down stairs but before we'd gotten half down we met papa coming up with a great bunch of roses in his hand. He explained that the reason he was so late was that his watch stopped and he didn't notice and kept thinking it an hour earlier than it really was. The roses he carried were some Col. Fred Grant sent to mamma. We went to the theatre and enjoyed "Adonis" [word illegible] acted very much. We reached home about $\frac{1}{2}$ past eleven o'clock and went right to bed. Wednesday morning we got up rather late and had breakfast about $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine o'clock. After breakfast mamma went out shopping and papa and I went to see papa's agent about some business matters. After papa had gotten through talking to Cousin Charlie, [Webster] papa's agent, we went to get a friend of papa's, Major Pond, to go and see a Dog Show with us. Then we went to see the dogs with Major Pond and we had a delightful time seeing so many dogs together; when we got through seeing the dogs papa thought he would go and see General Grant and I went with him—this was April 29, 1885. Papa went up into General Grant's room and he took me with him, I felt greatly honored and delighted when papa took me into General Grant's room and let me see the General and Col. Grant, for General Grant is a man I shall be glad all my life that I have seen. Papa and General Grant had a long talk together and papa has written an account of his talk and visit with General Grant for me to put into this biography.

Susy has inserted in this place that account of mine—as follows:

April 29, 1885.

I called on General Grant and took Susy with me. The General was looking and feeling far better than he had looked or felt for some months. He had ventured to work again on his book that morning—the first time he had done any work for perhaps a month. This morning's work was his first attempt at dictating, and it was a thorough success, to his great delight. He had always said that it would be impossible for him to dictate anything, but I had said that he was noted for clearness of statement, and as a narrative was simply a statement of consecutive facts, he was consequently peculiarly qualified and equipped for dictation. This turned out to be true. For he had dictated two hours that morning to a shorthand writer, had never hesitated for words, had not repeated himself, and the manuscript when finished needed no revision. The two hours' work was an account of Appomattox—and this was such an extremely important feature that his book would necessarily have been severely lame without it. Therefore I had taken a shorthand writer there before, to see if I could not get him to write at least a few lines about Appomattox.* But he was at that time not well enough to undertake it. I was aware that of all the hundred ver-

* I was his publisher. I was putting his "Personal Memoirs" to press at the time.—S. L. C.

sions of Appomattox, not one was really correct. Therefore I was extremely anxious that he should leave behind him the truth. His throat was not distressing him, and his voice was much better and stronger than usual. He was so delighted to have gotten Appomattox accomplished once more in his life—to have gotten the matter off his mind—that he was as talkative as his old self. He received Susy very pleasantly, and then fell to talking about certain matters which he hoped to be able to dictate next day; and he said in substance that, among other things, he wanted to settle once for all a question that had been bandied about from mouth to mouth and from newspaper to newspaper. That question was, "With whom originated the idea of the march to the sea? Was it Grant's, or was it Sherman's idea?" Whether I, or some one else (being anxious to get the important fact settled) asked him with whom the idea originated, I don't remember. But I remember his answer. I shall always remember his answer. General Grant said:

"Neither of us originated the idea of Sherman's march to the sea. The enemy did it."

He went on to say that the enemy, however, necessarily originated a great many of the plans that the general on the opposite side gets the credit for; at the same time that the enemy is doing that, he is laying open other moves which the opposing general sees and takes advantage of. In this case, Sherman had a plan all thought out, of course. He meant to destroy the two remaining railroads in that part of the country, and that would finish up that region. But General Hood did not play the military part that he was expected to play. On the contrary, General Hood made a dive at Chattanooga. This left the march to the sea open to Sherman, and so after sending part of his army to defend and hold what he had acquired in the Chattanooga region, he was perfectly free to proceed, with the rest of it, through Georgia. He saw the opportunity, and he would not have been fit for his place if he had not seized it.

"He wrote me" (the General is speaking) "what his plan was, and I sent him word to go ahead. My staff were opposed to the movement." (I think the General said they tried to persuade him to stop Sherman. The chief of his staff, the General said, even went so far as to go to Washington without the General's knowledge and get the ear of the authorities, and he succeeded in arousing their fears to such an extent that they telegraphed General Grant to stop Sherman.)

Then General Grant said, "Out of deference to the Government, I telegraphed Sherman and stopped him twenty-four hours; and then considering that that was deference enough to the Government, I telegraphed him to go ahead again."

I have not tried to give the General's language, but only the general idea of what he said. The thing that mainly struck me was his terse remark that the enemy originated the idea of the march to the sea. It struck me because it was so suggestive of the General's epigrammatic fashion—saying a great deal in a single crisp sentence. (This is my account, and signed "Mark Twain.")

Susy Resumes.

After papa and General Grant had had their talk, we went back to the hotel where mamma was, and papa told mamma all about his interview with General Grant. Mamma and I had a nice quiet afternoon together.

That pair of devoted comrades were always shutting themselves up together when there was opportunity to have what Susy called "a cozy time." From Susy's nursery days to the end of her life, she and her mother were close friends; intimate friends, passionate adorers of each other. Susy's was a beautiful mind, and it made her an interesting comrade. And with the fine mind she had a heart like her mother's. Susy never had an interest or an occupation which she was not glad to put aside for that something which was in all cases more precious to her—a visit with her mother. Susy died at the right time, the fortunate time of life; the happy age—twenty-four years. At twenty-four, such a girl has seen the best of life—life as a happy dream. After that age the risks begin; responsibility comes, and with it the cares, the sorrows, and the inevitable tragedy. For her mother's sake I would have brought her back from the grave if I could, but I would not have done it for my own.

From Susy's Biography.

Then papa went to read in public; there were a great many authors that read, that Thursday afternoon, beside papa; I would have liked to have gone and heard papa read, but papa said he was going to read in Vassar just what he was planning to read in New York, so I stayed at home with mamma.

The next day mamma planned to take the four o'clock car back to Hartford. We rose quite early that morning and went to the Vienna Bakery and took breakfast there. From there we went to a German bookstore and bought some German books for Clara's birthday.

Dear me, the power of association to snatch mouldy dead memories out of their graves and make them walk! That remark about buying foreign books throws a sudden white glare upon the distant past; and I see the long stretch of a New York street with an unearthly vividness, and John Hay walking down it, grave and remorseful. I was walking down it too, that morning, and I overtook Hay and asked him what the trouble was. He turned a lustreless eye upon me and said:

"My case is beyond cure. In the most innocent way in the world I have committed a crime which will never be forgiven

by the sufferers, for they will never believe—oh, well, no, I was going to say they would never believe that I did the thing innocently. The truth is they will know that I acted innocently, because they are rational people; but what of that? I never can look them in the face again—nor they me, perhaps.”

Hay was a young bachelor, and at that time was on the “Tribune” staff. He explained his trouble in these words, substantially:

“When I was passing along here yesterday morning on my way down-town to the office, I stepped into a bookstore where I am acquainted, and asked if they had anything new from the other side. They handed me a French novel, in the usual yellow paper cover, and I carried it away. I didn’t even look at the title of it. It was for recreation reading, and I was on my way to my work. I went mooning and dreaming along, and I think I hadn’t gone more than fifty yards when I heard my name called. I stopped, and a private carriage drew up at the sidewalk and I shook hands with the inmates—mother and young daughter, excellent people. They were on their way to the steamer to sail for Paris. The mother said,

“‘I saw that book in your hand and I judged by the look of it that it was a French novel. Is it?’

“I said it was.

“She said, ‘Do let me have it, so that my daughter can practise her French on it on the way over.’

“Of course I handed her the book, and we parted. Ten minutes ago I was passing that bookstore again, and I stepped in and fetched away another copy of that book. Here it is. Read the first page of it. That is enough. You will know what the rest is like. I think it must be the foulest book in the French language—one of the foulest, anyway. I would be ashamed to offer it to a harlot—but, oh dear, I gave it to that sweet young girl without shame. Take my advice; don’t give away a book until you have examined it.”

From Susy’s Biography.

Then mamma and I went to do some shopping and papa went to see General Grant. After we had finished doing our shopping we went home to the hotel together. When we entered our rooms in the hotel we saw on the table a vase full of exquisett red roses. Mamma who is very fond of flowers exclaimed “Oh I wonder who could have sent

them." We both looked at the card in the midst of the roses and saw that it was written on in papa's handwriting, it was written in German. 'Liebes Geshchenk on die mamma.' [I am sure I didn't say "on"—that is Susy's spelling, not mine; also I am sure I didn't spell Geschenk so liberally as all that.—S. L. C.] Mamma was delighted. Papa came home and gave mamma her ticket; and after visiting a while with her went to see Major Pond and mamma and I sat down to our lunch. After lunch most of our time was taken up with packing, and at about three o'clock we went to escort mamma to the train. We got on board the train with her and stayed with her about five minutes and then we said good-bye to her and the train started for Hartford. It was the first time I had ever beene away from home without mamma in my life, although I was 13 yrs. old. Papa and I drove back to the hotel and got Major Pond and then went to see the Brooklyn Bridge we went across it to Brooklyn on the cars and then walked back across it from Brooklyn to New York. We enjoyed looking at the beautiful scenery and we could see the bridge moove under the intense heat of the sun. We had a perfectly delightful time, but weer pretty tired when we got back to the hotel.

The next morning we rose early, took our breakfast and took an early train to Poughkeepsie. We had a very pleasant journey to Poughkeepsie. The Hudson was magnificent—shrouded with beautiful mist. When we arived at Poughkeepsie it was raining quite hard; which fact greatly dissapointed me because I very much wanted to see the outside of the buildings of Vassar College and as it rained that would be impossible. It was quite a long drive from the station to Vasser College and papa and I had a nice long time to discuss and laugh over German profanity. One of the German phrases papa particularly enjoys is "O heilige maria Mutter Jesus!" Jean has a German nurse, and this was one of her phrases, there was a time when Jean exclaimed "Ach Gott!" to every trifle, but when mamma found it out she was shocked and instantly put a stop to it.

It brings that pretty little German girl vividly before me—a sweet and innocent and plump little creature with peachy cheeks; a clear-souled little maiden and without offence, notwithstanding her profanities, and she was loaded to the eyebrows with them. She was a mere child. She was not fifteen yet. She was just from Germany, and knew no English. She was always scattering her profanities around, and they were such a satisfaction to me that I never dreamed of such a thing as modifying her. For my own sake, I had no disposition to tell on her. Indeed I took pains to keep her from being found out. I told her to confine her religious exercises to the children's quarters, and urged her to remember that Mrs. Clemens was prejudiced against pieties on week-days. To the children, the little maid's

profanities sounded natural and proper and right, because they had been used to that kind of talk in Germany, and they attached no evil importance to it. It grieves me that I have forgotten those vigorous remarks. I long hoarded them in my memory as a treasure. But I remember one of them still, because I heard it so many times. The trial of that little creature's life was the children's hair. She would tug and strain with her comb, accompanying her work with her misplaced pieties. And when finally she was through with her triple job she always fired up and exploded her thanks toward the sky, where they belonged, in this form: "*Gott sei Dank ich bin fertig mit'm Gott verdammtes Haar!*" (I believe I am not quite brave enough to translate it.)

From Susy's Biography.

We at length reached Vassar College and she looked very finely, her buildings and her grounds being very beautiful. We went to the front doore and range the bell. The young girl who came to the doore wished to know who we wanted to see. Evidently we were not expected. Papa told her who we wanted to see and she showed us to the parlor. We waited, no one came; and waited, no one came, still no one came. It was beginning to seem pretty awkward, "Oh well this is a pretty piece of business," papa exclaimed. At length we heard footsteps coming down the long corridor and Miss C, (the lady who had invited papa) came into the room. She greeted papa very pleasantly and they had a nice little chatt together. Soon the lady principal also entered and she was very pleasant and agreeable. She showed us to our rooms and said she would send for us when dinner was ready. We went into our rooms, but we had nothing to do for half an hour exept to watch the rain drops as they fell upon the window panes. At last we were called to dinner, and I went down without papa as he never eats anything in the middle of the day. I sat at the table with the lady principal and enjoyed very much seeing all the young girls trooping into the dining-room. After dinner I went around the College with the young ladies and papa stayed in his room and smoked. When it was supper time papa went down and ate supper with us and we had a very delightful supper. After supper the young ladies went to their rooms to dress for the evening. Papa went to his room and I went with the lady principal. At length the guests began to arive, but papa still remained in his room until called for. Papa read in the chapell. It was the first time I had ever heard him read in my life—that is in public. When he came out on to the stage I remember the people behind me exclaimed "Oh how queer he is! Isn't he funny!" I thought papa was very funny, although I did not think him queer. He read "A Trying Situation" and "The Golden Arm," a ghost story that he heard down South when he was a little boy. "The Golden Arm" papa had told me before, but he had startled me so that

I did not much wish to hear it again. But I had resolved this time to be prepared and not to let myself be startled, but still papa did, and very very much; he startled the whole roomful of people and they jumped as one man. The other story was also very funny and interesting and I enjoyed the evening inexpressibly much. After papa had finished reading we all went down to the collation in the dining-room and after that there was dancing and singing. Then the guests went away and papa and I went to bed. The next morning we rose early, took an early train for Hartford and reached Hartford at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 o'clock. We were very glad to get back.

How charitably she treats that ghastly experience! It is a dear and lovely disposition, and a most valuable one, that can brush away indignities and discourtesies and seek and find the pleasanter features of an experience. Susy had that disposition, and it was one of the jewels of her character that had come to her straight from her mother. It is a feature that was left out of me at birth. And, at seventy, I have not yet acquired it. I did not go to Vassar College professionally, but as a guest—as a guest, and gratis. Aunt Clara (now Mrs. John B. Stanchfield) was a graduate of Vassar and it was to please her that I inflicted that journey upon Susy and myself. The invitation had come to me from both the lady mentioned by Susy and the President of the College—a sour old saint who has probably been gathered to his fathers long ago; and I hope they enjoy him; I hope they value his society. I think I can get along without it, in either end of the next world.

We arrived at the College in that soaking rain, and Susy has described, with just a suggestion of dissatisfaction, the sort of reception we got. Susy had to sit in her damp clothes half an hour while we waited in the parlor; then she was taken to a fireless room and left to wait there again, as she has stated. I do not remember that President's name, and I am sorry. He did not put in an appearance until it was time for me to step upon the platform in front of that great garden of young and lovely blossoms. He caught up with me and advanced upon the platform with me and was going to introduce me. I said in substance:

“You have allowed me to get along without your help thus far, and if you will retire from the platform I will try to do the rest without it.”

I did not see him any more, but I detest his memory. Of

course my resentment did not extend to the students, and so I had an unforgettable good time talking to them. And I think they had a good time too, for they responded "as one man," to use Susy's unimprovable phrase.

Girls are charming creatures. I shall have to be twice seventy years old before I change my mind as to that. I am to talk to a crowd of them this afternoon, students of Barnard College (the sex's annex to Columbia University), and I think I shall have as pleasant a time with those lasses as I had with the Vassar girls twenty-one years ago.

From Susy's Biography.

I stopped in the middle of mamma's early history to tell about our tripp to Vassar because I was afraid I would forget about it, now I will go on where I left off. Some time after Miss Emma Nigh died papa took mamma and little Langdon to Elmira for the summer. When in Elmhira Langdon began to fail but I think mamma did not know just what was the matter with him.

I was the cause of the child's illness. His mother trusted him to my care and I took him a long drive in an open barouche for an airing. It was a raw, cold morning, but he was well wrapped about with furs and, in the hands of a careful person, no harm would have come to him. But I soon dropped into a reverie and forgot all about my charge. The furs fell away and exposed his bare legs. By and by the coachman noticed this, and I arranged the wraps again, but it was too late. The child was almost frozen. I hurried home with him. I was aghast at what I had done, and I feared the consequences. I have always felt shame for that treacherous morning's work and have not allowed myself to think of it when I could help it. I doubt if I had the courage to make confession at that time. I think it most likely that I have never confessed until now.

From Susy's Biography.

At last it was time for papa to return to Hartford, and Langdon was real sick at that time, but still mamma decided to go with him, thinking the journey might do him good. But after they reached Hartford he became very sick, and his trouble prooved to be diptheeria. He died about a week after mamma and papa reached Hartford. He was burried by the side of grandpa at Elmira, New York. [Susy rests there with them.—S. L. C.] After that, mamma became very very ill, so ill that there seemed great danger of death, but with a great deal of good

care she recovered. Some months afterward mamma and papa [and Susy, who was perhaps fourteen or fifteen months old at the time.—S. L. C.] went to Europe and stayed for a time in Scotland and England. In Scotland mamma and papa became very well equanted with Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," and he mett, but was not so well equanted with, Mr. Charles Kingsley, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, Sir Thomas Hardy grandson of the Captain Hardy to whom Nellson said "Kiss me Hardy," when dying on shipboard, Mr. Henry Irving, Robert Browning, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. William Black, Lord Houghton, Frank Buckland, Mr. Tom Hughes, Anthony Trollope, Tom Hood, son of the poet—and mamma and papa were quite well equanted with Dr. Macdonald and family, and papa met Harrison Ainsworth.

I remember all these men very well indeed, except the last one. I do not recall Ainsworth. By my count, Susy mentions fourteen men. They are all dead except Sir Charles Dilke.

We met a great many other interesting people, among them Lewis Carroll, author of the immortal "Alice"—but he was only interesting to look at, for he was the stillest and shyest full-grown man I have ever met except "Uncle Remus." Dr. Macdonald and several other lively talkers were present, and the talk went briskly on for a couple of hours, but Carroll sat still all the while except that now and then he answered a question. His answers were brief. I do not remember that he elaborated any of them.

At a dinner at Smalley's we met Herbert Spencer. At a large luncheon party at Lord Houghton's we met Sir Arthur Helps, who was a celebrity of world-wide fame at the time, but is quite forgotten now. Lord Elcho, a large vigorous man, sat at some distance down the table. He was talking earnestly about Godalming. It was a deep and flowing and unarticulated rumble, but I got the Godalming pretty clearly every time it broke free of the rumble, and as all the strength was on the first end of the word it startled me every time, because it sounded so like swearing. In the middle of the luncheon Lady Houghton rose, remarked to the guests on her right and on her left in a matter-of-fact way, "Excuse me, I have an engagement," and without further ceremony she went off to meet it. This would have been doubtful etiquette in America. Lord Houghton told a number of delightful stories. He told them in French, and I lost nothing of them but the nubs.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

JAMES WILSON, PATRIOT, AND THE WILSON DOCTRINE.

BY LUCIEN HUGH ALEXANDER, OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

"I cannot do better than base my theory of governmental action upon the words and deeds of one of Pennsylvania's greatest sons, Justice James Wilson."—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

WITH these words Theodore Roosevelt, in a recent oration,* focussed public attention upon James Wilson, who through the vista of the nineteenth century is looming the intellectual colossus of the formative years of the Republic, and whose principles must eventually be the basis for the solution of those subtle constitutional problems which result from our closely interlocked dual form of government. To many in our day, James Wilson will prove a revelation; to others, to an unnumbered throng ever increasing with the oncoming years, his governmental theories will be a never-failing source of inspiration; and to the nation the Wilson doctrine is the harbinger, the hope and the salvation for untrammelled forward progress in the field of destiny.

The object of these pages shall be to place this man in true perspective before the people whom he loved and in whose service he died. In order to do so, the writer will not confine himself to the enunciation of his personal views, lest in the recital Wilson suffer; but, with "wealth of quotation," he will draw from the opinions of that little band of constitutional lawyers and historians who, in the examination of the great problems of governmental action, are never satisfied until they have mastered the principles and sought the sources, and who, in seeking, found --James Wilson, luminous, transcendent, constitution-maker, nation-builder; the intellectual giant, in whose train have fol-

* Dedication of Pennsylvania's new Capitol, October 4th, 1906.

lowed that great galaxy of constitution interpreters—Hamilton, Jay, Webster, Bradley, Taney and, peer of all, John Marshall—whose work and whose names are an immortal part of our common heritage.

In juridical learning, in national patriotism, in the power to make things happen, the dynamic intellectual power, no man of the great constructive days of the American Republic excelled James Wilson. He was a member of the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, great leader in the United States Constitutional Convention and a Justice of the Supreme Court by appointment of Washington on the establishment of that Court. More than any one man he made the Declaration possible and practically effective. His vote made it possible; for, without the prestige of Pennsylvania's vote, it would probably have failed of affirmative action, and certainly would have proved abortive. Two of the Pennsylvania delegates (John Dickinson and Robert Morris) were unwilling to support action so radical, and declined to vote. Exclusive of Wilson, the four remaining Pennsylvania delegates were evenly divided, and Wilson, untrammelled by the influence of the learned Dickinson, his preceptor in the law, and holding the balance of power, wielded it for the cause of liberty and independence. Furthermore, he made the Declaration practically effective by holding off the vote until there was substantial backing *by the people*, thereby securing virtual unanimity of endorsement. This is evidenced by an extraordinary certificate, recently located by the writer in the National Archives, signed by John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Edward Rutledge, Robert Morris, and other members of the Continental Congress setting forth Wilson's attitude in the matter of the Declaration. In a forty-page pamphlet, written some years before and published to the world twenty-three months in advance of the Declaration of Independence, and extensively circulated among the members of the first Continental Congress, he used the phrase "all men are by nature free and equal," and at the same time he enunciated the doctrine that, by the British constitution, Parliament possessed no legislative power over the colonies, sustaining his argument with copious authority. Again in January, 1775, he was far in advance of other patriots, asserting at Philadelphia in a provincial convention, in a speech which will ever

stand as one of the highest types of American oratory, that George III, "forgetting his character and dignity, has stepped forth, and openly avowed and taken part in the iniquitous conduct" of his ministers and Parliament, thereby violating the British constitution; and he proposed to the convention a resolution declaring:

"That the acts of the British Parliament for altering the charter and constitution of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, . . . for shutting the port of Boston, and for quartering soldiers on the inhabitants of the colonies are unconstitutional and void. . . . That all force employed to carry such unjust and illegal attempts into execution is force without authority; and that it is the right of British subjects to resist such force; that this right is founded upon both the letter and the spirit of the British constitution."

At the outbreak of the Revolution, he organized a regiment. He later became Brigadier-General and the Director-General of the Pennsylvania Militia. In the Continental Congress he was chairman of the committee on "Defence of Philadelphia," then the seat of government, and an active member of the Board of War. He was also Advocate-General for France in America, serving without pecuniary compensation.

It is now conceded by those most competent to pass judgment that, in the great Constitutional Convention of 1787, he was the most learned and intellectually the ablest of the members. His power and influence were exceeded by the delegate of no other State. Indeed, Wilson made such an impress upon the Convention that, after it had been in session two months, he was elected by ballot one of the Committee of Five on detail, to which was intrusted the work of actually drafting the Constitution, and he is reputed to have been the chairman of that committee. In the deliberations of the Convention, his services were probably of more practical value than those of any other delegate. Madison's minutes show that in vital matters his intellect dominated the proceedings. Contemporaneous records make clear that it is no undue praise to record that, without the force, power and tact of Wilson in the Constitutional Convention, without his persuasive arguments and profound learning, no agreement could have been reached upon a federal Constitution which would have been ratified, or which, if ratified, would have stood the stress of conflict through a score of years.

The key-note of Wilson's entire career is his unyielding faith *in the people* as the rock upon which of necessity a republic must stand. His faith in the people was more practically sincere, more real, more abiding than Jefferson's. He believed that all sovereignty—the sovereignty of a nation, with all the powers and incidents appertaining thereto—was lodged in the people, *the people of the nation collectively*, and not in the State *quâ* States, or in the people as segregated into particular States.

His services in the Constitutional Convention cannot well be overestimated. Hampton L. Carson, the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania and historian of the Supreme Court of the United States, refers to them in part as follows:

"He desired that the various branches of the new Government should be thoroughly independent of each other. While willing to preserve the State governments he sought to guard the General Government against the encroachments of the States. . . . He pointed out the advantages of a national government over one purely federative, and showed that the individuality . . . of the States was not incompatible with a general government. He wished the executive to consist of but one person, and proposed that the President should be chosen by electors elected by the people. . . . He urged that senators as well as representatives should be chosen by the people. . . . He advocated a proportional representation of the States in Congress. . . . He desired a provision that the contracts of the Confederation should be fulfilled, and advocated a guarantee to the States of republican institutions. He opposed a proposition to allow the States to appoint to national offices, and doubted whether the writ of *habeas corpus* should ever be suspended. He contended for an absolute prohibition upon the States relative to paper money and also for a provision prohibiting the passing of laws impairing the obligation of contracts. . . . He is strangely unknown, considering the high position to which he is entitled."

This is but a brief outline of a few of the great themes to which Wilson addressed himself in the Convention. Madison's minutes strikingly portray his invaluable and brilliant services.

In Pennsylvania the fight for the ratification of the United States Constitution was intense, and to Wilson's herculean labors in its behalf, to his oratory, to the power and logic of his arguments, more than to anything else, was the final victory due. This Pennsylvania contest was bitter, and Wilson was burned in effigy by the anti-federalists. Had the work of the Constitutional Convention been repudiated by Pennsylvania, its adoption by a sufficient number of States could not have been secured.

Curtis, in his "Constitutional History of the United States," says:

[Wilson's Pennsylvania speech for ratification] "is one of the most comprehensive and luminous commentaries on the Constitution that has come down to us from that period. It drew from Washington a high encomium, and it gained the vote of Pennsylvania for the new Government against the ingenious and captivating objections of his opponents."

Bancroft declares:

"But for one thing, without doubt, Pennsylvania would have refused to have ratified the Constitution, and that one incident marks alike the technical knowledge, the comprehensive grasp and force of argument of this great man."

Graydon says of him:

"He never failed to throw the strongest light on his subjects, and seemed rather to flash than elicit conviction syllogistically. He produced greater orations than any other man I have ever heard."

Francis Hopkinson, on December 14th, 1787, wrote Thomas Jefferson, then in Paris:

"This [the new Constitution] has been the subject of great debate in our convention [the Pennsylvania ratifying convention], and perhaps the true principles of government were never upon any occasion more fully and ably developed. Mr. Wilson exerted himself to the astonishment of all hearers. The powers of Demosthenes and Cicero seem to be united in this able orator. The principal speeches have been taken in shorthand."

James DeWitt Andrews, of the New York Bar, pays him this tribute:

"The correctness of his conclusions upon constitutional matters may be judged when we find that he not only maintained that it was the power and the duty of the courts to declare void legislative acts which contravene the Constitution, but he also clearly explained that a legislative grant was a contract, and also in the same connection maintained that the charter of a corporation might in some cases be a contract, which view was adopted in the Dartmouth College case. Still more remarkable is his argument upon the inherent powers of the nation, which he maintained existed outside of enumerated powers, in cases where the object involved was entirely beyond the power of the States and was a power ordinarily possessed by sovereign nations. Thus by these arguments anticipating the grounds taken by Judge Marshall in *Fletcher v. Peck*, Dartmouth College case and *Marbury v. Madison*, and also the positions necessarily taken in order to arrive at the legal conclusions reached in the legal tender causes."

Bancroft remarks:

"We have all read of the great argument of Webster, that the Constitution is not a compact. Wilson in the Convention presented this question thus: 'This system is not a compact. I cannot discern the least trace of a compact. The introduction to the work is not an unmeaning flourish; the system itself tells what it is, an ordinance, an establishment of the people.'"

In a long and remarkable holographic letter to George Washington, dated December 31st, 1791, recently located in the Washington Archives, Wilson urged the importance of a digest of the laws of the United States, which should clearly define the limits of State and National rights, and he himself offered to undertake the task. With prophetic vision he seemed to see the oncoming Civil War and hoped to prevent it. In this letter to Washington he said (*italics indicate Wilson's underscoring*):

"The most intricate and the most delicate questions in our national jurisprudence will arise in running the line between the authority of the National Government and that of the several States. . . . A controversy, happening between the United States and any particular State in the Union, will be viewed and agitated, with bias and passion, like a question of *politics*. For this reason, the principles and rules on which it must be determined should be clearly and explicitly known *before it arises*. . . . It is probable, therefore, that the directions which the line above mentioned ought to take, may be traced with a satisfactory degree of *clearness* as well as of precision; and that neither *vacancies* nor *interferences* will be found, between the *limits* of the two jurisdictions. For it is material to observe, that both jurisdictions *together* compose or ought to compose only *one* uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws."

Had Wilson been selected to undertake the work he outlined to Washington, who shall say but that the great Civil War might have been avoided? For it is possible that, had the line between State and National powers been run, clearly and forcefully, as Wilson would have run it, "before"—as Wilson put it—"before a controversy happening between the United States and any particular State in the Union" had been "agitated with bias and passion," the great issue would never have reached such a crisis that only the arbitrament of shot and shell and a nation's blood could settle it. It would have cut from under the feet of Calhoun and his followers the very ground upon which they relied for popular support. Listen to the words of Professor A. C. McLaughlin, formerly of Harvard and the Car-

negie Institution, now at Ann Arbor. He quotes, from Madison's minutes of the Constitutional Convention, a paragraph from the notes on Wilson's speech of June 25th, 1787, in favor of the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, to wit:

"He [Wilson] was opposed to an election by the State legislatures. In explaining his reasons, it was necessary to observe the twofold relations in which the people would stand,—first, as citizens of the General Government, and, secondly, as citizens of their particular State. The General Government was meant for them in the first capacity; the State governments in the second. Both governments were derived from the people, both meant for the people; both, therefore, ought to be regulated on the same principles. . . . The General Government is not an assemblage of States, but of individuals, for certain political purposes; it is not meant for the States, but for the individuals composing them. The individuals, therefore, not the States, ought to be represented in it."

Professor McLaughlin comments as follows:*

"Wilson in these sentences gave the fundamental idea of the federal State; and because it was he who did present these thoughts so conspicuously, he deserves unstinted praise. This double allegiance and double obedience owed by each citizen to two governments, each distinct from the other, and each supreme in its own field, is the most striking and the most important feature of the political organization of our country. . . . It represents the greatest of our achievements in statecraft. It is wonderful that Wilson should have grasped this principle so firmly and insisted on it so strenuously, when the men around him were striving eagerly for some local advantage or, if wise and generous, were too often lost in the contemplation of the mere mechanism of government. Seventy years later, at another fateful period in our history, statesmen saw but dimly this great fundamental fact in our political system. James Buchanan and Jeremiah S. Black, wrestling in agony of spirit with the problems of secession, begat together the mysteries of that wonderful message, which declared that secession was illegal, but that there was no legal means to prevent it, because the National Government could not coerce a State. They apparently did not comprehend these elementary facts which Wilson so clearly stated."

Although Wilson is strangely unknown, even to intelligent educated Americans, constitutional historians have at last begun to realize his place as nation-builder.

John Bach McMaster recently declared:

"I believe Wilson to be the most learned lawyer of his time. As a statesman, he was ahead of his generation in foresight. *Many of the*

* "James Wilson and the Constitution," *Polit. Sc. Qr.*, March, 1897.

great principles of government advocated by him, we, as a nation, are only beginning to apply."

James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," speaks of "the acuteness of James Wilson," and declares him to have been "one of the deepest thinkers and most exact reasoners among the members of the Convention of 1787." He also says of him:

"The speeches of the latter in the Pennsylvania ratifying convention, as well as in the great Convention of 1787, display an amplitude and profundity of view in matters of constitutional theory which place him in the front rank of the political thinkers of his age."

Commenting on Wilson's law lectures, James DeWitt Andrews, long the chairman of the American Bar Association's Committee on Classification of the Law, and the editor of the last edition* of Wilson's Works, remarks:

"Would you trace the history of popular governments, you will find the whole outline traced by the master hand of Wilson in these lectures, prepared especially to instruct the American student as to the difference between the institutions which had before existed, and the political system of law and government which exists in the United States. . . . In one respect Wilson's works are remarkable. It is in this: each fundamental principle is in every instance traced to its source, whether it shall be a principle enunciated by Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Gaius, Puffendorf, Locke, Grotius or Hobbes, Descartes or Hume, Vattel or Domat, who may have written upon some proposition or problem of the law or government. Little of value seems to have escaped the examination of our author, and the number of references to classical jurists, philosophers, politicians or historians who have written upon subjects connected with jurisprudence is remarkable."

Andrews also says:

"The address upon the powers of the British Parliament stands unequalled by anything upon the same subject, and the argument upon the Bank of North America stands as a constitutional exposition second to no constitutional argument or opinion delivered before or since. Indeed it not only embraced every ground of argument which Marshall was called upon to treat, but it assumed and defined precisely the position which was necessarily taken in the Legal Tender decisions."

Bryce pays Wilson the tribute of being the first statesman, British or American, to have an adequate comprehension of the powers and limitations of the British system of government. Referring to one phase of it, he declares:

* Published at Chicago in 1896. The first edition was issued at Philadelphia in 1804, in three handsome volumes, with engraving of the author, and under the direction of Bird Wilson.

"The first statesman who remarked this seems to have been James Wilson, who said in 1787: 'The idea of a constitution limiting and superintending the operations of legislative authority, seems not to have been accurately understood in Britain. There are at least no traces of practice conformable to such a principle. The British Constitution is just what the British Parliament pleases. When the Parliament transferred legislative authority to Henry VIII, the act transferring it could not, in the strict acceptance of the term, be called unconstitutional.'"

Again, referring to the United States Constitution, Bryce says:

"Such novelty as there is belongs to the scheme of a supreme or rigid Constitution, reserving the ultimate power to the people, and limiting in the same measure the power of a legislature. . . . This was clearly stated by James Wilson of Pennsylvania, one of the deepest thinkers and most exact reasoners among the members of the Convention of 1787. Speaking of the State constitutions, he remarked in the Pennsylvania Convention of 1787: 'Perhaps some politician who has not considered with sufficient accuracy our political systems would observe that in our governments the supreme power was vested in the constitutions. This opinion approaches the truth, but does not reach it. The truth is that, in our governments, the supreme, absolute and uncontrollable power remains in the people. As our constitutions are superior to our legislatures, so the people are superior to our constitutions.'"

Bancroft brings out clearly Wilson's grasp of the fact that, under the American Constitution, all sovereignty remains in the people. He records:

"The fiercest day's debate in Pennsylvania was upon the omission in the federal Constitution of a Bill of Rights. Wilson, rising to prove that there was no need of a Bill of Rights, said: 'The boasted Magna Charta of England derives liberties of the inhabitants of that kingdom from the gift and grant of the king, and no wonder the people were anxious to obtain Bills of Rights; but here the fee-simple remains in the people, and by this Constitution they do not part with it. The preamble to the proposed Constitution, "*We, the people of the United States, do establish,*" contains the essence of all the Bills of Rights that have been or can be devised.'"

Vice-Chancellor Emery of New Jersey recently said:

"If Wilson performed no other service to the nation, he deserves our unending gratitude for introducing into the nomenclature of constitutional law the phrase 'obligation of contracts,' and securing the adoption of the form of constitutional mandate, 'No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts.'"

Of Wilson, former president of the American Bar Association Simeon E. Baldwin, Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut and professor in the Yale Law School, writes:

"He was the real founder of what is distinctive in our American jurisprudence, and his arguments for the reasonableness and practicality of international arbitration were a century ahead of his time."

His views on international law, remonstrance, intervention, mediation and arbitration are profound, and, though set forth more than a century ago in his published works, we are but barely coming abreast of them. For international arbitration, Wilson argued thus:

"Individuals unite in civil society and institute Judges with authority to decide, and with authority also to carry their decisions into full and adequate execution, that Justice may be done and war may be prevented. Are states too wise or too proud to receive a lesson from individuals? Is the idea of a common Judge between nations less admirable than that of a common Judge between men? If admissible in idea, would it not be desirable to have an opportunity of trying whether the idea may not be reduced to practice?"

Wilson was profoundly learned in the Roman or Civil Law, and concerning his argument for international arbitration, Andrews remarks:

"He refers to the sentiments expressed in the Alcoran; to the example of the Amphictyony; to the Lacedæmonian arbitration between Megara and Athens; to the offer of the Romans to arbitrate; and lastly to . . . the words of Thucydides, where he says: 'It is cruel and detestable to treat him as an enemy who is willing to submit his case to an arbitration.'"

Speaking of the United States Constitutional Convention, John Marshall Harlan, now the senior Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1900, said of Wilson:*

"He was recognized as the most learned member of that notable body. Webster said that Justice was the great interest of man on earth. Of Justice, as illustrated by the science of the law, Wilson had been an earnest devotee from his early manhood. In the highest and best sense he was a great lawyer. Still more, he had become a master in the science of government. He was therefore preeminently qualified to take part in laying the foundations of institutions under which the rights of man would be secure against the assaults of power. What a privilege it was to look upon that convention of patriots and statesmen—the wisest assemblage of public servants that ever convened at any time in the history of the world—no one of them wiser than James Wilson."

* "The Career of James Wilson," *Amer. Law Review*, September, 1900.

Chisholm *versus* Georgia, the first of the great constitutional cases to arise in the Supreme Court of the United States—the only one while Wilson was a Justice of it—exemplifies his grasp upon fundamental principles. Of the all-potent decision in that case, Judge Cooley, in his lectures on American Constitutional History, says:

“Justice Wilson, the ablest and most learned of the associates, took the national view and was supported by two others. . . . The Union could scarcely have had a valuable existence had it been judicially determined that the powers of sovereignty were exclusively in the States or in the people of the States severally. Neither is it important that we proceed to demonstrate that the doctrine of an indissoluble union, though not in terms declared, is nevertheless in its elements, at least, contained in that decision. The qualified sovereignty, National and State, the subordination of State to Nation, the position of the citizen as at once a necessary component part of the federal and of the State system, are all exhibited.”

“The Nation,” in 1896,* in reviewing the Andrews edition of Wilson’s Works, referred to this great decision, and said:

“The sovereignty of the Union had been recognized, the idea of the State as a subordinate political agency had been formulated—views to be wholly lost sight of, and to be vindicated two generations later by force of arms in a conflict which ended in their complete triumph. One of the earliest heralds of the true constitutional meaning and scope of that great conflict seems to have been Wilson. The opinion in *Chisholm vs. the State of Georgia* is really his best monument. . . . [It is] that of an orator, a publicist, a scholar and a metaphysician, dissatisfied with himself unless he could show that the decision he had reached was called for, not merely by the Constitution, but by all history, all law, and finally by all philosophy.”

J. O. Pierce, in an article† characterizing Wilson as the “Pioneer of American Jurisprudence,” said of this decision:

“On the foundation of this decision rests the governmental fabric of the United States. . . . Wilson set to himself the task of answering the question, ‘Do the people of the United States form a nation?’ This question is illustrated by copious classical, historical and juridical references, presented with the vivacity of an earnest debater, the answer constituting a thesis in which the broad observations of a scholar, the close analysis of a jurist, and the profound researches of a philosopher are happily united. . . . His distinctions between statehood and sovereignty, his terse assertions of the sovereignty of the people, his illus-

* Vol. LXII, p. 494.

† *The Dial*, Vol. XX, p. 236.

trations of the inherent characteristics and the high honor of that sovereignty, and his close analysis of all the governmental questions involved in the American system, might to-day be well taken as a textbook by the student of our institutions."

Pierce also, with rare and brilliant insight, remarks of Wilson:

"But not in his generation could a just discrimination assign to his labors, or to those of his colaborers, their relative or comparative value or importance. Who could then have foreseen, for instance, the subsequent decision in the Dartmouth College case, to be followed by a long train of adjudications establishing corporate rights under charters? Who could then have anticipated the desirability of ascertaining and locating the earliest assertion of the constitutional principle that a legislative contract is protected against legislative encroachment? Who could have foreseen the judicial career of a Marshall, or have believed possible a civil war between the adherents of Webster's constitutional views and the partisans of Calhounism? The great creative work of Wilson as a constitutional jurist could scarcely have been assigned its true position in our juridical edifice at any time prior to the late war."

Such are a few of the encomiums paid Wilson by those who are beginning to realize the transcendent value of his work.* Yet this man, popularly so little known and to whom the American people owe so much, lies buried in a distant State, where he died one hundred and eight years ago, far from kith and kin, and in a grave whose headstone even has no name on it.

Little wonder is it that James Bryce exclaimed in his American masterpiece: "*Wilson is one of the luminaries of the time to whom subsequent generations of Americans have failed to do full justice.*"

Now a change has come, and near the Ides of November the remains of this great man will be tenderly removed by the Governor and people of Pennsylvania to rest at the side of his wife in old Christ Church burial-ground, Philadelphia, not far from the tomb of Benjamin Franklin and other patriots.

"At last," as said Joseph H. Choate the other day, "at last the nation is beginning to appreciate Wilson." The United States Government will convey the remains to Philadelphia on an armored cruiser of the Navy. On arrival, they will be received with the highest civic and military honors, and escorted to Independence Hall, where for twenty-four hours they will

* See illuminating sketch by Frank Gaylord Cook, *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1889; also 1896, annual address before Pa. Hist. Soc. by Burton Alva Konkle, the historian, the most comprehensive and only complete biographic outline so far attempted (not yet in print).

lie in state at the scene of his greatest triumphs, in the sacred spot where he successfully battled for the Declaration of Independence, where he bore so valiant a part in the mighty intellectual and victorious struggle of 1787 to make the American colonies a nation, and where he also sat as the first great Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, breathing the breath of national life into the Constitution. At his bier, to do him honor and voice their tributes, will gather high Federal and State officials, the Supreme Court of the United States, representatives of the Congress, and the Attorney-General of the United States by express delegation of the President to speak for the executive department of the Government. Thus will the last of the "fathers of the Republic," whose ashes have as yet found but temporary sepulchre, be laid to rest.

Yet in one sense Wilson is not dead. His spirit like the fires of eternal Truth can never die. It is stronger and more powerful than a century ago, by force of the great principles he enunciated, and which have gained stability with the advance of liberty and the growth of republican institutions the world over. It is not so much as statesman but as jurist Wilson now lives with us. As statesman, his work for America ended with the adoption of the Constitution and birth of the nation. They stand as an imperishable monument to what he and the fathers did as warriors and statesmen.

The true value of Wilson is not in the glory of past achievement, but in the fact that his doctrine of constitutional interpretation is big with possibilities for the future, and potent to prove the solvent for every constitutional problem involved in the delicate questions resulting from State individuality and National sovereignty. His doctrine has stood immovable through the storm and stress of civil war, binding together the foundations of the Federal Government as they tottered; and in times of peace it proved the guide for executive action by Washington and Jackson, and for judicial interpretation by John Marshall.

"'Tis the set of the soul
That decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife."

And now it is President Roosevelt who embodies the spirit of the Wilson doctrine. In his last notable public utterance, he declared:

"I cannot do better than base my theory of governmental action upon the words and deeds of one of Pennsylvania's greatest sons, Justice James Wilson. Wilson's career has been singularly overlooked for many years, but I believe that more and more it is now being adequately appreciated. . . . He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the men who saw that the Revolution, in which he had served as a soldier, would be utterly fruitless unless it was followed by a close and permanent union of the States; and in the Constitutional Convention, and in securing the adoption of the Constitution and expounding what it meant, he rendered services even greater than he rendered as a member of the Continental Congress, which declared our independence; for it was the success of the makers and preservers of the Union which justified our independence.

"He believed in the people with the faith of Abraham Lincoln; and, coupled with his faith in the people, he had what most of the men who in his generation believed in the people did not have—that is, the courage to recognize the fact that faith in the people amounted to nothing unless the representatives of the people assembled together in the National Government were given full and complete power to work on behalf of the people. He developed even before Marshall the doctrine (absolutely essential not merely to the efficiency but to the existence of this nation) that an inherent power rested in the nation, outside of the enumerated powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, in all cases where the object involved was beyond the power of the several States and was a power ordinarily exercised by sovereign nations.

"In a remarkable letter in which he advocated setting forth in early and clear fashion the powers of the National Government, he laid down the proposition that it should be made clear that there were neither vacancies nor interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdictions, and that both jurisdictions together composed only one uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws; that is, whenever the States cannot act, because the need to be met is not one of merely a single locality, then the National Government, representing all the people, should have complete power to act. It was in the spirit of Wilson that Washington, and Washington's lieutenant, Hamilton, acted; and it was in the same spirit that Marshall construed the law."

And here the President applies the Wilson doctrine to the vital issue of our day:

"It is only by acting in this spirit that the national judges, legislators, and executives can give a satisfactory solution of the great question of the present day—the question of providing on behalf of the sovereign people the means which will enable the people in effective form to assert their sovereignty over the immense corporations of the day. Certain judicial decisions have done just what Wilson feared; they have, as a matter of fact, left vacancies, left blanks between the limits of possible State jurisdiction and the limits of actual National jurisdiction over the control of the great business corporations. It is

the narrow construction of the powers of the National Government which in our democracy has proved the chief means of limiting the national power to cut out abuses, and which is now the chief bulwark of those great moneyed interests which oppose and dread any attempt to place them under efficient governmental control.

"Many legislative actions and many judicial decisions, which I am confident time will show to have been erroneous and a damage to the country, would have been avoided if our legislators and jurists had approached the matter of enacting and construing the laws of the land in the spirit of your great Pennsylvanian, Justice Wilson—in the spirit of Marshall and of Washington. Such decisions put us at a great disadvantage in the battle for industrial order as against the present industrial chaos. If we interpret the Constitution in narrow instead of broad fashion, if we forsake the principles of Washington, Marshall, Wilson and Hamilton, we as a people will render ourselves impotent to deal with any abuses which may be committed by the men who have accumulated the enormous fortunes of to-day, and who use these fortunes in still vaster corporate form in business.

"The legislative or judicial actions and decisions of which I complain, be it remembered, do not really leave to the States power to deal with corporate wealth in business. Actual experience has shown that the States are wholly powerless to deal with this subject; and any action or decision that deprives the nation of the power to deal with it, simply results in leaving the corporations absolutely free to work without any effective supervision whatever; and such a course is fraught with untold danger to the future of our whole system of government, and, indeed, to our whole civilization."

This, the President's clarion call back to the doctrines of James Wilson and the other federalist fathers, should prove epoch-making. The basic principles of these doctrines Wilson enunciated before even a single one of the Federalist papers had been written, and they proved the intellectual inspiration to Washington, Madison, Jay, Hamilton and other leaders of the day. But the work did not stop there. The Wilson spirit lived on. The main line of the argument in Webster's famous reply to Hayne was clearly outlined by Wilson nearly a half-century before, and it was the backbone of the argument in Andrew Jackson's ringing proclamation of December, 1832, against Nullification, and of his powerful message of January, 1833, on the same subject. Both used Wilson's unanswerable arguments, and both builded upon the framework of his logic.

And so it was with Marshall in those great decisions which are the imperishable foundations of his immortality as Chief Justice. The revered Marshall's glory, as the greatest ex-

pounder of the issues raised under the Constitution, during the first century of the nation's life, can never pale; yet he was bounded and restricted by the limitations of the issues before him for adjudication. He could not exceed them, and research is showing that in what he did Marshall but courageously followed in the footprints of Wilson, who broke the trail and blazed the way for him, "ploughing," as has been said, "with his own heifer"; and, greater than expounder, Wilson stands as a creator—"the real founder of what is distinctive in our American jurisprudence" (Baldwin *supra*).

The Constitution marches on; new conditions and new problems are pressing for solution. Eventually, they must be met by the Supreme Court of the United States. The Wilson doctrine presents the key. Its essence, as well as its logical sequence, is simply this: *The Constitution should be so construed that there shall be neither vacancies nor interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdictions; both together should compose but one uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws.* The evolution of our national life, the onward and upward "march of the Constitution," Marshall's magic wand of interpretation and Webster's faultless logic—these all with unerring precision illumine Wilson's transcendent grasp of the fundamental principles of our dual form of government, which he so deftly wove into the matchless fabric of our Constitution.

This is neither the time nor the place for a technical exposition of the Wilson doctrine. A brief quotation, however, from Wilson's long and able argument on inherent national powers will be appropriate. This argument, made in 1785, when the United States was under the Articles of Confederation, is even more applicable to present-day questions under the Constitution:

"Has the United States in Congress assembled a legal and constitutional power to institute and organize the Bank of North America, by charter of incorporation? . . .

"We presume it will not be contended that any or each of the States could exercise any power or act of sovereignty extending over all the other States or any of them; or, in other words, incorporate a bank, commensurate to the United States. . . .

"Though the United States in Congress assembled derive *from the particular States* no power, jurisdiction, or right, which is not expressly delegated by the confederation, it does not thence follow, that

the United States in Congress have *no other* powers, jurisdiction, or rights, than those delegated by the particular States.

"The United States have general rights, general powers, and general obligations, not derived from any particular States, nor from all the particular States, taken separately; but resulting from the union of the whole; and, therefore, it is provided, in the fifth article of the confederation, that 'for the more convenient management of the *general interests* of the United States, delegates shall be annually appointed' 'to meet in Congress.'

"To many purposes, the United States are to be considered as one undivided, independent nation; and as possessed of all the rights, powers and properties by the law of nations incident to such. *Whenever an object occurs, to the direction of which no particular State is competent, the management of it must, of necessity, belong to the United States in Congress assembled.* There are many objects of this extended nature."

Here Wilson's brilliant brain crystallized gems of logic which have ever since been running as "the dust of diamonds in the hour-glass" of our national jurisprudence.

Yet committees of the Congress, while knowing the necessity for sane federal action concerning some of the corporations engaged in business beyond the borders of the State of domicile, whose acts thereby extend from and beyond the State of origin into the Nation at large, deem the Congress restricted by phases of the doctrine of State rights; and even judicial committees, ignorant of the spirit of the Constitution *as expounded by Wilson*, believe the legislative branch of the Government paralyzed by reason of the judicial development of a *dictum* which crept into a decision of the Supreme Court, to the effect that insurance is not a subject of interstate commerce, wholly ignoring the fact that federal control may be sustained on far broader and more fundamental principles of constitutional interpretation than those governing the mere construction of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution.

If, however, the Supreme Court, by a failure, at times, since the days of Marshall, to take a comprehensive view of the effects of certain judicial decisions—decisions which, without unsettling any property right or principle of law, might at least as logically have been the other way; such as, that the business of insurance conducted throughout the United States is not interstate commerce—if the Court, as a result of this, is actually permitting the executive and legislative departments of the Government

to be handicapped, then may the spirit of James Wilson, its first great Justice, and that of Marshall, descend upon the Court and at once! The reviewer here speaks as one of the sovereign people, who, while *under* the Constitution, are yet *behind* it, and by whose sanction alone it exists in its present form or any form, and who in the last analysis possess absolute power and jurisdiction to reverse even the Supreme Court. This power the people have already once exercised by an explanatory amendment—the eleventh to the Constitution—reversing, for political reasons in 1797, one of the points decided five years before in *Chisholm versus Georgia*, though leaving in full force the real value to the nation of that great decision. If the Supreme Court, through judicial acquiescence in the *dictum* in *Paul versus Virginia*, have constructively misconstrued the term “commerce,” so far as the business of interstate insurance is concerned, so that it is beyond recall by their own act, the Constitution is yet equal to the emergency—and the Court, embodying the highest development of our civilization, will also be; for, ere the Constitution left the skilled hands of the fathers, there was incorporated in it the provision that “*the Congress shall have power to . . . provide for the . . . general welfare of the United States.*”

In recent years the public have heard much of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, but very little of the general welfare clause, yet it is the blanket provision of the Constitution, and it is a power which, while undoubtedly an inherent national power, the people of the nation have *specifically delegated* to the Federal Government by the Constitution. It enunciates in explicit terms the power of the Congress to exercise this the highest type of national sovereignty. It is destined in the centuries yet to come to have a vitally important place in our jurisprudence. It is capable of an infinite adaptation to the evolution of our life as a nation. Its proper application will make impossible either vacancies or interferences between State and National jurisdictions. Yet it is a sharp-edged and dangerous tool, like the surgeon's knife which, in skilled hands, deftly wielded, saves life; but misused, takes it. It awaits the deft hand of the second Marshall. He must yet arise, to declare, with the same keen insight and the same courage as the first, the power of the National Government

to legislate concerning every object relating to the general welfare of the United States *to which at least no particular State is competent*, and for him Wilson has cleared the path and blazed the trail as he did for the great Marshall. Any other theory belies the spirit of our institutions and declares the "march of the Constitution" ended.

And of Wilson* himself! No one who realizes his great creative work can but bow in deference to his genius and the mighty things achieved. What tribute of love, respect and veneration, however great, can be commensurate with Wilson's labors for the nation he loved, for the nation he helped to create and in whose service he died? Even if republics have been ungrateful in the past, shall it be said that the American Republic is ungrateful to such an one as Wilson? Perchance ere many years have passed, there will loom in bronze within the shadow of the Capitol at Washington, erected by "*the people of the United States*," the giant form of Wilson, near that of Marshall, and in his hand a quill and scroll with "Constitution" inscribed thereon—" *Lest we forget, lest we forget.*"

LUCIEN H. ALEXANDER.

* James Wilson was born near St. Andrews, Scotland, September 14th, 1742; educated at the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh; emigrated to America, 1765; member of Continental Congress; signer of Declaration of Independence; member of the United States Constitutional Convention, 1787; Justice of the Supreme Court of United States, 1789-1798; died at Edenton, North Carolina, August 28th, 1798.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA.

BY SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I., M.P.

THE test of a nation is that its members, among all kinds of partial differences, do, in the main, work together as fellow citizens, linked by common memories and associations and by common objects. Neither race nor language, nor religion, nor geographical boundary, nor subjection to a common government is sufficient in itself to constitute a nation. It is not every population which constitutes a nationality, and the nations of the world are populations united in a very special way and by very special forces. By this test let India be judged. It is a trite saying that there is no Indian Nation. But apply the touchstone, and it will be seen that that statement is no longer true, and that there is at the present moment a New India rising before our eyes, a nation in the real sense of actual formation, with common sentiments of interest and patriotism.

India is a vast assemblage of different races, divided into numberless castes, classes and creeds. The British Government is a supreme power separate and distinct from all the units which acknowledge its sway. Unsympathetic as the subject races may be among themselves—and my experience is that we grossly exaggerate their want of mutual sympathy—the British Government, as an alien Government, is more unsympathetic with all of them, and a probability, therefore, always exists that they will consent to merge their own minor differences and unite in their attitude towards the common head. An organization only is wanted around which the elements of a nationality may cluster.

The British Government has established the basis of such an organization. It has extended to India the inestimable boon of education. It has thrown open to the educated classes a literature every page of which breathes the praise of liberty and patriotism.

It is education on the lines of Western civilization which has served to unite the varying forces among the Indian populations.

The germ of a national organization on the basis of English education has long existed, but it has sprung into its present vigor in very recent times. Its present development is due to causes intended to produce a very different effect. The Anglo-Indian agitation, the protests which assert that "the only people who have any right to India are the British," the whole attitude of Englishmen in regard to Indian interests, the reactionary tendencies of bureaucratic rule, have combined to advance Indian unity. Clamor is met by clamor, and the very object is attained which the Anglo-Indian agitators, if they were wise in their generation, would spare no labor to prevent. The people of India have not been slow to follow the example set to them by Englishmen; they have learned their strength, the power of combination, the force of numbers, and there is now kindled in all the provinces of India a national movement which is destined to develop and increase, until it receives its fulfilment in the systematic regeneration of the whole country.

The outpouring of Indian aspirations and the yearning for nationality find their utterance through a newspaper press which has grown into an organ of great power, and are concentrated in the annual meetings of the Provincial and National Congresses.

The Indian National Congress is avowedly national in its name and scope. The Provincial Congresses which meet in every province for the discussion of provincial matters, unite together in a National Congress, which is annually held at a chosen centre, for the furtherance and discussion of national interests. A Congress consists of from five hundred to one thousand of the political leaders of all parts of India, comprising representatives of noble families, landowners, members of local Boards and municipalities, honorary magistrates, fellows of universities, and professional men, such as engineers, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, journalists, lawyers, doctors, priests and college professors. The delegates are able to act in concert and to declare in no uncertain accents the common public opinion of the multitude of whom they are the mouthpiece. They are as representative in regard to religion as to rank and profession; Hindus, Parsis, Mohammedans and Christians have in turn presided.

Their deliberations are marked by acumen and moderation. The principal items of their propaganda constitute a practical programme displaying insight and sagacity, and covering most of the political and economic problems of the Indian Empire. I take it upon myself to say, as a watchful eye-witness from its birth, that the Indian National Congress has discharged its duties with exemplary judgment and moderation. If its deliberations have not in any considerable measure succeeded in moulding the policy of government, they have at least exercised an immense influence in developing the history and character of the Indian people.

New impulses are springing up on every side and striking the chord of national life. Public opinion in India is not blind to signs which all who run may read. Gleams of hope are reflected from the gradual solution of the Irish question and the oft-repeated acknowledgment that Ireland must be governed in accordance with the wishes of the people. The progress of freedom's battle in Russia is eagerly watched and noted. The Egyptian movement, with its strong national leanings, reacts on India. The Pan-Islamic agitation, the popular movement in Persia, and even so-called "Ethiopianism" in South Africa are not without their effect. The marked activity of Young China, the persistent agitation for restoration of sovereign rights, the abolition of privileges granted to foreigners under the Treaties, the determined attempt to obtain possession of important sources of revenue hitherto controlled by Europeans, the signs of what is undisguisedly a national and patriotic movement in that great Eastern country, are echoed with intelligent and sympathetic interest in India.

It does not fail to attract notice that while opinion in England is generally hostile to all national movement which may be deemed to affect its own interests—such as the agitation in China or Egypt or in South Africa, not to speak of Ireland—it is ardently sympathetic with the revolutionary and wholly national movements in Russia and Macedonia, and even in Persia, which do not conflict with British interests, and have been inspired by the principles of liberty-loving Englishmen and the example of England herself.

Above all, there is Japan. What line of thought does the renaissance in Japan suggest? An alien Government, however

well intentioned, cannot accomplish during many generations what National Government has done in less than forty years. Is not the tendency of an alien Government too often in the direction, not of progress, but of disruption and reaction? The conditions in India do not point to any early regeneration such as we have witnessed in Japan. But the example of Japan is not lost on India. It has roused new aspirations and a new hope; and a nascent nationalism is the magnet which holds together solvent influences let loose on a community which has hitherto never felt their sway.

There is now a party of Indian Nationalists who despair of constitutional agitation, and advocate the establishment of an absolutely free and independent form of national government. These men are the shadow of a cloud which casts itself over the future. A few years ago, there was no prospect of the rise of such a party. They are the product of a policy of reaction, which has led to discontent and unrest and impatience of the British connection with the country. The members of this party are in a minority at present. Their numbers are increasing, but they are not yet in the position of popular leaders.

The recognized leaders of Indian thought and the original pioneers of the national movement are still unaffected by these symptoms of alienation from the British Government. They are men of moderate views. Their ideal is not separation from Great Britain or independence from the general control, which they recognize must always be exercised over colonies and dependencies. They desire to obtain self-government and the detailed management of their own affairs. Their ideal is that India may ultimately be placed in a position corresponding to that of the self-governing colonies of the Empire. Their ideal is a federation of free and independent states, the United States of India, each with its own local autonomy under the supremacy of England. That is the goal which they see before them, knowing well that it can only be attained gradually and cautiously and as the result of time and experience.

There are now evidences of a change in the policy of the Indian Government. A Liberal Administration in England compels the adoption of Liberal and sympathetic principles in dealing with Indian questions on the spot. The leaders of Indian opinion possess much power and influence; and if the Government act

with them and through them and not against them, the disturbing tendencies of the extreme party will speedily subside. That changes must come no one can doubt, and the future of India's political progress depends on the tact and discretion which are exercised by the members of the Government of India in cooperating with public opinion in measures of reform.

There can be no danger in this course. English rule in its present form cannot continue. But the leaders of the national movement assume, and assume rightly, that the connection between India and England will not be snapped. The English language, while it is the means of enabling the different populations of India to attain unity, binds them also to Great Britain. It is from England that all the ideas of Western thought which are revolutionizing the country have sprung; the language of Shakespeare and Milton has become the common language of India; the future of India is linked with that of England, and it is to England that India must always look for guidance, assistance and protection in her need.

HENRY COTTON.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

AFTER every General Election which has taken place in Great Britain since 1883, when the Corrupt Practices Act was passed, Englishmen have congratulated themselves that, at last, political corruption in Parliamentary constituencies was becoming of the past. They have noted the continuous falling off in the number of election petitions which have come before the judges of the High Court; and they have assumed, because there were fewer election-petition trials, and fewer instances in which boroughs were disfranchised for bribery and corruption, that the squalid and sordid conditions which had characterized Parliamentary electioneering from the days of Queen Elizabeth were almost, if not entirely, at an end.

There were only five election-petition trials after the General Election of 1906; and in commenting on these cases, as far as they had then come before the judges, the "Yorkshire Post," of Leeds, remarked in a tone of congratulation, that "the most interesting and most welcome fact about an election-petition trial nowadays is that it is tame." "If it had not been for the pleasantries of the judges and counsel," added the "Post," "Yarmouth and Maidstone would have been insufferably dull; and, unless Bodmin and the others that are still to be heard reveal something more astonishing than has come to light during the past few days, we shall conclude—as, indeed, we would wish to be able to do—that electoral corruption is virtually a thing of the past."

The election petition at Worcester, which was pending at the time this editorial appeared, did reveal "something more astonishing" than what had come to light at Yarmouth and Maidstone. The first revelations were so bad that the sitting Member

offered no defence after the petitioning candidate's case had been submitted to the court. He abandoned the seat; but the disclosures were so astounding that the Government, following precedents in such cases which date back to the disfranchisement of Grampound in 1821, appointed a Special Commission.

The Commission consisted of three barristers, who were deputed to hold a second inquiry with a view to determining whether Worcester should be disfranchised. The evidence taken by the Commissioners was more astounding than what had been offered at the trial of the election-petition. It showed a condition of electoral squalor every whit as bad as prevailed in many of the old Parliamentary boroughs in the last half of the eighteenth century. It disclosed conditions quite as bad as those which, in the last ninety years, have led to the temporary or permanent disfranchisement of a score or more of English and Irish boroughs—all boroughs which had sent representatives to the House of Commons before 1832, and in which the demoralizing traditions of Parliamentary electioneering had survived from the days between the reign of Queen Elizabeth and that of George III, and had continued to contaminate generation after generation of electors, and to make these places plague-spots in the British representative system.

Judged only by the number of election-petitions, there is ground for the congratulations which Englishmen nowadays bestow upon themselves after every general appeal to the constituencies; and such congratulations were especially in order after the General Election in January last. Then there were more contested elections—elections in which two or more candidates went to the polls—than at any General Election since the House of Commons came into existence six centuries ago. There were fewer walk-overs for candidates—Liberal or Conservative—than at any previous election of which detailed records are now available. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, and the further fact that 670 members had to be chosen from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, only five election petitions went to the courts; and in only four cases was bribery alleged. These five petitions all originated in English constituencies; and, excepting that at Sheffield, where the petition was based on charges of a technical character, all the petitions were in old boroughs which have long had a more or less discreditable electoral history.

Yarmouth, Maidstone, Bodmin and Worcester, although not all proved to be equally squalid at the recent election-petition trials, although not all anything like so bad as Worcester, are just the constituencies in which a student of English electoral history would expect to find corruption surviving as long as it was possible for it to exist. Especially would this expectation be entertained of the old freeman and cathedral city of Worcester; for, under the old electoral system, and under that which existed from 1832 to the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, the cathedral cities were, almost without exception, constituencies such as the Election Commission has recently shown Worcester still to be. They were places in which there was scarcely any hope for a Parliamentary candidate, no matter what his politics, until the electors were fully assured that he had brought plenty of money with him, and that he was willing to spend it freely in treating and buying votes.

"What is your experience of previous elections here?" asked Commissioner Avory, of one of the witnesses at Worcester, who had been a canvasser for the Liberal candidate at the election in January. "You cannot get nigh them," he answered, "unless your pockets are lined." "You may go two or three times for your man," he added, "and when you get him he wants to know whether you are going to put your hands down." "The parties are so equally divided," said another of these witnesses at Worcester—a lawyer, who was chairman of a Liberal ward committee, "that the bribable class practically rules the town. Whoever gets these two to three hundred votes will win." "Then," interposed the Commissioner, "the party that bribes will win." "Yes," was the answer of the chairman of a ward committee.

In the old days—that is before 1832—Worcester was a peculiar constituency. It was what was known as a city of a county. For local government purposes it was completely self-contained. It had its own sheriff, and was quite apart, as regards the administration of justice, local government, and militia, from the county in which it is situated, and to which it gives its name. There were then nineteen of these cities of counties or boroughs of counties. In some of these constituencies the freeholders had votes. In others they had not.

Worcester was one of the cities of counties in which the freeholders within the city had votes neither for the city Members of

Parliament nor for the Members for the county of Worcester. The electoral franchise was the exclusive right of the freemen—men who had obtained the freedom by inheritance, because their fathers were freemen; by serving an apprenticeship with tradesmen who were freemen; by redemption, or by having the freedom bestowed on them by the city corporation. Men who received the freedom from the corporation were known as honorary freemen. After 1747 the honorary freemen did not vote; but the conditions of the franchise were such that, when once a man had attained the freedom, whether by birth or servitude, it was immaterial to his right to exercise the Parliamentary vote whether he lived in Worcester or had any real connection with the city. The only qualification for voting was the negative one that the freeman had not been in receipt of poor-law relief; and, for fully a century before 1832, non-resident freemen who were settled in London, Bristol, Birmingham, Kidderminster and other places, were carried to Worcester at the expense of the Parliamentary candidates to vote at the elections.

Some other consideration besides travelling expenses had to be paid to the non-resident freeman to induce him to make the journey to Worcester; and it usually needed an equally substantial consideration to get the resident freemen to the polls. By the Act of 1832, non-resident freemen were deprived of the Parliamentary franchise. The vote was withheld from freemen made after the Act; and, as time went on, the remaining freemen, who were left in possession of the Parliamentary franchise, were lost among the ten-pound-householder voters created by the Act of 1832, and in the greatly enlarged electorate which came into existence in all boroughs after the Reform Act of 1867.

Worcester's traditions were bad when the first reform was made in 1832; and, as the recent inquiry by the Special Commission has disclosed, the enlargement of the electorate in 1832 and 1867 has not served to eradicate the electoral squalor which had already made itself evident in 1639, when the city corporation began to make honorary freemen in order to sway Parliamentary elections. It continued to make them to this end until 1747, when the House of Commons intervened, set aside the claims of the honorary freemen, and until 1832 left the Parliamentary destinies of the city in the hands of the resident and non-resident

freemen. From 1639, corrupt influences have been at work at Parliamentary elections there; and, with at least two hundred and sixty years of contaminating traditions behind them, it is scarcely surprising that even the drastic Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, which admittedly has done so much to reduce the number of election-petitions, has not yet purified the electorate in Worcester and other of the old Parliamentary boroughs in which the sordid traditions of pre-Reform days survive, and which have not been affected by the newer industrial conditions in England.

These traditions of beer-shop taps freely running for weeks at election-times and of vote-buying, especially the traditions of a right to a money equivalent for a vote, have been handed down from one generation of electors to the next, for nearly three centuries, in all the older Parliamentary constituencies; and they are naturally strongest and show the greatest power of survival in constituencies such as Yarmouth, Maidstone, Bodmin and Worcester, which are all towns that have been but little affected by the industrial developments of the nineteenth century—places in which few newcomers permanently settle; and from which emigration to the larger and newer world of industrialism is only small.

Generation follows generation in these old towns and cities; and what an election means in the way of free beer and money payments for votes, among the poorer and less self-respecting, is handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter; and these traditions have not always been eradicated even by the drastic punishment of disfranchising a constituency for the lifetime of a Parliament or two. They are, in fact, so persistent and so tremendously difficult to uproot, they belong so much to the folk-lore of the community, that even Worcester must obviously be growing better if it is possible to accept the evidence of the ward committee chairman whose statements I have quoted, that in an electorate in which over 7,600 voters go to the poll the bribable voters in the election of 1906 did not number more than three hundred.

At first glance, the fact that there were only four petitions after the General Election of 1906 seems a splendid testimony to the efficacy of the Corrupt Practices Act, with which the name of Lord James of Hereford will always be honorably as-

sociated. Beyond question, it is a testimony to the good results of the Act of 1883. It must be remembered, however, that other causes besides the fear of heavy pecuniary and civic penalties under the enactment of 1883 have been at work uprooting the more squalid forms of electoral corruption.

Within two years after Parliament had passed the James Act, there came the Acts of 1884-5 extending the electoral franchise to all householders in the rural districts and redistributing Parliamentary seats. By these measures the electorate was enormously enlarged; and many small boroughs which had survived the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867, chiefly because they were controlled by territorial families which were then influential with the Government, were thrown into the newly created Parliamentary divisions. Not a few of these old boroughs had electoral histories no more wholesome than those of Yarmouth, Maidstone and Worcester. Their corruption and electoral squalor long antedated the Reform Act of 1832; and between their utterly unmerited survival in 1832, and their equally unregretted disappearance as distinct Parliamentary constituencies in 1885, these boroughs—pocket boroughs most of them—made endless work for the House of Commons Committees which dealt with election-petitions from 1770 to 1870, and after 1870 for the judges of the High Court who are now charged with the trial and determination of these petition cases.

Bribery was never characteristic of elections of knights of the shire in England—not as it was of county members from Scotland from 1707 onwards. Electors in English counties were always too numerous to admit of bribery with any certain effect; and the freeholders in counties were not of the class which could be influenced by beer and money bribes. They never lacked their share of free beer at election-times; but it was given for convivial rather than for political reasons. Loyalty to the great territorial families which controlled county elections, and pressure on tenants by landlords, undoubtedly often determined county elections from the time when seats in Parliament became in demand in the fifteenth century until as late as 1885, when the county electorate was greatly enlarged.

All this is beyond dispute; but students of the Journals of the House of Commons, and of the records of the Grenville Committees, have yet to find a solitary instance in which a knight of

the shire was unseated because he had bribed the freeholders. It thus came about that in 1885 the small boroughs of ill-repute in electoral annals which had survived the reforms of 1832 and 1867 were thrown into larger constituencies, in which bribery of the squalid sort—bribery like that at Worcester—was almost unknown. Consequently, bribery within these old small electoral areas came to an immediate end; and there was an abrupt end to the petitions which for generations previously had so often followed elections in these places when they were self-contained constituencies, electing one or two Members, as the case might be, to the House of Commons.

Another cause which accounts for the elimination of bribery, and for the steadily decreasing number of petitions which now follow a General Election, is the enormous increase in population in the manufacturing boroughs in the Midlands and the North of England. Boroughs in these parts of England which between 1832 and 1867 were small enough to be influenced by corrupt methods, and which during those thirty-five years usually furnished their quota of petition cases, nowadays have electorates as large as those of many counties between the first and the second Reform Acts; and bribery has disappeared in these constituencies for much the same reason as caused its disappearance after 1885 in the smaller old boroughs which were left as entities in the representative system after the Act of 1832. Where electorates are large, it is usually of little avail to bribe. Moreover, in the constituencies in industrial England trade-unionism, the cooperative movement, the building societies, and steadily increasing wages and the attendant higher scale of living have all done much to enhance the self-respect of the working-classes; and, together with cheap evening newspapers of the older and more staid school of journalism, they have helped to the political education of the working-classes, and taught them the civic value of the Parliamentary vote.

Whatever may be thought of the tendency of the Labor movement, whatever speculations may be made as to its ultimate result, it is beyond question that the increasing number of Labor Members who have been of the House of Commons, since Macdonald and Burt were elected in 1868, has had an enormous influence in purifying the electorate in the older industrial boroughs. The legislation of the last thirty-five years in the

interest of the factory workers, the miners, and the artisans, has taught the more self-respecting of the working-classes that the Parliamentary vote has a greater value to them than any money bribe; and this growing realization of the value of a vote, apart from the uncertainty and risk which must attend bribery, has had much to do with the almost complete disappearance of election-petitions in the industrial borough constituencies.

Between the Union and 1885, Irish boroughs contributed quite their full quota of election-petition trials. Many miserable, small Irish boroughs survived the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832 for the same reason as they survived the Union in 1800. They were controlled, if they were not owned outright, by Irish territorial families, who jobbed them for ecclesiastical and civil patronage, for peerages or promotion in the peerage; and these boroughs were permitted to survive in 1800 and again in 1832 only out of respect to the susceptibilities of the landlords or moneyed men who controlled them. Like English boroughs of the same class, most of these Irish boroughs disappeared in 1885; and, in the last twenty years, there have been fewer election-petition cases from Ireland than in any similar period since 1661, when the first election-petition was adjudicated upon by the House of Commons of the Irish Parliament.

The merging of the rotten boroughs in the county divisions has done much to diminish the number of election-petitions. Quite as obviously conducive to this end has been the change which has come over Ireland since Parnell put new life and vigor into the Nationalist movement. I am not an advocate of Home Rule; but no Unionist who is familiar with the electoral history of Ireland between the Union and the Reform Act of 1885, and who is acquainted with electoral conditions there since 1885, can disguise from himself the fact that the Nationalist movement has worked two beneficial changes in Irish politics, and in particular in the economy of the representative system of Ireland. It has weeded out almost completely—certainly in every province except Ulster—the old place-hunter Irish Members, who, from the Union until about 1880, made miserable the lives of successive Patronage Secretaries to the Treasury by their never-ending intrigues and pesterings for ecclesiastical, civil, military, naval and colonial patronage for themselves, their kinsfolk or their political heelers in the constituencies.

Irish Members learned this kind of business in the old Irish Parliament. It was most rampant after the deposition of the "undertakers" about 1770; after the time when the Lord-Lieutenants and their Secretaries undertook the management—the "bossing," as it would be called in the phraseology of American politics—of the Irish House of Commons. It continued almost as rampant until the seventies of last century. Its traditions were as persistent as those of bribery in English boroughs like Worcester; and nothing but a popular movement like that behind the Irish demand for Home Rule could ever have cleared the House of Commons and the precincts of the chambers of the Government whips at Westminster of these Irish place-hunter Members. It is this same popular movement that has ended bribery in so many Irish constituencies. Men who are of the people and little better off in purse than the majority of their constituents; men whose election expenses and whose maintenance-charges while they are of the House of Commons must come out of funds popularly subscribed, cannot bribe. Their constituents are aware of their circumstances; and they regard these Members of the new class of Parliamentary representatives in a totally different light from the old-school Irish Member, who was ready to bribe as far as his means would allow, and equally ready to make the most of his vote in obtaining Government patronage when once he had made his way to Westminster.

Why petitions from Scotland are so infrequent, and why they have always been infrequent, is easily explained. In Scotland squalid bribery never got a foothold. Scotland, from the Union in 1707 until its old electoral system was radically reformed in 1832, was "managed" more completely and more thoroughly than any other part of the British Islands that ever sent Members to the House of Commons. In the persons of the Duke of Queensberry, the Earl of Islay (afterwards Duke of Argyll), James Stuart Mackenzie, and Lord Melville, better known as Henry Dundas—but especially in the persons of Islay and Dundas—Scotland had a succession of political managers who could have learned nothing from any modern American boss. But not more than three thousand voters—county and borough—ever took part in electing Scotland's forty-five members; and, while most of these electors had their price, and knew how to stand out for it, there was usually patronage sufficient to go round—suf-

ficient offices in church, law, civil service, the army and the navy, as well as in India and the colonies, to tie all the electors to the political fortunes of the "boss" who happened to be in control. In this way it came about that, from the Union to 1832, there were few petitions from Scotland in which bribery was alleged; and there have been fewer still since the Parliamentary franchise was extended in 1832, 1867 and 1884-5.

The Corrupt Practices Act and the other influences at work since 1883 have certainly almost put an end to squalid bribery; but careful and detailed investigations which have been made since the General Election in January* have served to emphasize a fact that has long been obvious to students of political organization and electoral methods in England. This is that, since the eradication of direct bribery began—and this reform has been going on for more than sixty years—there has been a return to the old method of bribing constituencies in the bulk.

This was the earliest form of bribery, and can be traced as far back as 1535, when men eager to be of the House of Commons offered to serve without pay, and thus save the constituencies the cost of their journeys to Westminster and their wages. Later on, candidates offered to build town halls and bridges, pave streets and install water-works in boroughs that would send them to Parliament; and it is this collective bribery in a new form that has been reintroduced since the elimination of the individual bribe. Candidates are now expected to contribute to the local churches, flower shows, cricket clubs, school sports and friendly society galas; and, in a large proportion of the constituencies in England, these subscriptions amount to a charge of from £500 to £1,500 a year. It will thus be realized that, although squalid bribery has at last almost reached a vanishing-point, bribery has by no means disappeared. Some few members—for instance, Mr. John Morley—have withstood the pressure for this kind of largesse; but, except for these few and for the Labor Members, who, of course, are not in a position to bribe, there is as yet no movement for the elimination of this newer form of corruption.

EDWARD PORRITT.

* "Electioneering Up to Date." By Charles Roden Buxton. London, 1906.

THE POEMS OF TRUMBULL STICKNEY.

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

THE name of Trumbull Stickney, which appears upon the volume of his Poems* which was issued under the editorship of his literary executors, is little known to the public, for his foreign residence and his distaste for the magazine as a literary conveyance combined to postpone for him the hour of recognition. But no one can read the volume of his poetical work now collected, without realizing that his sudden death at the age of thirty was a profound loss to American letters. The body of his work, though small in comparison with his ample plans, is large enough to contain poems, and those not few, of a beauty which time will only heighten and confirm.

Joseph Trumbull Stickney was the son of Austin Stickney, professor of Latin at Trinity College, and Harriet Champion Trumbull, fourth in line of descent from Jonathan Trumbull, sometime Governor of Connecticut. He was born June 20th, 1874, at Geneva, Switzerland. Until he was five years old the family resided abroad, spending their winters in Florence, their summers in the Swiss mountains and their autumns upon the Italian lakes. During the remaining years of his boyhood and youth, residence in America was varied by frequent journeys abroad, and by a winter which he spent in school at Clevedon, England. Except for this single term of formal instruction, and another at Dr. Cutler's school in New York, he received his early education entirely at the hands of Professor Stickney. Between the father and son there grew up a rare companionship of mind; the boy was led at once to the pure and ancient fountains of culture, and drew in with his earliest consciousness the love of noble letters. This, together with the romantic color and golden

* "The Poems of Trumbull Stickney," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo.

charm which Italy and Switzerland lent to his young experience, made his preparatory years almost beyond example fortunate, if we may speak of good or evil fortune in a matter so mysterious as the growth of a talent.

He entered Harvard College in the fall of 1891. He was then, and he remained until the end of his life, a picture of radiant youth—very tall, a figure supple and graceful as a Greek runner's, a face of singular brightness moulded upon lines of earnest strength, a demeanor in which boyish simplicity was combined with implications of an experience more rich and a social habit more complex than our New World civilization affords. From the ordinary activities of college life he remained aloof, deterred partly from within by shyness and by the austerity of his intellectual view, partly from without by the sentiment, approaching awe, which his personality inspired in the average barbarian breast of the undergraduate. To his few close friends he was the most open-hearted of companions, expressive in affection, kindling with beautiful ardor when his imagination was touched, by nature grave even to melancholy, but full, nevertheless, of fantastic humor, and capable of mounting to elfin heights upon the gales of fun. Poetry was already the absorbing passion of his life. From his Freshman year he was an editor of the *Harvard Monthly*, to which he contributed generously all through his life, preferring it to the professional magazines.

He graduated in 1895, with honors in classics, and in the following autumn established himself in Paris, as a student at the *Collège de France* and the *Sorbonne*. Here he remained for eight years, devoting himself chiefly to Greek and Sanskrit, so far as formal studies were concerned. Meanwhile, he was thinking deeply and living richly along the paths marked out by his temperament, wherein the Puritan strain formed a solid rock basis, covered with the flowers and vines of a pagan sensibility, and interpenetrated as by veins of fire with a passionate poetic imagination. His rooms were at first under the shadow of the Pantheon, afterwards in the *rue d'Assas* behind the *Luxembourg Gardens*. These latter apartments were themselves a kind of poem, allegoric of their owner's nature in their happy distinction, their rich grave harmonies, their just and heartfelt ornament, their vista of windows opening on the venerable garden, whose air of stately melancholy merges so well with the merriment,

intrigue, and *bravura* of Latin-quarter life, and clothes itself so gently with the glories of the seasons as they pass. Stickney loved Paris and her environs with a whole-hearted love, and felt the poetry of the place as few foreigners have done. Fontainebleau, for example, he knew in its every sylvan fastness; and I have seen him walk in that vicinity at darkest midnight across fields and through a tangle of lanes and woodland paths, guided by long familiarity as by a supernatural sense. The emotion of homelessness, which runs in a haunting undertone through his poems, made him cling with a peculiar eager fondness to these regions which were the nearest that he had known to a real abiding-place.

In pursuit of his degree, Stickney mastered virtually the whole *corpus* of Greek literature, from Homer to the New Comedy. His understanding of the genius of the language was profound. There could be no more vital exhibition of the sympathetic intelligence than the manner in which he would approach an ode of Pindar or a dialogue of Plato, lingering in its opening phrases until, as if by the mimetic process of a woodland creature, his mind gradually suffused itself with the color, moulded itself upon the fibre, beat with the tremulous secret life of the masterpiece in his hand. For scholarship as such he cared not a whit, but for the privilege of living back into the life of the great Hellenes he cared infinitely, and by infinite pains made himself able to do so. His Sanskrit studies, though they had not been carried so far, were pursued with an equally creative ardor. He dreamed of making in his own poetry I know not what new synthesis of Eastern with Western thought. His dramatic monologue, "Oneiropolos," which is put into the mouth of a Hindoo as he stands "selling dreams" to degenerate Athens, gives a hint of what he might have done in this direction.

In 1902 he published, at Boston, a volume entitled "Dramatic Verses." The book contains much of his loveliest and most characteristic work, but owing to the manner of its publication, in difficult type and at a high price, it obtained little currency. In the spring of 1903 the University of Paris gave him its degree of *docteur ès lettres*, never before conferred upon an American. Immediately thereafter he went to Greece, where he spent three months wandering with guide and donkey among the scenes in which his imagination had dwelt almost from infancy. Seven

"Sonnets from Greece" remain as the poetic record of this journey, written at Sunium, on Mt. Lykaion, near Helikon, at Eleusis, and off the coast of Crete. In the autumn of this same year he returned to America, to accept an instructorship in Greek at Harvard College. Teaching was not to his mind, though he had prepared himself conscientiously for that career, and performed its duties with the same mingling of scrupulous attention to detail with a sense of large values and real proportions which characterized his conduct in all matters of daily life. Nor was it possible for him to deal with such subjects as he was called upon to handle, without eliciting from them a potent charm, testified to by those students who gathered regularly in his rooms to read Plato with him, and who count themselves fortunate to have heard his voice—one of the most beautiful ever given to a human being—as he read and commented upon the great passages of the "Republic."

Besides his regular academic duties, Stickney was engaged during the last winter of his life upon a metrical translation of the "Persians" of Æschylus, and devoted much time to a proposed production of the "Libation Pourers," in which he was to have taken the rôle of Orestes. Meanwhile, he was feverishly at work upon a new volume of poems. From the attitude of his mind at this time, and from certain hints in his writing, it would almost seem as if a premonition of his death, and even of the manner of his death, had come to him:

"With thy two eyes look on me once again.
Since certain days, I know not how it is,
I feel the swell of tidal darknesses
Climb in my soul and overwhelm my brain."

In the spring of 1904, he was stricken with the premonitory symptoms of cerebral tumor, but continued to work at his poems all through the tragic summer which followed, as if striving to pour out in one flood the utterance of years. Under the stress of his affliction all the sweetness, rectitude, and majesty of his nature came out in a transfiguring light. An interval of apparent recovery was followed by a swift culmination of the disease, and he died on the 11th of October. His grave is at Hartford, Connecticut, the former seat of his family.

It is too early for his poetic work to be appraised, even by one

who should be competent to weigh its subtle values and to disentangle in its varied web the tentative from the quite achieved. I can only try to suggest its larger boundaries and to give some faint account of its presiding qualities. It is certain in the first place that Stickney was a poet in the intensive sense of the word. In a case like his, of high intellectual capabilities of a general kind, this may easily fail to receive the emphasis it deserves. Once, when severe illness had brought him face to face with the underlying realities of his own life, he said to me, "The truth is, I care for nothing but poetry." Though he led a richly varied and most human existence, with senses, affections, curiosities all in vivid action, the truth indeed was that poetry was both the root and the flower of his life, the point of repair for all his vital powers. To say this, is to say that he was in the same intimate sense a musician. In a moving lyric of his earlier years he tells the story of his initiation into the art of violin-playing; his last completed dramatic work portrays the unsatisfied passion for music in the breast of an old man, and its thwarting by his son's devotion to another art; and throughout his poems, images drawn from the world of music show the preoccupation of his mind with the musical idea. His verse is always moved from within by a musical principle, and often ravishes the ear with its melodic beauty. But he did not, as so many nympholepts of verse-music have done, lose himself in this sensuous aspect of the subject. He knew that there is, quite literally, a *music* of ideas as well as of sounds, and that only from the organic union of the two is poetry born. With many temptations thereto, he refused to work in the spirit of virtuosity. His melodies are simple, his color temperate, his images unstartling. It is only after a time that the organic power of his best work emerges for the reader, and its modesty is seen to veil a new, surpassing grace.

His work divides itself almost equally into the lyric and the dramatic modes. The lyrics are for the most part transcripts from his personal experience, fountains of natural melody gushing out from the smitten places of a young man's life. The greater number, and the best, are lyrics of love. Of these there are two groups. One, a formal sequence entitled "*Eride*," appeared in "*Dramatic Verses*," now reprinted in its entirety. "*Eride*" is a group of twenty-eight short poems, in five divi-

sions. It follows a love-history through its changing phases with a sincerity, a sensitiveness, a yearning search for the heart of the mystery, and a humility before its baffling silence and withdrawal, which I think in all seriousness entitles it to a place in the Golden Book of English love-poems. "Eride" is undeniably youthful in feeling, if that be a reproach; and the sequence ends upon a chord of half-resolved bitterness, the irrepressible protest of youth against the loss of happiness, bursting up suddenly from the depths of apparent resignation:

"How much it aches to linger in these things!
I thought the perfect end of love was peace,
After the long-forgiven sufferings;
But something else, I know not what it is,
"The words that came so nearly and then not,
The vanity, the error of the whole,
The strong cross-purpose, oh, I know not what,
Cries dreadfully in the distracted soul."

And elsewhere throughout these early poems there is the turbulence and acidity of a spirit at war with itself, waging the ancient internecine strife which only the noble wage and only the faithful win. But through many of the posthumous poems there flows, now like golden trumpets muffled by height and distance, now like clearest bird song near at hand, or the whisper of evening trees, the gladness of spiritual victory, won in the face of painful circumstance. I would refer the reader to the piece mentioned above, in which the poet's premonition of his own fate comes out so startlingly,—a spring song of unfulfilled yet fortunate love, sung with inmost thanksgiving in the Valley of the Shadow, which as yet, and for a last magic hour, is still "sunlit and kind." But I will rather quote a few lines from the beautiful verses "In a City Garden":

"How sweet it is
Under the perishable trees
To hear the wings of the one human soul
Fluttering up
In Time's dark branches to the lucid stars.
More than Despair is Hope,
And more than Hope is the Hope that despairs,
And more than all
Is Love that disbelieves the real years.

“Here in this place
One August morning—when the earlier crowd,
Showmen or populace,
From many a region and of curious face,
Abroad the holiday
Quaint in the sun with garb and gesture glowed,
And, speaking grave or gay
The various accents of their lonely race,
Between the shadowy gold bazars idled away—
She, as a cloud
All sunrise-colored and alone,
Through the blue summer trembling came to me.
I dried her tears and here we sat us down.
Little by little, as tripping oversea
On flame-tipped waves the daylight’s long surprise
Sweeps world and heaven in one,
So love across our eyes
Broke with the sun. . . .
And wandering out we smiled
To see across the glowing noon so high,
So high and far,
The incandescent minarets and domes and spires
Lifting the fusion of their colored choirs
To the sky. . . .
I came to-day to find her, I came back
Humble with sweet desires
Across this dun September atmosphere
To her.
I came, I knew she was not here:
Now let me go.
I came, I come because I love her so.

“Not in the acres of the soul
Does Nature set the ploughshare of her change.
It is not strange
That here in part and whole
The faithful eye sees all things as before.
For past the newer flowers,
Above the recent trees and clouds come o’er,
Love finds the other hours
Once more.”

There is in Stickney’s lyric utterance at its best something momentarily unspoken, which betrays to deeper abysses of feeling than are advertised of, which causes the reader, if he be sensitive to such suggestion, to turn and wonder what it is so soul-shaking under the innocent words. The secret of this qual-

ity lies in the poet's profound sincerity, masked, and for a careless or a captious eye defeated, by the play of colored fancy on the surface. At heart Stickney knew no compromise. He proved all things; what he could not accept he let go utterly, and he could accept no alms or half-offerings at the hands of life. What I mean may be illustrated by these stanzas from the poem entitled "At St. Marguerite":

"It rains, and all along and always gulls
Career sea-screaming in and weather-glossed.
It blows here, pushing round the cliff; in lulls
Within the humid stone a motion lost
Ekes out the flurried heartbeat of the coast.

"How good it is, before the dreary flow
Of cloud and water, here to lie alone
And in this desolation to let go
Down the ravine one with another, down
Across the surf to linger or to drown

"The loves that none can give and none receive,
The fearful asking and the small retort,
The life to dream of and the dream to live!
Very much more is nothing than a part,
Nothing at all and darkness in the heart."

But he did not allow this spiritual sternness to end in mere disheartenment or to settle into a schematic pessimism. His mind remained fluid to change. Contrast, for example, the early sonnet "In a Country Churchyard," where he listens with a strange indignation to "the cry of this delirious immortality," uttered by those who are too "poor in heart" to accept Nature's decree of death, with the later lines beginning "A glad little rift, so shy," a thrilling lyric of resurrection, in which a veil of playfulness, almost of glee, masks the portentous theme.

Stickney's lyric work may be said, speaking fallibly, to be complete. If he had lived he would have added to it much that was precious, but he would perhaps not have surpassed his present achievement in kind. His career as a dramatic poet was, on the other hand, assuredly only begun. His first volume contains two remarkable dramatic monologues, the "Oneiropolos," already mentioned, and one entitled "Ludovico Martelli," from a Renaissance poet whose faded volume Stickney picked up one day

in the library at Lucca, where he was engaged in the research of material for his Latin dissertation, "*De Hermolai Barbari Vita et Ingenio*." The speaker in the poem is Ludovico, dying of poison administered by the creatures of Pope Leo, his rival in love. I must spare room for a few lines in which may be read, incidentally, Stickney's own vindication from the charge of following too closely in Browning's footsteps in these works of his poetic apprenticeship:

"They said, they said, 'A soft
Poet, who stole Petrarca's melodies
And spoiled his robbery.' Soft in verse I was,
A master had I like, forsooth, the rest. . . .
For your unquiet thoughts, the horrid strong,
I have them,—writ? Not yet! but here's my heart,
Feel it! So tramped the innumerable host
When Rome was burned. And very vast a tale
Were half its history. Often have I stood
On hills high up, by sorry coasts, alone,
Passing my vision angrily. I thought
To have plucked the yellow comets by their hair,
To have braided meteors, and from 'hind the moon
Robbed her society of chanting tides.
I'd stand, my back to the seaward cliffs, at bay
And fight the wave.—Completed earth's a leaf
Turning in space along with the other dust
That blinds the eye of God."

Of poems in true dramatic form, Stickney left two one-act pieces, "Prometheus Pyrphoros" and a scene from the youth of Benvenuto Cellini; one act of an unfinished play on the life of Julian the Apostate; and a number of smaller fragments. It is a thousand pities that he was not able to finish the Julian. There was much in his own character and training to give him peculiar insight into the mind of the poet, scholar, satirist, soldier and world-ruler who, at the moment when pagan civilization was about to be overwhelmed forever by the mounting tide of Christian thought, arose to declare again the ancient gods and to rekindle with indignant hands the violated altars. Stickney intended to write a two-act play in the nature of a prelude, treating the life of Julian before his elevation to the throne, and a five-act drama dealing with his career as emperor. The single act which he completed exhibits a power of dramatic evo-

cation, a massive yet nervous movement, and an athletic strength of diction which promise great things, and indeed, so far as is possible in an unrevised fragment, accomplish them. The slight heaviness which the act betrays would have disappeared in a final reworking, without injury to the imaginative weight, the on-bearing energy, which make it a gage of splendid achievement to come.

The dramatic scene in which Benvenuto Cellini is the central figure gives, on a small but exquisitely finished canvas, a picture of Renaissance character and of the Renaissance passion for art such as Browning himself has hardly surpassed, nor is there any hint in it of apprenticeship to that master; it is stamped with vigorous originality in every part. The scene passes in the living-room of Cellini's father. It is evening, and the old man, after his hard day's work at the mason's craft, sits whittling a viola's back from a cherished piece of wood, and longing for the return of Benvenuto. He is jealous of his son's devotion to sculpture, and as he strives to recall certain beloved songs fast slipping from his memory, he complains to his daughter Cosa:

"Old as I am and poor, 'twere a good life,
 Tho' hard the wages, if at ending day
 Good music by the candle sat—and his
 Outsings by far Italy's loveliest. . . .
 This drawing he potters o'er at weary night,
 Of groups and visionary postures framed
 In scroll-work, while his feverish brain upreared
 Hammer and tongs descend upon the ore;
 This love of metals and design of forms—
 You think him sculptor?"

Presently Benvenuto bursts in, angry and distraught, his brow torn, his clothes in disorder. As he gulps his supper, the father and daughter draw from him his tale of a street-fight with the painter Piero Torrigiani, who has done a dishonor to Michelangelo. Breaking off abruptly, he calls for his pencils and drawing-board, and buries himself in thought of a design "of sirens interlaced with golden scales, roughing a silver ground." At his father's plea he sings absently one of the songs which the old man has been striving to remember, but immediately buries himself again in his work, muttering:

"How supple is the strength
 That coils the rondure of a siren's tail!

It lies within the fine imagination
 Of them of old to shape their legend so
 That monsters have position in the realm
 Of strict anatomy and reasoned things.—
 The frame is square.”

Again the father pleads timidly:

“ Benvenuto,
 It is not much to give thy father back
 A fluteful of his breath, to tender him
 Across the early morning of thy voice
 A song’s worth of delicious gaiety. . . .
 You know not what it is to hear aloud
 Within the walls of age and poverty
 Your singing child, alive, alert, and full
 Of small perfections in the art you love.”

At last Benvenuto flings his pencils down in angry acquiescence, and plays to Cosa’s singing. The old man goes into his bedroom with muttered thanks and blessings, and the boy takes up his task in black impatience:

“ This fluid music clouds me like a slag.
 I cannot see. My fluttering head and hand
 No more are with the metals, and the lines
 Go one into another like threads of wool.
 Among the many arts the lowest much
 Is music, which with pitiable means
 Is scraped and blown and twanged and—no one knows
 How or what for. O curse on ’t! To work.
 I can’t—must—will.”

GIOVANNI (*looks in at the door in his nightgown*).

“ That song, another time,
 Not quite so fast, and your beginning notes
 Less sudden and attached with subtler breath.
 BENVENUTO. If e’er I play again! He pushes me
 So every evening to the rack. Great God,
 The very rhythm of my design is snapped
 At the root short off, just at the noble moment
 When dream and comprehension fuse in one. . . .
 And here over my ruined vision, I
 Writhe like a scorpion in a ring of fire. . . .
 Enough! At dawn to-morrow off for Rome.”

Within the simple scheme of this little drama there is a wonderful play of life; the characters are completely realized, and the dialogue, while moving always in response to musical laws,

is thoroughly dramatic. Stickney was rapidly mastering the lost secret of an acting drama in which verse-form, so far from weakening the purely dramaturgic element, magically enhances it, becomes, in fact, its very body and breath.

It remains for me to speak of the "Prometheus Pyrphoros," in some respects the piece of writing most expressive of Stickney's genius. The action passes before the rude stone house of Deukalion and Pyrrha, in the plain of Haimonia, and the scene opens in total darkness. The primeval pair talk together of the wretchedness of their lives both before and since the curse of night which Zeus has sent upon the world in revenge for the trick played upon him by Prometheus, in offering him, instead of real sacrifice, "wind-eggs and unsubstantial things." Meanwhile, Prometheus stands in the door of the house, and from within sounds at intervals the voice of Pandora, who is with child by Zeus. Prometheus, in accordance with the ancient mythographers, is spoken of as the father of the human couple, and Pandora is called by them "mother," though there is no hint of any relationship between the Titan and Pandora. Neither is she represented, as in the legend, as the wife of Epimetheus; she remains a mysterious voice, singing in her travail songs of mystic meaning, whose bearing upon the action is poignantly vague. Stung at last beyond endurance by the wretchedness of the human pair, Prometheus declares his purpose of bringing light from Heaven, and departs amid the gray complaints of Deukalion and Pyrrha's words of faltering hope. An episode intervenes, introducing Epimetheus, the antitype and foil of the Promethean spirit of daring will. Suddenly Pyrrha rises, crying:

"He comes, he comes. Nay, look how fast the light
Rolls gaining on the dark, and urges back
The windy boulders of obscurity.

His step! I hear him, I see him.—Prometheus!

PROMETHEUS (*shouting from afar*). This torch will light our lives.

Rejoice! Up, up!

I say we have the sunlight back again."

Prometheus rushes in, and kindles the great pile of fuel which they bring. Then follows a majestic passage in which the Titan relates his climb up the darkling slopes of Olympus, his wresting the sacred torch from the golden sconce at the portal of Zeus's dwelling, where it hung

“firm barred across
 And bolted 'gainst the fearful universe,
 While inside cried aloud perennial choirs
 To a single note so puissant and superb
 It seemed an ocean singing to the sun.”

He urges them to take up their lives in gladness and hope. Pyrrha timidly responds, trying by faith to rise to the level of his heroic mind; but Deukalion sees in the new life which has been given them only a further necessity of endurance and barren toil. Meanwhile, darkness falls again over the scene, and from the midst of the thunder-cloud sound the Voices of Zeus (the *Bla* and *κοάτη* of Æschylus) calling Prometheus to punishment. As he is seized and dragged away, he utters words of indignant pride and triumphant self-vindication:

“I say, whate'er's achieved, once and for all
 Stands in defiance, and we at Nature's heart
 Register signs of our nobility.

‘Twas with me for a while as with the sun
 Upon the ocean: writing out in gold
 The moving characters of highest day,
 Which to dull creatures of the deep appeared
 Fantastic and divine and possible.”

The play ends with the patient words of Pyrrha to her husband, as a great sunset fills the scene:

“Come, sleep,
 Deukalion, for to-morrow brings again
 The sun he gave us, and the hope—the life,”

and with the mysterious voice of Pandora, singing to herself and of herself within the house:

“As an immortal nightingale
 I sing behind the summer sky,
 Thro' leaves of starlight gold and pale
 That shiver with my melody.

“My dew is everywhere
 Where things are;
 I fall and flutter and fare,
 Leaving a star
 By the roads of earth, in the far
 Paths of the air.

"Nothing is less with me,
Nothing is lost.
For I smile on the earth and sea,
On the infinite host
Of the dead and the living, and most
On the yet-to-be."

The source of the "Prometheus Pyrphoros" lies chiefly in Hesiod, and there clings to it something of the gray disheartenment of the "Works and Days." The heroic deed of the Titan brings with it no joy, rather at best only the courage to live and to Deukalion not so much, merely the hard necessity. The triumph lies in the deed itself and in the magnanimity which achieved it. It is very characteristic of Stickney's line of thought that he should have given this turn to the great story. Throughout his life, in spite of its fortunate outward circumstances and real happiness, there weighed upon him a nameless oppression, a sense of the futility of the worldly outcome, a shadow of pain and bitterness upon all the fair face of things. But his manner of confronting this tragedy which he saw implicit in the texture of life changed its quality both for himself and for those who knew him. The important thing was seen to be, not the nature of our destiny, but the manner in which it is met. In the human battle it was enough for him that the spear should be "sometimes well grasped, though shattered in the fight," and that there should stand forth on the lost field the "Niké, proud tho' broken-winged," of an unconquerable mind. His was essentially the stoic view, but a stoicism heroic and infinitely tender, pregnant with the sweetness and strength of life. And in the last years of his existence he was coming, as I have said, into a new spiritual zone, which would have brought forth who shall say what celestial fruits.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

AN UNEXPECTED FRENCH WAR-CRY AGAINST GERMANY.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

It was with sincere regret that I read recently, in a London magazine, a strange article from the pen of my friend, M. Yves Guyot, a former French Cabinet Minister, on "Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium." I conscientiously believe that this article is calculated—if its hints and suggestions were acted upon—to injure both the French Republic and the Liberal and Democratic cause in England. For it fans, under an apparent introductory show of quiet matter-of-fact disquisition, that flame of unjust hostility against Germany, the constant feeding of which flame is already attended to more than enough by the most illiberal and intriguing "Jingoes."

I can speak on that subject all the more openly because, since 1849, I have given sufficient proofs of my hearty interest in the French Republican cause by numerous writings in German, English, French and Italian. I have been connected by intimate friendship with not a few of the most eminent Republican leaders, such as Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc. I have exerted myself in exile, though unfortunately in vain, to bring the leaders of the various groups, so bitterly opposed to each other, together for the sake of common cooperation. Through good report and evil report I have stood by them, albeit privately I had sometimes to warn several of them against aggressive designs which they harbored against our Rhinelands, before 1870. I warned them—yet scarcely any of them would believe it—that in case of a hostile encounter France would suffer one of the most awful defeats. When, in November, 1870, my old friend Wolfrid de Fourielle, who, like Louis Blanc, had honorably exerted him-

self against a declaration of war, came over to my house for the purpose of enlisting, after all, active English sympathies for his country, I told him and Dr. Congreve—the late Positivist leader, who accompanied him—that “the best thing he could do would be to go straightway back to France and to work for the speediest possible conclusion of peace. Otherwise, the longer the war lasted, the more severe would the conditions of peace naturally be.”

This, I merely refer to, so as to clear away any misinterpretation of what I have to say now.

II.

First of all, then, it is necessary to bring to mind that the author of “Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium,” who alleges that Germany is bent upon the conquest and annexation of the Netherlands, and who calls upon England, in alliance with France, to protect those small States against their powerful neighbor, had a blameworthy part in that very matter. The fact is, he himself took the side of the aggressor in a recent war against two very small States—and those States, free Commonwealths. Their names were, the South-African Republic and the Orange Free State. They are inhabited by a Dutch-speaking people, kindred, by race and language, to the Hollanders and to the Flemings of Belgium, which latter form nearly two-thirds of that little kingdom; the French-speaking Walloons being a minority. The Hollanders and the Flemings are practically of the same tongue.

Surely, if ever there was a case for a Republican to side with endangered small States, for which the people of Holland and Belgium felt the deepest concern on racial grounds, that case was clearly given in South Africa. M. Yves Guyot must have known that, by the London Treaty of 1884, that English “suzerainty” which had been established over the Transvaal after a previous forcible annexation under the Tory Government of Disraeli, had been literally and formally abolished. I have shown years ago that Lord Derby himself, the Colonial Secretary in 1884, positively conceded that abolition. With his own hand he struck out all references to suzerainty in the old treaty and assented to a wholly new one. Mr. Chamberlain, as late as 1896, when a Cabinet Minister in a Conservative Government,

avowed publicly in the House of Commons—as had done Liberal Ministers before him—that the British Crown had by treaty no right whatever to interfere in the home affairs of the South-African Republic. If President Krüger, he declared, thought there was danger to his country in giving the suffrage to the alien immigrants, he was perfectly entitled to withhold it.

It is true, Mr. Chamberlain afterwards suddenly veered round. Three months before the citizens of the South-African Republic took measures of precaution against the continually increasing number of English troops that were landed, Mr. Chamberlain formally threatened President Krüger with the application of “*force*” if the demand for the suffrage were not complied with now. That was an ultimatum. The Boers then tried to forestall the danger.

Europe, from one end to the other, sympathized with the victims of aggression. In Republican France there was unanimity in favor of the two small Republican States of South Africa. In the United States the same feeling prevailed. Every one following the course of affairs was astounded to see M. Yves Guyot taking sides the other way. Nobody knew how to explain it. From that day his influence waned perceptibly, and finally the direction of the paper he had edited slipped from his hands.

III.

In the article before me, M. Yves Guyot, though knowing how bitterly Dutchmen and Belgians felt, and still feel, towards England on account of the sanguinary events mentioned, still reproves the people of those small States for the feelings they had shown towards their kinsmen in South Africa. He bids them look to England and France as their protectors. Even the fact of Liberal English statesmen, now at the head of Government, having stigmatized that war as a “frivolous, unjust one,” carried on by “methods of barbarism,” and denounced the Concentration Camps—which were imitated from those established by a cruel Spanish General in Cuba, and which cost 20,000 of innocent lives—has not, strange to say, made the French writer reflect. In this, I am glad to say, he is totally at issue with the Republican party of his own country.

As to the alleged danger to the Low Countries from Germany, he arrives at that conclusion by a very complicated and rather

artificial way of reasoning. He grants that German commerce has sought an outlet at Antwerp without any ulterior annexationist object. Its extension to that port, he says, was quite in the natural course of trade. But then he paints the advantages of real conquest in such seductive colors that he assumes it would be a wonder if annexation did not follow.

This, I think, is rather a perilous procedure on his part. Might not some of those who are unjustly, but persistently, charged with conquering designs, say to themselves at last: "Why, if things are described as so tempting and so profitable, and if we are always to suffer from such unfounded suspicion, would it not be better to do the deed?"

M. Yves Guyot also says—and in that I agree with him—that "the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph will by no means be the end of the Austrian Empire." But for that very reason he suggests that Germany will seek to satisfy her ambition in another direction, by drawing Holland, and perhaps Belgium, into her zollverein, with a view to a future annexation. All these would-be clever hints and pointed innuendos have the final aim of rousing universal suspicion against Germany and promoting an armed alliance against her.

Now, the mass of the German nation intends as little to injure the independence of Holland and Belgium as that of Switzerland. These countries were once part of the old German Empire; but there is no wish to force them back under the new Empire, whose basis was laid by that "fratricidal war"—as Prince Bismarck himself called it some years after 1866—through which nearly a quarter of the population and the beautiful, strategically important territory, were ejected, which formerly belonged to the Empire and to the subsequent German Confederation. There is no prospect of recovering even these old German provinces of ours under present circumstances. It could only be done by a new war, and this nobody in Germany wishes for; or by a revolution in Austria, which is now far from being likely.

Yet, if such reunion were ever possible, who would have a right to oppose it? Had France lost her Provençal departments near the Mediterranean, or the Bretagne, where the people speak a Celtic, non-French, language, or a Basque territory near the Pyrenees, through a "fratricidal war"; or, if Britain had lost Wales or Scotland or even Ireland, in a similar manner—who

would be entitled to object to a reunion, if France or England were bent upon it?

IV.

Now, how does France stand with regard to Belgium and Holland? Would it not be better to lay on her the brush with which Germany is wrongly tarred?

It is a historical fact that, under Royal, Republican and Imperial Governments in France, repeated attempts of conquest were made in that northern direction. France possesses to this day a strip of territory near the Belgian frontier, where Low-German—that is, Flemish—is spoken. Under Napoleon I, the Netherlands were overrun and put under a brother of his as a satrap. At the same time, the so-called “Rhine League,” established by the Corsican despot, was extended as far as Lübeck, on the Baltic, and Saxony, near the Russian frontier! Yet, the name of Napoleon was, in later years, one to charm with—even among a certain section of French Democracy.

I have myself seen enough of that still in my earlier days. I have found Louis Bonaparte attacked as “*le petit*,” in suggestive distinction from “*le grand*.” I have heard Félix Pyat, as an exile, yet glorying in the fact of Napoleon I having “*fait briller l’épée de la France à travers l’Europe*.” Afterwards, no doubt, Pyat changed considerably. I have read laudatory words about Napoleon I in Victor Hugo’s “*Napoléon le petit*.” When the war of 1870 began, one of Hugo’s sons wrote that “The Prussians will be sent across the Rhine, *avec un coup de pied dans le derrière*.” Years after that war, the aged, distinguished poet, who as the descendant of a patriotic German Lorrainer, had once confessed that he himself had Gothic (Teutonic) blood in his veins, still declared that, before the Golden Age of Peace can be introduced, there must be a last war in which Mayence, Treves, Cologne and Aix—purely German towns!—must be annexed to France.

I remember that in 1848, soon after the establishment of the Republic, an attempt at an invasion of Belgium was made by a French free-corps. The statement at the time was that Ledru-Rollin, my old friend, as a member of the Provisional Government, was not unconnected, by way of furnishing means from secret funds, with that venture. It was done somewhat in the Dr. Jameson style, and it failed most miserably, like the

one in South Africa. And are we to forget the draft of the Benedetti Treaty, submitted by Napoleon III to the Prussian Government, in which the annexation of Belgium to France was proposed?

I have had a curious personal experience, in that respect, with an eminent French statesman and famed member of the Academy, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, once Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Third Republic. When in office, he was often accused of being subservient to the Berlin Government. He was, now and then, even called "*Prussien*." Well, what did he say to an interviewer as late as 1891, and afterwards in letters to me?

He declared that France had a natural right to have her frontiers on the Atlantic, on the Pyrenees, on the Mediterranean, and along the course of the Rhine. Having doubted the correctness of the report given in the "*Times*," I wrote to him. He confirmed its correctness. Then I pointed out to him that in this way he claimed for France the greater part of Switzerland, all German territory on the left bank of the Rhine, *the whole of Belgium, and a portion of Holland*.

After this, that moderate politician and philosopher still declared that these were his views and aims. This curious correspondence is in my possession.

Might, then, Belgians and Dutchmen not be inclined to say, as regards a combined French and English protectorate of their independence: "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*"? Might they not even fear that the final issue of such a Protectorate would perhaps be a French annexation of Belgium and an English "suzerainty" of the well-known kind over Holland?

Often enough I have heard Frenchmen say, in the style of Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, that Belgium naturally belongs to their country. Many of them, either from ignorance or from design, asserted that its population was mainly French. Flemish they called "a mere patois." Yet it is the language of the majority of the Belgians, and its literature stands side by side with Dutch.

Considering all the facts I have thus rapidly indicated, I think the Belgians are entitled to look rather southward for a possible danger.

Yet M. Yves Guyot says: "It is from Germany that Belgium has everything to fear."

V.

"A burnt child fears the fire." The Dutch have seen what a claim of "suzerain" protectorship leads to, even when it has been apparently abandoned in a new treaty. In the case of the Transvaal Republic that claim was revived from the ashes of the old treaty, out of a paragraph inserted in the new treaty of 1884, concerning treaties to be concluded between the Republic and foreign Powers. I warned President Krüger at the time about this danger, as I stated years ago in *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*. He would not believe in the danger. He thought his country, wishing to live a secluded life, had even no occasion to enter into any treaty of importance with foreign Powers. Hence the possibility of complications arising from that paragraph was not to be foreseen at all. Having achieved the abolition of the suzerainty, he was satisfied with the result of his negotiations in London. This was before the discovery of the large gold-fields.

Half an hour before the final signature of the new treaty in Downing Street, I repeated my warning, even after the English and Dutch text had been handed to me in print at President Krüger's hotel. All was in vain. It was too late. When the Transvaal deputation left London, they sent me a highly honoring letter, in which it was said that they intrusted to me the care of the interests of the South-African Republic in England.

Not many years afterwards, my previsions turned out to have been only too correct. A perfect campaign of misrepresentation as regards the continued existence of "suzerainty" was organized in the English press. And though I proved ever so often the falsehood of the assertion, public opinion was systematically misled. The rest is well known.

In his eager desire to show up Germany, which has kept the peace for thirty-five years, as the great danger to European security, M. Yves Guyot does not hesitate to refer to a proposal made by Napoleon III in 1863, for the convocation of a Congress which was to discuss a general disarmament. He mentions a further sinister proposal of the French Emperor, made in January, 1870, six months before the war broke out. In that latter case, Queen Victoria, M. Guyot writes, was to hand the project of Napoleon over to William I of Prussia.

M. Yves Guyot has not a single word to say about the trust-

worthiness and character of the Man of December, who murdered the Roman Republic; who then murdered the French Republic which he had sworn to maintain, adding on his own behalf that he "would consider as his personal enemy any one daring to attack that Republic"; who some years later made a war for the alleged establishment of Italian independence, which ended in the annexation of Nice (Garibaldi's birthplace) and Savoy; who, again, tried to murder the Mexican Republic, and, being foiled there, declared, as a last means of upholding his dynasty, war against Prussia, with the object of conquering the German Rhinelands.

For a French Republican it is somewhat strange to quote this criminal usurper as a true friend of peace. I may here mention, on the authority of Ledru-Rollin, who had timely information from a relative of his, a military officer of high rank, that Napoleon III already intended to make war against Prussia in 1868, on account of Luxemburg which he wanted to annex. In a State Council presided over by him, war was indeed formally resolved upon. Next day, the several Ministers were to call upon him for receiving further instructions. Over night, however, being already much stricken with the well-known sickness, his courage vanished. When the Ministers came, they were told that the matter was put off for the nonce. It was then that Marshal Niel indignantly exclaimed: "*Cet homme nous déshonore!*"

Truly, something better might be done than to quote the perjured perpetrator of the State stroke of 1851, as an advocate of peace and disarmament.

VI.

Those who aim at a freer intercourse between nations will read with astonishment a passage in Yves Guyot's article, which runs thus:

"The Belgians and the Dutch have already consented to a form of union which, according to the 'Almanach de Gotha,' takes the title of 'Union of the Administrations of German Railways': of which Union the railways of Germany, of the Netherlands and one Belgian railway, form part. I believe this Germanophile passion has calmed down; but in those last years we have witnessed singular aberrations on the part of the Dutch and the Belgians."

This, from a zealous champion of free trade, as M. Yves Guyot is, can scarcely be understood. What more natural thing could there be than that the Low Countries, of which Germany is commercially the "hinterland," should consent to a Railway Union? What "passion" is there to be denounced? Would he make a similar objection if it were a case of Railway Union between Belgium and France?

As to the "aberrations of the Dutch and the Belgians," the French statesman describes their sympathies with the South-African Republics as mental vagaries! This, now, is not a very effective means of enticing the people of the Netherlands into the Anglo-French fold. At most, it could have the result of turning Jingoism against the Dutch and the Belgians by way of revenge for the very natural leanings they had shown.

M. Yves Guyot objects also to the German fleet. He roundly asserts that "William II wants to have a fleet capable of struggling against the navy of England." Now here a few facts may be useful.

In the Middle Ages, the German Hansa was the great maritime power of the North; but it was a civic institution of free towns, utterly neglected by our Emperors. In the last century, previous to our Revolution of 1848-49, all our best Liberals and Democrats, and our patriotic poets like Herwegh and Freiligrath, considering, as they did, the difficult geographical position of Germany, which makes her so liable to attack from several land sides as well as from the sea, unanimously demanded the establishment of a German fleet. I joined in the demand at the time. By the National Assembly at Frankfort a beginning was made. Our worthless Princes, after having drowned in blood the popular movement for freedom and unity, sold that small navy by auction.

After 1870, when we had been in danger of having our coast-towns on the German Ocean and on the Baltic bombarded and put under tribute by the French fleet, which might have landed also troops, the call for a German fleet was renewed. William I was too much of a military martinet, Bismarck yet too deeply imbued with his early "Junker" training, to join heartily in that necessary movement.

William II, about whose home policy I scarcely need to say what I think, at last acted upon that call. Yet, in spite of every

effort, the German navy still ranks only as the fifth in strength. The French fleet surpasses it both in ships and men. Russia before the war with Japan, also was ahead of us. Now, France and Russia are in alliance. Germany lies between them. What wonder that Germany endeavors to have a navy capable of defending her coasts, securing her necessary import of food in case of war, and protecting her growing over-sea trade? That trade is larger than the trade of France.

Compared with the English fleet, that of Germany is still enormously overmatched. England has a four-times larger navy. Her crews are about 130,000 men. Those of Germany, 32,000. Yet a Civil Lord of the English Admiralty, Mr. Arthur Lee, did not scruple to say before his constituents that, some day, a certain fleet in the North Sea might be smashed before the British Power owning it had any notice of a proclamation of war. That piratically minded man was not removed from office, nor even censured by his superiors. What if a similar threat had been held out by a member of the German Ministry of Marine against either England or France?

The French fleet, too, is larger than that of Germany. Has any one ever heard of a suggestion made in England that France should be called upon to restrict her naval armaments? Yet France and England have been at war for ever so many centuries. Nay, there has been danger of war again between them about the Fashoda question. And France, with an army equal in numbers to the German one, is quite close to England, while Germany is very far. And Germany and England have never crossed swords. France and England ever so often.

Of all this there is nothing whatever in M. Yves Guyot's article. On the contrary, he asserts that "the cordial understanding between England and France is founded exactly on the same reasons as those which *induced England to combat Napoleon I.*" Is that really so? A number of Englishmen might perhaps wish to know the details of such an alliance, defensive and offensive.

"The whole world," according to the French writer, "is endangered by a State in Europe, whose ambition has no limits, and whose Sovereign can dispose, at his pleasure, of peace or war in the world." Does M. Yves Guyot forget that this is also a privilege of the British Crown? And is he not aware of the

recent declaration of even the most moderate German journals, that, in spite of its restricted parliamentary rights, no Reichstag would ever be found to grant the necessary supplies for a frivolous war? The Paris Legislative Body, even the Opposition, after a short show of criticism, did, in the main, grant the supplies for the war against Germany. Does M. Yves Guyot believe that Germans, being all liable to serve, would be easily dragged into a frivolous war at a monarch's caprice? And does he forget that an English army, composed exclusively of men enlisting of their own free will, is always ready, at superior command, to strike a sudden blow?

In his concluding words, M. Yves Guyot says that "France and England represent a combined formidable strategic Power; and that, if in Germany there is a thought of landings in England, one can also foresee *landings of allied armies in Germany*, having, as a basis of operations, means of transport the efficiency of which was shown in the war in South Africa. All civilized nations have the same interests as France and England—a single one excepted."

Now, what language is this? I think I may safely say that the best French Republicans cannot approve of it. It calls for an aggressive militarism that would soon deliver the Republic—which is the result of defeats on the battle-field, and which has since been so often threatened by men like Marshal MacMahon and General Boulanger—into the hands of its most insidious enemies. As a sincere well-wisher of that Republic, and as one who would be the first to denounce a threatening invasion of England, if that imaginary peril were ever to come from a German Emperor, I deeply regret the extraordinary article of M. Yves Guyot. No; English Liberals will not allow themselves to be thus dragged into war by the setting up of an artificial Napoleonic bogey. They have had quite enough of the war against the Boers, which he so zealously advocated. Or is it to arch-Tory Jingoism he addresses himself?

Perhaps his essay is fortunately published, not in English, but in French. That diminishes its pernicious influence. For, remarkable to say, in spite of the *entente cordiale*, few Englishmen are able to converse in, or to understand, French.

KARL BLIND.

OUR INDUSTRIAL JUGGERNAUT.

BY DR. JOSIAH STRONG, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE
OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

A DISTINGUISHED statesman, with whom the writer was not long since discussing the subject of industrial accidents, remarked, "This is a matter of which I have been profoundly ignorant." The remark is eminently applicable to the general public in the United States.

There is every summer more or less newspaper thunder created by the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission touching railway accidents, and railway officials attract the lightning of public indignation; but the public is not aware that railway accidents are only a small proportion of the casualties which take place in the industrial world.

Accidents in the manufacturing and building industries are much more numerous than railway casualties, but they appeal to the public much less, partly because we have no exact information concerning them, and partly because only one class of people is exposed to a given class of industrial accidents. The general public is not in the slightest danger of falling from the steel frame of a sky-scraper, nor of being ripped up by a buzz-saw, nor of being mangled by a mine explosion. All such accidents seem far removed and only half real to those who are quite safe from them. But every one travels more or less, so that accident by rail is a possibility that concerns all.

It is important to gain some idea of the great numbers who are annually sacrificed by accidents in our American industries. As compared with European Governments, our State Legislatures have generally been strangely indifferent to the whole subject. The laws of only eleven of our States require the reporting of accidents in factories; and a careful examination reveals but a

single State whose laws require the reporting of accidents in all industries. There exist, however, some data from which rough estimates may be made.

There were in France, during the year 1904, no less than 212,755 industrial accidents, not including those in mines and on railways. When we consider that we are much more careless of life and limb than the French, and that our population is more than twice as large as that of France, there can be little doubt that in a single year we have at least 425,000 industrial accidents, not including railway and mining casualties. Fortunately, concerning these two industries we have some definite information; and, adding to the above figures our railway accidents in 1904, *viz.*, 94,201, together with 5,100 casualties in our coal-mines (not including other mines), we get a total of some 525,000 industrial accidents in the United States in a single year as the probable minimum number.

Entirely different data give much the same results. The records of one of the great casualty companies of this country show that, under policies issued on a wage expenditure of \$1,905,-515,398 as a basis, there were reported 185,088 accidents. This insurance was placed on workmen engaged in what the census designates as "manufacturing and mechanical pursuits." Assuming \$500 to be the average annual earnings of such workmen, many of whom are highly skilled, the above-mentioned wage expenditure represents the employment of 3,811,030 persons for one year, which indicates that in such industries one person in 20.59 is injured annually, or 48.56 out of every thousand. At this rate, the 7,085,992 persons engaged in these industries in 1900 suffered 344,096 accidents. There were that year about 22,000,000 persons in the United States who were engaged in gainful occupations other than manufacturing and mechanical. We do not know how many accidents occur in these industries, except railroading; but, assuming that on the average they are only one-fifth as dangerous as the manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, they furnished in 1900, 220,000 casualties, which would make a total of 564,000 industrial accidents that census year.

Again, take still other data. A Wisconsin law, enacted in 1905, requires physicians to report every accident which incapacitates its victim for a period of at least two weeks. The first year under the new law has not yet expired, but the writer

is informed that the returns up to date indicate that the twelve months' record will show from 15,000 to 20,000 accidents.

Wisconsin, with its diversified industries of farming, manufacturing, mining, lumbering and building, may be considered fairly representative of the whole country. If, then, there are 15,000 accidents in that State in a single year, at the same rate there would be in the United States no less than 542,000.

It seems, therefore, reasonable to conclude that the minimum number of industrial accidents in this country, in a year, must be considerably above 500,000.

When in all history have two great armies been able to inflict on each other a total of half a million casualties in a single year? This is fifty per cent. more than all the killed and wounded in the late war between Japan and Russia.

There are more casualties on our railways in a single year than there were on both sides of the Boer war in three years.

Last year, on our railways, we killed as many every thirty-seven days and wounded as many every twelve days as all our killed and wounded in the 2,561 engagements of the Philippine war. Or, in other words, there were twenty-four times as many casualties on our railways in one year as our army suffered in the Philippine war in three years and three months. At that rate, we might have continued the war for seventy-eight years before equalling the record of our railways in a twelvemonth. And we must not forget that less than one-fifth of the losses of our industrial army are suffered on our railways. That is to say, we might carry on a half-dozen Philippine wars for three-quarters of a century with no larger number of total casualties than take place yearly in our peaceful industries.

Taking the lowest of our three estimates of industrial accidents, the total number of casualties suffered by our industrial army in one year is equal to the average annual casualties of our Civil War, plus those of the Philippine war, plus those of the Russian and Japanese war.

*Think of our carrying on three such wars, at the same time, world without end!**

* It will be observed that our comparisons are between the *total number* of casualties in our industries and in various wars, without reference to the proportion of fatal and non-fatal casualties. The pro-

We are waging a perpetual war on humanity, and one which is apparently growing bloodier from year to year.

With the establishment of the Hague Tribunal and the negotiation of treaties of arbitration we may confidently hope that the frequency of wars will diminish; but with the increasing use of machinery industrial accidents will naturally multiply unless vigorous preventive measures are adopted.

In the absence of any exact knowledge of other departments of industry, let us turn again to the railways. Of course passenger traffic increases with the growth of population and of business; and it is not strange that an increase of accidents should accompany the increase of travel and the extension of our railway system. But the danger of travelling by rail is increasing more rapidly than passenger traffic. The following tables were prepared from the recently issued report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1905:

	<i>Number of passengers carried for one killed</i>	<i>Number of passengers carried for one injured</i>
1905.....	1,375,856	70,655
1904.....	1,622,267	78,523
1895.....	2,984,832	213,651

These figures show that for a given number of passengers carried there were twice as many killed and three times as many injured in 1905 as there were ten years before. But the more accurate comparison is between the number of passenger-miles travelled in different years; for, other things being equal, a journey of a thousand miles involves ten times as much risk as a journey of only one hundred miles. In the following table, the peril of railway travel in different years is seen to vary inversely as the number of passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger killed or injured.

portion of killed to wounded in our industrial accidents is unknown, but, judging from railway statistics, there is reason to believe that it is considerably smaller than in the casualties of war. If, however, we include the fatalities which befall the general public and which are not classified as industrial, the total number of violent deaths in the United States in one year is undoubtedly in excess of the total number killed in a single average year of the three wars referred to above.

Of course the losses of war include many deaths from sickness. These are not considered, because we have no means of estimating the number of corresponding deaths in our industrial army caused by disease-producing occupations.

	<i>Passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger killed</i>	<i>Passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger injured</i>
1905.....	44,320,576	2,276,002
1904.....	49,712,502	2,406,236
1895.....	71,693,743	5,131,977
	<i>Percentage of increased peril to passenger's life</i>	<i>Percentage of increased peril to passenger's limb</i>
In one year.....	12.16	5.72
In ten years.....	61.76	125.52

The above tables show that the chances of fatal accident to the traveller increased about sixty-one per cent. in ten years, and that the chances of non-fatal accident considerably more than doubled during the same period.

Our pioneer forefathers faced the perils of savage beasts and savage men, and gradually overcame them; but modern civilization is beset with multiplying perils of our own making. We are demanding ever-increasing speed of travel; we are inventing more powerful explosives; we are making new applications of electricity; we are building high and higher structures; we are supplanting the simple hand-tools of other generations by swift and powerful machinery; and the proportion of those engaged in mechanical industries is increasing, and must necessarily continue to increase.

Surely, our modern, industrial civilization resembles a Frankenstein. And unless something is done to check the monster it is creating, he will grow ever more murderous.

Europe is far in advance of America in protecting workmen from needless accidents both by legislation and by safety appliances. The Association of French Industrialists for the Prevention of Accidents, by reason of its varied and beneficent activities, was declared to be of "public utility" as long ago as 1887. There was a General Exposition of Accident Prevention in Germany in 1889. Immediately after its close, there was organized in Vienna a Museum of Security and of Industrial Hygiene. There are now half a dozen such museums in Europe, one having been organized in Paris last December, and formally opened by the President of the Republic. Even backward Russia shames us by her Museum of Security at Moscow. Austria has had a score of expositions of safety appliances for the education of the people. Governments and public-spirited citizens have

vied with each other in providing funds for such institutions. Here the greatest of all industrial peoples has attempted little by legislation and nothing by organized effort.

In view of these facts, it is not strange that in the same industries (railroading and mining), of a given number of men employed we kill and injure from two to nine times as many as they do in Europe.

Nor are we to suppose that they have reduced accidents to a minimum. An investigation of 15,970 accidents in Germany showed that fifty-three per cent. of them were avoidable.

If, among a given number of employees, we have more than twice as many accidents as Germany, and if more than half of Germany's accidents are avoidable, it would seem probable that more than three-quarters of ours are avoidable.

If only two-thirds of our industrial accidents are unnecessary, then our industrial army suffers every year as many *needless* casualties as the total number inflicted on each other by the Russian and Japanese armies in the late war.

The whole world was interested in stopping that bloodshed; and we were proud of the part our President played as international peacemaker. But the public is apathetic touching this perpetual war on humanity, although this blood-letting is on our own soil instead of Asia's.

Soldiers suffer because they are professional destroyers; but the members of this great industrial army who are struck down every year in this country suffer because they are *producers*. This is the price they pay for serving the public and promoting civilization.

Japan does not begrudge the cost of the late war. The sacrifices of our civil conflict were not wasted. There was a revelation of heroic daring that forced brave men on both sides to respect each other. The curse of slavery was forever removed, and the perfect union of North and South was made possible. The price was great, but not too great for the purchase of a free and united country; and that price was paid once for all.

But what outcome of good has industrial slaughter? It adds no names to the roll of heroes. It bequeaths to future generations no traditions which quicken the blood and kindle patriotic zeal. It is not a sacrifice for country which ennobles those who make it, and transforms death into a ministry to larger life.

This industrial slaughter is utter, utter waste—wasted resources, wasted anguish, wasted life. And although the greater part of this sacrifice is as needless as it is useless, it goes wearily on year after year. The price of our selfish indifference is never paid.

How shall we account for this stolid indifference? This destruction of life and limb does not take place in a corner. Doubtless many accidents occur which are never reported, but every day the papers repeat the sickening story; and this, perhaps, is the very reason why the facts fail to impress us. We become hardened by the endless repetition. If by some miracle of prudence or of Providence all accidents of every sort could be prevented for a year, and if, then, a half-million should occur in a single day, the shock would arouse the nation and something would be done. But the dead are quite as dead, the bereaved are quite as desolate and the maimed are quite as mutilated and helpless when these casualties are distributed through every day of the year as if, like the losses of a great battle, they had been crowded into a single day.

It is well to end the barbarities of war. Is it not time to place some limit to the barbarities of peace?

To this end the American Institute of Social Service is to hold an exposition of Safety Devices at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, January 28th to February 9th, 1907. The Hon. Grover Cleveland has accepted the First Vice-Presidency. The active cooperation of European Museums of Security has been secured; and the interest manifested by American manufacturers is a pledge of its success.

JOSIAH STRONG.

THE FUTURE IN CUBA.

BY WILLIAM INGLIS.

DURING the late revolution, a period of nearly two months, I was the correspondent in Cuba for "Harper's Weekly." Therefore it was my business, not only to see and hear everything possible about the acts of war, but to discover, as far as a stranger could, the causes that led to the war, the temperament of the Cuban people and their power of self-government; as well as their foibles, prejudices and weaknesses that tended to impair the power of self-government.

We Americans have suffered more, perhaps, than any other nation under the hasty pronouncements of foreigners who have darted through our country in a few weeks and run home to write about us. Therefore an American must feel all the more reluctant to utter a sudden judgment on so vital a subject as the capacity of a people to administer their own affairs. Nevertheless, some facts stand out so clearly that no visitor to Cuba can miss them. By considering these facts any one can form his own opinion as to whether the Cubans shall ever be independent, or whether the Government of the United States, under the obligations of the treaty of Paris and the Platt amendment, will be compelled to remain indefinitely in the island as guarantor of good order and guardian of the peace.

We may dismiss at the outset the yearning for perpetual American supervision expressed by every substantial property-owner in Cuba, whether he be Cuban, Spaniard, Briton, American or German. For it would be folly to give undue preference to mere property rights as against the rights of citizens, especially such citizens as those of Cuba who freely gave their lives and their fortunes to establish the young Republic. Yet, as I look back over a most interesting sojourn in the island, the

thing that remains most prominent in memory is the remark of a Cuban sugar-planter who fought for independence in the Four Years' War.

"When the American flag was hauled down in 1902," he said to me, "I was sorry to see it go, and I asked myself how long must it be before the Americans come back and save the Cubans from themselves. For, you know, our Cuban Constitution is founded upon Spanish ideas, experience, prejudice—all of which are hostile to the very existence of a republic. There is not to-day in this country the public opinion upon which a republic must rest."

While it is true that the recent revolution was an armed protest against the frauds and violence practised by the Moderate party in the elections of 1905, yet it is equally true that the hope of holding public office, of living on public money, was what attracted thousands of Liberals to the field. When Secretary Taft proved that the Moderates had kept themselves in power by force of arms, the Government officials made no denial.

"We did it for the good of the country," they declared, "and if the Liberals had been in power they would have done the same thing."

How much truth there was in this plea any one who has lived in Cuba can tell. It is manifestly absurd to accuse all the members of any political party of corruption; yet there is no doubt that, wherever Moderates were in power, they ruthlessly crushed the Liberals, and, wherever the Liberals were in control, the Moderates were cynically swept aside. We have not been without experience of this sort of thing in the United States. But our defeated parties do not fly to arms by way of protest against fraud. The Cubans do. President Palma spoke bitter truth when he said in the midst of the late war: "Cuba was left an orphan too soon. The United States should have remained here twenty years longer."

The revolution was so successful that it would be easy to begin another on the slightest pretext. In the recent disarmament none of the good arms were surrendered. Those who know most about the situation say that at least forty thousand excellent modern rifles and countless cartridges are still hidden away, ready for use in the next revolution.

"I know that not one good gun was surrendered in this

province," an American friend writes me from Pinar del Rio, "and that we shall have another row as soon as Uncle Sam leaves Cuba. When it begins, be sure to drop in and see me."

It is certain that three-fourths of the fighting-men in the late war were negroes of varying shades of color. They are all hungry for office. They do not like to work. They want "fat jobs," full of honor, with few duties and high pay. They cannot understand why the fruits of victory have not already been handed to them. They feel that every Moderate should be turned out of office, and that they, the true patriots who saved the country by yelling "*Viva*" and firing rifle-shots in the air, should be put in their places. They yearn to be Rural Guards, policemen, letter-carriers, government clerks, municipal employees — anything that yields money and requires slight exertion. The action of Governor Magoon in cutting down the number of the employees of Congress to less than one-third of what it was, has greatly alarmed these heroes. It is no exaggeration to predict that, if the American forces are withdrawn any time within the year, a new revolution will be begun very soon.

"We are in danger of becoming another Hayti if left to ourselves," a prominent tobacco-grower said to me recently. "You have noticed among the soldiers in the rebel army many negroes with their front teeth filed down to sharp points like saw-teeth. That is a form of personal decoration in vogue among the black dandies of the Congo. There are in this island many thousands of negroes not one step higher in civilization than those you find in the African jungles. These fellows will take the field with any leader to whom they are attached. They do not ask why they are taking up arms, so long as they are following their chiefs, living on the fat of the land and hoping for a life of ease in office when the so-called 'war' is ended."

From all I have observed in Cuba, I believe the tobacco-grower is right. There happens to be at hand a concrete illustration of his theory. The first man killed in the late revolution was General Quintin Banderas, a black negro about fifty years old. He had been a colonel in the War of Independence, an adept in guerilla warfare and brave to the degree of rashness.

When the Americans withdrew from Cuba in 1902, honest Quintin thought that a grateful country should give him his just due by making him collector of customs at Havana. True,

he could not read or write, but he thought it would be an easy matter to hire some one to do that for him, while he was enjoying the pay and dignity of office.

When another man was made collector, Quintin decided that he would like to be chief of police of Havana. He had no qualification for that post except his bulldog courage. He did not get the office. Instead, he was made doorkeeper in the Cuban Senate on a small salary. Forthwith, Quintin began to make speeches about the ingratitude of the republic. In cafés, in the streets, wherever he could find a few listeners, he would harangue them about the injustice done to him and the great revenge he would enjoy some day.

He thought the day had come when the late revolt was begun. He gathered a band of negroes in Havana and took to the woods. In the first skirmish he was badly wounded, and on the next day, as Quintin Banderas was lying helpless in a hammock, Rural Guards hacked him to pieces with machetes. The Government had his body paraded in Havana as a warning to all rebels. That had no effect. By thousands the laborers in all parts of the island flocked to the Liberal armies.

One cannot forget that there were also in the rebel armies many men of excellent character and lofty ideals and aims; but there is no doubt that the great majority of the fighters were of this loose, irresponsible and labor-hating type.

The average Cuban leader wants office. He will get it through the ballot if possible. Disappointed at the polls, he turns naturally and easily to armed protest, knowing that he can readily enlist a big force of reckless adventurers. Therefore, it seems to me, the United States, as guarantor of order under the Paris treaty, must remain in charge of the government of Cuba until a new generation shall arise, a Cuban people who believe that ballots, not bullets, shall govern their island.

WILLIAM INGLIS.

THE MOROCCAN QUESTION AS SEEN FROM MOROCCO.

BY ASAAD KALARJI KARAM.

THE doors of the Conference of Algéiras closed after three months of deliberation and discussion. The delegates there drew up and agreed upon a programme for reforming Morocco in the way which seemed to them most suitable under the circumstances. This programme of reform consists of: (1) The organization of a police force; (2) The establishment of a national bank; and (3) An increase in the customs tariff. And so the Conference came to an end, and the delegates returned to their respective countries. The whole world believed that the conclusions of the delegates as embodied in their programme represented the highest skill and wisdom, and chiefs of states conferred upon them decorations and titles. Thus, the Conference of Algéiras having decided upon the programme of reform, it now remains for the conference of the foreign ministers at Tangier to enforce the articles of the Algéiras programme.

It is to be hoped that the ministers in Tangier will not fail to make a thorough investigation of the causes which have reduced the Government of Morocco to its present condition of lamentable corruption and the people of Morocco to poverty and wretchedness. The causes of these evils once being found, it would not be difficult to find a cure for them. It is such action as this that we expected from the Conference of Algéiras. We hoped that the delegates to that Conference would at least obtain a general knowledge of the Moors and of their social condition, in order to be able to prescribe the medicine of reform. But, alas! none of the delegates ever studied the industries of the country, the conditions surrounding the people or the cause of the rebellions in the interior.

But the door of the Algeciras Conference has been closed, and there is no hope of its being reopened. What has been done has been done. The only hope now is that the Conference of the ministers, which is soon to take place in Tangier with the object of putting in motion the machinery of reform, will remedy certain things which the Conference of Algeciras has overlooked. Moorish delegates will attend this conference. It is to be hoped that its deliberations will be carried on in a spirit of frankness and good faith towards Morocco, for upon its decisions will depend the welfare or the misery of the Moorish people.

It is worthy of note that, in official communications to foreign Ambassadors, the Moors have always employed the following form: "To the most beloved, the wise, the striver to establish good understanding between the Governments," etc., for to them this was what an Ambassador was supposed to be. Many foreign representatives in Morocco have proved to be so little deserving of these epithets that the Moorish authorities have sometimes been forced to complain to this or that foreign Government without the knowledge of its accredited representative in Tangier. Consequently, we cannot blame the Moors for mistrusting the diplomatic agents of foreign Powers. Foreign Governments have devoted so little attention to Morocco that they remain to this day in dense ignorance of its internal affairs. Europeans and Americans have but a dim and hazy idea of Moroccan geography, and, indeed, many of them are still capable of addressing letters to "Tangier, *Algiers*, Africa."

It was expected by the Moors that foreign Ambassadors and their *attachés* would know the language of Morocco in order to perform properly the duty of promoting good relations between their own and the Moroccan Governments, for it is only a knowledge of the language that would enable them to study the character and the mode of life of the people. Experience has proven that it is only those rare Ambassadors who have possessed a command of Arabic that have succeeded in dealing with the Moors on a satisfactory basis.

The confidence of the Moors in foreigners in general, and in the Ambassadors in particular, has been sadly shaken by repeated outrages upon the people of Morocco. The abuses of the system of "protection" alone are sufficient to explain the distrust of Moors for Europeans. And what is this "protection"?

In theory, it is meant to secure European merchants in Morocco against losses occasioned by the arbitrary interference of Moorish officials with the native commercial agents, or with other native employees of such merchants. By the treaty of Madrid in 1861, it was stipulated:

(1) That Moorish servants in the employ of Europeans were to be exempted from taxation, and were not to be arrested, or interfered with in any way, by the Moorish officials without the consent of the foreign consul directly interested;

(2) That foreign merchants should be permitted to choose, from among the Moors, certain persons to serve as their commercial agents in the interior. Such agents (*Semsar*) were to be regarded by the Moorish Government as subjects of the country of their foreign employer. Foreign merchants were also to have the privilege of forming partnerships with Moors. The Moors thus taken into partnership were to enjoy the same immunities and privileges as Moorish servants in the employ of foreigners. But the practice under this system is now that any Moor of bad character, who wishes to escape the Moorish authorities, can purchase, for a handsome sum of money, the protection of some foreigner. Such protected Moors often gather about them the worst characters of their neighborhood. To these, in turn, they extend a sort of elastic semi-official protection. In this way, through the action of foreign diplomacy, bands of lawless rascals are formed here and there throughout the country. These men become the terror of their districts. They indulge in all sorts of violence and crime, and set the Moorish authorities at defiance.

It sometimes happens that, after such a *protégé* has amassed a considerable fortune, his Christian protector will, for a good round sum, sell him to the Moorish Governor of his district. The blood-money having been paid down, the foreigner places in the hand of the Governor a written statement to the effect that he withdraws his protection from A or B. The Governor then arrests and throws into prison A or B, together with all his family, friends and followers, and confiscates their property for his own private use. The Moorish Government has often complained of these things to the Powers, but none of the Powers has taken heed or attempted to remedy the abuses of the system.

And now the Powers are setting out to reform Morocco ac-

according to the latest civilized methods. The establishing of a police force in Morocco is much desired by the Europeans; but to the Moor himself this innovation is by no means desirable. He does not feel the need of it, nor can he be brought to believe that any good can come of it. As long as the mental attitude of the Moors remains unchanged, it will not be possible to establish a police force in Morocco on the lines laid down by the Conference of Algenciras. And, supposing that a police force is formed, the officers of this force must be foreigners, and foreigners in the Moorish service have never yet been of any real benefit to anything except their own pockets. See what has been accomplished by them in the military service! They have spent more than a quarter of a century instructing the army; and yet, face to face with the rabble forces of Bou Hamara, the conduct of the imperial army reflected anything but credit upon its instructors. Probably the chiefs of the new police force will be of much the same material as the instructors of the army. Moreover, the action of the police is to be limited to certain restricted localities where their protection is hardly needed. What influence can they have upon the people of the interior, who have little or no regard for authority of any sort?

And in regard to the bank. The Moors have not the least comprehension of the workings of a bank, and, moreover, their religion forbids them to deposit their money in one. Moors who have money bank it in the ground. Many of them die without disclosing to any one else their place of deposit. No Moor dares to appear rich for fear of being cast into prison and despoiled by the officials of his Government, or for fear of assassination at the hands of other robbers. The Government has no public works, and the mass of the people have no arts and trades. The bank will find it next to impossible to deal with the Moors.

The increase in the customs tariff which has been agreed upon by the Conference of Algenciras is but another way of robbing the nation, because it is the nation itself that must pay the piper, and the nation cannot sustain any further burden. The Conference should have induced the Moorish Government to revive the arts, increase trade and encourage agriculture, but at the same time to impose a high duty on alcoholic beverages and upon articles which compete with the rare native manufactures.

The Conference of the foreign ministers in Tangier should

realize that the real reform required in Morocco consists of two things. The first is the reform of the legations. The Ambassadors and their subordinates ought to be, in themselves, examples of justice. But the actions of some of them have redounded to the discredit of all. The Moor is only human, like his Christian brethren. He generally appreciates a good deed and seldom forgets a bad one. At present, he believes that foreigners are his enemies and that they should be treated as such. When the legations are reformed, and the deeds of foreign representatives are more in accord with their words, the Moors will, no doubt, come to trust them and take their advice. We often hear from the Moors that no justice is to be had of foreigners. They say that cases brought before the consuls are invariably decided in favor of the foreigners. In addition to the vexations of litigation before the consuls and the evils arising from the protection of native rascals by foreigners, the Moors suffer from another great abuse—namely, the contraband trade in arms. The Moors themselves say that the legations wink at the smuggling of arms into Morocco by Europeans, and that, when the ignorant and fanatical population of the interior have been supplied with guns and cartridges in abundance, the legations blame the Moorish authorities for the resulting disorders. Sometimes permits are obtained from the legations for passing through the custom-house cases, marked "Mineral Water," etc., of which the real contents are rifles and cartridges. Another method of having arms passed through the custom-house is for the smuggler to buy the complicity of the native soldiers of the legation. In this case, the soldier goes to the custom-house and states that the minister or consul has sent him to claim such and such boxes of goods. The boxes are thus passed unopened, and, once through the custom-house, are taken to the house of the real owner.

The second part of real reform is the application of the Koranic law by competent and honest judges. The Mohammedan Law contains all that is necessary for the good government of the country. The Moor believes in the infallibility of his Law; it is the only thing which he can fall back upon in cases of doubt; he honors it; he respects those charged with its administration; he swears by it. History tells us that the Mohammedans, in the high tide of their conquests, carried their Law with them and enforced it wherever they went, carefully preserving it

in its integrity. In the history of Morocco we read that several sultans devoted themselves to the study of their Law, and by their personal attendance at the universities encouraged its exposition. But times have changed. Modern rulers of Morocco care little for the Law. Moorish judges respect no law in their decisions, but twist and turn the code to their own private gain. To the mind of a modern judge the cleverest and most convincing argument is a goodly bribe. Litigants are often forced to abandon their cases because they find themselves unable to satisfy the greed of the judges. The following is an example of modern justice: Two adversaries present themselves before the judge. The plaintiff states his case. The defendant (who has already sent to the judge's house a handsome mirror) states *his* case, at the same time casting a significant glance at the judge. The judge is about to decide in favor of the defendant, when the plaintiff (who is not at law for the first time) gives the judge a knowing look and begs that judgment may be deferred until the following day. The request is granted. The following morning, the plaintiff goes personally to the judge's house with a magnificent mule. He finds that the judge has already gone to the court, so he leaves the mule and instructs the servants to inform the judge of the animal's arrival. The plaintiff then goes on his way to the court, where he finds the judge and the defendant. While the adversaries are standing before the judge, a servant of the latter enters, and announces that "The mule has smashed the mirror!" Judgment is at once rendered in favor of the plaintiff.

The most important thing for the Conference of the ministers at Tangier to consider is how to enforce in Morocco a strict application of the Mohammedan Law. If they only inquire into the means by which England has brought about the prosperity of Egypt, they will find that Lord Cromer is a protector of the Mohammedan Law, the strict application of which has shielded the poor Egyptians from the rapacity of the officials and of the upper classes. There is in the hands of every judge in Egypt an epitome of the Koranic Law—"The Book of Justice." This volume could easily be adapted for use in Morocco as a guide to the proper administration of justice. In fine, Morocco is in great need of reform, not on Christian but on Mohammedan lines.

ASAAD KALARJI KARAM.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, F. TABER COOPER, CLAYTON HAMILTON
AND LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"CHARLES DICKENS: A CRITICAL STUDY."*

READERS of his briefer essays might easily suppose this book to be merely a renewed invitation to watch the sparks fly from Mr. Chesterton's metallic intelligence. It is considerably more than that. At the same time, it is more characteristically frolicsome, less restrained and direct, than the same author's study of Browning. Yet the discussion of Dickens has plainly been a more congenial exercise, because the general view (and it is the general view that Mr. Chesterton has always in mind: he is not addressing students) regards Browning more consistently than it regards Dickens, and is, therefore, less amenable to critical horseplay. The book almost presents itself in the form of a pantomimic dialogue between Mr. Chesterton and the Public—both agreeing at the start that Dickens is "great," but that certain apologies are to be made for him. "But," the Critic challenges his Public with a hearty laugh and a loud bang on the table, "you don't know, after all, why Dickens is great, and the things you apologize for are the wrong things." As the Public opens its eyes and drops its jaw, the merry and muscular critic trips its feet, deftly punches its body, blindfolds it, plays tricks on it from behind. At the end, it is so befuddled that it is willing to concede that Dickens's greatness is of any order Mr. Chesterton suggests. A critic who gives this impression of robust tirelessness has, perhaps, the same advantage as the disputant with the loudest voice in a general discussion. Might prevails.

* "Charles Dickens: A Critical Study." By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

After this first superficial impression, it is at once discoverable that the book has that paramount essential, a profoundly sympathetic understanding. That is to say, if a more conventional critic had written it, we should probably call it an "appreciation." This is all the more important because the subjects with which Mr. Chesterton is thus fortunately equipped to deal are, it may be inferred from his essays, few. His value as a general touchstone and interpreter is, at most, disputable. But his understanding of Dickens is real enough to be reckoned as a talent. He understands even better than he is always willing to admit, for certain of his apologies are insincere, certain of his extenuations unnecessary. He is literally hampered by his tumultuous impatience with cut-and-dried criticism, with the tribe of "literary" critics; for his reaction results in the most unnecessary emphasis, the most violent generalities. If you see faults in Dickens, it is because there is a mote in your own eye, he maintains—and frequently contradicts himself afterward. "There is plenty to carp at in this man if you are inclined to carp; you may easily find him vulgar if you cannot see that he is divine." He is so jealous of his hero's supremacy that he has not always the heart quite to tell the truth about him.

For the really original contributions that Mr. Chesterton has made to the tremendously interesting subject he has chosen, it is necessary to look beneath the broad divisions of his work. His opening chapter on "The Dickens Period" is a labored and foggy effort to relate Dickens to his age. Such a chapter as that "On the Alleged Optimism of Dickens" is a kind of thicket where you may now and then encounter a savory and pungent bush. There is one considerable section, however, wherein, with highly successful adroitness as well as sound critical sense, the author insists on the folly of criticising Charles Dickens's novels as "unreal." The Dickens world, like the Homeric, is superhuman; its characters live long before the beginning of the story and long beyond the end of it, and the interest and awe that they excite are very different from the start of bored recognition which we give the offensively real little characters about whom people nowadays write short stories. "Dickens did not strictly make a literature" is Mr. Chesterton's penetrating summary; "he made a mythology." "He did not always manage to make his characters men, but he managed at the least to make

them gods." "Mr. Pickwick," it is delightfully urged, "was a fairy." Undoubtedly this is Mr. Chesterton's sanest and subtlest point. It gives his book a flavor of permanence.

Otherwise, the value of the book abides to a great degree in certain trenchant sentences. These condensed observations are less often literally true than they are, in our modern cant, "suggestive"; but to the literal-minded Mr. Chesterton could never be more than an irritation. It inclines one indulgently toward the critic's sins to read that "Dickens had to make a character humorous before he could make it human"; or that "The children of his fancy are spoilt children. . . . They smash the story to pieces like so much furniture"; or that the great novelist "had all his life the faults of the little boy who is kept up too late at night. . . . Dickens was always a little too irritable because he was a little too happy." It is also observed with great truth that Dickens never travelled out of England, that his journeys were rather made in "Dickensland." And there are some delicious pages setting forth a fact dear to Mr. Chesterton's sense of paradox—namely, that Dickens chose the time when he was in Italy to write tales "full of fog and snow and hail and happiness." "In the sunlight of the southern world . . . he dreamed a lovely dream of chimney-pots." "Amid the white cities of Tuscany, he hungered for something romantic and wrote about a rainy Christmas."

The quality of such observations as these is quite distinct from that of the multitude of arbitrarily balanced sentences, tumbling precipitately away from their unnaturally conspicuous semicolons, with which Mr. Chesterton chooses to arrest attention and deform his style. None of his critical antagonists can suffer as severely from his rough-and-tumble methods as his own phrases do. His sentences are too often like trained animals, forced into difficult but meaningless attitudes which nature never intended sentences to assume, and which it seems scarcely kind to contemplate. The only value of such sentences as, "It was not the aim of Dickens to show the effect of time and circumstance upon a character; it was not even his aim to show the effect of a character on time and circumstance," is to illustrate the extent to which a rhetorical vice may develop. Similarly cumbrous of the text, and obscuring of its genuine criticism, are those frequent passages where Mr. Chesterton employs his amazing ver-

bal necromancy to maintain points that could appeal only to an insatiable sense of absurdity. He has so mastered a certain illegitimate dexterity that it is just as easy for him to prove a thing as to assert it—and a good deal more bewildering. His prose, therefore, has often something of the nightmare humor of a limerick. If you are not too much irritated by its preposterous implications, you will find yourself applauding its ingenuity. He is easily able to prove, for instance, that the English, in their strong liking for comfort and in their effort to secure it, are “suffering for an idea”; that this longing is spiritual and poetic, and that the Briton’s “surliness is at root romantic.” But Mr. Chesterton makes no more pretence of a cosmopolitan breadth of vision than he attributes to Dickens himself. He sounds the loud jingo note of English preeminence, political, social and literary; and, by way of apologizing for Martin Chuzzlewit, refers to the “coarse, rank refinement” that Dickens encountered in America. It is his fairly thoroughgoing comment that “America will always affect an Englishman as being soft in the wrong place and hard in the wrong place; coarse exactly where all civilized men are delicate, delicate exactly where all grown-up men are coarse.”

An admirable sense of proportion, prominent among Mr. Chesterton’s virtues, has compelled a light and discreet handling of the biographical material, a subordination of that human story that has always so strong a tendency to spread and stifle criticism. He has not the tedious and squalid conscientiousness of less vigorous and less muscular minds. He does not ask us to pry in irrelevant corners or to split historical hairs. And, of course, it matters very little that all this may be in Mr. Chesterton as much a necessity as a virtue. He is blithely equal to the skilful suppression entailed by a summary or a survey when it is possible that his restless temper would resent the demands of an elaborate biography. There is a cheerful breeziness and an air of being in a legitimate hurry in Mr. Chesterton’s most serious critical utterances. Far from smelling of the lamp, at least the library lamp, they distinctly reflect the glare of the electric bulb, if they do not actually echo the sound of the presses; and suggest being written late at night in a newspaper office, rather than at a quiet desk in the sane and sober interval preceding luncheon. It must surely have been under some such stimu-

lating conditions, and with perhaps the added aid of coffee and cigars, that he conceived this description of Dickens's personal appearance: "His face had a peculiar tint or quality, . . . a sort of pale glitter and animation, very much alive and yet with something deathly about it, like a corpse galvanized by a god. . . . Brown of hair and beard, . . . he had . . . eyes that were always darting about like brilliant birds."

A writer employing the meditative and scholarly, rather than the recklessly impressionistic, method, might in the end arrive at Mr. Chesterton's own conclusion—that Dickens is the greatest of nineteenth-century novelists, the most stupendous imaginative force of his age. In which assumption, it seems possible that Dickens has only just begun to be written about, that future critics will neglect him far less frankly. Meanwhile, such a book as Mr. Chesterton's will help much in precipitating a sane estimate of the man on whom not idolatry, nor contempt, nor the profitless habit of contrasting him with Thackeray, has shed an adequately interpretative light.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

"THE SANDS OF PLEASURE."*

THE right to deal in fiction with the more unsavory facts of life, like the license to compound or administer powerful remedies, is one which the weight of public opinion concedes most cautiously, and only to such novelists as vindicate themselves by their method of using such material. No amount of specious argument will help a book that ventures to probe the plague-spots of our social structure, unless the book contains within itself its own ample justification. It must be the product of assured knowledge and worthy motive; its mood must not be hysterical, or brutal or gloating; but, like a skilful surgeon, it must do the probing with sympathetic understanding and unflinching purpose. And because a writer who combines these qualities is rare, when occasionally such a book as Mr. Filson Young's "Sands of Pleasure" is unobtrusively put forth, it is not only a duty but a privilege to give it the fearless and cordial recognition which its purpose and its workmanship deserve.

* "The Sands of Pleasure." By Filson Young. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

There is, however, one initial obligation resting upon the reviewer of such a book as "The Sands of Pleasure," and that is to say, in unmistakable terms, that it is not a volume to put indiscriminately into the hands of every reader of fiction, regardless of age and sex. It is meant for serious men and thoughtful women, who have learned to look upon life's realities calmly and undismayed, and not, as the author puts it, "with shudderings and averted eyes." However salutary, as a tonic, strychnine may sometimes be, it is customary to label the bottle containing it with a warning symbol. Mr. Young has similarly prefixed his warning to the public, in the shape of a frank and sane introduction to a book which throughout is conspicuous for its brave frankness and its splendid sanity. He wishes every one who opens its covers to understand at the outset that it deals with the social and moral problems offered by the "half-world," which are as old as civilization itself. Of his heroine, he says with grave significance:

"The profession of Toni is a very ancient one, and has been held honorable in other times than ours; and although, in spite of the determined idealism of some people who write and speak of it in ignorance, it is in fact dishonorable and degraded, its social influence is too great to be ignored. In obscure ways it impinges upon some of the finest characters among mankind, takes its part in their education, and through them makes its mark on the whole world."

A dozen volumes rise up in the reader's mind to challenge comparison; but they are almost all of them from the pens of Frenchmen — Balzac's "*Splendeurs et Misères*"; Murger's "*Vie de Bohème*," which painted the sins and the sorrows of the Latin Quarter with too indulgent an irony; Zola's "*Nana*," which, although insisting too much upon the physical side of life, shows more relentlessly than any other novel the gradual spread of the social miasma, upward through the successive social strata, until it became one of the potent influences which overthrew an empire. And, of course, to an English reader the two books most likely to occur, because made familiar through the medium of the stage, are Dumas's "*Dame aux Camélias*," and Daudet's "*Sapho*" — the latter offering the nearest approach in spirit to Mr. Young's story; while "*Camille*," with its false standards and its mawkish sentimentality, affords the sharpest contrast. In taking up the plot of "The Sands of Pleasure," nothing serves

so well to emphasize its strong and yet delicate art as to contrast it with the well-known plot of the younger Dumas.

But, while Mr. Young may be accredited with having written a story far more true to life than did the author of "*Camille*," there is no intention to suggest that this brave and promising venture of his in fiction equals at one leap the masters of French realism, but merely that "*The Sands of Pleasure*" would not be greatly out of its proper place somewhere on a shelf in the vicinity of Daudet and of Maupassant—the Maupassant of "*La Maison Tellier*." In assigning him so high a place, it is necessary to accredit him with having done three things unusually well. First, the technique of both the construction and the elaboration of his plot is excellent. The symbolism of his title is effectively carried into the very backbone of the story itself. His Richard Gray, like many another man in real life, has learned effectively to build his house upon the rock, so far as the hard, concrete, business interests of life go on. To be explicit, he is by profession a designer and builder of lighthouses, spending his years in grappling with the material forces of nature, calculating the side-thrust of storm-driven waves, priding himself that his structures will defy the passage of time. But the other side of his nature, his human, emotional side, has been systematically neglected and starved; until one summer, when his first youth has almost passed by, chance takes him on a brief vacation to Paris, and plunges him, under the guidance of a friend who knows it well, into the bewildering and meretricious glitter of the underworld. Because he has so long starved the human, passionate side of his nature, he becomes reckless over the happiness suddenly thrust upon him.

Other men, who have strolled long and often over the sands of pleasure, can recognize its treacherous and unstable nature. But Richard knows no better than to lay the foundation of his happiness in sand.

Secondly, Mr. Young has given us, in Toni, one vital, enduring character, and one which refuses to be forgotten. From the instant when she first brings into the pages of the book the perverse charm of her little red mouth, alluring and repellent, and "eyes that contradict the innocence of her face with their deep, golden fire," her personality haunts the reader, like the memory of some living woman of rare physical charm; her soft,

dainty voice, with its odd Polish accent, rings in your ears: "My dear, I give you my vord, I never laugh so much in all my life!" Indeed, it is not too much to say that, in the whole range of recent fiction, there is no portrayal of a woman so intensely alive, so vitally, unmistakably individualized as Toni.

And, lastly, Mr. Young has not tried to interfere with the characters in his story; he has been content to bring them together and let them work out their own destinies—all of which is only another way of saying that he has developed the psychology of his story with rare subtlety. Richard Gray, like Armand Duval in "*La Dame aux Camélias*," has founded the structure of his happiness upon shifting sand. Both authors understood this fact, both built the last act of their drama upon it. But a chasm yawns between the two stories. Dumas saw his Marguerite Gautier through a fog of idealism. To wreck the edifice of Armand's dreams, aid from the outside world must be invoked; the father must intervene, with all the social prejudices and family interests that he represents. Mr. Young saw the facts with far greater clarity. He knew that no outside interference was needed, because the happiness of Richard and Toni was bound to fall by itself, by its inherent weakness, by the world-wide gulf between their natures. Toni, though for once in her life she knew the stirrings of a passion which was closely allied to love, possessed the prejudices and limitations of her class. She lived in a different world, she spoke a different language from the man who loved her. The break between them is logical, inevitable, foreordained; and, when it comes, one forgets the shame, the sordidness, the pitiful triviality of the motive; one thinks only of the fine art which has wrought out a scene so intensely, poignantly human. And yet, if the author had chosen to end his story here, at the moment of this unavoidable rupture, it would have left behind it a sense of gloom and discouragement.

But he carries it forward just far enough to show how a man of strong nature will save himself from the wreck of his shattered happiness, bringing with him out of the ruins something permanent, something which will make all his future building better and finer than it would have been had he never built upon the sands.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

"KATE: A COMEDY."*

THE dean of American dramatists, Mr. Bronson Howard, after a regrettable silence of several seasons, has composed a new comedy, entitled "Kate." This play he has published in advance of its production, breaking thus the habit of a lifetime. Hitherto only two of Mr. Howard's many successes have been published, "Saratoga" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop"; and these only in acting editions, illegible to him who runs as he reads. Realizing that the appeal of the printed page is less vivid than the appeal of theatrical production, Mr. Howard has taken pains, in preparing "Kate" for the press, to do all in his power to aid the reader to visualize the action of the piece. Mr. Bernard Shaw, to be sure, with his careful descriptions of scenes and characters and his quaintly thorough stage directions, made us realize some time ago that the publication of a play was in itself a delicate feat of literary art; but Mr. Howard has gone far beyond him in suppressing those intrusive technicalities that distract the attention of the average reader from the movement of the story. At the first glance, his book looks like a novel. Instead of stage directions, the reader is given passages of description and narrative that make him really see the people of the story and the setting in which they live and move. The lines are not labelled with the names of the characters that speak them; the business is indicated by narrative, rather than expository, means; and the reader finds to his astonishment that the whole play is acting itself before his mind's eye without demanding any exercise of his own contributive imagination. The book, therefore, is likely to attract that large class of novel-readers that hitherto has shuddered away from the mental task of reading plays. As an experiment in publication, the venture is a surprising success; and this success makes us hope that Mr. Howard may be led to prepare similar reading versions of some of his earlier plays.

The present comedy handles a timely subject with that sincerity of purpose and that honesty of execution which are constant qualities of Mr. Howard's work. The first three acts take place in England, and the fourth act in New York; and the basis of the story is a prospective marriage of the sort that

* "Kate: A Comedy in Four Acts." By Bronson Howard. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

American newspapers are fond of calling "international alliances." Kate is a New York society girl with wealth; Archibald Pengrue, Earl Catherst, is an English nobleman without it; and their families prepare a fair exchange of fortune for nobility. There is no love between them. Archibald really loves Bianca Dunn, a wild-blooded girl that he has played with as a child; and Bianca returns his love with passionate intensity. She is, however, blessed with neither lineage nor fortune; and she loves the Earl too well to stand in the way of his advancement. Kate, on her side, has been unable to stamp out of her mind the image of a man whom she has met at Nice a year before. This man, Lord John Vernor, was at that time a gay and reckless army officer; but he has since entered the Church, to retrieve his wrecked finances by accepting a comfortable living at three thousand pounds a year. The Reverend Lord John has not forgotten the girl he met at Nice; but, in his desire to reform his life, he has become engaged to the Honorable Dorothea Catherst, a demure and sanctimonious maiden. Thus, at the beginning of the play, each of the main characters finds himself in a false position. For financial, for social, or for religious reasons, each is lying to the world and to himself; and each is driving himself toward a marriage of expediency with a person that he does not love.

The play proceeds with an interchanging clash of character on character that results finally in the triumph of the truth. At first there is a misunderstanding between Kate and Lord John. Believing that he despises her because of the loveless engagement she has entered into, Kate persuades herself that she hates him; until Lord John saves her life at the risk of his own, and Kate, while attending him through the delirium resultant from his accident, kisses him on the lips, and learns. The love of Archibald and Bianca grows to its natural consummation. Bianca, to permit Archibald to marry Kate, throws herself into a mill-race, but is rescued. Kate understands that Bianca is hopelessly in love, but thinks it is with the Reverend Edward Lyell, Lord John's curate, to whom the girl had once been engaged. Dorothea understands nothing. Half an hour before Kate is to marry Archibald, he sends word to her by Lord John that Bianca has born a child to him. The truth triumphs. Archibald marries Bianca; and Kate becomes engaged to Lord John Vernor. Dorothea has already married Mr. Lyell.

This hasty exposition of the plot can give no suggestion of the dignity with which the theme is handled. Throughout the play, Mr. Howard insists upon the thesis that marriage is not a matter of legal or religious contract, but a matter of love. As soon as a man and a woman have given themselves sincerely to each other because of love, they are married in the sight of God; and no legal or religious ceremony can make a man and a woman married unless they have so rendered up their bodies and their souls. In the last act, Kate cries out:

“If Archibald and I should kneel together at the chancel-rail! The blessing of the Church would rest upon our union and Bianca Dunn would be lying in her bed with his child by her side. Which of us would be his wife?—and which his mistress?—in the eyes of God!”

But throughout the drama runs a deeper theme, perhaps subconscious with the author. What we call “Society” is to a great extent an organized system of life-lies. For the sake of wealth or position, men and women are tempted to pretend to the world and to themselves that they are other than they really are. They try to show themselves capable of baseness that is not really native to them, and shelter their perfidy behind an armor of light laughter. But, in the great passionate crises of their lives, the truth is beaten into them, and they learn unwillingly what has been so ably expressed in that sentence of *The Pilgrim’s Scrip*—“Expediency is man’s wisdom: doing right is God’s.” This is the lesson that each of Mr. Howard’s people learns in this four-act comedy of “Kate.”

The play proceeds on a plane of high comedy throughout; but the theme is one that might have been used for sterner drama, or even for profoundest tragedy. Given these people, each tangled in his special life-lie, Henrik Ibsen would have shattered them with punishment. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones or Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero would have driven them finally to compromise between the lie and the truth; and then Mr. Jones would have preached, or Mr. Pinero would have cynicized, about the compromise. In lifting the play to the plane of comedy, and showing how the characters succeed gradually in attaining truth, Mr. Howard exhibits a sanity of optimism rare indeed in the drama of the present. We have been told too often in our plays how men and women sink to ruin, or niggardly contrive to save their

skins through compromise. Here is a play that tells us how men and women realize themselves, and thus are saved.

Technically, this drama is interesting because it stands at the culmination of its author's long career. Mr. Howard's plays have always exhibited a craftsmanship on a par with the best dramatic accomplishment of their time. But most of them were written many years ago, at the time of stage conventions now outworn. The aside and the soliloquy, both reflective and constructive, and those other labor-saving devices of a former generation, were used by Mr. Howard in the plays of his earlier period, just as they were used by Mr. Pinero in his early farces. For this reason, plays as good as "The Henrietta" and "The Banker's Daughter" seem old-fashioned in form when they are revived by stock companies to-day. But Mr. Howard's art has grown with this growing age. His workmanship in "Kate" is rigid and compressed: there are no soliloquies or asides. As in Ibsen's later pieces, much of the action takes place off the stage, and the play concerns itself not so much with exhibiting the main events of the story as with exhibiting the effect of these events upon the characters. That Mr. Howard, thus late in his career, should entirely revise his methods of construction in order to keep pace with the progress of the stage is a striking indication of that thoroughness which has always been apparent in his work.

"Kate" requires for its presentation a company of even excellence throughout—such a company as is seldom aggregated nowadays in our American theatres. But it is to be hoped that the play may shortly be produced by a cast of the required competence. Meanwhile, it is fortunate that we may read it in book form. It is pleasing as an entertainment, and profitable as a criticism of life.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"THE BREATH OF THE RUNNERS."

WHAT is it the American novel lacks? We hear the question continually, and the answers are various. An historic setting, background, atmosphere, art—the lack of all these makes for the peculiarly harsh angularity of the American product. When "The Divine Fire" appeared, a critic of high standing said: "The sad part of it all is that it could not be an American novel; it has the charm, the fulness, the ripe beauty of centuries

of ease and leisure and scholarship." "The Breath of the Runners" is an American novel, and yet it has as much charm as an English novel; while, in intricate and skilful structure, not only sentence and paragraph building, but chapter balancing chapter, opening forecasting the end and the end striking again all the notes of the beginning, the clever leading in and weaving together of separate *motifs*, the gathering up all the threads at the most complex point in the middle, the slight episodic interlude, holding back the action before the catastrophe, in all these matters of skilful and artistic rendering one can only compare the book with French art; not with the massive work of the world's greatest geniuses, those who have revived an age or made some great world-struggle come into life at their touch, but with the work of fastidious craftsmen who deliberately choose a narrower field in order to perfect it more highly; with writers like Merimée, Stendhal and Loti, all craftsmen *par excellence*—standing by the art of these men, Miss Mears's book is not shamed.

In the medallion on the cover is a group of The Runners, the group which we know as it stands in sun and rain in the Luxembourg Gardens; on the back is an adorably blithe little figure of Victory, with palm and wreath outstretched, footing it lightly over the top of a globe. We need no telling that Miss Mears is an artist among artists, the book cover tells us that. The motto is taken from Taine: "To succeed—this word, unknown a century ago, is to-day the sovereign ruler of all lives." This, then, is the main theme, the breath of the runners, the chase for preeminence, and the recurring *motif* of the story is the refrain of the shoes, beginning with the misfits which Gaston made in his little French shoe-shop on East Twenty-third Street, occurring again when Beulah returns from that visit in which she first declares her intention to be a sculptor and sees the shoes which the customer had brought back, sitting "with their mute, returned look" on the shelf. "O, the tale of the shoes! If men would but look they could read many a fine biography." It is never quite mute, this *motif* of the shoes; it recurs when Beulah finds of her dead friend only the little slime-bespattered boots; and away off there in Paris, a mature woman bearing the sorrows and the rude awakenings of middle life, the vision rises again before her, and instead of the passing scene she sees her father's shop, "filled with twilight, and herself a girl standing at the door of

it. Eagerly she watched the feet of the passers-by—some dragging, some limping, some hurrying, some even running, all intent on an object." Yes, the panting breath of the runners, the clatter of feet, the hurrying past of human bodies intent on a distant goal are the flowing accompaniment to this exquisite tale of friendship, of love and of art.

In this atmosphere of the studio, "The Breath of the Runners" stands alone among American novels; there is nothing to compare it with. It is known that the author practically grew up in studios. Herself the sister of a well-known sculptor and a close friend of the greatest sculptor our country has ever produced, it is natural that the story should be impregnated with art; but, beyond that, the author has achieved the miracle of dropping a veil of romance and of artistic impulse and struggle over New York City. Shall we ever walk down Twenty-third Street again without looking for Gaston's shop and thinking of the little narrow enclosed court at the back, embowered with vines, where Elizabeth of the Madonna face played with her babies, a little court which he had beautified twenty years before for his young wife, copying it from the background of a Da Vinci in the Louvre? Shall we ever pass the corner where the Lexington Avenue car sweeps round the curve without looking for the window of the house and wondering at which window we may see the pale, tense face of Enid watching?

In every book which we read seriously at all, criticism eventually concerns itself with the personality which projects the work. How full, how deep, how original is the mind behind the book? What has the writer to give that is vital or significant? In "The Breath of the Runners," the peculiar and marked gift of the author is that of the artistic perception; the keenness and trained development of the visual faculty predominating over all others are evident on each page—the tall red-faced building that looked like a glutton, licking the pavement with its front steps like a tongue, glaring with its second-story windows, this is a fantastic bit of vision; but Beulah's hair, of the neutral tone which varies from the color of wet sand to a quite blond lightness, that is the painter's keen eye for shades and *nuances*; James Wooding with his lean face and hollows under his cheekbones, his nose an ugly stump and his eyes two crows that watched, and Matthias, in color like a shell and in shape pure Gothic, all these

bits of observation proclaim the artist. There are two wonderful pictures of cities, the one New York, in the afternoon, when the sun lay low along the streets and the people seemed wading in sunshine; the other, a Roman street scene at night, which, however alien the subjects, yet seems to be treated in words exactly after the manner of Monet with the brush; at least one may feel sure that the old painter and the young author looked at dripping light and slow-rising darkness through the same veil of emotion.

Miss Mears's novel has many snatches of condensed wisdom:

"The utterances of mature wisdom are often the sayings of youth, with the stamp of the divine washed off."

"What first love is to the heart, first achievement is to the mind—the golden age. But it must ever be our first love—the first achievement. Later our happiness may stretch to the mortal limit, but only once can we know the proud sense of power—that divine egotism—that joy of the gods that foresees in the future neither failure nor the satiety of success—that takes no note of the stretches of darkness because of the stars that still beckon us on."

"The hold of a miser on his gold cannot be compared in tenacity with the hold of a mind over the least ray of genius which is its own. Work is an ocean into which we can plunge and lose all our worries; for, thus submerged, the largest of them grow unimportant, trivial. The individual in us hangs its head, the universal comes to life."

Miss Mears has recently said in an essay on methods of work: "My ideal is this, that a novel should flow over the consciousness of the reader with something of the emotional truth of music." With the emotional truth of music and with the exciting exhilaration of fine painting this novel touches us—an individual, an exalted and a poetic vision of the world with its great hurrying procession of human beings, making whither no man shall say. It is difficult to think of another first novel of the same power and promise, except one of two decades ago, which, with all its brilliancy and fervor, remained the sole fruit on its tree. It is pleasant to know that Miss Mears is well advanced on another novel which promises to be of larger scope than this one, though he would be difficult, indeed, who should wish it of more exquisite quality. There is something in the youth and the freshness, the first poetic outlook upon dawning life, never to be seized a second time, but which permeates "The Breath of the Runners."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

WORLD-POLITICS.

BERLIN: WASHINGTON.

BERLIN, October, 1906.

THE Congress of German Social Democrats at Mannheim appears to have scotched, if it has not killed, the spirit of revolutionary romance which for some years past has pervaded the councils of the party. Three years ago at Dresden, August Bebel, the impetuous veteran, awakened that uneasy spirit by his impassioned invocation of the orthodox doctrines of Marxianism against the forces of political opportunism. The party had emerged from the turmoil of the general elections amazingly strong in numbers, but weak and uncertain as regards its principles. So, at least, it seemed to Bebel, who, in mustering the new group of Social Democratic deputies, discovered that the Old Guard of incorruptible Irreconcilables had been augmented by a dapper body of academicians, writers and lawyers, whose daily habits had little in common with the working-classes, and whose views inclined strongly towards compromise and cooperation, for particular purposes, with the radical *Bourgeoisie*. These "intellectual" Socialist parliamentarians disputed, where they did not ignore, the tactical counsels of the leader whose word was law with the masses; and they were bent on revising, in their application to practical politics, the dogmas upheld by the Marxians. On them, accordingly, Bebel declared war to the knife. He mounted the party tribune at Dresden, and anathematized their "insidious attempts" to devitalize the revolutionary movement. The Congress responded, as it has never failed to do, to the fascinating vehemence of Bebel's oratory, and essayed to exorcise the ghost of revisionism by the formulation of a resolution in which homage was rendered to the cataclysmic theory promulgated by Marx, while all comrades were adjured to direct their labors not

to the reformation, but to the overthrow, of the existing capitalist order of Society and to the substitution for it of the Socialist Republic. The academicians, who suddenly perceived that they were leaders without a following, proved their opportunism by denying it. Instead of quitting the party, they proclaimed their orthodoxy and insisted on voting for the resolution which aimed at their destruction.

Bebel, none the less, deemed himself definitively triumphant. The debate had reinstated him as Dictator of the Masses; and he predicted that it would act as a "fountain of youth" on the further progress of the movement. The easy victory he had gained over the revisionists quickened his appetite for mastery, and in the succeeding Congresses, at Bremen and Jena, he set to work to subjugate the Trades-Unions, as he had previously subjugated the revisionists, to the will of the political Directorate. To this end, he lent his powerful influence to the propagation of the general strike as the most effective instrument of the proletariat in their fight for political liberty and the Socialist millennium. The originators of this propaganda formed the so-called Anarcho-Socialist wing of the German party. At Jena, Bebel, who seemed himself to be afflicted with the Slavic disease, supported or seemed to support the Anarcho-Socialists in their ambition to bring about a German edition of the Russian struggle. He delivered a firebrand speech, affirming that, in the event of a revolution, entire regiments would make common cause with the proletariat, and ended by urging the adoption of a resolution setting forth that "one of the most effective fighting instruments, designed to avert the commission of a political crime against the people (such as the abrogation of the principle of manhood suffrage, or the restriction of the right of coalition), or to conquer an important fundamental right for the people, is considered by the Congress to be, in given circumstances, the most comprehensive application of the strike *en masse*." As the Congress never disobeys Bebel, the resolution was carried, together with a rider designating manhood suffrage in all state elections as a "fundamental right" to be acquired by the people. In view of the growing agitation for the abolition of the three-class franchise in favor of universal manhood suffrage and of the tone and attitude of the Congress, which indulged in frequent panegyrics on the Russian revolution, the Government and the governing classes sounded

a vigorous alarm, with results that were described in an earlier issue of the REVIEW. But the Trades-Unions were even more perturbed.

In theory, the German Trades-Unions are politically neutral institutions; in reality, the vast majority of them are officered and manned by acknowledged "Comrades." Like the "academicians" and "intellectuals," the Union leaders, however, have earned for themselves the suspicious regards of the political captains of Social Democracy and, in particular, of Bebel, who dislikes their conservative and cautious spirit and their evident disinclination to risk the funds they have laboriously collected, in the service of Social Democratic ideals. The Trades-Unions had scouted as absurd the idea of "a general strike," and in a Congress held at Cologne, just prior to the Jena meeting, had issued a general warning to their members to refrain from all association with the propaganda "carried on by anarchists and people devoid of all practical experience of the struggle between capital and labor" in favor of a general cessation of work.

The action of Bebel at Jena was a deliberate attempt to override the authority of the Trades-Union leaders with their own following and to subordinate them to the Party Executive. In this matter, the Autocrat of the Masses proved himself a poor judge of human character; for, while his utterances met with the enthusiastic approval of the Congress, they were stubbornly opposed by the Union chiefs who, being men of a calibre very different from that of the "academicians," declined to submit to the yoke, or to deliver up the vast funds entrusted to their administration, and the interests represented by those funds, to the mercies of a purely political agitation. The consequence was a confusion, threatening disaster, in the ranks of the proletariat. Whom should the rank and file of the Trades-Unions follow?—the heroes of their political ideals or their own officials? It speedily became obvious that this distraction of feeling was exercising a disastrous influence on the unity of the party. The flood of Social Democratic election successes began to ebb. At the bye-elections, the Socialist majorities declined or were converted into minorities. These ominous symptoms, combined with the ostentatious determination of the Government to quell, with a relentless military hand, even the slightest disturbances of public order, at length gave pause to the party Directorate. Bebel and his coadjutors

decided to compromise. They furnished the Central Commission of the Trades-Unions with reassuring statements, and appeared at the Mannheim Congress as the outspoken opponents of Anarcho-Socialist schemes. As usual, the orations of Bebel constituted the chief feature of the Congress; they were couched in terms which contrasted significantly with his fanfaronade at Jena. He dwelt, it is true, on the saving clauses of his last year's speech with the object of proving that he was guilty of no inconsistency; *mais c'est le ton qui fait la musique*, and Bebel, who last autumn depicted the country as being on the possible eve of revolution, now confessed that the capitalist order of society stood on, as yet, unshaken foundations. He averred that the idea of "provoking a revolution" was alien to the spirit of the Social Democratic campaign; that it was hopeless to expect the South German proletariat to set their existence at stake in order to assist the North German comrades to secure the suffrage; and that the general strike had proved a failure in Russia and would, in present circumstances, be fraught with worse failure in Germany. For "Germany," exclaimed Bebel in an admirable outburst of candor, "is a state which has no counterpart in the civilized world. Though we [the proletariat] have grown in power, the power of the established authorities has grown enormously, too; and this fact we must bear constantly in mind and frame our actions accordingly." In other words, the man who fifteen years ago committed himself to the definite prediction that the grand upheaval—the cataclysm of Marxian theory—would occur in Germany in the year 1896, confesses in 1906 that the forces of Social Democracy would be hopelessly worsted in an armed conflict with the state, and that their leaders would be criminals if they were to sanction the experiment. Bebel's confession formed the prelude to a declaration of peace with the Trades-Unions which had deprecated the general strike as a weapon which would be bound, if employed, to provoke street-fighting and a revolutionary struggle. He admitted that the political party, whose registered comrades do not exceed four hundred thousand, cannot hope to organize even a defensive strike *en masse* without the concurrence of the Trades-Unions, whose membership rolls number one and a half million. The upshot of this admission was a formal resolution affirming, with an egregious disregard of actual fact, that no discrepancy existed between the attitude of the Unions at Cologne

and of the Congress at Jena, and that the Party Directorate should "confer with the Unions as soon as it shall consider a strike *en masse* to be necessary." Every conceivable satisfaction was rendered to the Trades-Unions. Bebel, and with him, of course, the Congress, disowned—a unique occurrence—the official party theorist and Marxian high-priest, Kautsky, who demanded the adoption of a statement defining Social Democracy "as the highest and most complete form of the proletariat class-fight," and declaring that no "movement of the proletariat" (meaning the Trades-Unions) can "adequately fulfil its function unless it is informed with the spirit of Social Democracy." Both this and another proposition to the effect that the Trades-Unions must submit in all fundamental questions to the authority of the Congress were rejected without a vote; and in their stead was accepted a diplomatic acknowledgment that the "Unions are indispensably necessary to the work of improving the well-being of the working-man within the framework of the capitalist society," and that they are indeed "not less necessary than the Social Democratic Party, which is charged with the function of conducting the fight for the elevation of the working-classes and for their equal rights with the other classes of society in the political domain."

With these resolutions and the explanations by which they were accomplished, the Congress has definitely dissociated itself from the extremists who, with Bebel's temporary assistance, had succeeded in impregnating the party councils with a vague and romantic longing for a more exhilarating form of class battle than that which is waged at the polling-booths and in the parliamentary arena. The return of eighty Social Democratic deputies to the Reichstag in 1903 on the basis of a three-million vote had engendered a feeling, to which subsequent events in Russia gave a passing impetus, that the political power actually exercised by the party was disproportionately small and insignificant when contrasted with its resources, and that the constitutional agitation, if it were to find expression in tangible results, required the assistance of a policy of demonstration and revolutionary menace. Fortunately for the party, Bebel, whose influence is supreme, has recognized the futility of this feeling, and with a heroic contempt for personal consistency has suppressed it, without apparently sacrificing any of the halo which surrounds him in the eyes of the

multitude. His action is a practical deduction from the trend of events since 1903, which has plainly demonstrated that, as "an aggressively revolutionary party," Social Democracy cannot count upon the united support even of the working-classes, to say nothing of those *bourgeois* voters who, at the polling-booth, subscribe to the Socialist ticket, not because they believe in the economic tenets of Marx, but because they desire to intimidate the Imperial Government into pursuing a path of liberal reform. It is not improbable that 1907 will see the Empire in the throes of a premature general election; and, in the contemplation of that not unlikely eventuality, the Socialist leaders have grown suddenly conscious of the advantages of parliamentary power, which it has been the fashion in recent years to decry, and of the imperative necessity, if the successes of 1903 are to have a happy sequel, of eschewing all superfluous issues in order to restore unity to the ranks of the Democracy. Outwardly, at all events, that unity has been established by the Mannheim resolutions; and, in the coming year, the party will consequently be free to concentrate its energies on the perfection of its electioneering machinery. If the signs of the times are not deceptive, its future conduct will be "revisionist" in practice, if revolutionary in theory. The Mannheim Congress, in fact, signifies that, notwithstanding Dresden, the party is growing ripe for practical political work within the existing system of society, much as it may seek to hide the fact behind a menacing mask of revolutionary Marxian theory.

When Prince von Bülow returns to his official residence in Berlin next month, the political and parliamentary season will be in full swing. Six months have elapsed since the dramatic fainting fit which the Chancellor suffered in the debating hall of the Reichstag; and, though in the mean time the Emperor has announced that in November Prince von Bülow will resume his duties in their entirety, doubts continue to be expressed as to whether his health is sufficiently restored to justify him in retaining the reins of office for any considerable period. Men in the position of Prince von Bülow are, moreover, subject to other than mere physical maladies; and, while the country has listened with interest to the Monarch's panegyric on the services rendered by Bismarck's third successor to the Empire and to the cause of European peace, it has not forgotten that a similar eulogy in the case of Count von Caprivi was followed in

a few short months by that Chancellor's retirement. Prince von Bülow, before his illness, had effected a settlement of most of the problems of internal legislation that were awaiting solution—under his guidance the Navy, Tariff, Finance, Prussian School and Military Pensions Bills have been rendered into law. In consequence of these successes, he is, in the cynical language of German politicians, no longer indispensable. He might have retired in the spring; despite the criticisms which his foreign policy had evoked, amid the sympathetic acclamations of his countrymen and a reputation for sound statesmanship. But he missed his chance of a good stage exit, and the opportunity will not easily recur. He has, it is true, scored an excellent political stroke by the selection of Herr Dernburg, the "American" financier, to reorganize the administration of the Colonies; but, on the other hand, he has lost heavily in prestige by his futile quarrel with General von Podbielski, the Prussian Minister of Agriculture. For years Prince von Bülow has been credited with the design of finding a successor to that Agrarian Minister, who has contributed more than any of his colleagues to swell the volume of political discontent by his "frankness" in proclaiming that his duty is to care for the welfare, not of the community at large, but of the agricultural interest. But General von Podbielski was able to regard the Chancellor's thinly veiled hostility with amused tolerance, owing to the intimacy of his relations with the Emperor, with whom he habitually plays "Skat." In the course of the past summer, however, the jovial Minister was gravely compromised by the report that he was financially interested in a firm of Government contractors who had succeeded in inducing the Colonial Department to enter into a questionable and certainly unbusinesslike arrangement with them. It was alleged that the weight of von Podbielski's name had sealed the notorious contract, and that, even if this were not the case, the Minister had sinned against the most sacred traditions of his office by his indulgence in investments which derived advantages from his association with the Government. As revelation followed revelation regarding the dealings of the implicated firm with the incompetent Department for the Colonies, a storm of public indignation broke over the Minister's head; and Prince von Bülow profited by the opportunity to demand explanations from General von Podbielski. These the General gave in a letter couched in his

customary slipshod epistolary manner. The Chancellor interpreted the letter as a request on the part of the Minister of Agriculture to be allowed to resign—a request which he immediately communicated to the public through the medium of the semiofficial press. General von Podbielski, to the general surprise, promptly denied the allegation of the Chancellor and declared that he had not resigned. There for two months the matter has rested. Prince von Bülow has not resigned, and at the moment of writing General von Podbielski is the guest of his sovereign at his hunting-lodge in East Prussia. The General has played his cards admirably, and has succeeded in convincing the Emperor that, Prince von Bülow notwithstanding, the attacks directed against him were in reality aimed at the personal friend of the Monarch. It is in this fashion that questions of high political moment are too frequently decided in Germany; and Prince von Bülow is censured universally for his failure to insist either on the immediate resignation of his subordinate, which he erroneously announced, or on the acceptance of his own resignation as Chancellor.

WASHINGTON, *November, 1906.*

IN the Federal capital, as elsewhere, the outcome of the elections held on November 6th is, of course, considered from two points of view—first, the immediate effect produced on the next House of Representatives, and, secondly, the ultimate effect which it is likely to have on the National Conventions of 1908, with regard both to candidates and platforms. That the Republican majority in the House should have been cut down from 112 to about 62 is not in the least surprising; for, although the Republicans have retained control of that chamber since 1896, it had previously been a common occurrence for the party in power to lose preponderance in the House of Representatives in non-Presidential years. Thus, two years after Mr. Cleveland's phenomenal victory in 1892, a Republican Speaker was chosen. If the details of the recent elections be analyzed, they justify the belief that the Republicans might have met with a similar reverse this year, had they not made Mr. Roosevelt's personality the pivotal issue. The President himself asked the voters to give him a Republican House, in order that he might be upheld in his campaign against oppressive corporations. That advantage

the Republicans will not possess in 1908, if Mr. Roosevelt persists in his determination not to accept another nomination.

If, from the national contest for ascendancy in the House of Representatives, we turn to the competition for State offices, we find not a few indications of a popular revulsion in favor of Democracy. The Democrats elected Governors in Rhode Island, Minnesota and North Dakota; and, had they not been disabled by the incubus of Hearstism, they would probably have been equally successful in Massachusetts, California and New York. The returns from the old Bay State show that, if Moran, the representative of Hearstism, could have been persuaded to stand aside in favor of Mr. Whitney, or of ex-Governor Douglas, the former possibly, and the latter almost certainly, would have secured the Governorship. In California, the votes cast for Langdon, the Hearst candidate, prevented Bell, the regular Democratic nominee, from being elected Governor. In New York, the fact that almost every nominee for a State office on the Democratic ticket, except Hearst, who headed it, seems to have been successful, goes far to prove that, if the Republicans had nominated Higgins or Bruce for the Governorship, and if a decent and popular Democrat had been put forward at Buffalo, the latter would have obtained a considerable plurality. The difference between the vote cast for Hearst and that given to other Democratic nominees for State offices may seem, at the first glance, to measure the number of Democrats who refused to be bound by the bargain which assured to the candidate of the Independence League the endorsement of the Democratic State Convention. As a matter of fact, many of the Democrats, who held that Hearst was the nominee, not of the Buffalo Convention, as it came from the people, but of the law-breaking committee on contested seats, are believed to have voted, not a split ticket, but a straight Republican ticket. Be that as it may, the repudiation of Hearst by the Empire Commonwealth should plainly, on the face of the returns, be credited to Democrats, though Mr. Hughes made a gallant fight on his own behalf. Whether he will be put forward by his own State as a candidate for the next Republican nomination for the Presidency depends obviously on the use which he shall make of his opportunities during his term of office. If it be assumed that the Republican National Convention will meet in June, 1908, he will then have been Governor about a

year and five months, and will have greatly enhanced, or much impaired, his political reputation. Whether Mr. Hearst will succeed in controlling the New York delegation to the next Democratic National Convention depends largely on the maintenance of his alliance with Tammany Hall, which is by no means assured. It is true that Tammany Hall owes, or thinks it owes, to its combination with the Independence League the election of its State Senators and Assemblymen, and of all but one of the nominees on its judiciary ticket. It must, at the same time, recognize that Hearst will never have a better chance to carry New York than he had this year, and that his availability will be weakened daily as Democrats comprehend the damage which he inflicted on their party. Not only do they justly impute to him the loss of the Governorship in New York, but they hold that, but for him, they might have had a chance of carrying the Legislature of that State. To him also they are warranted in ascribing the failure of Democratic candidates to obtain the Governorship in Massachusetts and California, and their failure to elect judges and a sheriff in Chicago. They cannot help looking on Hearst as a Jonah who must be thrown overboard if the Democratic ship is to have a prosperous voyage in 1908.

About the effect produced on the New York campaign by the remarkable speech which Secretary Root delivered at Utica on November 1st, opinions are not unanimous, some holding that the President's interposition in a State contest was likely to repel many voters who otherwise might have been inclined to support Hughes. The great majority of observers, however, think that the case made for interference this year was incomparably stronger than that which was presented in 1882, when President Arthur interposed to obtain the nomination to the Governorship of New York for Judge Folger, his Secretary of the Treasury. No one at that time could pretend that the public welfare would suffer from the election of a Democratic Governor, but this year the election of Hearst would have meant the triumph of the malignant and abhorrent forces evoked by persistent and sinister appeals to the passions of jealousy and envy. The logical, if not the actual, outcome of the spirit of class hatred engendered by the Hearst publications is assassination, and the preponderant conviction is that President Roosevelt and Secretary Root were justified in pointing out the fact. Nor can it, on the whole, be

doubtful that the stern accusation launched at Utica had much to do with Hearst's failure to keep pace with his companions on the Democratic ticket. The only answer made to the charge by Hearst himself or on his behalf was the assertion, uttered late on the evening of November 5th, that Czolgoz, the assassin of McKinley, could not have been influenced by the Hearst publications, inasmuch as he could not read English. The assertion is scarcely credible, for the reason that Czolgoz was born in this country, and, for a time, at all events, attended its common schools. At any rate, the fact remains that Czolgoz was neither blind nor deaf; and that, consequently, he could see the caricatures, and have read to him the editorials, in the Hearst newspapers.

If it be considered by and large, the result of this year's elections must be deemed to have put an end to Hearst's chance of obtaining the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Who will be put forward by the Democracy is not so clear, for the objection to Mr. Bryan's proposal that trunk railways shall be owned and operated by the Federal Government has lost none of its validity. Close observers of the drift of public opinion believe that, if that project were made a pivotal issue in 1908, its advocates would meet with an overwhelming defeat. With both Bryan and Hearst eliminated, the field would be open for the selection of an upright and eminent Democrat from the walks of private life, who, though no professional politician, is known to be thoroughly grounded in political history, and in the study and application of sound political principles—like President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University. Nor can it truthfully be said that the Democratic party is destitute of experienced statesmen and jurists of great ability and high character. As regards the issues on which the next Presidential contest is likely to turn, there are indications in the results of the elections just concluded that the people will force tariff revision to the front, unless the Republican party itself shall make a sincere and effective movement in that direction during the first or long session of the Sixtieth Congress. It is at present hard to see how, if Mr. Roosevelt is not a nominee in 1908, it will be possible for the Republicans to make the anti-trust campaign an issue, as the President's trust-curbing policy has received cordial and sturdy support from the Democratic minority in Congress.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *November 7.* To Power and Wealth: A Warning.

THE election of the Republican candidate for Governor of New York was not a definitive triumph of good over evil; it was only a temporary deliverance from impending disgrace; above all, it was a warning. It could not have been achieved, for example, if (1) the present Governor had accepted the renomination tendered to him, or (2) practically any candidate other than Mr. Hughes had been nominated, or (3) precedent had not been utterly disregarded by the National Administration, or (4) the radical candidate had possessed character as well as daring, or (5) conservative Democrats by tens of thousands had not placed patriotism above partisanship, or (6) the radical candidate had never let loose the torrent of personal abuse which, too late, he abruptly stopped, or (7) close association with disreputable "bosses" had not vitiated his claim of independence, or (8) Democratic and Independent newspapers had been lukewarm, or even perhaps (9) the weather had been inclement. In not all, but in *any one* of these contingencies, barring possibly the last mentioned, the appeal of an utterly discredited political adventurer to the spirit of discontent would have been made not in vain. Surely the wrath of God was upon us for our sins; why it failed to descend, or how long it will be withheld, He alone knows.

Despite undying faith in democratic government, we find the outlook from a condition that induced six hundred thousand citizens of a single commonwealth to swallow the personal disgust they must have felt, that they might make public protest against the existing order, distinctly unfavorable, if not indeed depressing. In such circumstances surface indications count for naught; underlying causes must be sought and, when found, removed.

Why, then, in the midst of unprecedented prosperity, this discontent? It is a time for plain speaking. For a long time have been heard mutterings of disapproval of the extraordinary activities of our Chief Magistrate in summoning, at frequent intervals, to the support of paternalistic measures the mighty forces of public opinion, normally dormant, yet ever quick to respond to the call of class jealousy; but it remained for the demagogue, through impudent implication of the identity of his purpose with that of the President, to enforce expression of these whisperings. First came the official repudiation of his pretensions at the lips of a cabinet officer, "by authority of the President," sincerely indignant, yet truly amazing from its apparent necessity. And now the public journals on the morning after the day of election!

The "Sun":

"Theodore Roosevelt in his summer home at Oyster Bay was watching the fate of his native State with a solicitude as intense as was ever aroused in him by any event in his career. None better than he appreciated the crisis. He knew it was no question of mere party success or supremacy. He knew that something was about to take place which concerned the very vitals not of the party but of the State, and not of the State alone, but of the whole country. He knew, he recognized, the forces which he had himself unchained, and there must have dawned upon his consciousness a sense of whither, if they were not instantly checked, they inevitably must lead. Envy of the rich, hatred of class for class, intolerance of the law, impatience with the Constitution, resentment against Judges, a restless, troubled surging of the mass, no set ideas, no definite conviction of anything, but everywhere a deep, dull susceptibility to a man with a torch!"

The "Times":

"Mr. Hearst's uncomfortably near approach to a victory should serve as a warning, also, to those who have led or joined in intemperate assaults upon the business of the country, to men who in high or humble places have by profuse and ill-judged utterance roused the spirit of chastisement and correction to a pitch of passion far beyond the public need."

A caustic writer to the "Evening Post," after quoting the declaration of the distinguished lawyer, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, to the effect that "it is a crisis for the nation, for it must not be forgotten that this wave of recklessness and irresponsibility that is sweeping over us is the direct result of the utterances and actions of a Republican President," continues:

"Does any reasoning man presume for a minute to believe that Hearst would have had the hardihood to seek a Presidential nomination, or the governorship of New York, without the career of Roosevelt before him? Hearst had seen success come to him in the newspaper field from noise and sensationalism, but it is hardly to be thought that the idea ever entered his head that loud pretence, theatrical display, and blatant self-praise could win the Presidency until he saw the thing actually tried and done. . . .

"Now, in all fairness wherein is Hearst any worse than Roosevelt? Any more anarchistic, any more self-seeking, any more indifferent as to the kind of means to gain his ends? Hearst has been denounced for his criticism of the courts. Is this criticism on the part of a newspaper, a private enterprise, half so improper, half so indecent, as similar criticism on the part of the President of the United States in a message to Congress? Hearst has been excoriated for posing as a reformer, denouncing bosses and then striking hands with them when it suited his purpose. Did not Roosevelt ally himself with Addicks and Quay and Penrose and Platt and Odell, and even make up with the notorious Lou Payn, when he needed the votes they commanded? Was there ever a more purely demagogic appeal in the Hearst papers than the Roosevelt protest to Russia about the treatment of the Jews, or the utterly irrelevant passage in the 'anti-muckrake' speech about limiting great fortunes? Suppose that the charge so frequently made that Hearst buys his support is true. Mr. Hearst is spending his own money and not the Government's. He is not raiding the United States Treasury by means of an executive order to purchase old soldier votes; he is not diverting Indian funds contrary to law to gain the political adhesion of a religious sect; he is not extorting money from insurance companies to swell his campaign fund."

We have no doubt that the editors of these great independent journals responsible for these utterances are as firmly convinced as ourselves or our readers of the fervid patriotism and lofty ideals of the President, whom the Emperor of Germany pronounces the greatest the Nation has ever known, but clearly they feel and as plainly intimate that, in his eagerness to serve the people, he has heeded the dictates of zeal rather than of wisdom and unwittingly has played the part of a Frankenstein. No good purpose would be served by attempting now to fix the share of responsibility that should be thus ascribed, but if to the mind and conscience of him most deeply concerned there should seem, upon reflection, to be the smallest, we may rest assured that the suggestion will be received, not with scoffing, but as a lesson to be taken to heart.

But the true cause of discontent lies not in its fomentation but

in deep-seated conviction of injustice and inequality before the law. Daniel Webster, from the floor of the Senate in 1838, thus graphically depicted the demagogues of his day:

"They excite the poor to make war upon the rich. . . . They complain of oppression, speculation and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations and all the means by which small capitals become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams.

"In a country of unbounded liberty they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else they rend the air with agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond any parallel, . . . they would teach the laborer that he is an oppressed slave.

"Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society."

Such, in some respects, is the situation to-day. The country continues to afford "unbounded liberty" and unparalleled wages of labor; attempts to excite the poor against the rich represent now as then a desire to enjoy the fruits of other men's industry, and tend to diffuse corrupt principles and destroy moral sentiments and moral habits. It may be, too, that perfect equality continues to prevail, in theory, before the law, but it is not a fact now that this is a country "where property is more equally divided than anywhere else." The reverse, indeed, as we all know, approximates the truth, and these are the branches, but only the branches, of the dissatisfaction. The root lies in the conviction of the people that the great inequalities in property possession are due to unwarranted fostering and protection by the law itself, and that titles to many, if not all, of the colossal fortunes accumulated in recent years are morally defective, even if legally valid. We venture no opinion of the correctness or error of this view; we merely state a patent fact as of common belief that must be reckoned with.

What, then, is to be done to avert a possible cataclysm? What course should sober-minded, patriotic citizens, sincerely desirous of applying effective remedies and accomplishing genuine re-

forms, advise and pursue? Upon one point we all, rich and poor, agree, namely, that capital, whether wrongfully or rightfully acquired, does not bear its just burden of taxation. The very tariff that protects it is supported by those in moderate circumstances and the poor. Reduction of the rates would reduce the cost of living, which is already burdensome and threatens to become unendurable. Supplement such a reduction and supply the deficiency in revenue consequent upon it by graduated inheritance and income taxation, and a long step would be taken towards that equality which must be had by gradation or will some day be achieved by force and swept into license. The time has passed, if indeed it ever existed, when spectacular assaults upon corporations will satisfy the people. They may be deserved and essential to the full performance of public duty, but the utmost results that could possibly be expected from them fail to afford the relief demanded, and might easily check the progress upon which common prosperity depends. The two specific remedies, clearly defined, the one supplementing the other, are reduction of tariff duties to a point not yet even contemplated, and direct taxation of inheritances and incomes. Stupid "vested interests" will resist the former, interposing the familiar argument as to the business complications it would involve, and no less obdurate possessors of great wealth will struggle greedily to retain to the last penny their hoardings, without regard to the just claims of a government which made their acquisitions possible, or the temper of the people; but both must yield or take the consequences.

The undivided responsibility rests upon a Republican President and a Republican Congress. In 1896, in 1900 and again in the critical State election which has just taken place, citizens of the Democratic faith who placed country above party elected the Republican candidates. We say to Republicans plainly and, we believe, with accurate knowledge, that if they look for similar aid in 1908, they will look in vain, unless in the meantime they shall prove by their works their sincerity and earnest determination to really relieve, and not fatuously deceive, the people. Hearst is dead, but *Hearstism* is alive and growing apace, not in one class, but in all classes except that which is numerically insignificant. If ever there was a time in the history of our beloved country when Bourbonism and pecuniary gluttony should, from no higher motive than selfishness

itself, make way for breadth, patriotism and consideration of the common weal, this is that time. Else the whirlwind!

THURSDAY, November 8.

The REVIEW to Teach Esperanto.

As a result of painstaking inquiries made personally in France and England, and through agents in Germany and Switzerland, we have become convinced that Esperanto will soon be recognized, the world over, as a language capable of universal use, and that, in consequence of such recognition, it will be generally adopted and acquired. The need of such a vehicle of expression, not for the displacement of any existing language, nor for the purposes of literature, but for ordinary service in business, travel and communication, has long been admitted, and indeed is so obvious as to render the setting forth of reasons therefor superfluous. As long ago as 1668, the learned Bishop Wilkins, in his "Essay toward a Real Character and a Philosophical Language," undertook to solve the problem; and many subsequent attempts, equally abortive, were made before Johann Martin Schleyer, in 1879, riveted the attention of the world upon his invention of Volapük. Despite the wide opportunity afforded this ingenious, though complicated, contrivance of expression, it not only failed to stand the test of application, but gave rise to a feeling of disgust which seriously retarded progress in the search for a suitable medium.

Several efforts ensued, but each quickly proved futile from lack of merit, until 1887, when the Russian scholar, Zamenhof, published his first brochure entitled "An International Language" and signed it "Dr. Esperanto," from the Latin "*sperare*," signifying "one who hopes." Many eminent scholars promptly conceded the merit in Dr. Zamenhof's suggestion, but the general public in all countries were so reluctant to manifest an interest so soon after the collapse of Volapük, that it is only within five years that Esperanto has begun to win the appreciation it deserves. During this short period, however, great strides have been made, first in Russia, then in Sweden, Norway, Austria and Germany, and lately in both England and France. Last summer, more than one thousand delegates attended the Esperanto Congress at Geneva, and all spoke readily and exclusively the new language. The fact was revealed at this Conference, that there are now in various parts of the world nearly one hundred thousand registered students of Esperanto, rendering the estimate

not unreasonable that there are several hundred thousand actively interested in it. In Great Britain alone there are more than sixty societies, supplemented by outlying groups in Australia, New Zealand, India and Malta. The new language has already won the official approval of the London Board of Trade, is taught in many commercial schools throughout the British Empire, and is being seriously considered as an essential acquirement in the Consular service.

Despite the efforts of such eminent scholars as M. Beaufront, official France has been slow to extend recognition to the new language, presumably because of a desire to maintain the position of their own as that of the world's diplomacy; but we know from personal inquiry in the smaller towns that the French people are really enthusiastic over Esperanto, nearly every village containing a small group of students, and even the more intelligent innkeepers giving it earnest attention. A strong movement, destined apparently to be crowned with success at no distant date, to add Esperanto to the curriculum of the public schools is now well under way. Canada has many ardent supporters, and in enterprising Japan a single school comprises nearly four hundred students. In this country comparatively little progress has been made, although many of the Universities have small organizations, and the foundation of an International Association has been laid in Boston. Many newspapers and periodicals, devoted exclusively to the language, are published in various parts of the world; and it is a pleasing indication of the spirit of the new West that the first journal of this character to appear in the United States is published in Oklahoma. Briefly, wherever the new language has been introduced it has taken root and achieved almost instantaneous popularity.

The primary cause of its success undoubtedly may be found in the ease with which it can be acquired. We are convinced by personal experience of the justice of the claim that application of one hour a day, by a fairly well-educated person, for a period of three months, is sufficient to ensure reasonable proficiency. Indeed, with the aid of a simple key, intelligible communication may be had immediately with a member of any other nationality possessing like means of translation. That the strength of Esperanto lies in its really amazing simplicity is indicated by the following comparison:

In *English*.—"The international language should be comprehensible to the whole educated world; but no man on earth, except the Volapükist, would comprehend even the word 'Volapük.'"

In *Volapük*.—"Pük bevünetik pakäpalom fa vol lölik pekulivöl; abu men nonik tala sesumti volapükels, kapalom püki lekanix 'Volapük.'"

In *Esperanto*.—"La lingvo internacia estas komprenita de la tuta mondo edukita; sed nenia homo sur la tero eksklusive la volapükistoj komprenas la artan lingvon 'Volapük.'"

According to the official definition adopted by the International Congress, it is a "neutral language, which, while neither intruding upon the interior life of the nations, or in any wise aiming to do away with existing national languages, will enable men of different nationalities to understand one another, will serve as a pacific language in those countries where diverse peoples are at strife on account of language, and in which can be published works that have an equal interest for all peoples."

But it is an error to assume that Esperanto is a purely artificial language. Proof of the feeling and emotion that may be communicated through it is found in the peroration of Dr. Zamenhof himself at Geneva: "Oh, break down the walls between the peoples, give them the means of communicating on neutral ground, for then only will disappear that hatred which we see everywhere."

Having become convinced, as we remarked at the outset, of the practicability of Esperanto as a universal language, we shall soon begin a regular presentation in this REVIEW of primary lessons by competent teachers, supplemented from time to time by authoritative articles, in the hope of arousing general interest. The precise plan of procedure we are unable as yet to define, but it will lack neither system nor such efficient aids as are afforded by comprehensive elucidation, text-books and personal communications compassing queries and answers.

FRIDAY, November 9.

Newspapers on Woman Suffrage.

CLOSE upon the declarations of mid-Western journals in favor of woman suffrage, already noted in this Diary, come others from various sections. The Troy (New York) "Press" "feels most grateful" for our advocacy of the reform, and the New Haven (Connecticut) "Palladium," having quoted the reasons set forth upon these pages, adds:

"This is stating the case strongly; almost too strongly. We hold that suffrage should not be universal, this cheapens it, but based upon qualifications other than those of sex. Illiteracy, pauperism and inability to read the English language—these things might be added advantageously to the limited disqualifications for voting (barring those of sex and age) now in vogue. As a general proposition, it is against public policy to permit of women who are illiterate, or lack the means or ability to support themselves, to have a voice in government. The average intelligence of the electorate should be heightened by the institution of suitable qualifications for suffrage.

"But THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is right in maintaining that the time has arrived when no distinctions in political privileges should be made between the sexes."

Whether or not there should be an educational qualification is a question not germane to the present discussion; such a restriction would apply with the same force to both sexes as to one.

The Columbus (Ohio) "Journal" declares "the real issues of the day precisely stated" to be "so overwhelming that mere political policy is buried out of sight." "The very fact," it adds, "that the REVIEW wants the assistance of the women in settling these problems is a conclusion that they are greater than woman suffrage, or tariff, railroad rate, food laws or anything else, for if these abuses and injustices are corrected the incidental policies settle themselves," a declaration to which, while maintaining the advantage of our proposed safeguard, if not complete solution, we take no exception.

The Salt Lake City (Utah) "News," after asserting the propriety of permitting those who are compelled to bear taxation and obey laws to participate in enactment of statutes, and pronouncing unfitness for military service a specious argument, since millions of men who hold the franchise are legally incapacitated for such work, says:

"The right to hold office may be maintained by the same reasoning as that concerning the suffrage. There are some offices for which women are not adapted, and there are many men, perhaps the majority of them, who are also unfitted for offices in the gift of the people. The same reasons offered against women apply with equal force to many men. The good sense of the public has to be exercised in reference to male candidates, and it can therefore be left with safety to the discretion of the voters as to women candidates. We are pleased to see so influential a magazine as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW take the rational side of a long dispute."

The Scranton (Pennsylvania) "Times" regards "the conversion of an important and conservative monthly to full suffrage without distinction of sex as an encouragement to woman suffragists everywhere and likely to give their cause a new forward impulse," but thinks—and we agree—that "so long as the great majority of women continue indifferent to equal suffrage there is little likelihood the boon will be granted."

The conservative "Evening Post" of New York city, making a prompt application, wondered "how women would vote in the present (Hughes-Hearst) campaign," and, while conceding that "thousands of working women would vote for the California millionaire, in the touching belief, shared with many men, that his election would mean an immediate increase in their earnings," yet was "inclined to think that women would be quicker to see through his shams and be far more repelled by his personal career than are the men to whom he appeals"—an opinion likely to find general concurrence.

The Chicago (Illinois) "Inter-Ocean" and the Topeka (Kansas) "Capital" would appreciate better results in Colorado before encouraging extension of the franchise in other States, thus maintaining an attitude perhaps justifiable if the assumption be granted that mining communities afford a fair test. This assumption, however, upon general principles and for manifest reasons closely related to the almost invariable inaccuracy of conclusions based upon peculiar and purely local conditions, we cannot admit. The actual results in the State and cities of Colorado we shall summarize in due course of time.

SATURDAY, November 10.

Of Friendship among Women.

CAN women be friends? History and tradition abound in evidences of great and enduring attachments among men. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David" so firmly that the Hebrew prince did not hesitate to invite the wrath of the great king, his father, and himself forfeit the crown; the Pythagorean Damon was happy to pledge his very life for the doubtful reappearance of Pythias; even the egoist Montaigne was so much affected by the death of La Boétie that, to escape from his melancholy, he "chose a new mistress," and at intervals to the day of his death, in the words of his own journal, "was suddenly seized with such painful thoughts of his friend, and it was so

long before he came to himself, that it did him much harm."

Subjecting this emotion to analysis, in conformity with his custom, he reached the conclusion that true friendship could exist only between beings wholly independent one of another. A father could not hold the relationship towards his son, because of the stronger paternal attitude and the necessary disparity in age prohibiting equal comprehension of all subjects; between brothers, "the complication of interests, the division of estates, the raising of the one at the undoing of the other, strangely weaken and slacken the fraternal tie," since of necessity pursuing fortune and advancement by the same path they must often jostle and hinder one another; betwixt the sexes love intervenes, "more active, more eager, more sharp, but withal more precipitous, fickle, moving and inconstant, a fever subject to intermission," whereas true friendship is "a general and universal fire," temperate and equal, constant and steady, easy and smooth, "without poignancy or roughness"; indeed, even among themselves, women are pronounced incapable of maintaining the sacred tie, not being "endued with firmness of mind to endure the constraint of so hard and durable a knot."

In this final, brusque declaration the philosopher readily accepted the teachings of the ancient schools without regard to the fact, which even then he must have surmised, that recognition of his own great powers was to depend upon the unselfish devotion and untiring efforts of the adopted daughter, whose soul, he predicted, would "one day be capable of very great things, and, amongst others, of the perfection of that sacred friendship to which we do not read that any of her sex could even yet arrive." We can but conclude that, in common with the majority of his sex, the great man was convinced that a happy exception had been made for his particular benefit in suitable recognition of his extraordinary talents.

But it is easy to convict a verbose philosopher of inconsistency; the question whether women are temperamentally capable of true friendship still remains. Sacrifices for the sake of love of man and offspring are recorded without number, but female Davids and Damons are not readily discovered in either history or legend. Professions of Platonic affection continue to evoke jeers of incredulity, and the traditional disingenuousness of "dearest

friends" still plays well its part in caricature. The changeableness of woman's nature has become axiomatic. Can it be that, throughout the ages, even to these enlightened days, it has retained consistency in this respect alone? It suffices for us to raise the question; to others of more certain mind we relinquish the hazardous privilege of adducing evidence and passing judgment.

MONDAY, November 12.

Threescore Years and Ten.

WHEN we speak of threescore years and ten being the allotted period of human life, the reference is general, of course, implying no arbitrary limit of physical existence, mental capacity or moral usefulness, since the Psalmist himself concedes fourscore years "by reason of strength." Many men we know, some of whom we shall name presently, find themselves, at seventy, at the zenith of their development and their powers at full maturity. The idea the great singer intended to convey was doubtless that there does come a time in life when it behooves one to stop and think—and perhaps change his course or restrict his energies. Our great humorist has views upon this subject, as indeed upon all others, and one year ago, at a celebration of his own safe arrival, he expressed them after this pleasing fashion:

"The seventieth birthday! It is the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity; when you may throw aside the decent reserves which have oppressed you for a generation and stand unafraid and unabashed upon your seven-terraced summit and look down and teach—unrebuked. . . .

"Threescore years and ten!

"It is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, you owe no active duties; for you the strenuous life is over. You are a time-expired man, to use Kipling's military phrase: You have served your term, well or less well, and you are mustered out. You are become an honorary member of the republic, you are emancipated, compulsions are not for you, nor any bugle-call but 'lights out.' You pay the time-worn duty bills if you choose, or decline if you prefer—and without prejudice—for they are not legally collectable.

"The previous-engagement plea, which in forty years has cost you so many twinges, you can lay aside forever; on this side of the grave you will never need it again. If you shrink at thought of night, and winter, and the late home-coming from the banquet and the lights and the laughter through the deserted streets—a desolation which would not remind you now, as for a generation it did, that your friends are sleeping, and you must creep in a-tiptoe and not disturb them, but would only remind you that you need not tiptoe, you can never disturb them

more—If you shrink at thought of these things, you need only reply, "Your invitation honors me, and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestle in the chimney corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my book, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier No. 70 you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit, and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart."

Such are the undisputed privileges of those who arrive at the pier; but others have rights, nevertheless, which cannot be ignored, one of which was exercised by the friends of this man when they gathered to pay him homage. If we had been writing the ninetieth psalm, we should not have left the impression that threescore years and ten signified even the beginning of the end; we should have suggested that as a suitable time for the recognition of genius, worth, friendship, character, good deeds. Such would surely be a pretty custom and one tending to enliven our ill nourished and sadly neglected sympathies. If it now prevailed, what a harvest of tributes the coming year would bring forth! Only the other evening was celebrated the seventieth birthday of Henry Mills Alden, America's foremost magazine editor, simultaneously with pleasing recognition of the arrival at the same milestone, to the very day, of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, America's most brilliant poet; in March pier Number 70 will be reached by William Dean Howells, America's first man of letters, and Grover Cleveland, her first private citizen; in April, by John Pierpont Morgan, the greatest financier America has had from the beginning of her history; in November, by Andrew Carnegie, the most striking example of the opportunities she has accorded brains and industry; in December, by George Dewey, her only and, since Paul Jones, her greatest Admiral. A more illustrious group of true Americans could not be formed; let us then be merry and give them feasts, not failing, however, after Paul's advice to Titus, to adjure them hereafter to continue "sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience."

TUESDAY, November 13.

American Girls and Boys.

We have received the following interesting communication from one of the editors of the "St. Nicholas" magazine:

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—Under the head of "The Editor's Diary" for October 19th appears this rather surprising statement:

"We find little that is interesting in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant, and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations."

Now, it so happens that I have had rather exceptional opportunities for comparing the American boy and girl, or rather their intellectual exhibits, with resulting conclusions somewhat different from those set down by the editor of the REVIEW. For more than seven years it has been my privilege to conduct for the "St. Nicholas" magazine a department in which the features are supplied by young people who compete for monthly prizes. To this department, poems, short sketches, stories, drawings, photographs, and puzzles are contributed in great numbers by children of all ages up to eighteen; and as the subjects are supplied by the editor and selected to cover a pretty wide educational range, it would seem that from the returns a fair deduction might be drawn as to the comparative mental activity of the sexes within the competitive age limits. I shall not assume to speak as one having authority of what may happen after these young people have passed their eighteenth birthday, for my direct observation ends at this point, though it seems unlikely that with the passing of this particular milestone the boys should suddenly become all wisdom and the girls all vanity, nor do I believe this to be the case.

Now, let us see: I have the magazines before me, I can count the returns in a minute. In the year just closing (volumes 1 and 2, 1906) there were sixty-three winners, fifteen years old and over, of the highest distinction, that is to say, gold and cash prizes. Of these, twenty-nine were boys and *thirty-four were girls*, an advantage of over nineteen per cent. in favor of the girls. Nor is this an unusual year. Those who care to consult the volumes will find that in some years the percentage has been greater.

It is supposable that there are as many boys as girls in families where "St. Nicholas" is taken, and if, as may be the case, the boys take a lesser interest than the girls in this particular department, then this fact of itself constitutes an argument against the REVIEW's position, for the reason that, as before indicated, the subjects given are by no means abstractly artistic and literary in tone (and it would not help the REVIEW's case even if they were), but educational as well, often selected for the express purpose of developing a knowledge of the world's progress and history. Let us go a little farther, and quote an example or two of work done by American girls. Here is a poem by an American girl of fifteen, the earliest age included by the REVIEW editor in the period allowed to her for ignorance and frivolity:

"THE FOREST VOICE.

"Do you not hear them call you, dear, away?
 Sweet, scarce distinguished voices of the night,
 Spreading before you o'er the field and brae,
 To where the first dark trunks shut out the light.

"The sombre, brooding branches in the dark
 Hold out strange treasures; winds that sing and sigh,
 And moonlight drifting down, spark after spark,
 From the far, high-lit altar of the sky.

"They sing you night songs, half articulate,
 They lead you, fairy child, along the path
 Where—but the forest-led may roam and wait
 The visions which the world-old forest hath.

"The wistful trees bend closer unto you;
 Dream-child, you long so earnestly to pace
 The great dim roads no mortal ever knew,
 Forever in the darkness and the space.

"Childhood is gone, night vanishes, the song
 Is stilled. Go also back from fancy's gleam,
 Leave the dream forest where you lingered long,—
 But take with you the memory of your dream."

This is a poem which almost any one, of either sex or any age, who is addicted to verse (and most of us have sinned) might be willing to sign, and it is wholly the work of the girl who sent it, for all contributions are endorsed by the sender's parents as to "age and originality." The highest-class publication does not always print better verse than that.

Such work may be found in almost any number of the department mentioned. The body of the magazine finds it difficult to get anything as good; and here is a little prose sketch by a League girl which might serve as a standard of excellence even for the NORTH AMERICAN:

"MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY

"It has always been said that to judge fairly of the life and character of some famous historical man or woman, one must take into consideration the age and country in which he or she lived. Environments and circumstances have such an important influence toward the molding of ideas. But Joan of Arc's life history is exceptional in this particular. Her actions were influenced by no personal motive, but by purely religious and patriotic enthusiasm. She was honorable when people in the highest stations had forgotten the very existence of honor; delicate and loyal when it was the common practice to be coarse and false, to keep no promises, and to espouse no cause except for love of money or personal advancement. She was truthful when almost everybody lied, unselfish and refined when many were hard, selfish, and given to sinful luxury.

"Many have called her fanatical. If absolute devotion to one's God, one's king, and one's country, regardless of self, asking no reward, can be called fanaticism, let us have more such fanatics! Her military genius was remarkable. Generals of long experience regarded her schemes of attack with great respect, and she is the only person in the world, of either sex, who has ever had supreme command of the forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.

"In spite of all her devotion and heroic struggle, her dastardly king deserted her; did not even make one attempt to rescue her, but left her to her horrible fate. Her captors wore out her physical strength by long, tedious examinations and cruel imprisonment, forced her to sign a foolish confession of sorcery, and then broke all their promises and burned her—Joan of Arc, the deliverer of France, though only a

child in years—at the stake! Such ingratitude and cruelty is incomprehensible; but her name will go down through countless ages, while they will be known only as the murderers of the loveliest character in history.”

As a matter of fact, whatever the boys may do later, and they will do much when the day of their development comes—as they always have—I think we may set it down as a fact that, so far as general intellectual advancement and attainments are concerned, the girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen have them beaten—if the REVIEW will pardon the slang phrase for the sake of its picturesque strength—“hands down.”

In what, then, is the American girl inferior to the American boy? In sports and athletics, which require endurance and physical strength? Certainly. In business, mathematics and mechanical engineering? Very likely—these are the American boy’s peculiar heritage, even as the American girl’s estate lies in making herself and her surroundings lovely, and in her early knowledge of domestic economy. Does the boy excel her in deportment? Never. In languages? It is unlikely. But, admitting all that the boy may fairly claim and a little more for good measure, it does seem to one who has had the opportunity of observing pretty carefully that the wide and inclusive deduction of the REVIEW that the American girl is “an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations,” and that she has “failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy,” is not sufficiently justified, to say the least.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

That a majority of the prizes referred to were won by girls is not, to us, surprising; we wonder rather that so many boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen found time to engage in the competition. The evidence of literary deftness afforded by the pretty verses are surely encouraging, though, we fear, they are of the exceptional character which tends to indicate the rule.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—VII.

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

I WAS always heedless. I was born heedless; and therefore I was constantly, and quite unconsciously, committing breaches of the minor proprieties, which brought upon me humiliations which ought to have humiliated me but didn't, because I didn't know anything had happened. But Livy knew; and so the humiliations fell to her share, poor child, who had not earned them and did not deserve them. She always said I was the most difficult child she had. She was very sensitive about me. It distressed her to see me do heedless things which could bring me under criticism, and so she was always watchful and alert to protect me from the kind of transgressions which I have been speaking of.

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VOL. CLXXXIII.—NO. 604.

69

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When I was leaving Hartford for Washington, upon the occasion referred to, she said: "I have written a small warning and put it in a pocket of your dress-vest. When you are dressing to go to the Authors' Reception at the White House you will naturally put your fingers in your vest pockets, according to your custom, and you will find that little note there. Read it carefully, and do as it tells you. I cannot be with you, and so I delegate my sentry duties to this little note. If I should give you the warning by word of mouth, now, it would pass from your head and be forgotten in a few minutes."

It was President Cleveland's first term. I had never seen his wife—the young, the beautiful, the good-hearted, the sympathetic, the fascinating. Sure enough, just as I had finished dressing to go to the White House I found that little note, which I had long ago forgotten. It was a grave little note, a serious little note, like its writer, but it made me laugh. Livy's gentle gravities often produced that effect upon me, where the expert humorist's best joke would have failed, for I do not laugh easily.

When we reached the White House and I was shaking hands with the President, he started to say something, but I interrupted him and said:

"If your Excellency will excuse me, I will come back in a moment; but now I have a very important matter to attend to, and it must be attended to at once."

I turned to Mrs. Cleveland, the young, the beautiful, the fascinating, and gave her my card, on the back of which I had written "*He didn't*"—and I asked her to sign her name below those words.

She said: "He didn't? He didn't what?"

"Oh," I said, "never mind. We cannot stop to discuss that now. This is urgent. Won't you please sign your name?" (I handed her a fountain-pen.)

"Why," she said, "I cannot commit myself in that way. Who is it that didn't?—and what is it that he didn't?"

"Oh," I said, "time is flying, flying, flying. Won't you take me out of my distress and sign your name to it? It's all right. I give you my word it's all right."

She looked nonplussed; but hesitatingly and mechanically she took the pen and said:

"I will sign it. I will take the risk. But you must tell me

all about it, right afterward, so that you can be arrested before you get out of the house in case there should be anything criminal about this."

Then she signed; and I handed her Mrs. Clemens's note, which was very brief, very simple, and to the point. It said: "*Don't wear your arctics in the White House.*" It made her shout; and at my request she summoned a messenger and we sent that card at once to the mail on its way to Mrs. Clemens in Hartford.

When the little Ruth was about a year or a year and a half old, Mason, an old and valued friend of mine, was consul-general at Frankfort-on-the-Main. I had known him well in 1867, '68 and '69, in America, and I and mine had spent a good deal of time with him and his family in Frankfort in '78. He was a thoroughly competent, diligent, and conscientious official. Indeed he possessed these qualities in so large a degree that among American consuls he might fairly be said to be monumental, for at that time our consular service was largely—and I think I may say mainly—in the hands of ignorant, vulgar, and incapable men who had been political heelers in America, and had been taken care of by transference to consulates where they could be supported at the Government's expense instead of being transferred to the poor house, which would have been cheaper and more patriotic. Mason, in '78, had been consul-general in Frankfort several years—four, I think. He had come from Marseilles with a great record. He had been consul there during thirteen years, and one part of his record was heroic. There had been a desolating cholera epidemic, and Mason was the only representative of any foreign country who stayed at his post and saw it through. And during that time he not only represented his own country, but he represented all the other countries in Christendom and did their work, and did it well and was praised for it by them in words of no uncertain sound. This great record of Mason's had saved him from official decapitation straight along while Republican Presidents occupied the chair, but now it was occupied by a Democrat. Mr. Cleveland was not seated in it—he was not yet inaugurated—before he was deluged with applications from Democratic politicians desiring the appointment of a thousand or so politically useful Democrats to Mason's place. A year or two later Mason wrote me and asked me if I couldn't do something to save him from destruction.

I was very anxious to keep him in his place, but at first I could not think of any way to help him, for I was a mugwump. We, the mugwumps, a little company made up of the unenslaved of both parties, the very best men to be found in the two great parties—that was our idea of it—voted sixty thousand strong for Mr. Cleveland in New York and elected him. Our principles were high, and very definite. We were not a party; we had no candidates; we had no axes to grind. Our vote laid upon the man we cast it for no obligation of any kind. By our rule we could not ask for office; we could not accept office. When voting, it was our duty to vote for the best man, regardless of his party name. We had no other creed. Vote for the best man—that was creed enough.

Such being my situation, I was puzzled to know how to try to help Mason, and, at the same time, save my mugwump purity undefiled. It was a delicate place. But presently, out of the ruck of confusions in my mind, rose a sane thought, clear and bright—to wit: since it was a mugwump's duty to do his best to put the best man in office, necessarily it must be a mugwump's duty to try to *keep* the best man in when he was already there. My course was easy now. It might not be quite delicate for a mugwump to approach the President directly, but I could approach him indirectly, with all delicacy, since in that case not even courtesy would require him to take notice of an application which no one could prove had ever reached him.

Yes, it was easy and simple sailing now. I could lay the matter before Ruth, in her cradle, and wait for results. I wrote the little child, and said to her all that I have just been saying about mugwump principles and the limitations which they put upon me. I explained that it would not be proper for me to apply to her father in Mr. Mason's behalf, but I detailed to her Mr. Mason's high and honorable record and suggested that she take the matter in her own hands and do a patriotic work which I felt some delicacy about venturing upon myself. I asked her to forget that her father was only President of the United States, and her subject and servant; I asked her not to put her application in the form of a command, but to modify it, and give it the fictitious and pleasanter form of a mere request—that it would be no harm to let him gratify himself with the superstition that he was independent and could do as he pleased in the

matter. I begged her to put stress, and plenty of it, upon the proposition that to keep Mason in his place would be a benefaction to the nation; to enlarge upon that, and keep still about all other considerations.

In due time I received a letter from the President, written with his own hand, signed by his own hand, acknowledging Ruth's intervention and thanking me for enabling him to save to the country the services of so good and well-*tried* a servant as Mason, and thanking me, also, for the detailed fulness of Mason's record, which could leave no doubt in any one's mind that Mason was in his right place and ought to be kept there. Mason has remained in the service ever since, and is now consul-general at Paris.

During the time that we were living in Buffalo in '70-'71, Mr. Cleveland was sheriff, but I never happened to make his acquaintance, or even see him. In fact, I suppose I was not even aware of his existence. Fourteen years later, he was become the greatest man in the State. I was not living in the State at the time. He was Governor, and was about to step into the post of President of the United States. At that time I was on the public highway in company with another bandit, George W. Cable. We were robbing the public with readings from our works during four months—and in the course of time we went to Albany to levy tribute, and I said, "We ought to go and pay our respects to the Governor."

So Cable and I went to that majestic Capitol building and stated our errand. We were shown into the Governor's private office, and I saw Mr. Cleveland for the first time. We three stood chatting together. I was born lazy, and I comforted myself by turning the corner of a table into a sort of seat. Presently the Governor said:

"Mr. Clemens, I was a fellow citizen of yours in Buffalo a good many months, a good while ago, and during those months you burst suddenly into a mighty fame, out of a previous long-continued and no doubt proper obscurity—but I was a nobody, and you wouldn't notice me nor have anything to do with me. But now that I have become somebody, you have changed your style, and you come here to shake hands with me and be sociable. How do you explain this kind of conduct?"

"Oh," I said, "it is very simple, your Excellency. In Buffalo

you were nothing but a sheriff. I was in society. I couldn't afford to associate with sheriffs. But you are a Governor now, and you are on your way to the Presidency. It is a great difference, and it makes you worth while."

There appeared to be about sixteen doors to that spacious room. From each door a young man now emerged, and the sixteen lined up and moved forward and stood in front of the Governor with an aspect of respectful expectancy in their attitude. No one spoke for a moment. Then the Governor said:

"You are dismissed, gentlemen. Your services are not required. Mr. Clemens is sitting on the bells."

There was a cluster of sixteen bell buttons on the corner of the table; my proportions at that end of me were just right to enable me to cover the whole of that nest, and that is how I came to hatch out those sixteen clerks.

In accordance with the suggestion made in Gilder's letter recently received I have written the following note to ex-President Cleveland upon his sixty-ninth birthday:

HONORED SIR:—

Your patriotic virtues have won for you the homage of half the nation and the enmity of the other half. This places your character as a citizen upon a summit as high as Washington's. The verdict is unanimous and unassailable. The votes of both sides are necessary in cases like these, and the votes of the one side are quite as valuable as are the votes of the other. Where the votes are all in a man's favor the verdict is against him. It is sand, and history will wash it away. But the verdict for you is rock, and will stand.

S. L. CLEMENS.

As of date March 18, 1906. . . .

In a diary which Mrs. Clemens kept for a little while, a great many years ago, I find various mentions of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was a near neighbor of ours in Hartford, with no fences between. And in those days she made as much use of our grounds as of her own, in pleasant weather. Her mind had decayed, and she was a pathetic figure. She wandered about all the day long in the care of a muscular Irishwoman. Among the colonists of our neighborhood the doors always stood open in pleasant weather. Mrs. Stowe entered them at her own free will, and as she was always softly slippered and generally full of animal spirits, she was able to deal in surprises, and she liked to do it. She would slip up behind a person who was deep in

dreams and musings and fetch a war-whoop that would jump that person out of his clothes. And she had other moods. Sometimes we would hear gentle music in the drawing-room and would find her there at the piano singing ancient and melancholy songs with infinitely touching effect.

Her husband, old Professor Stowe, was a picturesque figure. He wore a broad slouch hat. He was a large man, and solemn. His beard was white and thick and hung far down on his breast. The first time our little Susy ever saw him she encountered him on the street near our house and came flying wide-eyed to her mother and said, "Santa Claus has got loose!"

Which reminds me of Rev. Charley Stowe's little boy—a little boy of seven years. I met Rev. Charley crossing his mother's grounds one morning and he told me this little tale. He had been out to Chicago to attend a Convention of Congregational clergymen, and had taken his little boy with him. During the trip he reminded the little chap, every now and then, that he must be on his very best behavior there in Chicago. He said: "We shall be the guests of a clergyman, there will be other guests—clergymen and their wives—and you must be careful to let those people see by your walk and conversation that you are of a godly household. Be very careful about this." The admonition bore fruit. At the first breakfast which they ate in the Chicago clergyman's house he heard his little son say in the meekest and most reverent way to the lady opposite him,

"Please, won't you, for Christ's sake, pass the butter?"

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH.—II.

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE problem of wealth will not down. It is obviously so unequally distributed that the attention of civilized man must be attracted to it from time to time. He will ultimately enact the laws needed to produce a more equal distribution. It is again foremost in the public mind to-day.

We have evidence of this in the President's recent speech (April 14th, 1906), in which he gives direct and forcible expression to public sentiment. We quote:

"It is important to this people to grapple with the problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes, and the use of those fortunes, both corporate and individual, in business. We should discriminate in the sharpest way between fortunes well won and fortunes ill won; between those gained as an incident to performing great services to the community as a whole, and those gained in evil fashion by keeping just within the limits of mere law-honesty. Of course, no amount of charity in spending such fortunes in any way compensates for misconduct in making them. As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the national and not the State government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits."

It is seventeen years since THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW published "Wealth," written by the writer (republished September 21st, 1906), which strongly urged graduated taxation of estates at death of possessors as the easiest and best mode of

insuring for the community a just share of great fortunes. He is in full accord with the President's views, as quoted, upon this vital question. Continued study has only confirmed him in his conviction of their justice, their beneficent effect upon society, and their necessity in the not-distant future. Much has been written of a contrary character. Graduated taxation has been denounced as unjust and Socialistic, fatal to Individualism and sure to sap the springs of enterprise. If the writer thought it favorable to Socialism or Communism, or in the least degree opposed to Individualism, he would be the last to favor it, for of nothing is he more fully convinced than that in Individualism lies the secret of the steady progress of civilization. Except we build upon the foundation of "As ye sow so shall ye reap," we labor in vain to establish a higher, or even to maintain the present, civilization. Virtue must bring reward, vice punishment, work wages, sloth misery. Energy and skill must win a prize denied to indolence and ignorance. He who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind.

The rights of private property emerged slowly from ages when property was held mostly in common; as civilization advanced men became less communistic and more individualistic. Public sentiment at last sustained private property because it was found favorable, and discarded Communism because it was found unfavorable, to progress; but there is nothing sacred about individual ownership except as man has established it as the system under which progress can be made. There is no cause to fear, therefore, that man is ever to turn round and creep backward toward the barbarism from which he has finally emerged. The law of evolution forbids, for his march is upward. Should he go too far in assessing wealth, he will inevitably reverse his action and adopt that policy which is best for the general good.

First, as to the justice of taxing large fortunes left at death upon a graduated scale for the benefit of the community. Graduated taxes are no new feature. Britain long since adopted them. They are advocated by no less an authority than Adam Smith, who says, "The subjects of every state ought to contribute to the support of government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities."

Let us go to the root of the matter and inquire how these fortunes are created, from whence and how they arise.

Imagine an honest hard-working farmer who finds himself able to give to each of his two sons a farm. They have married admirable young women of the neighborhood, of good kith and kin, friends from youth,—no mistake about their virtues. The sons find farms, one in the centre of Manhattan Island, the other beyond the Harlem. They cast lots for the farms as the fairest method, thus letting the fates decide. Neither has a preference. The Harlem farm falls to the elder, the Manhattan to the younger. Mark now the problem of wealth, how it develops.

A few hundred dollars buy the farms, and the loving brothers set out for themselves. They are respected by all; loved by their intimates. To the extent of their means, they are liberal contributors to all good causes, and especially to the relief of neighbors who through exceptional troubles need friendly aid and counsel. They are equally industrious, cultivate their farms equally well and in every respect are equally good citizens of the state. Their children grow up and are educated together.

The growth of New York City northwards soon makes the children of the younger millionaires, while those of the elder remain simple farmers in comfortable circumstances, but still of the class who, fortunate in this beyond their cousins, have to perform some service to their fellows and thus earn a livelihood.

Now, who or what made this difference in wealth? Not labor, not skill. No, nor superior ability, sagacity, nor enterprise, nor greater public service. The Community created the millionaire's wealth. While he slept, it grew as fast as when he was awake. It would have arisen exactly as it did had he been on the Harlem and his brother on the Manhattan farm.

The younger farmer, now a great property-holder, dies and his children in due time pass away, each leaving millions, since the farm has become part of a great city, and immense buildings upon it produce annual rents of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

When these children die, who have neither toiled nor spun, what canon of justice would be violated were the nation to step in and say that, since the aggregation of their fellow men called "the community" created the decedent's wealth, it is entitled to a large portion of it as they pass away. The community has refrained from exacting any part during their lives. The heirs have been allowed to enjoy it all, because although in their case the wealth was a purely communal growth, yet in other cases

wealth often comes largely from individual effort and ability, and hence it is better for the community to allow such ability to remain in charge of fortune-making, because most likely to succeed, and in so doing develop our country's resources.

It would be unwise to interfere with the working bees; better allow them to continue gathering honey during their lives. When they die, the nation should have a large portion of the honey remaining in the hives; it is immaterial at what date collection is made, so that it comes to the National Treasury at last.

In a prosperous country, increasing rapidly in population, like our own, by far the greatest amount of wealth created in any department comes from enhanced values of real property.

The Census shows that from 1890 to 1900 the value of Real Estate increased from \$39,544,544,333 to \$52,537,628,164—an increase of \$12,993,083,831.

The obvious creator of this wealth is not the individual but the community, as we see in the case of the two brother farmers. Property may pass through many proprietors, each paying more for it than his predecessor; but whether each succeeding owner sells to his successor at a profit depends almost solely upon whether the surrounding population increases. Let population remain stationary and so do values of property. Let it decline, and values fall even more rapidly. In other words, increased population—the community—creates the wealth in each successive generation. Decrease of population reduces it, and this law holds in the whole of that vast and greatest field of wealth, Real estate. In no other field is the making of wealth so greatly dependent upon the community, so little upon the owner, who may wholly neglect it without injury. Therefore no other form of wealth should contribute to the nation so generously.

Let us now trace the acquisition of wealth by the active business man who has some personal part, and often not a small one, in creating it.

Imagine four brothers, sons of another hard-working farmer. The first settles in New York City, the second in Pittsburgh, the third in Chicago and the fourth in Montana. The first sees that railroads in every direction are essential to the coming Metropolis and devotes himself to this field, obtains large interests therein; and, as the population of the country increases and that of New York City bounds ahead into the millions, these

lines of transport laden with traffic justify increasing bonded debt. Having the figures under his eye, he sees that the shares of these railways are sure to become dividend-paying; that even already there are surplus earnings beyond the bonded interest, which, if not needed for pressing extensions, could be paid in dividends and make the stock par. He strains his credit, borrows great sums, buys the shares when prices are low, and, floating upon a tidal wave of swelling prosperity, caused by the increased traffic of rapidly increasing communities, he soon becomes a multi-millionaire and at his death his children are all left millionaires. In the consolidation of the various short lines into one great whole there was margin for a stupendous increase of capital; and in other collateral fields there lay numerous opportunities for profitable exploitation, all, however, dependent upon an expanding population for increased values. Now, while the founder of the family must be credited with remarkable ability and with having done the state some service in his day and generation, it cannot be denied that the chief creator of his wealth was the increasing communities along the railroads, which gave the traffic that lifted these lines into dividend-payers upon a capital far beyond the actual cost of the property.

In the work and its profits the nation was an essential partner and equally entitled with the individual to share in the dividends.

The second son is so fortunate as to settle in Pittsburgh when it has just been discovered that some of the coal-fields of which it is the centre produced a coking-coal admirably adapted for iron-ore smelting. Another vein easily mined proved a splendid steam-coal. Small iron-mills soon sprang up. Everything indicated that here was indeed the future iron city, where steel could be produced more cheaply than in any other location in the world. Naturally, his attention was turned in this direction. He wooed the genius of the place. This was not anything extraordinarily clever. It was in the air. He is entitled to credit for having abiding faith in the future of his country and of steel, and for risking with his young companions not only all he had, which was little or nothing, but all they could induce timid bankers to lend from time to time. He and his partners built mills and furnaces, and finally owned a large concern making millions yearly. This son and his partners looked ahead. They

visited other lands and noted conditions, and finally concluded that a large supply of raw materials was the key to permanent prosperity. Accordingly, they bought or leased many mines of iron ore, many thousands of acres of coal and of limestone and also of natural-gas territory, and at last had for many long years a full supply of all the minerals required to produce iron and steel. This was wise policy, but it did not require genius, only intelligent study and good judgment, to see that. They did not produce these minerals; they saw them lying around open for sale at prices that are now deemed only nominal. Much of the wealth of the concern came from these minerals which were once the public property of the community, and were easily secured by this fortunate son and his partners upon trifling royalties.

Their venture was made profitable by the demand for their products, iron and steel, from the expanding population engaged in settling a new continent. Without new populous communities far and near, no milliondom was possible for them. The increasing population was always the important factor in their success. Why should the Nation be denied participation in the results when the gatherers cease to gather and a division has to be made?

The third son was attracted to Chicago, and quite naturally became an employee in a meat-packing concern, in which he soon made himself indispensable. A small interest in the business was finally won by him, and he rose in due time to millioniredom, just as the population of the country swelled. If Chicago to-day, and our country generally, had only the population of early days, there could have been no great fortune for the third son. Here, as before, it was the magnitude of the business, based solely upon the wants of the population, that swelled the early profits and produced prodigious fortunes.

The fourth son, attracted by the stories of Hecla and Calumet, and other rich mines which "far surpass the wealth of Ormus or of Ind," settled in Montana and was lucky after some years of rude experience. His ventures gave him the coveted millioniredom. The amount of copper and silver required by the teeming population of the country and of other lands kept prices high, and hence his enormous profits mined from land for which only a trifle was paid to the General Government not so long ago.

He did not create his wealth; he only dug it out of the mine as the demands of the people gave value to the previously worthless stones. Here especially we cannot but feel that the people who created the value should share the dividends when these must pass into other hands.

The fifth son had a melancholy career. He settled in New York City while young and unfortunately began his labors in a stock-broker's office, where he soon became absorbed in the fluctuations of the Exchange, while his fond mother proudly announced to all she met that he "was in business." From this the step was easy to taking chances with his small earnings. His gambling ventures proved successful. It was an era of rising values, and he soon acquired wealth without increasing values, for speculation is the parasite of business feeding upon values, creating none. A few years and the feverish life of the gamester told upon him. He was led into a scheme to corner a certain stock, and, as was to have been expected, he found that men who will conspire to entrap others will not hesitate to deceive their partners upon occasion if sure it will pay and safe from exposure. He ended his life by his own hand. His end serves to keep his brothers resolute in the resolve never to gamble. The speculator seldom leaves a millionaire's fortune, unless he breaks down or passes away when his ventures are momentarily successful. In such a case, his ill-gotten gold should be levied upon by the state at the highest rate of all, even beyond that imposed upon Real Estate values. Wealth is often, we may say generally, accumulated in such manner as benefits the nation in the process; here the means employed demoralizes the getter as well as the people, and lowers the standard of ethics. It is taken without returning any valid consideration.

There is one class of millionaires whose wealth in very much greater degree than others may be credited to themselves. Graham Bell of the telephone, Edison of numerous inventions, Westinghouse of the air-brake, and others, who originated or first applied processes hitherto unused, and were sufficiently alive to their pecuniary interests to hold large shares in the companies formed to develop and introduce them to the public. Their wealth had its origin in their own inventive brains. All honor to the inventor! He stands upon a higher platform than the others.

It may be said that in greater or less degree our leading manufacturers, railroad-builders, department-store projectors, meat-packers, and other specialists in one line or other had to adopt new methods; and, with few, if any, exceptions, there can be traced in their careers some special form of ability upon which their success depended, thus distinguishing them from the mass of competitors. No doubt this is correct, yet the inventions or processes used were the work of others, so that all they did was to introduce new methods of management or to recognize and utilize opportunities. This the inventor class have also done if they have become millionaires, but in addition they have invented the new processes. So that these deserve to reap beyond the other class, yet only in degree, because both classes alike depend upon increasing population—the masses, who require, or consume, the article produced, so that even the inventor's wealth is in great part dependent upon the community which uses his productions.

It is difficult to understand why, at the death of its possessor, great wealth, gathered or created in any of these or in other forms, should not be shared by the community which has been the most potent cause or partner of all in its creation. We have seen that enormous fortunes are dependent upon the community; without great and increasing population, there could be no great wealth. Where wealth accrues honorably, the people are always silent partners.

It is not denied that the great administrator, whether as railroad-builder, steamship-owner, manufacturer, merchant, banker, is an exceptional man, or that millions honestly made in any useful occupation give evidence of ability, foresight, and assiduity above the common and prove the man who has made them a valuable member of society. In no wise, therefore, should such men be unduly hampered or restricted as long as they are spared. After all, they can absorb comparatively little; and, generally speaking, the money-making man, in contrast to his heirs, who generally become members of the smart or fast set, is abstemious, retiring and little of a spendthrift. The millionaire himself is probably the least expensive bee in the industrial hive, taking into account the amount of honey he gathers and what he consumes.

An Income Tax is sometimes proposed as one of the best possible modes of correcting the uneven distribution of wealth, but of all taxes this is the most pernicious. It demoralizes a nation.

Mr. Gladstone, one of the greatest financial ministers, advocated its abolition in Britain, alleging that it made a "Nation of Liars." During the Civil War, we had such a tax and paid it loyally, but public sentiment demanded its repeal and it was the first tax remitted when war ceased—justly so because it penalized the honest citizen. Its imposition would be strenuously opposed unless it were graduated and the exemption line placed high, so that the tax should be restricted to the few enormous fortunes. The Supreme Court has declared such a tax to be unconstitutional. No great gain would result to the state from it compared to what would accrue from the easier plan of exacting heavy taxes at death. The date of collection matters little, so that the payment is certain at last. Such proportions can be exacted as are deemed proper from time to time, unless it is generally agreed that great wealth at last pays its fair share to the people of the Nation, who were so highly instrumental in creating it or from whom it was gathered.

The collection of an Income Tax would require a large trained body of permanent officials to collect from indignant, discontented people, naturally resenting intrusive inquiries regarding their private affairs. The honest would always pay, the dishonest would usually escape. Much better that Corporations should be required to pay a dividend tax to the Nation which would be really a tax upon Incomes. It is by doing so that Britain realizes such enormous sums from its Income Tax. Were she to attempt to collect these direct from each individual, it would be found much less productive. So should we find if we made the attempt. There is no reason for so doing. Every dividend-paying Corporation can be made the rigid collector of Income Tax for the Government.

It is clearly at the rich man's death that the community should exact a large share of estate, a graduated share, increasing in proportion to its extent. It should be paid over to the Government and applied to the service of the people, the silent but contributive partner from whom it has been so largely derived. The graduated death duties exacted by Britain might guide us in the beginning. The maximum assessment upon estates to the lineal successors is eight per cent. upon the valuation, but to distant legatees it is very much higher. Smaller estates pay less in proportion.

Such contributions from the owners of enormous fortunes at death would do much to reconcile dissatisfied but fair-minded

people to the alarmingly unequal distribution of wealth arising from the new industrial conditions of our day and the era of unprecedented prosperity our country has enjoyed for years.

The millionaire himself should rejoice at the thought of being a useful laborer in the national vineyard and in knowing that his contribution to the general fund at death will lessen the drain upon the scanty resources of his less successful fellows. Wealth left at death seldom does better service than this.

The people see how equivocally in many cases, how unfairly in others, fortunes have been made. Especially have the numerous failures of prominent men in official position to perform their duties properly deeply impressed them, and produced a strong feeling of antagonism to wealth and millionaires as a class. The appeal to them in the June number of this REVIEW should not pass unheeded. As wealth comes mainly from the community, it should be administered as a sacred trust, by the temporary recipient, for the public good. Property in one sense is a mere creature of the law. Whether the holder be permitted to bequeath it to his successors and to what extent and how, are simply questions of policy for the people through the Government to determine. France has long restricted it. Our States generally designate the widow's share. There is here no question of right or wrong, but simply one of policy,—what is best in all respects for the nation.

Fortunes have recently been more easily made with us than ever, both in number and amount, with the inevitable result that sudden wealth is bound to produce in a new land, which, not so long ago, was much freer from immense fortunes than the older lands of Europe. Millionaires are a recent growth in the Republic. Multi-millionaires were unheard of before our day.

Some sixty-odd years ago, Britain, then in the beginning of the speculative period of railroad construction and manufacturing supremacy, had a somewhat similar experience. Greater fortunes were made than ever before; but the makers, imbued with the aristocratic ambition to become great landowners and county magnates, were soon absorbed into that class. They regarded wealth only as a means to an end,—entrance to the aristocratic and fashionable circle. This refuge new millionaires lack under our democratic system, hence the vulgar, extravagant and offensive character of the follies to which they are driven, that evoke

so much adverse criticism from people of education, good sense, and quiet respectable living, with whom mere dollars count for little. Funds collected by the Government from the estates of the millionaires at death would never be likely otherwise to be put to so good a use as the payment of Government expenditures, relieving the people in part from the burden of taxation.

We are yet as a nation in the heyday of youth. In time we shall tone down and live simpler lives and create different standards. Wealth will be dethroned as higher tastes prevail, its pursuit become less absorbing and less esteemed, and, above all, the mere man of wealth himself will come to realize that in the estimation of those of wisest judgment he has no place with the educated, professional man. He occupies a distinctly lower plane intellectually, and in the coming day Brain is to stand above Dollars, Conduct above both. The making of money as an aim will then be rated as an ignoble ambition. No man has ever secured recognition, much less fame, from mere wealth. It confers no distinction among the good or the great.

Meanwhile, as the masses become more intelligent, they may be expected to criticise and denounce the growth of fortunes which fail to contribute largely to the public good, and finally to insist that they shall be made to do so. The first step to this end should be heavy graduated death taxes upon wealth, in pursuance of Adam Smith's dictum already quoted.

Indications of alarm are sometimes seen regarding present conditions. Fears are expressed that a war of classes may arise. On the contrary, there are none but healthful signs in the awakening intelligence and deep interest of the masses in this problem. Its final solution upon right lines cannot but place the body politic in a much better position than before.

The American people can be trusted to deal with improper methods of business and excessive wealth accumulations wisely and well, to the advantage of the Nation, as they have met and solved other pressing problems, some of which for a time were thought by many likely to cause serious trouble, whereas the commotion only indicated that another step nearer the light was about to be taken. So will it be with this new problem of regulating, as needed, both corporations and individuals, that there may be fairer acquisition and fairer distribution of wealth.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

IS THE UNITED STATES A WORLD POWER?

BY IGNOTUS.

THE San Francisco incident is a capital illustration of the justness of the assertion that the United States is a "World Power," and thus entitled to sit at the international table where the interesting, the fruitful and, sometimes, the dangerous game of diplomacy is played. Once more, but this time most curiously and even searchingly, the Powers that are able to redeem their pledges, or that may be compelled to redeem them, are studying this conglomerate of sovereignties that insists upon calling itself sovereign.

What are the admitted facts, so far as they bear upon the question to which our curiosity, and indeed our interests, seek an answer? These facts do not necessarily include all which go to the merits of the controversy which Japan has raised with the United States, and in which there may, or may not, be an injection of malice, a touch of Oriental cunning, a wicked desire to claim what would not be allowed at The Hague, but which might be enforced on a field where Japan has recently met with a success of the splendor and completeness of which the Oriental Island Empire and her people are justly proud. But we are not now concerned with the motives of Japan, nor even, in essence, with the alleged treaty obligation, nor with the Japanese claim as a claim, but simply and solely with the question of the power of the United States, a question that has been made pertinent by this incident. What, then, are the admitted and the pertinent facts?

In a brief special despatch from Tokio which was printed in the New York *Sun* of October 21st, we read of an intense excitement in Japan which was said to be due to the "exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of California, John

D. Rockefeller's utterances on Japan's commercial treachery, and Congressman Kahn's bellicose threats coupled with the declaration that Japan is unprepared for a fight." There was so much that was grotesque in these asserted causes of international wrath that the despatch was properly presented in an inconspicuous column and in a subordinate place in that column. But on the following day there was published another despatch from Tokio; and this time it became evident that the Japanese mind, or at least the Japanese newspaper mind, was excited by reason of the alleged "exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of California." The other causes were dropped. It was now stated that the Japanese Government considered the "situation as extremely dangerous." The Japanese Government sought, indirectly, of course, and through the agency of its press, to put itself in an intelligent, and, therefore, the right position for the contest, diplomatic or other, which might be coming on. It admitted that the trouble was purely local, but began to intimate that niceties of distinction between the National and State Governments of the United States would not be patiently listened to, or even understood, by the people with whom the Government had to reckon. Thus early the suggestion was thrown out, unofficially, that the United States would do well to repudiate the anti-Japanese sentiment which had so roused the wrath of the "child-loving nation."

It turned out that this sentiment was even more local than had been asserted in these Tokio despatches. The action complained of was really that of the San Francisco Board of Education and not that of the State of California, and the Board had not excluded Japanese from the schools, but had directed that they and all other Oriental children be taught, not with white children, but in separate schools. So the excitement in Japan was due to the action of a city, and not of one of those greater divisions which citizens of older World Powers may regard as United States counties.

So far we had no official assertion or representation by Japan. Nevertheless, the Government of the United States became strangely disturbed. It may be pardonable to observe that its activity was of that kind which is indulged in by both Governments and persons who realize their powerlessness to meet a possible situation which they dread or foresee. The despatches from

Washington informed us, "with much emphasis," that "the members of the Federal Administration, from the President down, have no sympathy whatever with the discrimination against the Japanese, or the attempts to stir up opposition to them." These official gentlemen were said to be of the solemn opinion that the agitation was "ill advised." The fear was expressed, still in official circles, be it understood, that Congress would enact a law "placing the Japanese upon the same basis as Chinese who desire to enter the country." What could this mean? Those who perform the public tasks of the ancient "World Powers" could understand how a cynical great nation might take away by legislation the rights of unresisting Chinese, but is there any Power in the world which would undertake so to deal with Japan—Japan, fresh from its triumph over Russia; Japan, whose mighty navy is so near to the undefended Asiatic frontier of the United States? Although the international law which the United States professes is very different from that which is practised by the older nations of Europe and Asia, no one who had long sat at the international table could believe her capable of such a folly.

And yet the Washington despatches asserted that there might be passed an exclusion law which would deprive Japanese of treaty rights, and that President Roosevelt could interpose nothing but his veto. What an incredible assertion! A statute can repeal a treaty! The legislature of a "World Power" can break the solemn international engagement entered into by the authority whose duty it is to speak for the nation in its dealings with other nations! How can the Powers which are able to keep their promises, to pay their stakes, regard with equanimity the entrance into the game of one that may slip under the table the moment he is called upon to pay his losses?

But let us proceed with the examination of the perturbation of the United States Government when it heard that the Government of Japan was concerned by the excitement of its people, and that it was manifesting that calm politeness which, when shown by a self-respecting man or Government, so often denotes alarming readiness for a fight rather than eagerness for peace. Instead of exhibiting an amiable haste to avoid real trouble, a haste which would have indicated that diplomatic errors would not be permitted to bring on war, since there could be no dispo-

sition anywhere to take advantage of such errors, the Japanese Government seemed to seasoned diplomats to be carefully establishing proof that no display of ill-temper by itself had precipitated a conflict. On the other hand, it seemed to the same observers, cynical and unfriendly, if you will, but almost brutally impartial in discussing the troubles of others, as if the Government of the United States was so irrationally nervous that it was clearly attempting to avoid an awkward situation over which it would have no control, but for which it might be held wholly responsible. Indeed, it was stated that the Administration "finds itself powerless to prevent misunderstanding in the present crisis in its relations with Japan." Veiled threats came to it from persons in "high position" in Japan. A Japanese boycott of American goods, more serious than that of the Chinese merchants, was suggested. An attempt was made to arouse the fears of the Eastern part of the United States for the ill results that might come to it on account of the manifestations of harshness and animosity against the Japanese by the people of the Pacific coast. Seemingly inspired despatches from Washington pleaded with Japan to remember the friendly sentiments of the United States for Japan in its war with Russia, and American services to prevent the partition of China among the Powers of Europe. It was a sad spectacle for the friends of the United States, that of this new-born "World Power" begging Japan to be kind; for this sort of thing is only resorted to *in extremis*. It is still the barbarian habit of the Powers to forget all friendships, and ignore the finer sentiments when these stand in the way of their designs, which, it may be admitted, are often far from righteous.

On the 24th, Washington found a grain of comfort in the fact that Japan had made no official representation, had as yet taken no official notice of the wrong done to her "little children." This was thought to be evidence that the Tokio Government understood the situation, realized that the United States was powerless to redress wrongs inflicted upon foreigners by a State, or by any inferior county, or by a city, while it was hoped that it also indicated that Japan would not exact the utmost, would not expose the frailty of her neighbor in the East, or take advantage of the "World Power" which was the easiest of all prey to the Japanese navy and army.

The next fact in the procession of events brought deep disap-

pointment to Washington. Japan took official notice of the San Francisco affair. To this time it had not appeared that Japan claimed that her treaty rights had been violated. The excitement of her people was apparently caused by the unfriendliness of the act of the San Francisco Board of Education. No legal obligation had been denied by the United States or by any part thereof. But, while this unfriendliness was an expression of race dislike, and might not break the law of nations, unlike the Chinese boycott it was a political act and the offenders constituted a political, or governing, body. Now, on the 25th of October, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Root, learned from the Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador, that his Government asserted that the "treaty rights of the Japanese in the United States had been infringed upon."

For the purposes of this exposition of the *affaire* San Francisco, as it has come to be called in the chancelleries, we must confine ourselves to the admission by the authorities of the United States that the Japanese Ambassador's representation was well founded, and that the children of Japanese in this country had the right by treaty with the United States to attend not only the public schools of the country, but the same schools as were attended by the children of native Americans; that the United States had agreed with Japan that there should be no discrimination in this respect either for or against the Japanese. Even if there were no such treaty right, it was clear that the Government of the United States did not care to discuss the question, or claim the advantage of a misplay. It seemed simply intent on assuring the Japanese Government that it regretted the incident; that it had no power to change or annul the order of the San Francisco school authorities; but that it would exert its influence, possibly sufficient, to secure from San Francisco action that would satisfy, perhaps gratify, the Government at Tokio and its people. We are not, however, dealing with the treaty of 1894. We are content to accept the views reputed to be held by both Governments and seemingly shared by the press of the United States, and by the Governments and press of Great Britain and of France. Moreover, according to a San Francisco despatch of the 26th of October, a United States judge issued an order directed to the Board of Education of San Francisco. This order was based on the theory that the exclusion of Japanese pupils

from the public schools was "in violation of the Constitution of the United States and also in violation of a treaty now existing between the United States and the Empire of Japan." We are dealing with the situation made by the general admission that Japanese children were possessed of the right to attend the public schools of California; that this right had been granted by the United States in a treaty the provisions of which gave to the United States consideration for its promise in the form of engagements on the part of Japan to grant what were regarded as reciprocal privileges to the people of this country; and that this treaty had been violated in the manner already indicated by a political body performing tasks of government in the United States.

Such was the situation as it appeared to those sitting around the international table on the 26th of October, after they had read of their colleague Aoki's representation to the American Secretary of Foreign Affairs. They looked, then, at their fellow "World Power" to see what it would do.

It is but simple justice to Mr. Root to say that he evinced his consciousness of the perplexity and awkwardness of the American situation by expressions of the deepest concern. Aoki told him that he and his Government understood—to use an expression which to a federal republican may seem harsh, but which to a monarchist must be true—the imbecility to which the Washington Government was reduced by its constitutional law. The Japanese Government understood that the affair was local, but the "people at home would misunderstand the situation." A feeble effort was made to complicate the question by allusions to the invasion of a seal-rookery by Japanese fishermen in violation of American treaty rights, but the allusion was not noticed, because Japan had no idea of permitting a diversion of attention from a situation in which, as Mr. Root himself recognized, she held the commanding position. Mr. Root finally determined that "something must be done," and the foreign observers expected that the United States would at once take steps to carry out its admitted promises, and to teach the intrusive local authorities their proper place in the government of the nation.

What was their surprise, however, to read, in a striking headline on the morning of the 27th: "Roosevelt acts for Japan. Moves to Protect Her Treaty Rights in California." Here was,

indeed, an astonishing assertion. The President of the United States was going to protect Japan against the assaults upon its own law by a public body of the United States. It would be his duty, of course, so to protect Japan from the breaking of the promises of his own Government, but how was he to set about it? Would he order the local authority to rescind its illegal action? Its order was illegal according to the admitted treaty rights and obligations of the two countries. A treaty is a law. In the United States it is made by the Constitution the supreme law of the land. In any country a treaty is a law and affects the relations of its citizens to foreigners and to its own Government, which is charged with the duty of enforcing the law. If the Japanese children had by treaty the right to attend the public schools, the action of the Board of Education of San Francisco was illegal; it was a violation of the law of the United States; it was, therefore, as it was performed wilfully, consciously, with intent to act in opposition to the treaty of the United States, a defiance of the Washington Government. How would the President act? How would he proceed to protect the other party to the international compact from this violation of the provisions of law which he must execute? Any of the really strong Governments which, to use an Americanism of the part of the country with which the President is supposed to be most familiar, were "sitting in the game," would have taken summary and effective action. They are not only "World Powers," but they possess and habitually exercise power over their domestic affairs. No subordinate division of any such Power would dream of infringing a law or a treaty of the general Government unless it were ready to resort to rebellion, and to an ultimate test of strength. But what did the President of the new "World Power" do in order that its promise to another Power might not be shattered by a local school board? Did he issue an order to the offenders? No; he acted for Japan by directing Secretary Metcalf, report says because he is a Californian, to go to San Francisco and to try to persuade the local authorities to rescind their action and to obey the law of the United States. It was stated in a Washington despatch that the "President wants mainly to emphasize that his interest in the situation is great enough to justify sending one of his own Cabinet to the scene." This is an extraordinary statement. The ruler of any other Power would have had

sufficient interest in any attempt by one of his local authorities to break one of his treaty promises to go himself to the scene, and, if necessary, to take force with him. But, after all, it is quite impossible to imagine such a situation in any Power whose treaties are effective, in whose central authority alone lies the power of keeping, or of breaking, international agreements. It would be strange, indeed, if the President were not interested in a situation the ultimate terms of which may be expressed by armies and navies. What is strange is that he should consider it worth while to express an interest. Such an expression naturally raises a doubt as to his ability to make his interest effective. This doubt was emphasized by the statement that Secretary Metcalf was "directed to confer with the Governor, the acting Mayor of San Francisco, the Japanese Consul, the school authorities and all others who might be able to throw light on the anti-Japanese situation and report to the President the exact conditions and the basis of the sentiment which served to bring about the discrimination against Japanese subjects."

This ambassador of the President accredited to the local authorities of San Francisco was to warn these recreant public servants that their conduct was likely to disturb the friendly relations of the United States and Japan, and to "endanger the commercial interests of the United States, not only in Japan but in China and elsewhere in the Far East." Secretary Metcalf was diplomatically to make the San - Franciscans realize the danger which lurked "in giving offence to Japan, and also the moral obligation which rests upon the Federal Government and its citizens to respect the treaty rights of the Japanese, who are assured of freedom from discrimination while residing within the borders of the country."

The Government which feels obliged to confine itself to persuasion, to exerting its influence, to appeals to its citizens, especially its official citizens, to be law-abiding, instead of compelling obedience to its laws, is a comical kind of "World Power." It may be that this Government may be able to raise troops and money; it may, according to the once-popular English Jingo tune, have the ships, the men and the money too, but, if it be a real "World Power," it ought to be able to prevent a war as well as to fight one when it can no longer be prevented. It ought to be able to prevent any of its citizens, certainly, from giving

cause for war by violating the treaty rights, or the rights recognized by international law, of a foreign people, or to punish those who do offend to the satisfaction of the offended state. It ought to be able to do this by its courts, or, if necessary, by its force. Its assertion that it is a "World Power" is ridiculous if it cannot act directly and immediately upon the sinning citizens, official or other. If it cannot compel all who dwell within its borders to keep the law embodied in one of its treaties, it is certainly a strange and unsafe partner in the international game. What Power would make an alliance with it for mutual aid in time of war, if an irresponsible School Board, or County Board, or State government, or a still more irresponsible mob, might precipitate a conflict of arms against the tearful pleadings of the Federal Government? It has been observed, by the way, by foreigners who also are studying the phenomena of government, that it is, say, temperamental in American publicists to speak of the central power as federal when a national obligation is to be avoided, and to emphasize its national character whenever its power is to be proclaimed. In the *affaire* San Francisco we hear exclusively of the Federal Government.

The President sent Secretary Metcalf to beg citizens of the United States, citizens holding public office, not to endanger the peace and commerce of the country by breaking its treaty. The head-lines quoted above assert that the President intended to protect the treaty rights of Japan, but how much more is it necessary for the United States to protect its own honor, its own promises, against the assaults of its own people? Can any nation be a "World Power" that is not a power at home? The real "World Power" does not, hat in hand, beg its citizens to refrain from plunging it into war by doing wrong to its treaty obligations. A real "World Power" would sternly and effectively prevent or punish defiant citizens. To beg its citizens to observe the law is comic, and, in the case of the United States, whom the Old World loves, is sad.

And yet Secretary Metcalf goes to beg the San-Franciscans to be good and law-abiding, to appeal to their better nature by reminding them that "Japan, through the Red Cross, sent more than \$100,000 for the relief of San Francisco's earthquake and fire sufferers." To add to the fun of the comedy, it was announced on the 2nd of November that Attorney-General Moody

had instructed the United States District Attorney in San Francisco to aid, by his advice, perhaps by his presence, the counsel of the Japanese who were to seek, in a court of the United States, an injunction to restrain the local school board from denying to Japanese their treaty rights. Think of it! A "World Power" was ready to help the counsel of foreigners to enforce the "World Power's" law in the "World Power's" own courts. How full of laughter are the cynical onlookers who are familiar with proclamations, naval reviews, after-dinner speeches and editorials!

As one reads the history of the United States in the later years of the eighteenth century, one who has been taught in the school of nations that have long been able to do business with other nations—implying the power to observe their compacts—one wonders that even the mutual jealousies of the colonies could evolve so impotent an instrument of government as the Confederation. Speaking of its treaty-breaking function, an Englishman, the most recent, and perhaps most brilliant, of the many essayists on Alexander Hamilton, says that Congress "made alliances which could and would have been disowned by any State had it discovered a private advantage in the disavowals. When Congress finally came to make peace, the terms which it had agreed to were ignored and repudiated. In the harlequinade of human affairs, no pantaloon ever exercised less discipline and authority." The Constitution was framed in the hope of correcting this feebleness which made of the Confederation a despised bankrupt with which no nation would make a contract, for it was not possessed of power to keep its promise. Has this weakness indeed been corrected? No power in this country but the Federal Government can now make a treaty. No State can enter into a compact with a foreign Power. It is true that the keeping of treaties by the General Government is an invariable virtue, and, therefore, treaties are made with it; but it is also true that if the people of a locality, or the government of a locality, violate the treaty rights of others, the United States Government cannot force obedience to its law, a treaty, nor punish for violation of it. This was revealed in its controversy with Italy which grew out of the murder of Italian subjects in New Orleans. That case differs from the present one because the breach of the treaty rights of the Italians was committed by a mob, whose criminal members the General Government, accord-

ing to its own assertions, could not punish. In this instance, the breach of Japanese rights was that of a public official body, whose vicious order the United States cannot annul. Japan, it may be said, should have recalled the Italian incident; and so official Japan does, but the Japanese people know nothing of the constitutional knots which prevent the United States from keeping promises that are distasteful to any section of its citizens, and its voters. They know that their "dear children" have been excluded from schools, and, to them, the United States Government is responsible. Let us suppose a reversal of conditions. If a province of Japan, Sakiado, for instance, should deny to an American citizen his commercial or personal rights, would the people of this country be satisfied with the explanation of its refusing to satisfy the demand of Washington that the Emperor's Government could not redress the grievance of the American citizen because the Emperor had no jurisdiction over Sakiado, could not compel its people, or its local authorities, to observe Japanese treaty obligations? We trow not, unless the Washington Government fears Japan. Sometimes a quarrelsome lad hesitates, and finally refrains from going to extremes. The result of a measurement of the other lad's muscles, sinews and spirit, leads him to think well of peace, perhaps of arbitration. The so-called Great Powers are often like boys. A nation, "World Power" or other, does not make war if it believes that it will be conquered. This would be an impolite observation if he who uttered it had the United States in mind. It is not long since Japan was weak, and the Great Powers were quick to recognize that weakness. An interesting Japanese addressed a letter to the *New York Sun* which was published on the 31st of October. This letter referred to some historic cases similar to that which has been here imagined. From them we see how quick England and America were to respond with arms to the assertion that the Central Government of Japan was unable to compel a province of the nation to redress the grievance of a foreigner, which, the foreigner conceived, was the result of a violation of a national obligation. The first instance, widely known and remembered, was the murder of an English subject who had unwittingly, but sacrilegiously, crossed the proceSSIONAL train of the Daimio of Satsuma. In response to the representations of the British Government, the Shogun's Government stated that it had no power to

compel the Daimio to redress the grievance. Whereupon a British battle-ship was sent to the Daimio's province, and he was compelled to pay money for the satisfaction of the wrong done to the Englishman. The other incident is the firing upon an American war-ship as she passed through the Strait of Shimonoseki. To the polite American admiral who invited the attention of the Shogun's Government to the unfortunate incident, there came the same reply as that which was made to Great Britain in the other affair. Again the irresponsible Daimio, being behind Shogunate irresponsibility, was compelled, by the presence of a combined European and American fleet, to pay money for the exercise in which his gunners had indulged. The third instance is that in which Japan, dealing now with a weaker Power, brought to repentance and humility the Chinese Government which declined responsibility for the outrageous and murderous conduct of some unruly Formosans. The Japanese writer pertinently says:

"The three incidents cited above may prove how disastrous it is for a central government of a country to be unable to control a local government. In the case of the Shogunate government, it was overthrown in a few years after it had proved to be powerless over the local daimiate governments. In the case of the central Chinese Government it had to give an indemnity and a humiliating pledge."

There seems to be a lesson for the new "World Power" in these incidents, and it is a lesson which may fall upon ears not unheeding. Certainly, there ought to be no strutting—perhaps it may be permissible to say, no further strutting—as a "World Power" by a Central Government whose commerce, whose peace, whose law, whose honor are at the mercy of any mob, or of any local authority, which sees fit not only to entertain, but to put in practice, a race prejudice, by violation of the treaty rights of the race that is despised, or whose members are competing with voting labor-unionists. The drum-major of the band is not a fighting unit; he is the swollen and decorated figure of an unserious moment. The nation that takes a seat at the international table may speak of its prowess of the future, if it be so inclined; but it must not only play its cards and pocket its gains; it must be prepared to pay its losses or stand the consequences. A "World Power" that cannot control or account for a mob, or a School Board; that cannot execute its laws or keep its promises,

but must beg to be obeyed! Is this to be the end of the *affaire* San Francisco, as it was of the *affaire* New Orleans?

Is the great Republic once more to pay to a foreign Power a fine imposed upon it for its incompetency to deal with its own citizens who break its treaty pledges? And, if it once more submits to do so, ought it not to reconsider its self-complacent announcement that it is now a "World Power"? Can a nation rise to the proud height of a "World Power" by victory over a decrepit government; and can it retain its lofty seat after it has admitted that it cannot compel the School Board of one of its cities to obey its law?

IGNOTUS.

PENDING IMMIGRATION BILLS.

BY ROBERT DE C. WARD.

THE Fifty-ninth Congress has received very general and well-deserved commendation for much excellent legislation enacted by it during its first session, but one of the most important measures of all—the immigration bill—went over, in Conference, to the Short Session. The popular demand for a further regulation of alien immigration found expression in the introduction last winter, into both Senate and House, of an unusually large number of carefully drawn and well-considered immigration bills. These bills, in the usual course of procedure, were referred to the two Committees on Immigration and Naturalization, both of which Committees are composed of an exceptionally competent and representative body of men, including several members who have made a thorough and impartial study of the whole immigration question, and are abundantly qualified to deal with this legislation as experts.

In view of the present state of our knowledge of the immigration question, the Committees felt, as the public generally feels, that the subject has already been thoroughly studied, carefully considered, and exhaustively argued, and that there was no need of delay in perfecting new legislation. The demand for more time; for further hearings; for investigating commissions, and the like, comes from those who are selfishly interested in having conditions continue as at present, and who are even hostile to any immigration regulation whatsoever. To say, as some of these persons have said, that “great harm, injustice and inhumanity” would be done by the bill which passed the Senate last May is preposterous, as is the claim that any measure which has received so large and so general an endorsement is a piece of “class legislation.” It is a very striking fact,

and one which should help to settle the minds of those who are honestly in doubt regarding their position on this question, that the bill which came before the House after its passage by the Senate last May embodied practically every one of the new provisions included in the bill already reported to the House by its own Committee on Immigration. This shows that, after careful consideration, the Senate as a whole, and the body of immigration experts on the House committee, had reached practically the same conclusion as to needed legislation.

As the Senate acted first, the Senate bill will be first considered. This bill, S. 4,403, generally known as the Dillingham Bill because it was drawn up and ably supported by the efficient chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration, Senator W. P. Dillingham, of Vermont, passed the Senate, without division, on May 23rd, 1906. Senator Dillingham said in the Senate on May 22nd that this measure, if enacted into law, "will go a long way in the direction of making perfect the already excellent immigration act of 1903."

Section 1 increases the head-money to be paid on alien passengers, except citizens of the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico and Cuba, from two dollars to five dollars.

This money is paid by the steamship companies, and is simply added to the price of the passage-ticket. The immigrant himself knows nothing of the payment, and it therefore makes no additional "red tape" for him. The head-money is paid into the United States Treasury, forming what is known as the "immigrant fund," and is spent in maintaining the immigration service. An increased head-tax means a larger "immigrant fund," and that means more effective administration of existing laws and better care and protection of the immigrants. Larger and more adequate buildings at existing immigrant stations are very much needed, and new stations, with complete equipment, must be built at New Orleans, Charleston and other ports where immigrants are just beginning to be landed. Furthermore, a larger inspection force is imperatively demanded in order that our immigration officials shall not be obliged, as they now are, to be on duty daily—including Sundays and holidays. The comfort, health and efficiency of these men demand such an increase in the force. It is objected to an increased head-tax that the honesty and character of an immigrant do not depend upon his ability to pay a cer-

tain sum of money, and that undesirable persons, criminals, for example, might easily pay the tax. In answer to this objection it need only be pointed out that the higher head-tax is not to be substituted for the other restrictive clauses of existing law; it is to be added to them. Criminals, anarchists, convicts, beggars, paupers, would be excluded, if detected, even if they could pay the larger head-tax. The United States should not be chosen by an immigrant, as it often has been, because it is the cheapest country to go to. It should be selected because it is *the best*, and the best is worth paying for. Higher head-money becomes more necessary as the increasing facilities of land and water transportation make it easier and cheaper to come here. Furthermore, it has been objected to increased head-money that such an increase would debar the worthy and intelligent alien from northern Europe, with a large family, who comes here to settle, while admitting the single alien, who may be far less desirable, from southern Europe or western Asia. The answer to this objection is that, in the pioneer stage of emigration from any country, it is likely that most of those who leave will be men without their families, as is now the case with some of the nations which are beginning to send us large numbers of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe. Later, family immigration increases. This argument is of temporary value only, and has no weight in the general discussion. The argument that it is unfair to an alien who may be debarred from landing to make him lose the additional \$3 which a head-tax of \$5 would add to his passage rate, is met by the fact that our immigration laws are, or should be, well known abroad. Aliens who are likely to be debarred are probably aware of the possibility of that occurrence in the large majority of cases. They, and the steamship company which brings them over, take the risk of securing a landing, and it cannot be considered an unfair action on the part of the United States to raise the passage rate \$3 when the alien himself is undesirable and is debarred by law.

Section 2 adds to the excluded classes:

I. Imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, and epileptics. The Act of March 3rd, 1903, excludes "idiots." Experience has shown that there are a good many immigrants who are certified by our medical inspectors as being "mentally deficient" or "feeble-

mind," and who should certainly be debarred by law. Our best interests demand that no distinction should be made between the idiotic and the feeble-minded or imbecile. The latter are as undesirable additions to our population as the former, and it is as dangerous to add to the American race the children of feeble-minded parents as of idiotic parents. A strong recommendation in favor of this amendment was adopted by the National Immigration Conference at New York last December. Obviously, this provision would affect only a very few aliens, and those of a highly undesirable class.

II. "Persons not comprehended within any of the foregoing excluded classes, who are found to be and are certified by the examining surgeon as being mentally or physically defective, such mental or physical defect being of a nature which may affect the ability of such alien to earn a living." This is one of the more important of the new provisions. In recent years there has come so marked a deterioration in the general physique of the immigrants that it is high time that all aliens of poor physique should be debarred from our shores. When we raise horses, or cattle, or dogs, or sheep, we are careful to select good, strong, healthy stock. If we have any concern for the physical development of our race, we should certainly be no less careful in the selection of our human stock. At the present time, our medical inspectors record thousands of aliens as being of such poor physique that their ability to earn a living is thereby interfered with, yet nearly all of these are admitted because there is no specific clause in our existing immigration law under which they can clearly and surely be excluded.

Our best insurance against race decadence is to be sought in the selection of good stock. We want none but honest, industrious, healthy and fit immigrants. We want them sound in body and sound in mind. We have by law debarred those of unsound mind. Our next step should be to debar those of poor physique. The clause of the Senate bill in the matter of physically unfit and degenerate aliens was carefully drawn, after consultation with the most competent immigration officials. It has commended itself to every one who, having looked at the matter impartially, has publicly expressed an opinion upon it.

No rational or valid argument can be advanced against the exclusion of aliens whose presence here lowers our physical stand-

ards, results in a deterioration of the American race, and adds to the number of our defective and dependent classes. The physical condition of our immigrants is of even more importance than their assimilation. A physical test was urged by the President in his last message, and was recommended by the Immigration Conference. Its adoption has also been strongly urged by the Commissioner-General of Immigration and by the present and former Commissioners of Immigration at New York. A physical test is uniform for all races of incoming aliens. It is not intended and cannot be used to exclude those of any special race. To say, as did a very misleading circular issued during the last Session of Congress, that "any malevolent or narrow-minded medical inspector . . . might be tempted to abuse his power," and exclude large numbers of aliens of some one nationality, is to impute dishonest, unpatriotic and wholly unworthy motives to the able officers of the United States Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service. Our medical inspectors may be trusted in this matter, as we already trust them in the detection and certification of "loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases." They are intelligent, able and honorable men. They will give certificates of "poor physique" only when thoroughly satisfied that all the conditions warrant them in so doing.

III. All children under seventeen years of age, unaccompanied by their parents, unless coming to join parents already in this country who are able to support them, or unless, in the case of death of both parents, they are coming to join brothers or sisters, or uncles or aunts, already in the United States who are willing and able to support them, and will furnish proper security therefor. The object of this clause, the adoption of which has been urged by officials of the Immigration Service, is to put a stop to the importation of alien boys brought here to work under the padrone system.

IV. Those whose passage is paid for, or who are assisted by others to come, unless they prove they do not come within the other excluded classes.

"But this section shall not be held to prevent citizens of the United States, or persons living in the United States who have declared their intention to become citizens of the United States, or women who have acquired a domicile in the United States, from sending for parents, wife,

husband, children, grandchildren, brothers, or sisters, or children of deceased brothers and sisters, who are not of the foregoing excluded classes."

For many years Congressional committees have paid attention to what is known as "assisted" immigration, that is, the prepayment of an alien's passage by a relative, or friend, or employer, on this side of the water, or by charitable societies, or local government authorities on the other side. There has always been much evil in assisted immigration. Aliens come here on tickets which are prepaid by distant relatives and friends in the United States who very often fail to support or to care for the newcomers after they have arrived. Employers, likewise, directly or indirectly, encourage the prepayment of passage in order that they may secure cheaper labor. There is no objection to assisted immigration when a husband sends for a wife, a brother for a sister, or a son for a parent. There is little danger that immigrants assisted to come in this way will become burdens upon the community. But the more distant the relationship, the less claim the new arrival has upon the person already here, and the less desirable on the whole is the assisted alien. Congress some years ago very properly recognized the danger in assisted immigration when it debarred from landing "any person whose ticket or passage is paid for with the money of another, or who is assisted by others to come." But, in order to make it possible for the members of a family to send for one another, the following words were added: "But this section shall not be held to prevent persons living in the United States from sending for a relative or friend who is not of the . . . excluded classes." The motive of Congress was excellent, but the phrasing of the law is too loose to meet present conditions. At present, about fifty per cent. of our total immigration is assisted, and, for an assisted immigrant, any one is a "friend," and any one up to a fifth or sixth cousin several times removed is a "relative." The time has come, with our present enormous immigration, to restrict to the immediate family the privilege of assisting other aliens. As a rule, it is safe to say that the less desirable immigrants are those who cannot pay their own passage. The clause in Section 2 of the Dillingham Bill is extremely liberal in making many exceptions in favor of members of a family. It is certain that this amendment would do much to diminish the number of those

who become public charges. It has heartily commended itself to our charitable societies all over the country.

The Law of March 3rd, 1903, provides:

"It shall be unlawful for any person, including any transportation company other than railway lines entering the United States from foreign contiguous territory, or the owner, master, agent, or consignee of any vessel, to bring to the United States any aliens afflicted with a loathsome or with a dangerous contagious disease."

For so doing, a fine of \$100 is imposed for each alien so brought. All being agreed as to the necessity of excluding aliens suffering with loathsome and dangerous contagious diseases, we must also agree that the law of March 3rd, 1903, is right in fining a steamship company \$100 for bringing over an alien afflicted with such a disease when "the existence of such disease might have been detected by means of a competent medical examination" at the time of embarkation. To make the steamship companies exercise suitable care in such matters is fair, not only to the diseased alien himself, who would otherwise have to be sent back, but also to the other passengers on the ship, who would be exposed to the risk of contracting the disease during the voyage. One of the distressing results of our present system is the large number of aliens who are denied admission after they have made the journey across the ocean. Commissioner - General Sargent has well said: "It is right that they should be denied admission; wrong that they ever should have started from home." The Immigration Conference at New York recommended that a fine of \$100 be imposed on the steamship companies for each immigrant whom our inspectors reject *for any cause* under existing law.

The Senate Bill imposes a \$100 fine in the cases of idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, insane persons and epileptics, provided their condition might have been ascertained by a competent medical examination at the ports of embarkation. The fine for aliens with loathsome and dangerous contagious diseases remains as at present.

As general medical inspection by American officials at foreign ports is not feasible, owing to the objection of certain foreign Governments, the only thing for us to do is obviously to force the steamship companies to make an examination themselves, and to fine them for bringing aliens whom we exclude, in all cases in

which an examination on embarkation may reasonably be expected to bring to light a cause of exclusion which we have named in our law.

Section 20 extends the time within which those becoming public charges may be deported to three years (it is now two years), a change which has received strong support from our boards of organized charities all over the country.

Section 26 gives authority to the Commissioner-General of Immigration to establish a division of information, whose duty shall be "to promote a beneficial distribution of aliens admitted into the United States among the several States and Territories desiring immigration." These "intelligence offices" may be established at any of the immigrant stations of the United States. Agents of the several States or Territories can present, to admitted aliens, the special inducements offered by their States or Territories to aliens, and displays of the resources and products of the different sections of the country may also be made at the same time. An appropriation of \$20,000 is made for carrying out the provisions of this section.

This section is the result of a very general agitation for a more wide-spread distribution of the arriving aliens, and is the first official step in a movement which deserves support and encouragement. The demand for a better distribution of our immigrants from the congested city slums of the North and East has, however, been pushed far beyond the bounds of common sense. It is claimed by many persons that distribution is the real solution of the whole immigration problem, and that distribution, not further regulation, is what we should endeavor to bring about. It cannot be too often pointed out, in answer to this argument, that, as President Roosevelt well said in his last message, distribution is a palliative, not a cure. It can never solve the immigration problem.

To attempt to relieve our city slums by dispersing their inhabitants, without at the same time further restricting the number of newer aliens who will pour in, is very much like trying to keep a boat bailed out without stopping the leak. A recent writer has well said that distribution from our city slums is an aggravation of the immigration problem, "in that it tends to diminish the crowding in the slums in which our least desirable immigrants congregate, and thereby tends to make

of those slums a sort of suction-pump by which the worst class of immigration is drawn to this country, given a course in the slums of our great cities, and then sent out to spread the slum in other parts of the country."

A canvass of the different States, made within a few months, brought forth from the officials to whom the inquiries were sent a vigorous protest against the wholesale shipment of aliens from the city slums into their States. Several of the Southern States have emphatically stated what nationalities of immigrants they want, and their preferences are for people from the northern United States and for northern Europeans. A leading newspaper of the South has said that no such immigrants as have crowded the East Side of New York and the factories of New England are wanted in the South.

Congressman A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, was right when he said, regarding enforced distribution to remedy the shortage of labor-supply in some sections:

"Population in the United States has always distributed itself, and will continue to do so, wherever it is best paid and wherever employment is steadiest."

In other words, distribution is governed by natural laws. A recent effort on the part of an Immigrant Protective Society in New York to send out through the South large numbers of aliens from the slums of New York met with the following rebuke at the hands of the "Manufacturers' Record" of Baltimore, one of the leading trade journals of the South:

"The circular of the Society seems to be upon a basis of 'organized philanthropy.' We have come to view with extreme caution 'organized philanthropic' efforts in behalf of the South, originating in New York or elsewhere, however businesslike their aspect. For such efforts, no matter how kindly disposed and well-conceived they may be, or how lofty and altruistic their purpose, might in the very nature of things not result to the South's advantage."

Section 29 excludes:

"All persons over sixteen years of age and physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language or some other language; but an admissible immigrant or a person now in or hereafter admitted to this country may bring in or send for his wife, his children under eighteen years of age, and his parents or grandparents over fifty years of age, if they are otherwise admissible, whether they are so able to read or not."

No plan for further selecting immigration has had more general support than the illiteracy test. Commissioner-General Sargent has said:

"This requirement, whatever arguments or illustrations may be used to establish the contrary position, will furnish alien residents of a character less likely to become burdens on public or private charity. Otherwise, it must follow that rudimentary education is a handicap in the struggle for existence."

And Dr. Albert Shaw has put the case clearly when he says:

"While ability to read and write one's own language is by no means conclusive as to the desirability of a particular immigrant, it may certainly be regarded as a mark of superiority when taken in the average."

It is objected that such a test would not keep out anarchists and criminals, but as President Roosevelt has pointed out, it would "tend to decrease the sum of ignorance, so potent in producing the envy, suspicion, malignant passion, and hatred of order, out of which anarchistic sentiment inevitably springs." Moreover, this test is not to replace existing grounds for exclusion; it is an addition to them. A criminal, an anarchist, a polygamist, would be debarred under the present law, even if he could pass the illiteracy test. No one has ever claimed that the ability to read is a test of moral character, but such a test would certainly lessen the burden upon our schools and upon our charitable institutions. Every nation should care for its own illiterates, as it should care for its own insane and its own paupers. It is time for us to stop shouldering the burden of European and Asiatic illiteracy. Nothing that the United States can do for universal common-school education would be so effective as the adoption of an illiteracy test for immigrants. Thus a recent writer who is well informed regarding the condition of Italian immigration says:

"An educational test for immigrants might be an effective means of applying a stimulus to popular education in Italy, and might really assist the Government materially in its efforts to get children to the common schools."

And our consul at Venice has reported that, when it seemed probable a few years ago that illiterates would be debarred from the United States, night schools were opened in Italy for the benefit of intending immigrants, but when the prospect of such legislation vanished, the schools were closed. The United States Industrial Commission said:

"If compulsory education is desirable as a preparation for American citizenship and as a protection to the citizens themselves, it is equally desirable for immigrants who are prospective citizens and for American children who are prospective citizens."

Our immigration laws should have for a leading object the protection of American citizenship. It is absurdly inconsistent for us to spend vast sums of money in the education of American children, and then open our gates freely to thousands of aliens who have not been required to obtain similar education.

There is no danger that the exclusion of illiterates would cause a scarcity of labor in this country. If there is a demand for laborers, the supply will be forthcoming from Europe. If the steamship companies cannot bring illiterates, they will fill their steerages with aliens who can read. And with the stimulus thus put upon education, the illiteracy in many of the countries of Europe would soon show a notable decline. There is plenty of labor now in our cities which would be better off in the country, where there is great need of farm "help." But the cities attract, and the farmer waits for his help. So it would be under the illiteracy test.

The illiteracy test has passed the House four times and the Senate three times in recent years. It has been recommended by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt and by the Commissioner-General of Immigration, and thousands of petitions in its favor have been sent to Congress.

The Dillingham Bill, as passed by the Senate, embodies a series of amendments to existing immigration laws which have received the endorsement of the most competent, the most unprejudiced and the most trustworthy authorities on immigration in the country. Immigration officials; medical inspectors of the Immigration Service; boards of charity and of insanity; labor organizations; boards of trade; State legislatures; immigration conferences; and thousands of societies and organizations of various kinds have endorsed some or all of its provisions, and previous Congresses also have passed some of the most important amendments which it contains.

Congressman Gardner, of Massachusetts, on behalf of the House Immigration Committee, reported a bill (H. R. 17,941) on April 9th, 1906, prepared after a careful study of a large number of immigration bills introduced into the House during

the Session. After the Dillingham Bill had passed the Senate, and had been referred to the House Committee, the latter reported, as an amendment to S. 4,403, House bill 18,673, which was H. R. 17,941 with a few changes. The Gardner Bill, as it is generally called, raised the duty on alien passengers from \$2 to \$5; excluded (a) imbeciles and feeble-minded persons; (b) persons of such poor physique as to incapacitate them for work, if dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions; (c) assisted immigrants whose passage was paid by any corporation, association, society, municipality or foreign government; (d) unaccompanied children under sixteen; and (e) illiterates, and extended the period of deportation for public charges to three years. The bill also made provision for the establishment of a bureau of information at each immigrant station. The Gardner Bill is weaker than the Senate Bill in the provision for excluding persons of poor physique, which reads as follows in the former:

“Persons who are dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions, and who are certified by the examining medical officer to be of a low vitality or poor physique such as would incapacitate them for such work.”

By the wording, “who are dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions,” the whole clause is made of little or no value. The large majority of aliens certified as physically unfit would find friends or relatives who would promise the immigration officers to help these physically defective immigrants to some extent, so that the latter would not be wholly “dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions.” In other words, there would then be the same difficulty as exists at present in the case of aliens deemed liable to become public charges. Friends and relatives, the latter often very distant, assure the officials that these aliens will be taken care of, and will not become a public charge; the aliens are admitted—and the friends and relatives forget their promises. The only way to secure the exclusion of this most undesirable class of physically unfit, defective and degenerate aliens is to give the medical officer the whole authority in the matter, just as is now rightly done in the case of an alien suffering with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, or who is insane, or an idiot.

The House bill omits one important addition to the excluded classes which is made by the Senate bill, viz., assisted immigrants outside of the immediate members of a family. The bill also makes some changes in the administrative features of existing laws.

The House did not reach the consideration of the immigration bill until June 25th, in the last week of the Session. During these last few hours, as is well known, in the haste and confusion just before adjournment, when many members have already left Washington, it frequently happens that bills are amended, and then passed, without any adequate discussion or understanding of the changes which are actually being made. This was true of the immigration bill on June 25th last. By unprecedented tactics on the part of the Speaker and of a few of his lieutenants, and without question against the sober judgment of the majority of the House of Representatives, the immigration bill as passed after very hurried consideration was shorn of (1) the increased head-money and of (2) the illiteracy test. Two additions were made to the bill. One amendment provides for a commission consisting of two Senators, three members of the House, and two private citizens, to make "full inquiry, examination and investigation of the subject of immigration." There can obviously be no harm in the appointment of such a commission, nor, on the other hand, will anything be gained by such an inquiry, in view of the very considerable knowledge of the whole subject which all persons who choose to study immigration may obtain from publications which are already available. Another amendment, offered by Mr. Littauer, of New York, was as follows:

"That an immigrant who proves that he is seeking admission to this country solely to avoid prosecution or punishment on religious or political grounds, for an offence of a political character, or prosecution involving danger of imprisonment or danger to life and limb on account of religious belief, shall not be deported because of want of means or the probability of his being unable to earn a livelihood."

The intention of this clause is obvious and praiseworthy, but if enacted into law it would effectively break down the existing barriers against undesirable aliens which Congress has wisely set up. One of the most undesirable classes of aliens is clearly that of persons who are liable to become public charges. But to adopt the Littauer amendment would make it diffi-

cult or even impossible to exclude any alien on the ground of liability to become a public charge. For a very large majority of our immigrants would attempt to show, in some way or other, that they had come here "to avoid prosecution or punishment on religious or political grounds." Political, religious and economic reasons are among the most potent factors in inducing immigration to this country, and impending punishment for religious or political causes would be urged by many aliens as the reason for their coming, without the possibility of contradiction by our immigration officials. This amendment would practically nullify one of the most important clauses in existing law, and one which has universally commended itself. It is no wonder that, as Congressman Gardner said in the House on June 25th, "the Immigration Bureau seriously objects" to this clause. It is no wonder that Gen. Grosvenor opposed the amendment, saying that he feared that "very grave complications will grow up under this hasty style of legislation."

The situation in the Conference Committee is, then, the following: The Senate, acting deliberately, after unlimited debate, passed an immigration bill, without division, which embodies the results of years of the most careful study on the part of recognized experts. Every one of its provisions has had strong endorsement at the hands of competent, unprejudiced, and thoroughly trustworthy officials, as well as of the public generally. The Dillingham Bill is an adequate, well - considered, rational measure, which amends existing laws to meet present and future conditions in a thoroughly sane and satisfactory way. The House, under extraordinary pressure, after a very limited debate, in confusion and haste, with conflicting votes, completely emasculated the bill of its own Committee. More than that, at the end of the debate, without any adequate thought or discussion, an amendment was adopted which would tremendously weaken the present laws. In other words, the House took a step backward along the line of breaking down legislation which has been well built up in past years.

ROBERT DEC. WARD.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY DISPUTE

BY P. T. MC GRATH.

No more vexatious international entanglement could well be imagined than the present fishery dispute between Newfoundland and the United States. While, superficially, it appears to be a mere question of whether the Colonial Government can hamper American fishermen in procuring cargoes of herring on the West Coast of the Island, it really comprehends the genesis of the dispute between the Republic and Canada respecting the whole Atlantic Fisheries, which has proved so difficult of solution during the past fifty years. A close study of the subject shows it to be fraught with serious problems and complicated offshoots, and to bristle with issues demanding the subtlest reasoning and most cautious presentments by jurists and statesmen.

The pending deadlock has its direct and serious bearing for Canada as well as for Newfoundland, because in the negotiations between Britain and America any basis of interpretation which may be reached respecting hitherto unsettled points as to the phraseology and bearing of the Treaty of 1818, must apply to those portions of Canada's seaboard where the American fishermen have treaty rights such as they possess on part of the Newfoundland coast; and, therefore, Canada will assuredly be called into conference, as well as Newfoundland, so as to make the conclusions final and absolute.

To a clear understanding of the merits of the present entanglement, a brief review of the history of this fishery dispute will be helpful. The American Colonists had common fishing rights in the waters of Canada and Newfoundland till the war of 1776. These were continued by the Treaty of 1783, but abrogated by the war of 1812. In 1818, the United States accepted rights on certain coasts, detailed below, and renounced them elsewhere.

From 1854 to 1866, the Reciprocity Treaty ruled, when the fish of either country had free entry into the other. From 1871 to 1886, the Washington Treaty allowed certain inshore fishing concessions to America in northern waters in return for a payment of \$5,500,000. In 1887, a new fisheries treaty was negotiated, but rejected by the United States Senate. In 1888, a *modus vivendi* was concluded, giving American fishermen inshore privileges in the non-treaty waters of Canada and Newfoundland on paying a license fee of \$1.50 per ship-ton. In 1890, Newfoundland and the United States framed the Bond-Blaine Convention for fisheries reciprocity, which Canada's protest to the British Government prevented being ratified. In 1895, and again in 1898, Canada sought reciprocity herself, but without effect. In 1902, she withdrew her objection to the Newfoundland Convention, and the Bond-Hay Treaty was arranged, which the United States Senate early in 1905 "amended to death," so that Newfoundland at once abrogated the *modus vivendi*, excluded the American fishermen from her non-treaty waters, and restricted them solely to their treaty rights in the areas where they possessed these.

The present difficulty between Newfoundland and the United States arises out of the Treaty of 1818. By that agreement the Republic obtained liberty for its inhabitants to take fish of every description forever in common with British subjects on the south coast of Newfoundland, from Ramea Islands westward to Cape Ray; on the west coast, from Cape Ray to Quirpon Islands; on the coast of Labrador, from Mount Joly, opposite Anticosti, eastward through Belle Isle Straits, thence northward indefinitely; and on the shores of the Magdalen Islands; with the supplementary right to land and dry their fish on the unsettled portions of Labrador and on the south coast of Newfoundland, but only while such seaboard continued unsettled. To all the rest of the British-American littoral the American fishermen were denied access, save for wood, water, shelter and repairs; and "for no other purpose whatever" might they enter.

It thus follows that, in the prosecution of their deep-sea fisheries, the Americans have no inshore waters wherein they may obtain bait or food-fishes, save those of the south and west coasts of Newfoundland and the Atlantic seaboard of Labrador, which is an appanage of Newfoundland; and in the Magdalen Islands

and the Laurentian frontal of Labrador, both of which belong to Canada. The right would appear to be amply clear, but there is nothing so uncertain as the meaning that may be given to treaty clauses. Thus, under the first reciprocity compact, lobsters were admitted duty free, but the cans containing them were levied upon; and it was proposed, later, to stop locomotives and cars at the American border, though the freight they bore had the right of free entry. These fishery disputes have been prolific of more friction between America, Britain, Canada and Newfoundland the past ninety years than any other disagreements.

The first issue which arises in respect to the Treaty of 1818 is what was meant by the word "coast" itself, for in the Peace Treaty of 1783 the people of the United States, while granted fishing rights on the Newfoundland coast, were forbidden to dry their catch on the "harbors, bays and creeks," so it was clear that some distinction was even then drawn between "coasts" and the bays and creeks, or indentations thereof. In the Treaty of 1818, this phraseology was repeated, and fishing rights were granted Americans on the "coast" of Newfoundland, on the "shores" of the Magdalen Islands, and on the "coasts, bays, harbors and creeks" of Labrador, while they were interdicted from three marine miles of any of the other "coasts, bays, harbors and creeks" of British North America, save to enter such "bays or harbors" when in distress. Before the Halifax Fisheries Commission, the Arbitration Tribunal which in 1877 fixed the sum to be paid by the United States for fishing concessions under the Washington Treaty of 1871, the question as to the distinction between "coasts" and the inlets thereof was exhaustively argued; but no attempt was ever made to give it practical effect until Premier Bond, in April, 1905, in introducing his retaliatory enactment against the American fishermen, because of the Senate's emasculation of the Bond-Hay Treaty, advanced the argument that the Americans, while entitled to fish along the west coast of Newfoundland, had no right to operate in the Bay of Islands or other inlets there. This bay is the principal seat of the winter herring fishery; and the effect of such a position, if upheld by the British Cabinet, the treaty-making and treaty-enforcing power, would be to deprive the New England fishermen of one of their most lucrative undertakings. The British Cabinet, however, declined to acquiesce in this construction

meanwhile, and the American fishermen are exercising this liberty now till a complete settlement is arranged.

In the prosecution of this fishery, though, the Americans could be prevented from obtaining the local aid which they had enjoyed formerly, and this course the Colony decided on. They could take fish themselves, it is true, but they could not buy fish, hire men, nor purchase necessities—and this prohibition was rigidly enforced. Thereupon, the United States vessels proceeded outside the three-mile limit, after arranging with local fisherfolk to follow them there. These fisherfolk, being beyond the Colonial jurisdiction, hired on board these vessels and returned into Colonial waters to catch herring for them, as members of their crews. This proceeding raised two distinct issues—first, Were American vessels which operated under a register fishing-craft? and, second, Were men so hired “inhabitants of the United States,” to whom alone were the Treaty rights conceded? Respecting the first of these points, it is well to note that American fishing-vessels generally operate under a “fishing enrolment,” whereas “merchantmen” carry a register. Many of the vessels engaged in the herring fishery use the latter certificate, and therefore are regarded as traders, not fishermen; and the right of traders to engage in fishing, the Newfoundland authorities questioned. The vessels affected appealed to Washington, and the State Department declared that a register embraced a “fishing enrolment” within it, and that such vessels could not be denied the right to fish.

Yet it is a curious fact that, in a despatch from Secretary Bayard to Ambassador Sackville-West on October 27th, 1886, the former asks “authoritative information of the Canadian laws regulating the sale and exportation of fresh herring from Grand Manan . . . a trade which has been carried on almost exclusively in American vessels for many years . . . for, although the vessels employed in this trade are duly registered in their home ports as fishing-vessels, yet, so far as the proposed trade is concerned, they are not manned or equipped nor in any manner prepared for taking fish, but their use is confined to the conveyance of fish as merchandise to ports in the United States, a commercial transaction *pur et simple*”; and the owners of these vessels wished to know if they could continue this trade after the abrogation of the Washington Treaty. Canada’s reply was unfavorable, and as the above was virtually the status of the Amer-

ican vessels frequenting Newfoundland waters until last year, they *buying* and not taking the fish, Newfoundland claimed authority to treat them similarly.

Secretary Root to-day maintains that such vessels must be regarded as legitimate fishing-craft, and Newfoundland admits the claim pending a final adjustment of the whole subject; but the course taken by Mr. Root has precipitated an entirely unexpected result in Maritime Canada, where these vessels frequently resort to hire men and procure supplies on their way to and from Newfoundland, which they could do without charge as "traders," but which as "fishers" renders them liable to the license fee of about \$150 per craft, under the terms of the *modus vivendi*, by which alone American fishing-craft can obtain access to Canadian non-treaty waters. This is an unpalatable decision for the owners of these craft, but there is no alternative for them, save to risk being prevented from operating in Newfoundland waters.

Against the hiring of its people outside the three-mile limit in the manner practised, the Newfoundland Government has protested, as being against the letter and spirit of the Treaty of 1818, which cedes these fishing liberties to "inhabitants of the United States," whereas the effect of this invasion is that five-sixths of each crew are Newfoundlanders. This protest was based on the notable stand made by Ambassador Phelps during another phase of this fishery dispute in 1886, when, in his despatch to Lord Iddesleigh on the subject of the seizure of American vessels by Canadian cruisers, he declared:

"If the British Courts should, nevertheless, find such authority in any existing Statute, the question, whether the Statute itself, or the construction given it, is warranted by the Treaty, would still remain; and also the still higher question whether, *if the strict technical reading of the Treaty might be thought to warrant such a result, it is one which ought to be enforced between sovereign and friendly nations, acting in the spirit of the Treaty.*"

Contending, then, that an interpretation of the Treaty which would prevent American shipmasters from enticing her men outside the territorial waters in small boats, at great risk to their lives, to "sign on" to these craft as part of their crews, would be but following the lines of Ambassador Phelps's despatch, Newfoundland has laid her case before the Mother Country.

The United States Cabinet having secured recognition for all classes of shipping, and the right for such to fish even in the harbors, bays and creeks, Newfoundland still claimed authority to board and overhaul them, and compel them to enter at the custom-houses, pay light dues and obey local revenue laws, and thus prevent smuggling and other lawlessness, or the invasion of the waters by vessels of other nationalities masquerading as Americans. This claim was likewise resisted by Secretary Root, who is represented by the Gloucester shipowners as having supplied them with the following memorandum to be forwarded to their vessels in those waters, as defining their rights therein:

"Vessels of American registry have the right to fish at any point, bay, harbor or inlet of the Treaty Coast of Newfoundland, with or without entering at Newfoundland custom-houses, for any kind of fish in any manner they think best, provided owner and master and mate are Americans, irrespective of nationality of crews or locality where crews are shipped, except Newfoundland crews shipped in Newfoundland territorial waters within the three-mile limit. If Newfoundland has any local law, which I do not think is the case, forbidding her citizens to ship in foreign ports or upon the high seas for the purpose of fishing in her own waters your rights may not be so clear, so far as Newfoundlanders are concerned."

In answer to this epitome of alleged American rights, Newfoundland has forwarded to the British Government a long and important communication, dealing with these several aspects of the question, and setting out, particularly, the manner in which Canada has been enforcing her interpretation of the Treaty on the Magdalen Islands and Laurentian Labrador, for over half a century, virtually on the lines which Newfoundland now contends for. The force of this answer lies in the fact that never before has there been any disagreement between the Newfoundland and United States Governments in regard to the Treaty, because Newfoundland has always been friendly with the New England fishermen heretofore, whereas Canada has invariably enforced the Convention in the most drastic and unfriendly fashion, and yet the Imperial Cabinet has nearly always upheld the Canadians in their views of that instrument.

All of these points, however, have been reserved for the two Cabinets to negotiate over, with a view to a satisfactory and final settlement, if possible. The matter of the liability of the American fishermen to the local fishery regulations is not new, for it

figured prominently in a famous fishery problem, the Fortune Bay Dispute. That was an outgrowth of the Washington Treaty of 1871, by which American fishermen acquired the right of free access and common usage of all the other Canadian and Newfoundland seaboard for twelve years, and under cover of which certain American vessels entered Fortune Bay, and on Sunday, January 6th, proceeded to take herring with purse-seines, in violation of three local ordinances prohibiting (1) all fishing on Sunday; (2) the "barring" or enclosing of fish in such seines; and (3) the seining of herring in the close season, between October and April. The coast folk forcibly intervened to prevent such violation of their laws, and compelled the Americans to desist, destroying one seine. The vessels affected put in bills for \$105,000 damages; and, after three years of diplomatic correspondence, England paid \$75,000 in full settlement, with the result that, as millions of dollars of the "Alabama" award are said to be still in the United States Treasury, nearly \$20,000 of this amount remained unpaid after all claims had been proved.

England, however, in paying this amount, was careful to emphasize that she did so to satisfy the demands for redress for mob law; and she never receded from the position that she (or her colonies) possessed the sole right to prescribe the methods of administering and preserving these fisheries. This contention was supported by a circular issued by Secretary Marcy, at Washington, in 1856, in which he declared that:

"It is understood that there are certain Acts of the British North American Colonial Legislatures, and also perhaps executive regulations, intended to prevent the wanton destruction of the fishes which frequent the coasts of the colonies, and injuries to the fisheries thereon. It is deemed reasonable that both the British fishermen and the United States should pay a like respect to such laws and regulations, which are designed to preserve and increase the productiveness of the fisheries on those coasts. Such being the object of these laws and regulations, the observance of them is enforced upon the citizens of the United States in the like manner as they are observed by British subjects."

With respect to the Colonial claim of authority to search American fishing-vessels and compel them to report at the custom-houses, the demand for light dues is not an assertion of sovereignty, but an insistence that American fishermen using these Newfoundland ports should contribute to the coast aids provided, a position which every maritime country exacts for her-

self, and agrees to in her neighbors. The acquiescence of the American fishermen in these local laws is also a claim which Newfoundland considers herself justified in, because from the manner in which these American fishing-vessels now interpret Secretary Root's message, murder might be done on board them and they defy the Colonial officers to arrest the offenders. This is not an extreme position to take. Two years ago the master of a New England fishing-vessel shot and killed one of his crew in a Newfoundland port, and the right of the Colonial authorities to try the case was questioned in certain quarters.

It must be obvious, then, that the quoted declaration of Secretary Root, which is amplified in a despatch forwarded to Lord Lansdowne, in October, 1905, is one to which grave objection may reasonably be taken by the other party to the case, and contains propositions which, in the form laid down by him, the British Government cannot assent to, save by the sacrifice of all the principles which it has upheld in respect of this question for the past fifty years. It is true that most of the friction which arose came from evasions or breaches of the subsequent accords, and not of the original treaty, because, except for the advantage of exploiting the West Coast herring fishery, the Treaty shore of Newfoundland is now almost valueless to the Americans, being too remote from the Grand Banks to make a feasible baiting region, and too depleted by the local trawlers to serve as a satisfactory fishing-ground. But there exist sufficient precedents, in one form or another, to cover every phase of the problem which has become acute now, and to warrant Britain, Canada and Newfoundland in maintaining the views which they have placed on record in the past.

Another point which has long clamored for adjustment, and which this controversy has revived, is that respecting the extent of territorial jurisdiction seaward. In the recent trouble at Bay of Islands, the United States Fish Commission's schooner "Grampus," with an expert from that Department on board, Mr. Alexander, was stationed at the scene to watch the interests of American fishermen. The "Grampus," on each occasion when a United States "herringer" intended to go outside to ship men, preceded her and took up a position sufficiently far out to be beyond Colonial waters, and the fishing-vessel, sailing slightly farther out, received the men on board and so avoided any dis-

pute in which the United States Government would not support her. In all the fishing problems affecting Canada and Newfoundland, however, the three-mile limit has been a most irritating one. The same problem has affected all maritime boundary disputes, notably that respecting Alaska, recently settled. Generally speaking, the United States maintains that the three-mile limit should follow the sinuosities of the coast, whereas Great Britain contends for the "headland" theory, claiming all bays to be local waters and jurisdiction to extend three miles beyond an imaginary line drawn from the outer promontories. These antagonistic attitudes have been compromised in draft treaties arranged in 1866 and 1886, but never ratified by the United States Senate, though based upon the modern practice of European nations, that bays less than ten miles in width are regarded as territorial waters, while in larger bays jurisdiction is held to extend to the point where they are ten miles wide, the three-mile strip along the shore outward from there being also recognized. This problem is not so pertinent to the herring fishery on the west coast, where the bays are narrow and islands crop up so as to enable the three-mile limit to be strictly followed, but it applies more particularly to the larger bays, such as Fortune, Placentia, Conception, Trinity and Bonavista on the south and east coasts. In territorial waters to which the American fishermen have no right of entry under the Treaty of 1818, they were allowed access to purchase bait and supplies under the *modus vivendi* of 1888; but, in the spring of 1905, the Newfoundland Legislature cancelled this makeshift so far as her seaboard is concerned, though Canada still retains it in force. This policy Newfoundland's action is likely to induce her to terminate in the near future, as it is now apparent to the statesmen of both countries that there is no hope of obtaining reciprocity from the United States, and that they may really do better if they show a united front against American fishery aggression.

One of the American fisherman's grievances which Secretary Root lays the strongest stress upon is that the Newfoundland "Foreign Fishing Vessels Act," the statute directed especially against United States vessels, gives authority to Colonial officers to seize and bring into port, even on the Treaty Coast, any craft of the nationality and character of which they may be doubtful, and Mr. Root protests against it, emphasizing the fact that it

may lay American fishing-vessels open to serious interference in the conduct of their legitimate operations there. But the Colonial authorities, in their answer, point out that similar legislation has been enacted and ratified by the Imperial Government for enforcing this treaty since 1819, and by Canada in various measures since 1866, while it is also contended that such a regulation is necessary, in order to preserve order and regulate the fishing, treaty or no treaty.

Thirty years ago, after the Fortune Bay affair, Secretary Evarts expressed himself as of the opinion that "if there are to be regulations of a common enjoyment, they must be authenticated by a common or joint authority," and "such competent authority can only be found in a joint convention, that shall receive the approval of Her Majesty's Government and of our own." Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, contended for the absolute right of Great Britain, through her colonies, to impose upon foreign fishermen all restrictions which she in good faith imposed upon her own subjects. Secretary Blaine, when he took office, proposed to send American war-ships to Newfoundland to protect the fishery rights of his countrymen, and then advocated a joint naval fishery patrol, but nothing was done and the friction gradually ceased. In the present instance, it is not known with any degree of accuracy what the United States is contending for, or what the British Cabinet is upholding; but it is to be hoped that a compromise may be reached which will dispose of this difficulty in a way satisfactory to both sides, and thus avoid any rift in the present amicable relations between the British Empire and the American Republic.*

P. T. McGRATH.

* On October 5th, 1906, a *modus vivendi* was concluded between the British and American Governments to regulate the herring fishery for the season from October 15th, 1906, to January 15th, 1907, whereby, to admit of further negotiations for a permanent treaty, the American fishermen were allowed to use purse-seines in Colonial waters and to ship Colonial fishermen outside the three-mile limit, but were required to abstain from fishing on Sundays and obliged to pay light dues and to report at the custom-houses when ice would not prevent, all Newfoundland's laws which might abridge these liberties being held inoperative by the British Ministry. The arrangement evoked a storm of protest from the Colony, and drastic measures were threatened at the opening of the Colonial Legislature in January, 1907.—P. T. McG.

THE CASE OF ESPERANTO.

BY GEORGE MACLOSKIE, PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF BIOLOGY IN
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

It is very evident that both in America and in the Old World, Esperanto is now in the air; and one is overwhelmed with the literature which is coming forward, some of it in Esperanto, and other about Esperanto. The Paris "*Figaro*" had an earnest plea in its favor, from M. René de Saussure, descendant of him of Alpine fame; and a very warm counterplea from M. le Comte d'Haussonville, a member of the great Academy of Sciences. This nobleman has a dread of the new language, as likely to displace his own beloved French from its present supremacy as "the international language of the world." In the same spirit some of ourselves are so fond and so hopeful of English as destined to become the world's language, that we are cold to any competitor. But Esperanto is not a competitor with any national language. If an earthquake were to exterminate all the non-English-speaking humanities, we should quickly relegate Esperanto to the shelf as a memento. Now its mission is exclusively "internacial" (a new word, which Haussonville accepts in French from the Esperantists). The distress and rage of the French nobleman is that professors of the French universities, and even Academicians, including M. le recteur Boirac, have gone over to the enemy; and he would like, the Frenchman here adopting an inelegant Americanism, to wield the "big stick" against them.

On the other hand this arch offender, M. le recteur Boirac, gives us in Esperanto a long account of the visit of the French University men to England and the English universities, and their reception by a representative of the British Government and by King Edward; he also narrates sundry Esperantist inci-

dents of the trip. I wish it were possible to give a translation of this historical narrative, as it is the best possible reply to the charge that Esperanto is not fit to be a vehicle for history or literature. But the reference must be only to one Esperanto incident. When, on behalf of the Government, Mr. Lough, Under Secretary for Education, was addressing the visitors in English, as he spoke rapidly Boirac lost the thread of the speech, and became drowsy. Whereupon he was startled by hearing the word "Esperanto," and next by observing that his colleagues were looking at himself and laughing. Being disconcerted by this, and supposing that the Englisher had been poking fun at his dear fad, he was afterwards relieved to learn that Mr. Lough had highly praised Esperanto, and had urged the extension of its study as destined to aid international comity. He remarked that as between England and France they could manage to get along without it, but in the international congresses which are approaching, and which will include many representatives of distant nations, it will be a great help.

The name of Wilhelm Ostwald ranks high among the world's scholars, as foremost or nearly foremost of Germany's physicists. He has also been a student of the internacial-language question; and in his address last September at the great celebration in Aberdeen University, Scotland, he gave Esperanto a fillip. Remarking that the idea of international peace has no greater promoter than the scientist, he expressed his regret that one great hindrance has been diversity of language; and he added: "I express my strong conviction that this problem is on the way of being solved by means of an international auxiliary language." And in the same spirit the aged Ernst Naville writes that for thirty years he has regarded this as a necessary complement of advancing civilization. "If we can one day say that beside national languages which shall continue their national development, there is a means of communication among all the inhabitants of the earth, a language of humanity, that day will be one of the great dates of history." This is what Esperanto aspires to become, and what those who know it best think it is well fitted to become.

The academic thesis that a world-wide language is an impossibility runs neck and neck with that of the British physicist who contended that an ocean-crossing steamship was impossible.

But now transatlantic steamers are running, and a language is launched and entering business life, which though not aspiring to be universal, is proving itself to be universally international, and we need not further discuss the thesis.

A recent article by Professor Hugo Münsterberg attacks and condemns Esperanto for the sins of the dead Volapük. Its arguments give no indication that the writer knows anything about either of the languages; and all his arguments, except the opening discussion of the spelling reform, appear to be simply a popularization of the arguments of Professor Richard Hamel, in a German work which was published when Dr. Münsterberg was a junior professor in Freiburg.

In the title of Hamel's book, and through the discussion, general condemnations of a universal language appear; but these contemplated only Volapük and its predecessors. When you reach the last section of Hamel's book you come to the word "Esperanto" and find a fair presentation of its merits, furnished by Professor Einstein, a convert from Volapük to Esperanto. Hamel quotes without note or comment Einstein's condemnation of Schleyer, the inventor and dictator of Volapük, whom Einstein calls a "Volapükist Pope"; and Einstein exults at the escape of the new language from any tyranny by "Dr. Esperanto." He says of it: "From the ashes of Volapük came Esperanto, whose words are good old words, known as from Romanish and German origin; and in spite of its regularity its structure is so very Italianesque that one easily fancies it is derived thence."

In all this Hamel is scholarly and fair. It remains for my distinguished Harvard friend to explain why, without explanation, and apparently without examination, he has extended Hamel's charge into a sweeping condemnation of that which Hamel permitted to be praised. In common with most of our American college men, I am an admirer of Dr. Münsterberg, because of his *bonhomie* and his undoubted ability. And in the present instance I wish him success in explaining the situation.

It seems to me very probable that somebody has been frightened by Hamel's illustrations from the "Portuguese Volapüks" of the sixteenth century, and by the telegraph codes with 70,000 words of the nineteenth century. I think that Hamel was sound in this objection as against the Volapük, but that a man misses the mark when he fires it against Esperanto. Zamenhof also was

oppressed by the thought of people being required to memorize a code, and he set himself to provide a remedy. With what result? Here is the evidence beside me, a small book of 27 pages, costing less than two cents, and entitled "The Whole of Esperanto." It consists of a grammar, over which you may leisurely spend an hour. You will then find yourself in the same situation relatively to the *lingvo* that you would occupy relatively to Greek, after you had mastered the declensions and conjugations, in their different voices, the verbs in *mi*, and all the irregular verbs, with the dialectical peculiarities. But still the Esperanto Vocabulary must be faced. Well, here it is, occupying 16 pages of the little book, and containing a fairly complete word-root Vocabulary of two thousand items. From each of these roots you can make the words as easily as you get "loving" after you have found "love" in your dictionary. Each word-root is good for a colony of words. Thus Zamenhof gives from *san* (health) 53 with "&c." to remind us that the well is not yet emptied; and O'Connor gives for the root *lern* (learn), 36 words, beginning *lerni* (to learn), *lernadi* (to study), *lernegi* (to cram), and so on; only a partial list. Under this system there can be little terror in the presence even of 70,000 words.

I have tried to estimate how many of the roots would be new to an English boy who had no Latin, and the result was one-third nearly, or about 600; to one who had Latin and English, about half as many; to one of our college teachers I should say about 100; to be mastered not in advance, but as they occur in detail. So there need be no alarm.

The uninitiated reader may well ask how is it possible to do all that is claimed by Esperantists. The only reply must be that it was a work of genius, though, now that it is done, it seems very simple and obvious. Perhaps the best way of explaining it is to give a sketch of another competitor for internacial honors, the Neutrà. This youngster is a wonder. Two pages of it were sent to me, and though printed in Russia by people who probably knew no English, I translated the whole thing at sight, without the help of grammar or dictionary. It gave me as much trouble, apparently, as I should have had if it had been in phonetically printed English. I think it is a system that may be utilized in the code-telegraph method, so as to avoid translating. It was constructed by old Volapükists as a counterblast to Esperanto;

and its method was to pick out the common sporadic words of the modern European languages, as far as common words go, and then to fill the gaps from Latin as an over-tongue. The same method may be extended to the languages of other continents; to the Indian languages, with Sanskrit as the over-tongue; and the Chinese languages, with the Mandarin as over-tongue; and to a good many languages of Western Asia and North Africa, with Arabic as over-tongue. The other side of the work, writing Neutra, would still involve the difficulties of Volapük, and must be faced by means of having the telegraph-offices supplied with men who were specially trained for a very difficult work. The language also has been not merely simplified but denuded of its grammar, and internationally made as different as possible from Esperanto. This has been a mistake, which may prejudice its utility in practice. As an international language it is hopeless, as it only postpones, and thereby intensifies, the troubles of Volapük.

The first problem which Zamenhof attacked and solved in his great work was the grammar. If I take from the Lord's Prayer a single sentence the method can be easily seen: "*Kaj ne konduku nin en tenton, sed savu nin de la malbono.*" Here are some small words, which, after the style in Greek grammar, I am tempted to call "particles"; such as adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions; they are inevitable but not very numerous. One of them is the first word *kaj* (with the Continental pronunciation of *j* as if it were *y*). This is the Greek particle, signifying "and." Another is *ne*, the Latin negative, which with various modifications runs through the European languages; again, *en*, "in" or "into" is a preposition, French-Spanish, and corresponding to the Latin-Italian-English "in." *Sed*, "but," is pure Latin; *de*, "of," is also somewhat of a European tramp, in the Latin countries, though foreign to German-English.

The remaining monosyllables are apt to be either pronouns, or *la*, "the," which is French-Italian. One of these pronouns is *nin*, the final letter, *n*, always marking the accusative case, and the other part *ni*, "we," being our old acquaintance in Greek, Latin, Italian, French, etc. Now, coming to the many-syllables we have one of them, *malbono*, ending in *o*, which is always the diacritic mark of a noun in the nominative singular; another, *tenton*, ending in *on*, which is the accusative singular of a noun,

and two ending in *u*, which is always the imperative-subjunctive of a verb. The first of these, *konduku*, or "lead," "conduct" in the English; either "do thou conduct," "do ye conduct," or "let us conduct," according to the context. Professor Münsterberg quarrels with this because it does not, like Greek or Latin, give a different form for each number and person; but neither does the English nor his own German in this case; yet we get along well enough without it. In cases, as the present of *am*, and of other verbs, where the distinction is retained, it becomes a snare to children, who mix "am" and "is" and "are"; and even to pulpitmen who sometimes shock our grammatical feelings by starting quarrels between verbs and their nominatives. So we offer thanks to Dr. Zamenhof for having moved away a stumbling-block.

We have said that *tenton* is the accusative singular of a noun. It is our English word, *tempt*, in the reformed spelling of Esperanto; or perhaps it has flowed pure from the Latin-Italian *tentare*. Having neither suffix nor prefix, it is a type of the fundamental Esperanto words. We may even try it as a specimen of word development. *Tento* is the noun, temptation; *tenta*, the adjective, tempting; *tenti* is the verb, to tempt; and its present participle, recalling our Latin acquaintance, *tentans* with its genitive *tentantis*, is *tentanta*, tempting, or with a noun ending *tentanto*, a tempter; the adverb would be *tente*, or a participial adverb *tentante*, temptingly. Then we might try the prefixes, *ektenti*, to begin tempting; *maltenti*, to do the opposite of tempting, whatever that may be; and again the suffixes, *tentego*, would be a great temptation; *tenteto*, a small, petty, temptation; *tentaro* would signify temptations taken collectively, and *tentero*, one of the temptations taken separately. If *tento*, or *tentego*, or *tentanto*, be personified, as a male demon, then his female counterpart is, *tentino*, *tentegino*, or *tentantino*.

Thus when any one root-word occurs in a vocabulary, it stands for a host of its friends and foes. *Malbono*, the evil, is an instance of the value of the prefix *mal*, which turns good (*bono*) into its antithesis. *Savu* is the imperative of the word coming from the root of our English word save, and needs no comment further than to note that its participial noun *Savanto* is the great word for Saviour. He is the *Savanto de la mondo*, the "Saviour of the World," just as Esperanto, the "Hoper," was the pet

name of Zamenhof, and has stuck to his language, as perpetuating its Christian optimism.

The two words *tenton* and *malbono* give us one of the refinements of the Esperanto grammar. The rule is that every preposition governs the nominative case in this language. But whilst *tenton* is accusative, *malbono* is nominative according to the rule. There is, however, another rule, that the goal at which we arrive, either in space or time, must go into the accusative; and as *en* here signifies temptation as the goal, and is to be translated not *in* but *into*, we use the accusative. Refinements of this kind amuse Esperantists, who are desirous to perfect their "kara lingvo," and who are very much afraid that some of us may spoil it by our inexperience. But the language itself is delightfully easy, and positively fascinating.

The objection that people from remote places could not understand each other, even if they should master a common language, was plausible when presented by Hamel. He spoke of failures of the sixteenth century in China, Malaya, Tamul and India; and he might have referred to later times, with *pigeon-English*. That sort of English is very useful along the Chinese seaboard, but, after all, is very imperfect as a vehicle for literature. If I with my Scotch-Irish English tried to regulate a sampan-man with his pigeon variety, I fear I should be worsted. Now, in Princeton, however, where for a third of a century I have been conscientiously endeavoring to exuviate the Scotch-Irish, all my efforts have failed. Yet I have discovered that, thanks to the internationalism of these boys, I have been well understood, and the "brogue" has done me no harm. And I can assure my Harvard friend that his Teutonic lingualism is no hindrance to our comprehension of his winged words, but, on the other hand, it is a factor in his charming personality. He will be doubtless interested in being informed that recent observation proves that if Roumania and Nebraska learn Esperanto, and meet in a "so-called congress" in Geneva or elsewhere, they will get on together very pleasantly. Even the men who had only a writing knowledge of the lingvo conversed from the start by writing, and in a few days found themselves able to "interparol."

Another case which M. Beaufront reports is instructive. A party of Swedes went on some mission to Odessa, in Southern Russia, having only Swedish and Esperanto. At first nobody un-

derstood them, but the reporter of a newspaper took up the language, and in one day learned it sufficiently to get the message and to make use of it in next day's paper. These Swedes, and the Norwegians, who are always up to a good thing, are doing fine service of a missionary sort for the cause.

Remembering that some, like Zamenhof and Münsterberg, are grandly idealistic and poetical in their contact with this subject, I must confess that most of the crowd are only commonplace people who fancy that the international tongue can be of service one way or other. Of this sort I suppose are the army and navy officers, who hope to find it useful in their relations, friendly or otherwise, with outsiders; and the London business people, and County Councils, who are spreading it through the schools with small regard for its idealism; and the worthy Roman Catholic friends, like the French priests, who are said to be turning the Gospel of Mark into Esperanto; and men like Editor Peltier of Tours, and Dr. O'Connor of London, whose excellent text-book is used by many of us. These have been publishing a *Catholic Esperanto*, for religious purposes, and were recently commended by the Pope for their service. Their advertisement contains a recommendation of the language as useful to missionaries who are scattered afar, and who are now able to communicate only by writing in Latin. On seeing this notice it occurred to me that it would be good for our Protestant missionaries if we had a portion of the Gospels Esperantized, so that they and their assistants, always having the Gospels in their vernaculars, might easily learn the *lingvo* for mutual correspondence. Dr. Wherry, the Indian missionary, informs me that missionaries in Borneo are already using it for corresponding with their patrons in Europe.

On obtaining Mielek and Stephan's Gospel of St. Matthew in Esperanto, I found, whilst greatly pleased with it in many respects, that we could not use it without a thorough revision. And I devoted the summer months to this task, with the aid of Westcott & Hort's Greek Testament, and the English Revised Version. I have done the work in the cold-blooded, scientific fashion, and have to bear witness that in order to represent the Greek fairly in Esperanto I found it necessary only to invent two new words, one being *parablo*, for parable (the longer word *parabolo* has been preempted by mathematics); the other, curiously, is the word for priest, which I call *pretro* (after the French *prêtre*).

The explanation of this last word being required is that the Roman Catholics who have chiefly had matters in charge very properly prefer to call their modern priests by the Esperanto name for clergy generally, *pastro*; and as the New Testament has the two kinds, priests and pastors, I made a word for the former. In a few cases Esperanto gives a happier rendering of Greek than English provides. For example, the grape-clusters, which men do not gather from thistles, are called "grapes" in our English versions; and English has not two words to denote the difference between the two kinds of baskets used for the crumbs left after two different occasions of feeding the multitude. These delicate distinctions could not be shown in English save by using inelegancies.

GEORGE MACLOSKIE.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE FOUNDER OF ESPERANTO.

DR. ZAMENHOF'S ADDRESS TO THE SECOND ESPERANTO CONGRESS.

At the opening of our Congress you no doubt expect from me some sort of an address; perhaps you expect something formal, lifeless, empty, such as official addresses ordinarily are. Words of that kind, however, I am unable to give you. I never have been fond of such words, and particularly now, in the present year, such a colorless utterance would be a grave error on my part. I come to you from a land where many millions of men are at present engaged in fighting against great odds for freedom, for the very elements of human liberty, for the *rights of man*. I shall, however, not dwell upon that, for while you as men may follow with a certain interest the terrible battle now being waged in that land of many millions, yet, as Esperantists, you can in no wise be concerned in the struggle, for our Congress has no political significance whatsoever. But aside from the purely political struggle in that land, there is one going on in which we as Esperantists cannot but be interested; we see in that country cruel warfare between different nationalities. There it is not a case of one man attacking another, a foreigner, in the political interests of his fatherland, but a natural son of the land hurls himself like the savage beasts upon another son of the same land, only because he belongs to another sect. Every day many men die in the political battle, but every day many more die in this internecine race-war. Terrible is the state of affairs in the many-tongued Caucasus, and terrible it is in western Russia. Accursed, a thousand times accursed, be race hatred!

When still a child in the city of Bielystok, I used to observe with sorrow the mutual distrust that separates sons of the same land, the same city. I used to dream then that after a few years

this condition would change for the better. A number of years have gone by since then, but instead of my beautiful dreams I beheld a dreadful sequel. In the streets of my unhappy native city savage men with axes and crowbars were hurling themselves like the wildest of beasts upon the peaceful inhabitants, whose only crime was that they spoke a different language and had a different religion from those savages. And for that the latter broke the heads and gouged the eyes of men and women, of the decrepit old people and the helpless children! I do not wish to give you a detailed account of the unspeakable Bielystok massacre. To you Esperantists I merely wish to say that the barriers between the nations are still appallingly high and thick, and it is these that we are laying siege to.

Every one knows that it is not the Russian people who are to blame for the horrible massacres at Bielystok and in many other cities; for the Russian people are never cruel or bloodthirsty. Every one knows that it is not the Tatars and Armenians that are to blame for the endless bloodshed, for both of these nationalities are peaceful people, with no desire to impose their rule upon any one else. All that they wish is to be allowed to live in peace. It is now perfectly clear that the blame rests upon a gang of vile criminals who contrive by all manner of ignoble means and by broadcast diffusion of lies and calumnies to create a fierce hatred among the different nationalities. But not even the worst of lies and slanders could produce such frightful results if only the various nationalities knew one another well, if only there were not between them those high and thick walls that prevent them from communicating freely and from seeing that the members of other nations are human beings like themselves. They would see that the literature of no nation preaches crime any more than does their own, that others have the same ethics, the same ideals as their own. Oh, break down the walls between the nations, give them the power of mingling freely and communicating on common ground, and then only will disappear that hatred which we see everywhere!

We are not nearly so naïve as some people think we are; we do not believe that the common ground we speak of will transform men into angels. We know well enough that evil men are just as apt to remain evil. But we believe that contact and communion on neutral ground will at least do away with that mass

of outrages and crimes that are due not to ill-will, but simply to crass ignorance.

And now, with the cruel warfare raging in so many parts of the world, we Esperantists must work harder than ever. But in order that our labors might be the more fruitful, we must first of all be perfectly clear ourselves as to the basic idea of Esperantism. We all often allude to this idea in our work, in our speech, but we have never discussed it with much clearness. And now the time has come for us to speak of it more clearly and more precisely. By the unanimous Declaration at the Congress of Boulogne [the first Esperanto Congress, 1905] we all know what Esperantism signifies in its practical relations. We know also, by that Declaration, that "an Esperantist is any person, without exception, who uses the Esperanto language regardless of the purpose for which he uses it." An Esperantist, therefore, is not only that person who uses Esperanto solely and exclusively for practical purposes. Any one who employs Esperanto in order to make money is no less an Esperantist, and so is a person who uses it merely for amusement, and, finally, one who employs it for objects even less noble and good than these is also an Esperantist. But aside from the practical aspect that all accept, as is explained in the Declaration, Esperantism has still another side, by no means compulsory, but by far more important—the ideal side. And this aspect the various Esperantists can work out for themselves after their own divers fashions in all manner of varying shades. So that, in order to avoid any disagreement, the Esperantists have decided to allow every one absolute liberty to receive the inner idea of Esperantism in whatever fashion and degree it may best please him; or, if he be so minded, he need not trouble about any idea at all. In order to free some Esperantists from responsibility for the acts and ideals of other Esperantists the Declaration of Boulogne has defined the official and the unanimously accepted essence of Esperanto, and then added the following words: "Whatever other hope or dream any person may associate with Esperanto is a purely personal matter of the person in question, and for that Esperantism cannot answer." But in deprecating the word "personal" some of our Esperantist friends have read into it the sense "forbidden," and thus, instead of preserving the possibility of broad interpretation of the inner idea of Esperantism, they will kill it altogether.

If we, who are fighting for Esperanto, have of our own free will given the great world the right to look only upon the practical side of Esperanto and employ it for purely utilitarian purposes, that by no means gives any one the right to infer that we all look upon Esperanto as a merely utilitarian matter. It is regrettable that the last time some Esperantist voices were heard to say: "Esperanto is a language *only*; avoid even in private associating Esperantism with an *idea*, for otherwise people will think that we are all wedded to that idea and we shall displease many persons who do not like the idea." What words! Because we may possibly displease those people who wish to use Esperanto for purposes purely practical we must, forsooth, tear from our hearts that part of Esperantism which is the more important, more sacred, that idea which is the chief aim and business of Esperanto, the star that always guides all of us who are fighting for Esperanto! Oh, no, no, never! With energetic protest let us repudiate that request. If they mean to compel us, the pioneers of Esperanto, to drop the idea from our work, we shall indignantly tear up and burn all that we have written on behalf of Esperanto, we shall destroy in sorrow the labor and the sacrifices of our whole life, we shall cast away this green star* which sits upon our breast, and we shall cry with abomination: "With that kind of Esperanto, meant for commercial and utilitarian purposes only, we wish to have nothing to do." The time may come when Esperanto, having become the possession of all the world, will lose its ideal side; then it will be only a medium of communication; people will no longer fight its battles; they will merely derive benefits from it. But now, as nearly all Esperantists are still fighters rather than beneficiaries, we are all very well aware that in working for Esperanto we are dominated not by thoughts of its practical utility so much as by that greater, more sacred, weightier idea which underlies the international language. This idea is *brotherhood and justice among mankind*. That idea has accompanied Esperanto from the very moment of its birth to the present time. It dominated the author of Esperanto when he was still no more than a boy. Twenty-eight years ago, when a small band of students celebrated the first stirring into life of what is now Esperanto, they sang a song whose every verse was followed by the refrain—

* Official Esperanto badge.

"Down, down, with the hatred of the nations,
For the time is at hand."

Our hymn speaks of "the new feeling that has come into the world," and all the works, all the words and acts of the author of Esperanto, as well as of all the Esperantists of to-day, unmistakably and always breathe the same idea. We have never concealed our idea; there could never have been the slightest doubt about it, for we have always talked about it and labored painstakingly on its behalf. Why, then, do people come to us who see in Esperanto "merely a language"? Why have they not the fear that the world will hold them to blame for a great crime, namely, the desire to help little by little toward the union of mankind? Do they not see that their words are contrary to their own inner feelings, and that unconsciously they, too, are dreaming the same dream that we are dreaming, although, through an unworthy fear, they try to deny it?

If I have passed the best part of my life, freely taking great pains and making great sacrifices without even reserving to myself the rights of authorship—did I do these things solely for utilitarian purposes? The pioneer Esperantists patiently exposed themselves not only to constant mockery, but even to great sacrifices. One poor teacher, for example, suffered hunger for a long time only in order that she might save a little money for the Esperanto propaganda—did all of them do these things for purely utilitarian reasons? If, again and again, people lying on their deathbeds write to me that Esperanto is the sole consolation of their expiring life, is it possible they think only of the practical uses? Oh, no, no! All remembered only the basic idea within Esperanto. All prized Esperanto not because it brings closer together the bodies or even the brains of mankind, but because it brings closer together the hearts of humanity.

You remember how enthusiastic we all were at Boulogne-sur-Mer. All those who took part in that Congress carried away the pleasantest and most enthusiastic memory of it for the rest of their lives; they all called it the "unforgettable Congress." What was it that made the members of the Congress so enthusiastic? Was it merely the amusements! No, indeed. At every step you can have much better amusements, see far better plays and have much finer music—not those of inexperienced amateurs, but of the best specialists. Was it the great talent of the speakers that

made us so enthusiastic? No, we had no speakers of that kind at Boulogne. Perhaps it was the fact that we understood one another? But in any congress of the same nationality we understand one another no less well, and yet we are never so enthusiastic. No, you all know very well that it was not the amusements in themselves, or the mutual understanding in itself, or even the practical utility of Esperanto, but that inner *idea* of Esperantism that we all felt within our hearts. We felt that the crumbling of the walls that separate humanity had commenced, we felt the spirit of universal brotherhood. We felt clearly enough that the utter disappearance of the walls was still far, far off, but we felt we were the witnesses of the first great attack upon those walls; we felt that before our eyes floated the phantom of a better future, a phantom still nebulous, indeed, but one which would become more and more substantial, more and more powerful.

Yes, my dear co-workers. To the indifferent world Esperanto can be only a matter of practical utility. Every one who uses Esperanto or who works in its behalf is an Esperantist; and every Esperantist has a perfect right to see in Esperanto merely a language, simple, unemotional, calculated to be understood by all the nations, like the marine signal code, though more perfect. These Esperantists will probably not come to our Congresses, or else they will come only for purposes of practical explanation or for a cold discussion of purely linguistic and academic questions; they will take no part in our joy and enthusiasm, which to them will perhaps seem naïve and childlike. But those Esperantists who have joined our movement not only with their heads, but also with their hearts, will always particularly feel and value the inner *idea* of Esperanto; they will not be afraid to be mockingly called Utopians by the world, or to have national chauvinists attack their ideal as though it were a crime. They will be proud of the name "Utopian." Every new Congress will strengthen their love for the underlying idea of Esperantism, and little by little our annual Congresses will become a continual feast of humanity and of human brotherhood.

MAXIME GORKY.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

MAXIME GORKY is a noticeable personality, and a very great artist. In attempting any estimate of his genius and his influence, we have first to take into account that he comes from a far-away and an alien land. It would be difficult to find in the so-called civilized world another nation so temperamentally antipodal to the American as the Russian. It is even difficult to get exact information and make a true picture of the Russia of to-day, and perhaps it makes for our peace that our imagination has clipped wings and that no true realization reaches us. The Slav mind tends naturally to fanaticism; it is highly inflammable, and is often willing to suffer martyrdom for causes which we regard with silent approval or disapproval, and above all with patience, hoping that somehow, without any violence on our own part, right will ultimately prevail. Nihilism, which flourished between 1860 and 1870, was a demand for personal happiness and liberty, but it has practically died out and the revolutionary Socialist has held sway ever since. His demand is for the happiness of others and the future of his country. He aims at freeing the Russian people from autocracy and liberating the peasant, whose position now is radically worse than when he was a serf. His squalor and misery, his sufferings and outrageous poverty, his life broken by toil and deprivation, are sights to rouse heroes and make martyrs, and this they have done. The revolutionist is more than ready, he is eager, to die for the cause of the liberation of the people. The reforms of Alexander II proved useless, and the terms upon which a scrap of land was bestowed upon the serf were such as to cripple him with poverty and enslave him to lifelong toil. The sufferings of political prisoners, the horrible methods of torture used, are inconceivable

in our country. Whether it be the Slav temperament, or whether it be the awful power of suffering of a people having free access to European culture, and yet doomed to live in the worst evils of mediævalism, the Russian is penetrated with the most fundamental of sorrows, the sorrow over life as it is, over the essential contradiction between the real and the ideal; he eats out his soul at the inevitable hitch in the running of things; he steepes himself in chaotic dreams, and his sorrow is punctuated by anger against man, the social order and the Creator.

At the head of Russian literature of to-day and at the head of the revolutionary socialistic movement, stands Maxime Gorky, a man of amazing force and ability and of a twofold history, a personal life stranger than any he has yet depicted in his books and a literary career almost without parallel. For, whereas it took some decades for Tolstoy and Tourgeneff to win recognition, Gorky leaped into fame in less than a half-dozen years. He was a self-educated man; his first teacher was a cook on a river steamer, who gave him the "Lives of the Saints" to read, and later the works of Gogol, Ekkarthausen, Ouspensky and Dumas *père*.

"Write," Maxime Gorky instructed in a private letter, "write without fail that it was Korolenko who taught Gorky to write, and if Gorky learned little from Korolenko that was Gorky's fault. Write that the first teacher of Gorky was the cook Smourny, the second was the lawyer Lapin, the third, Kalioujny, a man outside the pale of society, and the fourth, Korolenko. I do not wish to write more of this. The memory of these great men touches me too nearly."

Gorky's childhood was hard and unnatural. His mother deserted him, his father died when the child was but four years old, of a disease caught while nursing him, and the maternal grandfather who brought him up, having reverses of fortune, sent the boy out to earn his own living in a shoe-shop when he was nine years old. It is not, however, fair to say that he is of peasant origin. His paternal grandfather was a colonel in the army of Nicholas I, and was dismissed on account of wanton cruelty to his soldiers at a time when very extraordinary cruelty would be necessary to attract notice. After Gorky left his grandfather's house, he never knew a home again until he had attained wealth and distinction. He was, at different

times, apprenticed to an ikon painter, worked in an underground bakeshop, sold *kwas* in the streets, and was assistant to a cook on a river boat and followed various callings of a like character.

"During all this time," he says, "I gave myself up with zeal to the reading of all the classical books I could lay hands on. After the age of fifteen, I conceived a wild desire to study, to know. I went to Kazan, supposing the sciences were gratuitously imparted to those who desired knowledge. Finding this was not so, I entered a bakery at three rubles a month." At nineteen, in despair, he attempted suicide and, being saved, once more took up the burden of life and sold apples in the streets. It was a sad career for a human being in the nineteenth century, but it was an eminently good preparation for the writer Gorky, for he saw all sorts and conditions of men, and he knew, not afar off, but by actual contact, their sufferings, their needs, their oppressions.

There are two picturesque scenes in young Gorky's life, just as he was about to reach manhood: one is that of his taking his first tale, "*Makár Chudra*," to a provincial paper. The editor kept him standing while he read it through, then he looked up and said, "Yes, we'll take this," and then, turning it over, he added, "but you haven't signed it." "No," said the young Pieshkov. "Sign it," said the editor. "Sign it 'Gorky'" (which means bitter), said the youth. "'Gorky' and what else?" asked the editor. "Just 'Maxime Gorky.'"

Another picture is that given by a railroad official near Zaryzin, where at one time Gorky worked. The account was published in "*l'Instruction*":

"He [Gorky] was very exact in all his work. Recognizing him as a man of solid ability, we proposed to promote him to the weighing-machines, with a salary of twenty-five rubles a month. But he spent his money very strangely; as we all said, very foolishly, distributing it amongst the employees who had families, and the poor, giving a ruble here, or twenty-five kopecks there. He spent a great deal, too, on stamps, keeping up a vast correspondence; receiving letters every day, no one knew from where or from whom, and we were much interested and puzzled.

"During the leisure hours he could be seen surrounded by a crowd of workmen, talking on some instructive subject or reading a pamphlet aloud—moral, geographical, historical, astronomical; initiating his au-

ditors into the reality of the world and its phenomena. He pleased them much, for they were constantly seeking him out, and his speech was in fact always alert and picturesque. Meanwhile, it happened that we, his chiefs, became acquainted with Pieshkov. Reading a novel or some other work—I do not remember what—I chanced upon a passage about the freemasons; not understanding it, I asked the station-master for an explanation, as I took him to be the most likely man in the lot. He could not satisfy me. He said he had read things about the masons, but didn't really understand their doctrine. Just at this time, the overseer of the scales, young Pieshkov came up and, addressing himself to the station-master, said: 'Will you permit me to explain?' 'Do you know anything about freemasons?' 'I've read about them and I remember what I've read.' Then he fairly gave a lecture on freemasons, with such circumstantial details that I asked myself where on earth he could have gathered them. As I have said, he was a fascinating talker, and we were so interested that we should have been in danger of forgetting the trains, the station-master and I, had there been any then, but there were not. Two hours passed us; when Pieshkov left the station-master said to me 'Do you know, I believe young Pieshkov is an expelled student; he is far too intelligent for a baker or a scullion, and how he has read! I trust we'll have no misfortune on account of him! For the rest, luck go with him!'

"After this the station-master used to invite him to his home as a friend. Pieshkov would pass the time with us without the slightest embarrassment, smoking his cigarette and surprising us more and more with his knowledge and with his wide reading, so that we decided positively that he was a student expelled from the university.

"His work on the railroad lasted only a few months. One day he appeared at the office and asked for his wages, announcing that he was to leave. I paid him what was due and offered him a third-class ticket anywhere on the road that he might wish to go. He refused the ticket, saying he preferred to travel afoot. Pulling his hat down over his eyes and throwing his baggage on his back, he started off along the line, after friendly farewells to all the employees and workmen, who hurried around this man who had amused and instructed them for months.

"Some time ago, the works of Maxime Gorky fell into my hands, and as I read them something familiar but long forgotten seemed to hover about me. Finally, I saw a portrait of the author, and then I recognized my old comrade in the service."

From the beginning of the publication of his stories, Gorky realized that he had found his work, and from the start he had recognition. Before that, he had had but a vague and floating idea of aiding in some social and political revolution, vowing inwardly to become in himself "a great, active, social force." As soon as he began to write he understood how he could best

influence people and what he had to do in the world. He has published some eight or ten volumes of short stories, helped edit a paper, published three novels and three very remarkable plays, as well as magazine articles and short pieces of various kinds. There is nothing of the dilettante in Gorky's method of work. When he is writing he can work fifteen or sixteen hours at a stretch daily, only stopping to take such refreshment as is brought and put beside him. In his indomitable and irrepressible will power there is something that reminds one of Kipling; Gorky, too, has entered that warfare without discharge in which dreams are transformed into words, in which the creative will draws without end and without lassitude visible images in the concrete world. Gorky was a man born into the world an outcast and a superfluity, huddled out of all doors as mere scum and drift of humanity, and yet by his unaided efforts he has raised himself to the most prominent place in Russian literature, a literature that stands high among the literatures of the world. If in his aggressive will power he reminds one of Kipling, it is only in that, for the doctrines of the two men are diametrically opposed; as Kipling believes in egoism and imperialism, so Gorky believes in altruism and liberty. His personality is impressive as that of a great thinker, but it is also impressive as that of a man who is bearing the "wronged world's weight" and who has put by all personal fear and desire. Tall and slender and awkward, with the square Slav head and face, heavy brown hair thrown back from a full, broad, much-lined forehead, a square jaw and projecting chin, deep-set, tragic, gray eyes, an ugly nose and a delicate, thin-lipped mouth, no mere enumeration of feature can do much to describe one of the saddest and the noblest of faces, a face that without smiling yet radiates benevolence and gentleness whenever he speaks. Impatient of all insincerities and hypocrisies, without guile or concealment, with something of the aggressiveness of youth in the face of pretension or cowardice or conformity, he is not a man to win popularity here, although in Russia he is the idol of the people; the idol, because he has laid bare the multiple vision of their wrongs and their sufferings. When he was imprisoned in 1905, a protest, signed by the most distinguished names in Europe, was sent in to the Russian Government demanding his release, lest Russia, nay, all Europe, lose one of its finest geniuses.

So much for his life; the last incident of it is too well known to need comment. Gorky himself is one of those who rebound from discouragement. There is something softening in universal acclaim and sympathy. The journalistic persecution of one of the world's greatest geniuses cut off Gorky's appeal to the people here for Russia, but it turned him back upon himself and set him writing the greatest novel he has yet attempted, a novel dealing with the aristocracy, the *bourgeoisie*, the peasant and the outbreak of the revolution. It is called "The Mother," and, if one may fairly make predictions for a novel but half written, it will indeed be one of the great epoch-making works.

No one who has read Gorky doubts that he is a very great artist. As a man of letters, though he is but thirty-seven years old, his place is as much assured as that of Tolstoy or Tourgenieff. From the first little story, "*Makár Chudra*," the finished artist is present. While there is in this tale a more romantic setting than Gorky ever allowed himself again, the chief features of his genius are already strongly marked; his admiration for strength, for sheer physical prowess and skill; his rating of freedom as higher than life or love; his keen vision, sensibility to music, but above all his feeling for man and nature as integral parts of one whole—for only so can one express that feeling for nature which seems, like a quality in the air, to have penetrated all lands and peoples in the last century, a feeling very different from the so-called love of nature of other centuries, of the posed and affected convention about nature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Nature is the great setting for little human incidents, the whole in which men scurry hither and yon, bent on their little activities, but it is also the great way of flight, the other and the deeper self into which man escapes from his petty finitude, his limitations; it is the largeness and the peace from which he divorces himself at his peril. Throughout these stories there is the haunting sound of the sea, the wind of the steppes blowing. Gorky's vagabond, wandering over the earth, living from hand to mouth, is a vital fact and an outcome of Russian semi-civilization; but there is, moreover, an under-current of half-symbolic interpretation; it is the human soul beating its wings against the bars of its narrow cage, yearning out into something nearer the infinite, restless at its flesh confinement and its narrow limitations. There is a little tale

about a finch which shows the symbolism more clearly than elsewhere:

"During an awful stillness in the forest, there sounded a wonderful song; the daring singer complained of the darkness and narrow-mindedness of the fettered life in the woods and declared war on the gods. All the birds flew together to the spot from which the marvellous song came, and to their surprise they found only a little vagabond finch. He summoned the birds to follow him, to leave the dark woods and damp marshes, and to turn away from all cowardice and questioning; but the practical professor of modern history—the woodpecker—said it would be useless to fly away, for, he said, beyond the forest is only a field, empty in summer and covered with snow in winter, and at the other end of the field lives Grisha, the bird-catcher. The poor finch didn't know what to say and in his defence he could only murmur: 'Yes, I lied. I didn't truly know what lay beyond the coppice, but it makes one so happy to believe and to hope. Perhaps the woodpecker is right, but what is the use of his truth; it weighs like a stone on the wings and keeps one from flying high, high, out into the heavens.'"

From the very beginning, Gorky's hero, in the guise of a gypsy, a vagabond, a thief, a wanderer, a dweller in basements and cellars, is yet the human spirit going forth on its own adventure into the world of nature and of ideals, ever further, never complacent, never satisfied, never wholly at ease in the flesh that confines it, ever seeking its liberty.

"*Makár Chudra*," that first story which the young boy took to the provincial newspaper, opens with the outer world, the great, free, limitless setting against which the little human life huddles, hardly daring to look out:

"In from the sea blew a wet, cold wind, bearing the melancholy music of the tide pounding the shore, and the rustling of the low beach bushes, out over the steppes. From time to time the dust blew wrinkled, frozen, yellowish leaves right into our fire. The overhanging mists of the autumn night trembled and from time to time shrank up on the one side or the other, and then for an instant, out to the left, one could see the illimitable prairie, or, to the right, the limitless sea, and straight in front just opposite me I watched the powerful form of Makár Chudra."

There from the first is the hand of the literary artist; the complete framework of the gypsy's romantic tale of the young wanderer who, rather than submit to the servitude of passion, killed his beloved because he loved her, and then thanked her father for killing him, because death is better than slavery. The final lines bring back again the scene in which the story is laid:

"The rain fell faster, and the sea's song was a sad and solemn hymn in honor of that brave, proud gypsy pair—Loika and Radda, the daughter of the old soldier. And the two of them seemed to be soaring still and dumb through the night's darkness, and however swift the spirit of the beautiful singer sped, yet he never quite touched his beloved."

This was the first story. As the work progressed the tendency has been ever more and more away from any conventionally constructed story, more and more toward some bit of life realistically conceived, minutely described, the whole attention riveted upon the exact truth, life as it actually is. Alas, Gorky's eyes have been fixed upon the pain, upon the anguish, upon the brutal cruelties of life; and he himself says that the flaw in his work is that it cannot give joy, which is the greatest function of art. But at least his work does perform the function of tragedy, it purges the emotions by portraying scenes of terror and pity. The minute analysis of pain, of dull grieving, as in "*L'Angoisse*," of the brutal amusements of bored and isolated people, as in "*Par Ennuie*," of the sudden outbursts of human tenderness and pity, as in "Once in Autumn," these stand out penetrating, precise, eloquent. Gorky can put himself into the most secret and intricate workings of the human mind, and show how the thought turns in upon itself, haunted by the dull futility or sordid meanness of the daily routine. Thought, held in a net and forced to move circlewise, ever asking the question: "Why? why? Why am I here?" receiving no answer and yet seeing no escape from the awful, insistent question that may invade any soul at any instant: "What is it for?" In the first story the old gypsy warns the youth against this awful introspection which paralyzes activity:

"Look, as the day chases the night and both flee round and round the earth, so must you flee all thought about life, and then you'll not cease to love it, but once one begins to question, to ferret into its meanings, you get very tired of life. It's always so. It was that way with me. Yes, yes, young falcon, even so with me."

Another theme of the earlier stories is the brave and beautiful *camaraderie* among the unfortunates, as in "The Ex-Men," the loyal tenderness between the captain and the teacher, or in "The Chums," the devotion even unto death of the two congenial pilferers. It is as if Gorky were saying: "Everywhere, at least, there

is the soul; we cannot fall so low but that there is the gleam of beauty and of selfishness which makes the creature human."

Any one who turns back to the books of Tourgeneff and remembers his dreamy, intellectual, will-paralyzed heroes, must note the marked difference in the modern type. Either the typical Slav is a very Hamlet by innate tendency, or the strangely slow emerging from barbarism of the nation has created Hamlets. They are a people restrained on all sides in their activities and yet free to think and gifted with abundant mentality. In revolt against this tendency, all Gorky's later works are calls to action. He defines the socialistic doctrines in the "Family Bezsémenoff," his earliest play; and the adopted son, Nil, is the man of action, the man no longer content with analysis, emotions, dreams, but determined to mould life according to his will, to act and to get results. He says:

"I know that life is painful, that at moments it is villainously cruel, that a frenetic power, gross and ruthless, crushes man, I know it and I don't like it and I'm going to rebel. I want no such order. *I don't want it!* Life is a serious thing but not yet organized. . . . Life *exacts* for such organization all my powers and all my capacities. I'm not a giant, but I'm an honest and a healthy man, and so I say to myself: Never mind! We'll conquer yet! And with every capacity of my soul I'm going to penetrate to the depths of life; I'm going to pick it up and knead it this way and that, prevent some things and help on others. . . . And see! that and that only is the joy of living."

So Gorky utters the call to the will to come out and strive for the joy of creating, of kneading life this way and that, preventing evil things and helping on good ones. For, whatever other forms of life there may be, human life is struggle, and joy is in choosing the better side, and in keeping actively in the thick of the fight.

There is no space here to make an analysis of Gorky's novels, those wonderful pictures of *bourgeois* life. The famous play, however, "The Night Lodgings," must be considered as being one of the most powerful outgrowths of Gorky's genius. This play ran two hundred nights in Berlin and two seasons in Moscow, where it was performed at the famous Artists' Theatre, and where Madame Pieshkov, Gorky's wife, together with some other amateurs, took part in a real play for the first time. It is not easy to get an impression of the enthusiasm the play excited, even from the criticisms that occurred at the time. It is difficult to

put into words the tremendous impression of force, of massive, deep-seeing genius, that one gets from the mere reading of the play. The Moscow correspondent of the St. Petersburg "Novosti" wrote:

"Here in Moscow there has been an event which demands relation. It is the overwhelming, the extraordinary, the unheard-of success of Maxime Gorky's 'Night Lodgings.' I call it an event, because this new success of the famous Maxime is a veritable revolution. . . . He has shown himself a powerful sovereign of human thought."

In the same review the writer, M. Rackchanine, says:

"If such an appeal for the sanctity of the human being as such were to sound from the pulpit of a cathedral or from the chair of a university, it would produce a very poignant emotion; but the impression is an hundred times stronger when the words sound in the putrid atmosphere of low night lodgings, and it is in this appeal—mark you—that the whole significance of the play lies."

As in life and in doctrine Gorky accepts no disguises, no concealments, no conventions, so in this play, too, he has laid aside every conventional formula, every structural tradition. There is apparently no beginning, no middle or climax of complication, no end. There is a succession of scenes, scenes of absolute and convincing reality. A close student only will notice the subtlety with which each speaker's first words are chosen. They fall so naturally into the play that only after many readings does one realize how entirely they introduce the character, are an essential part of the individuality, and are such as that character only could have spoken.

The night lodgings are in a cellar. The ceiling is vaulted and of stone, plastered over in patches and badly smoked. A small square window is letting in, at the opening of the play, the first gray light of daybreak. There are beds all round the room, a door leading into the kitchen where three or four of the lodgers dwell, and an antechamber belonging to the thief. In this space there are fifteen to twenty habitual night lodgers. Those who are the principal speakers in the play are the keeper of the lodgings, a pious miser of fifty-four, superstitious, suspicious and hard, but well able to collect his debts; there is his fierce and shrewish young wife, Vasilissa, of twenty-six, who is in love with the thief, Pepel, the richest, the cleverest, the most highly considered of all the lodgers. Pepel, by the irony of fate's purposes, is in love with Vasilissa's sister, Natasha, the heroine, if any

one can be considered to play a greater part than another in this strangely human play where one destiny is just as important as the next. Consenting finally to become the *fiancée* of Pepel, she is practically scalded to death by her jealous sister, and in the end we are left in doubt whether she is dead, in a hospital, or has simply disappeared from sight. Kleshtch is a locksmith, who inhabits one corner of the room and files keys diligently, while his wife Anna is dying of consumption in the bed with the curtains. Kleshtch is a dull, hard-working, unintelligent and brutal churl, promising himself release from sordid deprivation once he is rid of his wife. Though he bears her dying with nonchalance, yet the sight of death so overwhelms him that he is moved to sell his tools and to bury her, and is then left without money, without tools, and without escape from his corner. Anna dies in the beginning of the second scene, which is concerned mainly with the reflections upon death of the lodgers and their heartless haste to get rid of the body. Luke is the passing stranger whose faith is in the imagination or in the thought *about* life. He says, a man will be what you call him, and so his greeting when he enters is, "Good health to you, honest friends." He soothes Anna's dying moments with promises of heaven; he tells the actor, whose great boast, and excuse likewise, is that his entire organism is poisoned through and through with alcohol, of the great free sanatorium where he can be cured, and where his powers and his memory can be given back to him; he promises Natasha that if she will but believe in the honor and the purity of the thief, he will be pure and honest, and he promises Pepel a new life of peace and virtuous gain and true domesticity with Natasha. To one and the other he goes saying that the one reality is one's belief about things. He tells Satine, the cynic, that God exists if only we have faith in Him. Satine, however, was introduced saying: "Words, words, I've had enough of them, brother, enough of all the human words. Words bore me. I've heard each one of them at least a thousand times." And again he says: "Give me five kopecks and I'll believe anything, that you're a genius, a hero, a crocodile, a commissary of the police, Kleshtch—just give me the five kopecks."

In these two characters one sees the two extremes of idealism and realism. It is interesting to look over the reviews and see how few of the critics have at all made out what Luke is supposed,

with his kindly words, his dreamy faiths, his gentle veilings of reality, to accomplish. Many writers upon the play have taken him to represent the solution of the awful human tragedy. But he is really intended to expedite the catastrophe. Once thoroughly understanding Gorky's strange stand against idealism, one will not be so apt to mistake this most subtle bit of work. In the beginning, when Luke is reproached for annoying the other occupants by singing and singing ill, he replies: "Well, so it is. A man goes about by himself thinking how well I'm doing, and all the time the others are thinking 'what a nuisance he is'!"

It is for this desire to turn the current of life from the present to the future, from the immediate need to an unreal spiritual exaltation, that Gorky blames Tolstoy. Gorky's theory of life is to face the bare facts square in the face, and then to "knead life this way and that," not for one's own gain, but for the good of humanity. There are many scenes in this wonderful play of poignant pathos, but it is impossible to treat them at length. That, for example, in which Nastia, the young woman who, in all these miseries, feeds herself day and night on cheap romances, tries to tell the others the tale of "*L'Amour Fatal*" as her own experience, and is hooted at by the audience because the hero of the love adventure is Raoul in the first part of the story and Gaston in the other. To her Luke says: "Never mind, come away, it's all nothing; don't be grieved. I know, and I believe you. It's you who have the truth of this, not they! If you believe you once had a veritable love, well, then, it existed; yes, it existed."

Over and over, with biting satire, Gorky points out the failure of the idea by itself; only when it is acted upon, only when belief is carried out into a concrete form, is it worth while:

The step from Tourgeneff, the last great Russian to hold our attention, to Gorky is very great. Tourgeneff was a supreme craftsman, but he had folded his hands as far as life went. His sole business was in depicting it, and this he did, exquisitely but sadly, as does a man who has renounced hope; but Gorky's work, with its horrors and its anguish, is a trumpet call to action. Life, he feels, is not a thing to despair of, not a thing to sit still and frame theories about, life is the thing which we pick up in our hands and "knead this way and that."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

CREDIT CURRENCY.

BY A. B. HEPBURN, PRESIDENT OF THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK,
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UNITED STATES CURRENCY.

A COMMISSION created by the American Bankers' Association, consisting of fifteen representative bankers from various parts of the country, representing National and State banks, savings-banks, trust companies and private bankers, recently convened in Washington, and, after much deliberation, formulated principles and unanimously recommended a plan for improving the currency. It is not a comprehensive, scientific plan, but one involving simple changes in present law which, it is believed, will prove of material advantage to the business interests of the country. The essential feature of the plan, and the one destined to provoke the greatest discussion, is the recommendation for a credit currency. The Commission says:

"We are unanimously of the opinion that changes in the existing bank-note system are imperatively required. We find that the present volume of bank-notes is wholly unresponsive to the demands of commerce. It does not expand with the need for currency in the crop-moving period, causing stringency, nor contract when the uses for currency are less extensive, causing redundancy. We find that the banks are under the necessity of parting with their reserve money to supply the demand for currency at certain seasons, although that demand would be quite as well satisfied if banks could supply their credit notes instead of depleting their reserves and causing a contraction injurious to business."

And, to remedy this defect, the Commission recommends:

"1. Any national bank having been actively doing business for one year and having a surplus fund equal to twenty per cent. of its capital shall have authority to issue credit notes as follows, subject to the rules and regulations to be determined by the Comptroller of the Currency:

"(a) An amount equal to 40 per cent. of its bond-secured circulation, subject to a tax at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *per annum* upon the average amount outstanding. . . .

"(b) A further amount equal to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of its capital, subject to a tax at the rate of 5 per cent. *per annum* upon the average amount outstanding in excess of the amount first mentioned.

"2. The same reserves shall be carried against credit notes as are now required by law to be carried against deposits."

The plan also provides a 5-per-cent. guarantee fund to be contributed by the banks taking out circulation at the inception, which shall be kept good by imposing a tax upon the circulation issued, and out of that fund the Government shall redeem the notes of all failed banks, immediately upon presentation. The notes of all solvent banks are to be redeemed at "numerous redemption cities, conveniently located in various parts of the country," to be designated by the Comptroller of the Currency. The present bank-notes are good beyond question, but their volume is in no degree responsive to the varying demands of business; no bond-secured circulation ever can be. In order to take out \$100,000 circulation under the present law, a bank must first purchase, and deposit with the United States Treasurer, \$100,000 in Government bonds. The present cost of these bonds would be \$104,000. The bank, therefore, is compelled to invest in bonds \$4,000 more than it is permitted to issue in notes, thereby impairing, instead of increasing, its ability to serve the commercial needs of the public by taking out circulation.

That the proposed notes would be good beyond peradventure is a conclusion that must follow a candid analysis of the plan. A bank-note is a demand obligation, in principle and in practical effect essentially the same as a bank deposit. A bank deposit represents a specific voluntary act on the part of the depositor; a bank-note is issued in form convenient for transmission from hand to hand; its reception, however, is wholly voluntary, and yet, being allowed to circulate as money, it is the bounden duty of the Government authorizing the same to see that the ultimate redemption of such notes is placed beyond doubt or delay. The National banks, at the present time, have deposits placed with them by the public amounting to \$5,897,777,000. The banks are required to keep cash reserves against such deposits—25 per cent. in cash in central reserve cities; in reserve cities, 25 per cent., one-half in cash in bank and one-half with an approved reserve

agent in a central reserve city; other banks are required to keep 15 per cent. reserve, two-fifths of which must be in cash in bank and three-fifths of which may be with an approved reserve agent. The banks are required to make five sworn reports of conditions annually, and to publish the same, and compliance with the law is enforced by supervision and regular examination. With the growing wealth of the community at large, the principal element of banking power has come to be deposits, which, in the National system, are more than four times the capital and surplus. Deposits with National banks, these demand liabilities, have grown regularly and continually since the organization of the system—from \$725,000,000 in 1866 to \$5,897,000,000 in 1906—and public confidence has grown with them. These demand liabilities, deposits, increased by \$382,000,000 during the year ending October last, and nobody thought that the banks were weakened thereby. The plan under consideration contemplates the issue of currency against the credit, the financial responsibility, of the banks, in an amount not exceeding 25 per cent. of the capital stock, at a fair rate of taxation ($2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.), and an amount equal to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the capital stock, at 5-per-cent. taxation, such currency to be protected by the same reserves as are required against deposits, and also by a 5-per-cent. guarantee fund maintained in the Treasury of the United States. Should every bank avail itself of the maximum privilege at the same time, a most improbable if not inconceivable happening, such currency, such demand liabilities, would thereby be increased far less than the demand liabilities of the banks were increased last year by the growing volume of deposits.

The popular misunderstanding of the currency question is largely due to the fact that the public does not realize that the liability of a bank is essentially the same whether it issues a bank-note, title to which passes by delivery, a certificate of deposit, a Cashier's check, title to which passes by endorsement, or grants an open credit upon its books. They are all demand liabilities, and must be redeemed in lawful money when required. The history of the National banking system for forty-two years shows that an annual tax of one-fourth of one per cent. levied upon outstanding bank-note circulation would have raised an amount more than sufficient to have redeemed every note of every failed bank, and that, too, without reference to the Government

bonds deposited as security. This plan provides a guarantee fund at the outset of 5 per cent., which is to be maintained from the proceeds of taxation. From this fund the Government must immediately redeem the notes of all failed banks, which may be presented; of course going banks will redeem their own.

Vital statistics covering a period of years enable life-insurance companies to conduct their business with safety and reasonable certainty. Data covering destruction of property by fire in the past enables fire-insurance companies to gauge with reasonable certainty the losses of the future, and to predicate their business with safety thereupon. Bank mortality is much more easily and accurately ascertained. As to no business in the country do we possess such exact information as we do with reference to banks. If, then, the business of the life and fire insurance companies can be safely predicated upon the statistics of the past, it is idle to argue that the proposed credit currency will not be rendered safe beyond peradventure by the guarantee fund provided, to say nothing of reserve. The plan properly gauges the authorized currency in proportion to the amount of circulation secured by Government bonds. British Consols, paying $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. interest, sell at $86\frac{3}{4}$, and German Imperial 3-per-cents. sell at 85; United States 2-per-cents. sell at $103\frac{1}{2}$. The reason of this is, not that the financial credit of the United States is so much better than that of England or Germany, but that United States bonds are usable as a basis for bank circulation, issued at par and subject to the very low tax of one-half of one per cent. *per annum*. The very low interest rate at which the Government has its indebtedness carried and the very high price at which it is able to sell its bonds (the last issue of Panama bonds averaging 104), represent, in effect, a contribution to the Treasury of the United States by the National banking system. But for their use as a basis of circulation, these bonds would approximate the same level in price as the obligations of other first-class nations. The higher the credit of a nation the higher the credit of its citizens; the proposed plan, therefore, wisely guards against the depreciation of Government bonds by proportioning the credit currency thereupon. The plan provides for the issue of $121\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of a bank's capital without relation to bond-secured notes, subject to a tax of 5 per cent. A 5-per-cent. tax with 25-per-cent. reserve would make such currency cost the banks $61\frac{1}{4}$

per cent., not including the expense, clerical and otherwise, in issuing, handling and redeeming such notes. Manifestly, such currency would be used only in emergency. Let us see how the plan would work. A New York bank with \$5,000,000 capital, in order to avail itself of the maximum of credit currency, would take out $62\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of its capital in currency secured by United States bonds, \$3,125,000; credit notes ($2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.), \$1,250,000; emergency notes (5 per cent.), \$625,000; total, \$5,000,000. Without taking out any bond-secured notes or any low-tax credit notes, such bank might, in an emergency, issue the \$625,000 subject to the 5-per-cent. tax and thus, under the sanction of law, afford the public the relief which has heretofore been crudely and partially afforded by the use of Clearing-House certificates. I say "crudely and partially," for the use of Clearing-House certificates amounts to a suspension of currency payments as between banks, and thus savors somewhat of repudiation of contracts. Clearing-House certificates are no longer available as a means of relief. Their issue by any city would be hailed as a danger-signal, and would divert from such city a greater amount, in exchanges withheld, than could possibly be equalled in the use of Clearing-House certificates. The maximum amount of Clearing-House certificates issued by New York at any one time is \$41,490,000. The daily exchanges of the New York Clearing-House last year averaged over \$300,000,000. The fear of Clearing-House certificates and inability to collect in currency would induce the withholding of exchanges and the diversion to other points of an enormous amount. Besides, we have become a World Power in matters of finance, and the world must know that any funds deposited can be withdrawn any time and in any form at the option of the depositor. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that the Government provide instrumentalities for preventing an emergency, if possible, and tiding it over if it must come. The currency, subject to the lower tax, would enable the banks in different sections of the country to meet quietly and satisfy the local demand, thereby preventing the situation from becoming acute. What we really need is a currency that will prevent emergencies. Business should, however, have the additional safeguard of a highly taxed, expensive currency that may be resorted to in cases of extreme need. The criticism is made that the tax of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is too low; that the interior banks

would issue this currency and keep it out all the while; that it would amount to inflation. If that be true, the rate of taxation should be increased; but let it be remembered that the cost of redemption is very considerable and somewhat difficult to estimate. The cost of issuing and redeeming a note which remains outstanding only three days is quite as great as if it remained out a year, and, with proper facilities for redemption, the Commission believes it impossible to keep this currency out for any considerable length of time. The National bank-notes presented for redemption last year amounted to \$278,550,060; of this amount, \$136,252,360 was presented from New York City and \$50,000,000 from Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Under the present law, National bank-notes are redeemed in Washington, and the reason there are not more presented for redemption is found in the expense and the loss of interest incident thereto. The reason that so great a proportion is presented from near-by places is because of the lessened cost and the fact that reserve money is received in exchange therefor. The present bank-notes circulate in the city of New York only so long as they remain in the hands of the people. As soon as they are deposited with the banks they are forwarded to Washington for redemption, and, in exchange therefor, money is received which counts in a bank's reserve. With redemption agencies established in every State in the Union, so that this credit currency would always be within twenty-four hours of a redemption agency, it is certain to be presented for redemption. Every bank, where bank currency is available, will use its own notes and send in the other banks' notes for redemption, instead of paying them out over their counter, as now.

The fear that this currency will be put out by interior banks and kept out is dissipated in the light of experience. They cannot keep it out. The average life of a credit note, with ample redemption facilities, is in sharp contrast to the life of our bond-secured notes redeemable at Washington, on the extreme eastern border of the country, and is well illustrated by the following averages:

	Days
The note of the Scotch banking system remains out	18
" " " Canadian banking system remains out	30
" " " New England (Suffolk) banking system remains out.	45
" " " National banking system remains out	730

The Dominion of Canada is composed of provinces and enjoys the advantages of a credit currency. Her bank-notes were at a discount in the different provinces until a Dominion law required redemption agencies to be maintained in each province; since then they have passed at par. With our wonderful facilities for transportation, is it not fair to assume, then, that the average life of a credit note in this country would not exceed thirty days?

The charge that this currency would be utilized by the New York banks in the interest of Wall Street is wholly without foundation. Neither bank-notes nor any other form of currency enter into Wall Street transactions. Such transactions are consummated by means of checks. Reserve money may be the basis of credit extended to Wall Street, but bank-notes cannot be, and, as we have seen, as soon as National bank-notes reach the banks they are forwarded to Washington for redemption and reserve money received therefor. Hence the proposed currency is not a device in the interest of Wall Street. The practical operation of the law would, I think, be this: During crop-moving periods, the banks outside of reserve cities would first utilize their power to issue notes in order to satisfy the demand made upon them, instead of calling, as now, upon reserve cities for currency. Their power in that respect utilized, the reserve cities might, in turn, issue currency; and, if the demand increased, a point might be reached where central reserve cities could issue currency and keep the same in circulation until the crop-moving period had passed, or other demand, whatever its occasion, had been satisfied. The benefit which would accrue to New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other money centres would be indirect, in removing or relieving the demand upon their reserve money, which every fall brings around. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized, that ample redemption facilities, with the general redemption which would follow, is a complete answer to the charge that the proposed currency would amount to inflation, and that interior banks would keep the maximum out at all times. They could not keep it out unless the business demand for currency was pronounced and extreme, and then it should be kept out in the interest of the general welfare. Whenever the money rates relax and the currency demand lessens, it would flow in for redemption. That is proven by experience where credit currency has been and is being used. The self-interest of each bank will facilitate the redemption of

the notes of all other banks. The best of our old State banks vindicated credit currency; notably, the saving-fund system in New York and the Suffolk system in New England. Belgium, Germany, France, Austria, Scotland and Canada, by their systems now in operation, afford practical proof that the proposed currency plan is both safe and wise. Our present currency law was enacted by Congress more than forty years ago, for the avowed purpose of making a market for Government bonds, which were made a basis for circulation. Our Government enjoys the highest credit enjoyed by any nation, and its bonds are eagerly sought, and yet the currency law remains unchanged. We are the greatest commercial nation, and yet our currency is least adapted to the varying needs of commerce. The adoption of credit currency in this country is inevitable; is it not wise to take a lesson from our competitors in world commerce and inaugurate a change now?

A. B. HEPBURN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, H. W. BOYNTON AND OLIVIA
HOWARD DUNBAR.

MR. ALFRED NOYES'S POEMS.*

FINE poetry is by no means so rare to-day as some conventionally discouraging people would have it. Poetry is as much alive as ever it was, and the muses walk the earth just as of old for those who have eyes to see them. With the passing of any one generation of great poets, the cry has always gone up that poetry has died with it. So, strangely enough, thought Tennyson, when, as a boy, in his Lincolnshire garden, he heard of the death of Byron, little dreaming that, at his own death, the same cry would go up from a world that can only appreciate the poetry to which it has grown accustomed. Even Keats himself, but a few years before, had announced that glory and loveliness had passed away—at the very moment when he was about immortally to prove the contrary. So, however apparently bleak the contemporary prospect, we never know what sudden surprises of beauty are being prepared for us underground. We have had several such surprises within the last very few years. "There are no poets nowadays," said one old lady to another in a railway carriage in which I happened to be travelling on the morning of the death of Tennyson. As she spoke, I sat opposite to her reading Mr. William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave." Mr. Kipling also was already vigorously abroad in the world. The fairy harp of Mr. Yeats had long been making its lovely music; and Mr. Stephen Phillips was standing on the threshold of his fame. It is strange that we should have so little faith in nature, not to be sure that what she has done once she can always do again.

* Poems. By Alfred Noyes, with an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The poets I have mentioned are long since securely "arrived," and, in the mean time, while their fames were in the making, a young Oxford man, Mr. Alfred Noyes, was rowing in his college eight, and preparing still another surprise for those old ladies who say that there are no poets nowadays. Mr. Noyes, I understand, is only twenty-six years old, and has already published five volumes of verse: "The Loom of the Years," 1902; "The Flower of Old Japan," 1903; "Poems," 1904; "The Forest of Wild Thyme," 1905; and "Drake: an English Epic," 1906. The volume of "Poems" which has just been published in this country consists, I gather from Mr. Mabie's preface, partly of poems selected from those five volumes, and partly of original poems. So much of merely bibliographical details.

A new poet is perhaps always best "appreciated" by being allowed to speak for himself, rather than by eulogy; and I propose, so far as my space allows, to give the reader the opportunity of passing his own judgment on Mr. Noyes's poems instead of asking him to take mine—for I am sure that he will not need me to point out their spontaneous power and freshness, their imaginative vision, their lyrical magic.

Mr. Noyes is surprisingly various. I have seldom read one book, particularly by so young a writer, in which so many different things are done, and all done so well. There, one is bound to say, Mr. Noyes is refreshingly distinguished from some others among our younger poets. His book opens with a sumptuous ode on "The Passing of Summer," made of lines such as these:

"Tell us no more of Autumn, the slow gold
Of fruitage ripening in a world's decay,
The falling leaves, the moist, rich breath
Of woodlands crumbling through a gorgeous death
To glut the cancerous mould!
Give us the flash and scent of keen-edged May,
Where wastes that bear no harvest yield their bloom,
Rude crofts of flowering nettle, bents of yellow broom."

A few pages further on you find him celebrating a London barrel-organ, in fascinating jingles. Highwaymen, Napoleon at St. Helena, Old Japan, Heine, pirates, Celtic legends, deep musings on life and death—all are grist to the mill of the eagerly creative, sensitive mind of this young poet. But that for which one is most grateful to Mr. Noyes in his strong and brilliant treat-

ment of all his rich material is the gift by which, in my opinion, he stands alone among the younger poets of the day, his lyrical gift. He is a singer, with the power of haunting our hearts with musical rhythm and cadence. A lover of poetry was remarking to me, the other day, on the strange dearth of lyrical poetry at the present time. Well, in Mr. Noyes, we have a new lyric poet, whatever else he may be besides—and he is much. Take these lines out of “*Haunted in Old Japan*”:

*“All along the purple creek lit with silver foam,
Silent, silent voices, cry no more of home;
Soft beyond the cherry-trees o’er the dim lagoon
Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon.”*

“We that loved in April, we that turned away
Laughing, ere the wood-dove crooned across the May,
Watch the withered rose-leaves drift along the shore,
Wind among the roses, blow no more. . . .

“Lonely starry faces, wonderful and white,
Yearning with a cry across the dim sweet night,
All our dreams are blown adrift as flowers before a fan,
All our hearts are haunted in the heart of old Japan.”

These, again, out of “*Pirates*”:

“Come to me, you with the laughing face, in the night as I lie
Dreaming of days that are dead and of joys gone by;
Come to me, comrade, come through the slow-dropping rain,
Come from your grave in the darkness and let us be playmates again.”

And once more this opening to the magnificent ballad of “*Silk o’ the Kine*,” to which I cannot pretend to do justice in so brief a quotation:

“Heather-drowsy, heather-drowsy, lapped in the sunlight together
Eilidh and Isla lay one day in the golden summer weather.
For the silken sea of her golden hair and its billows of shadow and
shine

Had Sonch the Singer named her Eilidh—Silk o’ the Kine;
And the laughing lovers were cradled in clouds of purple and gold,
As round their couch in the heather it rippled and glistened and
rolled.

And the honey-sweet air was wild with the warble of birds and the
whisper of rills;

And the wind blew soft and sweet with the scent of the bloom of a
thousand hills;

And a myriad twinkling smiles awoke in the dreamy blue of the bay,
For, far and far above them, Eilidh and Isla lay;

And her hand lay warm in his clasping hand; two young lovers were they;

Two young lovers were they."

One of the most striking and original poems in the book is called "Earth-Bound," and tells of two dead lovers who are tired of heaven and the infinite and long for their little earthly home again. Here are a few lines:

"We two, love, we should come
 Seeking a little refuge from the light
 Of the blinding, terrible star-sown Infinite,
 Seeking some sheltering roof, some four-walled home.

"So we should wander nigh
 Our mortal home, and see its little roof
 Keeping the deep eternal night aloof,
 And yielding us a refuge from the sky.

"We should steal in, once more,
 Under the cloudy lilac at the gate,
 Up the walled garden, then with hearts elate
 Forget the stars and close our cottage door."

When such poetry is being written, is it not rather stupid to say, like those old ladies, that there are no poets nowadays?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.*

THESE books have, on the surface, at least, so much in common as to make it natural to take them up together. They deal alike with questions of American political and civic character. All of Mr. Wendell's chapters, and most of Mr. Lodge's, were originally delivered from the public platform. But the resemblance cannot really be carried very far, since one of the writers is a politician of a "practical" type, and the other an academic theorist. Some interesting comparisons, however, are suggested by these very differences in point and method of attack.

Mr. Wendell's addresses come to us by way of the Sorbonne and the Lowell Institute. Necessarily, we must expect from such a series of popular lectures not so much a fresh enunciation as a characteristic one. An effective public appearance of that sort

* "Liberty, Union and Democracy: The National Ideals of America."

By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"A Frontier Town, and Other Essays." By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

depends largely upon the abandon with which one trots out one's hobby-horses. Some of the members of Mr. Wendell's stud, which are here exhibited, we recall having encountered in the pages of his "Literary History of America," and in his more recent series of "Essays Concerning America." The most important of them is the theory of "the national character of America," here developed at length in his initial lecture. His contention is, in brief, that the distinctive American national character appears in the very earliest colonial settlers. Accepting Lincoln as a supreme type of Americanism, we are to trace his lineage, not only to Washington and Franklin, but to the Mathers and John Cotton. In John Cotton and the other pre-Revolutionary Englishmen who first came to America, Mr. Wendell discerns more than a germ of the character which is now distinctively American. By "pre-Revolutionary" Englishmen he means those Englishmen who reached maturity before the accession of Charles First. This type did not survive in England the stress and disillusioning of the years which followed. But it translated to America the ideals and noble enthusiasms which always obtain during the years preceding a revolution. Says Mr. Wendell:

"A pre-Revolutionary epoch must be an epoch of noble dreams. . . . The awakening from such dreams in European experience is among the saddest facts which recurrently pervade European history. Just that kind of sad experience was one of the few trials which our American forefathers were in great measure spared; for they were pre-Revolutionary Englishmen who founded our own country in pre-Revolutionary times."

This is to say that the post-Revolutionary Englishman became John Bull, a practical, lethargic and dreamless person, while the American provincial remained, so far as he was English at all, a pre-Revolutionary Englishman, who, when presently it devolved upon him to offset the old England against the new, became Brother Jonathan. The origin of the American national character, therefore, "can be traced to instinctive idealism of pre-Revolutionary England, strengthened and refined by the intensely orderly idealism ingrained in those who faithfully accepted the Calvinistic creed. Such were the forefathers of modern America."

In his "Literary History," Mr. Wendell notes a "pristine alertness of mind" as the striking characteristic of the Eliza-

bethans. Whatever of this quality our Colonial forefathers brought with them from pre-Revolutionary England, was exercised solely in the pursuit of religious and material ends. But Mr. Wendell believes that then, as now, the American spirit of idealism underlay this manifestation of material activity. He is extraordinarily sanguine as to the present fact, quoting at length the testimony of "a shrewd French man of business" to the effect that the European pursues wealth as an end, while the American regards it only as a means. Some American man of business might be found shrewd enough, polite enough, or, better, honest enough, to reverse the compliment; the opinion of the civilized world would hardly accuse him of flattery. Mr. Wendell is evidently sincere in believing that "the typical American man of affairs" is "the most beneficent patron of ideal ends and purposes who has yet shown himself upon this planet." And what proves this? Nothing more or less than the large amount of money given by our rich men to public institutions. We have no knowledge of the statistics, but we have been given to suppose that rich men in several European countries do similar things. At all events, history would seem to indicate that putting your penny in the plate does not show it to have been honestly got. It is a pleasant thing for all of us that the American business man lets fall some of the pennies he cannot spend—or rather counts them out with scrupulous care—into the public palm; but it says nothing of his idealism, nothing whatever.

The detail is a minor one, but it will serve as well as another to suggest the weakness of Mr. Wendell's expository method. Having evolved a brilliant theory (and this of the survival, and more or less belated expression, in America of impulses born in England is the theory for which he is best known), he bends all facts to fit it. He is intent upon proving that the "instinctive idealism of pre-Revolutionary England," its "pristine alertness of mind," vanished in England with Cromwell, but continued to exist in America. Hence it appears to him that Lord Herbert of Cherbury is "marked by a big, youthful spontaneity," while Samuel Pepys, a diarist of the Restoration, is "an old-fashioned man rather than a man of the earlier type." What qualities has Pepys more striking than his alertness, youthfulness and spontaneity? Who of later generation would have been more at home at the Mermaid?

In his lecture on Democracy, Mr. Wendell has occasion to describe a man in public life who was doubtfully regarded by the public:

"To be sure, even his enemies admitted that he was honest: he did not fill his pockets with public moneys. For years, however, he had devoted himself to the task of placing and maintaining in public office a great number of persons whose only qualification seemed to be unswerving devotion to the political party of which his considerable talent for organization had made him the local leader. Accordingly, all reformers agreed in calling him unscrupulous."

One could hardly choose more accurate terms to describe the general attitude, in Massachusetts, at least, toward Senator Lodge.

No public man of his generation has been more harshly criticised by friends, or more ruthlessly blackguarded by enemies. We do not precisely regard him as a martyr; he has made his bed deliberately, and seems content to lie in it. The public grievance against him is not that he has no ideal, but that his ideal is a false one. We in Massachusetts are forever hurling the memory of Senator Hoar at him. We tell him that, with exceptional powers and opportunities, he has made of himself not an eminent statesman, but a prominent "practical" politician. He does not seem to mind being told these things. Mr. Wendell's local boss probably did not; for he had his own notions of political responsibility. He believed, first, that men should work for a party; and, second, that the best workers should be rewarded. Perhaps this is not immeasurably remote from Senator Lodge's political creed. An ordinary citizen may look into the printed record of such a man's opinions with an inquiring, even inquisitive, eye. What does he believe, anyhow, and what is he aiming at? In these varied addresses there is every reason to expect that his political creed will be expressed rather to its advantage.

To our surprise we find Mr. Lodge at his clumsiest in speaking of the matters which concern him, or our interest in him, most—matters to the discussion of which one would think all his powers might have assembled. The paper on good citizenship (originally, by a chance not lacking in irony, published in "Success") is but a lame affair.

One is lulled by the vagueness of the talk about the attitude

of the citizen, and amazed by the ingenuousness of the directions for specific action:

"What is most needed is to follow the course of public affairs closely, to understand what is being done, and what the various candidates represent; and then, when the time for the vote in the caucus or at the polls arrives, a citizen interested only in good government, or in the promotion of a given policy, knows what he wants and can act intelligently."

First aid to the imbecile: think only sensible thoughts, and speak to the point! But we are not long left so helplessly adrift as this; the ardent citizen is not without a guide:

"If he follows public affairs from day to day, and, thus informed, *acts with his friends and those who think as he does* at the caucus and the polls, he will make his influence fully felt, and will meet completely the test of good citizenship."

The words I have italicized embody the only "practical" rule in the suggested code; "the rest is leather and prunella." One cannot doubt that Senator Lodge is an honest man; yet one cannot ignore the fact that much of his work has been of a sort incompatible with high ideals. When he speaks of public service, he means party service; and when he speaks of ambition, he means desire of personal advancement. In his addresses on Senator Hoar and his sketch of President Roosevelt he is at his best, always fluent and reasonable, and not seldom forcible and just. We may not attempt to discuss these papers here, or their companion addresses on historical themes. It must suffice us to quote without comment Mr. Lodge's statement of his conception of the American character:

"We of the United States like to think of the typical American as a brave and honest man, very human, and with no vain pretence to infallibility. We would have him simple in his home life, democratic in his ways, with the highest education which the world can give, kind to the weak, tender and loyal and true, never quarrelsome but never afraid to fight, with a strong, sane sense of humor, and with a strain of adventure in the blood, which we shall never cease to love until those ancestors of ours who conquered a continent have drifted a good deal farther into the past than is the case to-day. These are the qualities which all men admire and respect, and which, thus combined, we like to think peculiarly American. As I enumerate them, I describe Theodore Roosevelt."

H. W. BOYNTON.

"JOSEPH VANCE."*

THAT a contemporary of Mr. Meredith and Mr. James should have been so far able to resist the influences of his time as to produce a novel that is mid-Victorian to the least syllable may seem at first sight a startling case of artistic obduracy. Yet it is possible that the elaborate simplicity of "Joseph Vance" is the disguise of a shrewd artfulness, and that it was Mr. de Morgan's sophisticated intention to imply a comment on literary fashions with which he may not happen to be in sympathy. Or the novel's period of incubation may have been unnaturally prolonged, and it may literally be a lonely survival of the age of Dickens and Thackeray, discipleship to both of which masters it frankly displays. That the question of a novel's origin can be seriously considered indicates, at all events, a book of more than usual substance. "Joseph Vance" scarcely offers the point of departure for a robust enthusiasm, but it has a pleasant genuineness, and the story is told with accomplished skill. So far as a thing of paper may, it has personality. One finds oneself comparing this "ill-written autobiography," as the title-page proclaims it, with novels of recognized importance, rather than with the ill-considered companions of its hour of publication.

What are understood to be cogent commercial reasons seem nowadays to force the "successful" novelist, even in the event of having something interesting to tell, to tell it briskly, that his page may invite the restless reader, and meagrely, that there may be left over a thrifty remnant for next year's book. There is almost a disproportionate refreshment, therefore, in the unhurried amplitude of this pleasantly old-fashioned novel. "Joseph Vance" has not only broad plan and lavish detail, but a certain organic luxuriance which perhaps no soundly good novel will ever be found to lack. A reader with a proper sense of his own privileges wishes to have the illusion that for the time his author has spent himself; that an entire history is being offered him, without suppression. To all tricky short-cuts, treacherous eliminations, Mr. de Morgan is conservatively superior. It would be impossible to put too strongly the extent to which his book would have suffered if its author had felt, for instance, that he had not time to explain how Christopher Vance, Joseph's father,

* "Joseph Vance." By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

came to adopt the trade of "Builder. Repairs. Drains promptly attended to." The quotation is from a certain sign-board, whose effect "on the passing spectator," Joe's mother asserted in proud capitals, was "Electrical." The episode is so richly complete that a paraphrase would be brutal. And—astonishingly, perhaps—the fact that it is written in the Dickens manner seems quite to be an accident and in no way lessens its originality.

Christopher Vance, indeed, is the very heart of the book. He is conceived in the spirit of pure humor, and there is almost a rapture in noting his perfect consistency. Long-suffering readers, too well schooled in the magical reforms that Fiction inflicts upon its characters, may very naturally fear lest this entertaining and unworthy person give up whiskey or remain faithful to his wife's memory or suffer repentance for the illegitimate basis of his business. It is only fair to the author to say that no such distressing issue is introduced. Mr. Vance marries the housemaid, Seraphina Dowdeswell, familiarly known as "Feener," and more or less literally drinks himself to death.

A book written in this temper has, by some mysterious law, to have a sentimental hero; and, even more obviously, a sentimental heroine. It is quite easy to see Joseph Vance, in the colored print of his period, leaning against some ill-defined piece of furniture in an attitude suggesting genteel romance tempered with melancholy. It is not so easy to imagine him in flesh and blood, devoting his life to a gentle passion, its cult clouded and saddened by those Misunderstandings which, as we all know, the exigencies of Plot impose. The first disappointment is that Joseph should have failed to inherit his illiterate father's piquancy and sense of humor. He is, however, lovable, which results in his becoming the protégé of Lossie Thorpe, and precocious, which induces Lossie's father to educate him. Joseph was very brilliant at college; perhaps it is a magnificent stroke of literalness that he should not have amounted to much later on. However, this story is concerned, not with Joseph's ambitions, if he had any, but with his romantic history.

As for this aspect of the novel, the most surprising thing is that it should have been regarded as a romantic history at all. For consider its outline. Joseph does not know he is in love with Lossie—she is some years older than he—until he learns, while at Oxford, that she is engaged to a famous soldier. From this

pale sorrow he never recovers—a tiresome and ungrateful part for a hero to play, even more so in that his own later marriage is ingeniously reconciled with this earlier and unsundered devotion. The second young woman, who is more good than beautiful, is obliged to bear the name of Jane and to woo Joseph through two engagements. She is drowned on the honeymoon. For many years afterward Joseph leads a distressingly forlorn life, comforting himself with a rarefied spiritualism and allowing Lossie, by the contrivances of a very old-fashioned plot, to believe him the father of her own brother's illegitimate son. The last few pages clear things up and promise a belated happiness for Joseph and Lossie.

It will have to be admitted that this is a tepid history, and that if the novel contained nothing else there might, after all, be very little to say about the autobiography of Joseph Vance. But there is such generosity of incident, such an engaging variety of digression, that the reader finds himself able to pass cheerfully over the separation, estrangement and other emotional disasters of Joe and Lossie, knowing that they are both too good to be true; that no such people ever existed. There is always the chance, he remembers, that Christopher or Feener may appear on the next page; and he is likewise at liberty to count on the infrequent but solacing appearances of Porky Owls or Peter Gunn. There would also have been an interesting blackguard in Beppino, Lossie's brother, had not the author himself regarded this unscrupulous young person with excessive animus. Beppino seems like a stern exposure of somebody the novelist has known and disapproved of. The "better moments" which we are sure he must have had are relentlessly suppressed, and we are almost inclined to resent for him the blackness of the descriptive dye. And, above all, if the reader finds himself forgetting the stilted history of the impeccable Joseph, there will nevertheless have abided with him a certain rare and excellent flavor which the book's sentimentalities and banalities do not impair—a flavor not wholly humorous, although it is the humor of the book upon which one would insist, but tinged also with the essence of wisdom. He will remember, too, some of the many unpretentiously good bits of picture-making, like this sentence about Fiesole:

"But as I look at the white wafer behind the curling fog-reek that I know is the sun in the country, I think of the *sole di marzo* blazing

on the roses in that Tuscan heat-trap; of the rifted trunks and dark leaves and light leaves of the olives; of the mighty deliberation of the great white oxen that no man can make to go quicker or stop; of the scraps of song that all end in one cadence and make one feel how very much one really is in Tuscany."

Novel-readers, however, must bear in mind that Mr. de Morgan's in many respects remarkable book will give them none of the elements to which they are latterly accustomed — neither romance, as they will understand it, nor "adventure," nor "psychology." The author's reticence as to anything beneath the externals of his characters suggests a singular and overscrupulous delicacy. He would, one may believe, consider it ungentlemanly to pry behind the screen which his heroine (if he had one) would set before her emotion (if she had any). "Joseph Vance" is probably the only book of its kind that the present generation will offer; therefore the most may as well be made of the temperate, mellow, elderly enjoyment it affords.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

WORLD-POLITICS.¹

LONDON: PARIS.

LONDON, *November, 1906.*

Books and soap have been the preoccupation of England during the past month; books, because of the fight between "The Times" and the publishers, and soap, because of the combine formed by its leading manufacturers.

As a bait to subscribers, "The Times" started last year a Book Club. It wished to increase its circulation and its revenue from advertisements, both of them matters of some difficulty for a six-cent paper competing with two-cent and one-cent rivals. But, by throwing in a circulating library with the journal, as a grocer throws in a lithograph with his pound of tea, "The Times" justly counted on a large extension of its clientele. You pay a year's subscription to "The Times"—something just under twenty dollars—and without any extra expense you become at once entitled to all the privileges of the Book Club. Those privileges are very great. "The Times" has made its Book Club incomparably the best organization of the kind that has ever been seen in England. Take my own experience. I am entitled to get from the Book Club three books a week. They are delivered at my house regularly every Thursday, and the carrier takes away with him the supply of the previous week. The books are as clean and fresh-looking as though they had just come from the publishers. I have never yet been kept waiting for a book. Those who were subscribers to the journal found themselves, without paying out a single penny, members of the most generous, up-to-date and competent Book Club in the world. Those who were not subscribers hastened to become so. To the number of ninety thousand they rushed in; the Book Club nearly burst its premises on Bond Street; a huge emporium had to be

opened on Oxford Street; the book trade underwent a sudden revival; and for a while authors, publishers, "The Times" and the subscribers were equally jubilant.

But lending books was only one of the functions of the Book Club; it was far more important to its interests to sell them. Only so could it hope to become in any sense a self-supporting institution. A few years ago there was a crisis in the English bookselling trade. The discount system had practically killed it, and booksellers were taking to stocking tobacco and photograph-frames and so on. A remedy was found in the Net-book Agreement of 1899. By it the booksellers agreed not to sell net books below the published price, and the publishers agreed to refuse to supply books to any bookseller infringing this rule. "The Times" Book Club notified its adhesion to this agreement, and in the letter, at any rate, it has observed it. That is to say, it has sold no new net book below the published price. But, in a library, a book ceases to be new after it has once passed into circulation. A book that has gone through two subscribers' hands in the first week of its existence may be as good as new, but as a matter of fact it is not new. No bookseller would accept it if it were offered to him as a new copy by a publisher. Yet, for the purposes of the ordinary reading man, its condition and appearance may be perfectly satisfactory. "The Times" Book Club saw the value of the distinction between absolutely new and new enough. You cannot go into the Book Club and buy an absolutely new net book below the published price. But you can buy copies that have only been in circulation a week, a fortnight or one or two months at very considerable discounts. The ordinary booksellers at once began to clamor for protection. They brought pressure to bear on the publishers, who, having to choose between their largest customer and a multitude of smaller ones, sought safety in numbers and yielded to the clamor. The Net-book Agreement of 1899 was so amended as to prohibit the sale of a net book below published price within six months of publication. "The Times" declined to accept the amendment. The publishers retaliated by withdrawing all their advertisements from "The Times" and by refusing to allow the Book Club trade terms.

And there the quarrel hangs, with both sides appealing to the public for sympathy and support. An infinity of branch issues

has sprung from it, and the public explores them all with palpable relish. Do publishers make exorbitant profits? Will "The Times," if it is allowed a free hand, end by ruining itself or the booksellers? Are booksellers a necessity, anyway? Why should the Book Club, which is not a genuine library or a genuine bookseller, but has merely entered those walks in order to double the circulation of "The Times," be permitted to undersell and destroy the legitimate bookseller, who has no other means of making a living, and whose business is his sole source of income? And then, of course, the fiscal aspects of the question receive notice. Are the publishers fighting for what is in effect a close monopolistic ring, while "The Times" champions the cause of free trade in books? Or is it the other way about? Or doesn't the question possess a fiscal aspect? Both sides, I need hardly say, fling at each other's head the charge of being a Trust—"The Times" for the distribution, and the publishers for the production, of books. Problems of enormous intricacy arise as the discussion proceeds. Are books too dear? On which side of the dispute do the interests of authors lie? From the standpoint of literature, is it better that "The Times" should win or lose? But you may imagine the endless offshoots of such a controversy, and the more readily as the great fight between the publishers and the department stores in America covered very much the same ground. I think that opinion generally is on the side of "The Times." The subscribers to the Book Club are firmly supporting it, and are heroically refusing to ask for the books that bear the imprint of publishers who have been foremost in the attack. Neither side as yet shows any sign of yielding. But I think that, before the Christmas trade grows brisk, a compromise of some sort will be reached. An agreement that no net book shall be sold below the published price within, say, two or three months of publication seems the obvious and equitable arrangement.

As for the other matter which has agitated opinion here during the last few weeks—the formation of the so-called Soap Trust—I doubt whether any incident could have illuminated more clearly certain peculiarities of the British character and of British economics. Certain soap-making firms, with a capital of about \$60,000,000, have entered into a combination in order to get rid of the needless waste of unfettered competition. To call this combination a Trust seems to me a misnomer. It includes

most but by no means all of British manufacturers; there are enough firms left outside to put up a stern fight, if any fighting is found necessary. Nor does the Soap Trust aim at controlling the ingredients used in the manufacture of soap. An attempt to "corner" oils, tallow and the other alkaline bodies would be even more hopeless than an attempt to "corner" wheat. Nor, while it may amalgamate many interests, is there, so far as I can see, any chance of its being able to monopolize the distribution of the completed article. Free Trade is a mighty bulwark against extortion, and to form a Trust that would really dominate the English market it would be necessary, not only to combine the majority of English manufacturers, but also to control their American and Continental rivals, as well as the main sources of production. This is not, of course, physically impossible; but it is an enterprise of such appalling difficulty, and success in it is a matter of such extreme hazard, that it is hardly worth undertaking. The English public, once aroused, is quick to act and to defend itself. The Soap Trust began by attempting to sell a fifteen-ounce bar of soap for the same price as a sixteen-ounce bar. There was such an instantaneous roar of indignation, such a gathering in arms of all the retail grocers throughout the kingdom, such an immediate and persistent boycott of all the Trust's soaps, that the manœuvre was not only checked and exposed, but was officially disavowed.

The news of Sir Mortimer Durand's retirement, not merely from the British Embassy at Washington, but from the diplomatic service, was expected by very few people. It has left the general public surprised and puzzled. There being no reason on the surface to account for the resignation of an Ambassador who is still only in his fifty-sixth year, people have been inclined to ascribe it to some political disagreement, hitherto unrevealed. The "Morning Post," for instance, hinted that Sir Mortimer preferred throwing up his office to putting his signature to any treaty or compact framed along the lines of the Newfoundland *modus vivendi*. I do not know how that may be, but to any one who is aware of the strength of Sir Mortimer's Imperialism the supposition is not unreasonable. It is possible, also, that opinion in Downing Street has been somewhat poisoned against Sir Mortimer. The solid worth of the man, his deep acquaintance with American history and politics, his insight into the American

character, and his unfailing coolness, competency and dignity when confronted by serious business may have carried less weight with some people—for instance, with British tourists, Parliamentary and otherwise—than a certain stiffness and reserve in his social deportment.

Politics since I last wrote have shifted their centre of gravity from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. Their lordships have been considering the Education Bill to some purpose. It was never very lucid; they have made it chaotic. It insured the supremacy of popular control over national education; they have reestablished in its most aggressive form the tyranny of denominationalism. By amendment after amendment they have vitiated the principles and destroyed the purpose of Mr. Birrell's Bill, and have sought to reimpose upon the country a system even more favorable to the Established Church than was the Education Act of 1902. Of course, the Lords' amendments will not be accepted. Speaking officially on November 13th, as the Minister in charge of the Bill, Mr. Birrell declared that "a Liberal Government had no use for such a measure" as the Lords are piecing together. That unquestionably is so, and unless the Lords agree under pressure to abandon all the important amendments they have incorporated into the Government's Bill, a conflict between the two Houses, that may not end until it has strained the British Constitution, will have been begun. That the Lords are bracing themselves to reject compromise may be gathered from the action of the Conservative party in allowing the Trades Disputes Bill to pass its third reading in the House of Commons without a division. The meaning of that is that the Conservatives feel they cannot simultaneously engage both the Labor party and the Nonconformists. The Lords will probably follow Mr. Balfour's example, allow the Trades Disputes Bill to pass almost unaltered, and, having thus conciliated Labor, will feel free to throw their whole strength into the Education fight. I dare not prophesy what the result will be; but I am persuaded that, unless the Lords climb down, the complete secularization of English education may be much nearer than is thought. Mr. Birrell's Bill gives the Church of England the last chance it is likely to have. To reject it, or to refuse to withdraw the amendments that have, as a matter of fact, devitalized it, is to invite a very summary retribution.

PARIS, November, 1906.

I AM not quite sure that the endless talk about the separation of Church and State is very exciting for foreigners. But to the Frenchman, nothing exceeds the interest of the Religious War.

During the three weeks which preceded the publication of the Pope's encyclical, France was held breathless by two enigmas of apparently equal magnitude: Will the Pope give in, or will he resist? Is Joseph Delarue lying murdered at the bottom of some stone-pit, or has he eloped with the schoolmistress? When the Pope had "spoken," as the phrase went, and the newspaper readers had recovered from their surprise, the other question arose: "What will Clémenceau do now?"

It is notable that the Pope's decision is not political, but dogmatic. This ought to be clearly understood by anybody who wishes to take a correct view of the state of affairs. As I explained in a previous letter, the main object of the Separation Law was to substitute Associations of lay people for individual ecclesiastics in the necessary intercourse between the State and the Church. These Associations, according to Article IV of the Law, were to be in keeping with the general rules of the Church, that is to say, were to be dependent on, and not rebellious against, the Bishops. But Article VIII says that, in case of conflict between two Associations, the decision shall be left to the Council of State. This is the point to which the Pope objects.

I have not the least doubt that monastic and monarchist influences of a mischievous tendency were brought to bear on the Pope's judgment. It seems plain to me that the Council of State was bound by Article IV to refer to the Bishops in cases of difficulties, and consequently there was no danger of partial schisms from episcopal authority. But the Pope was almost certainly actuated by a distrust for which, not the present Government, but M. Combes, is responsible. The reader must remember how the Association Law passed in 1901 by M. Waldeck-Rousseau—to be, as he said, a Charter for the authorized religious Orders—was turned against them by the Combes Cabinet, and resulted in the general expulsion of all Orders and the confiscation of their property. The Pope dreaded some such abuse of a legal text, and his diffidence exaggerated for him the danger of civic interference in matters ecclesiastical. The position of Pius X is pretty clear. He merely declines to avail himself of a

law which, on the whole, is advantageous to the Church, until he is satisfied by an official statement of the French Parliament that there is no snare hidden under Article VIII of the Law.

One may regret this attitude. Certainly, the majority of the French Bishops must have regretted it, considering their vote in favor of a totally different one. By holding thus aloof, the Pope prevents the legal transference of the Church property, thus far in the hands of the Vestry Boards (over \$50,000,000), and renders doubtful even the right of priests to retain their churches; he practically starves the French clergy, and, to a certain extent, endangers the Church of France. It is sacrificing much to a principle which perhaps is not in jeopardy. But if this course can be regretted, there is no reason for calling it, as the violent anti-clerical press does, "a rebellion," or, in the words of an English Catholic, in a well-known magazine, "a Papal aggression on France." There is no more obligation upon the Pope to take advantage of this law than there is for a French citizen to submit to the regulations concerning matrimony. One is a loser by dispensing with the presence of the registrar, but one is not a rebel.

Although the Pope seeks only to maintain what he regards as a prerogative of the Church, to decide in matters which concern nobody but herself, his action could not but have political consequences. The reactionary party, voiced by such papers as the "*Gaulois*," the "*Soleil*," the "*Croix*," etc., immediately enlarged on the embarrassments in which the Pope's interference was placing the French Government. In their opinion, this quiet "Nay" was the greatest victory achieved by the Papacy in the last forty years. The Government would be sure to seek its revenge in measures hurtful to itself—it would close the churches, and the populace, no matter how vaguely religious, would rise to reopen them; this revolution would probably lead to a Restoration, and the Edenic state of affairs prophesied by the monarchists would be inaugurated without any call on the royalist energies. On the other hand, the "*Lanterne*," and the radical press generally, contended that M. Clémenceau should not stop short of the most stringent measures, but ought to shut the churches as soon as the Law enabled him to do so, and turn the Bishops out of the country, as supporters and agents of a foreign monarch.

M. Clémenceau at once gave proofs of his usual presence of

mind. He affected to treat the matter very lightly, declared to as many journalists as chose to interview him that, in spite of the monarchists' hopes and efforts, not one church would be closed under his administration, and went away to Carlsbad in perfect serenity. Meanwhile, the moderate press, like the "*Figaro*," the "*Débats*" and the "*Temps*," were trying to devise schemes for satisfying the Pope without enraging the Chamber. Various plans had been proposed, when Pius X suddenly discouraged everybody by telling a reporter of the "*Gaulois*"—a mistake which proves his lack of acquaintance with the political parties in France—that he would accept no guarantee except from the Chamber itself. This put an end to the matter, and to wait became really the only course. There was not long to wait. The new Cabinet had hardly been formed, and it was still discussing its announcement to the country, when a solution was arrived at. The Law contained a clause to the effect that, should no Associations turn up to claim the Church property, this property would remain in abeyance for a year, after which it would be appropriated by the State or by Municipal Charities. This proviso offered the Cabinet an easy method of postponing a difficult solution. M. Briand and M. Clémenceau have decided that, until December 11th, 1907, things will remain *in statu quo*, the revenue of the Church property being employed *pro tem.* for the repairs of ecclesiastical buildings.

No minister, since the eventful days of Boulanger, has been so interesting, so amusing, so full of unexpected resources, so ready to play practical jokes on the public, so polite and disdainful as Clémenceau. I have said above how calmly he dealt with the first difficulties arising from the Pope's encyclical, but his conduct on that perplexing occasion was nothing to the brilliancy he displayed when intrusted with the formation of a Cabinet. He took it all so much as a matter of course. Nobody had ever been quite aware that honest M. Sarrien was First Minister, and the poor gentleman slipped out of office as quietly as he had entered it. As to M. Clémenceau, everybody, on the contrary, had looked upon him as the real Premier, and it was the most natural thing in the world to see him hustling about in quest of Ministers suitable to him. The practical difficulty was to find out a Foreign Minister, a Minister of Finance and a Minister of War, who would be agreeable to the Socialists—without

whose sixty or eighty votes no Cabinet can stand—and yet who would be flexible in the hands of the Master. M. Clémenceau began with a masterly stroke, which instantly won him the support of Jaurès. There had never been in this land of democracy anything like a Department of Labor. One was promptly produced, and M. Viviani, a distinguished Socialist of great promise, was nominated to it. There was some little trouble about the assignment of the Foreign Office. Every one knows M. Clémenceau's Anglophil tendency, the blunt common phrase being that "Clémenceau is sold to the English." Now, there is no doubt that the *entente cordiale* is becoming only slowly, though steadily, popular. The Socialist party lean evidently to the German side (Jaurès's paper was refloated three weeks ago by German assistance), and they would object to any too marked advance made to England. Yet M. Clémenceau wanted M. Pischon, a bosom friend of his, to whom the German press immediately took exception. It took M. Clémenceau two days—during which his communications to the journalists beat the best farce ever acted—to demonstrate to the country that his *protégé* was just the right man in the right place. All this time, he was promising his journalistic hearers "a surprise." The surprise was the appointment of General Picquart to the War Office, and this surprise was so stunning that, made as it was in the teeth of public opinion, the nomination elicited next to no comment. Finally, our finance was entrusted to M. Caillaux. M. Clémenceau would have been lucky if he could have retained M. Poincaré in that difficult post. I showed in my last letter how this very able and straightforward financier had owned to a deficit of nearly two hundred millions of francs, and what means he had suggested for balancing the Budget. Certainly the country did not like the prospect of fresh taxes, but the honesty and the evident capacity of the Minister gave courage to the timid; if the Exchequer was low, at least its condition and the means of improving it were clear. The Bourse undoubtedly trusted M. Poincaré. It would appear that this gentleman's prejudice in favor of plain statements and methods was not shared by his immediate fellow workers. When M. Clémenceau came to ask the continuation of his assistance, M. Poincaré not only refused it, but made public his reasons for doing so. The letter was clear and uninvolved, like everything which comes from the same

hand. It left no doubt that the Budget Committee, without whose concurrence a Minister of Finance is powerless, had no intention of supporting M. Poincaré in his work of restoration, but, on the contrary, favored methods closely akin to garbling and deceiving, which could avail only to blind those who were not aware of the real state of affairs.

The present situation may be summed up as follows:

M. Clémenceau appears more and more as a wonderfully clear-headed, strong-handed politician—one might say statesman, if there were not something histrionic and a *brusquerie* bespeaking caprice in his manner. He is almost nearer to a dictator than to a Premier, a great novelty in this country. Very few people like him, but many admire him, and he possesses undoubted magnetism. The programme he submitted to the Chamber on November 5th is reasonable and distinctly socialistic, giving special attention to Labor questions, the buying back of a railway, an old-age pension and an income tax, the suppression of courts-martial and various military reforms, and the suppression of capital punishment. This programme will be supported by the Socialists as well as the Radicals, and, excepting one item, cannot meet with much opposition. The danger for the Cabinet then must lie in the possibility of some unexpected freak of the Premier's and still more in the presence of M. Caillaux in the Cabinet. The latter gentleman has a wonderful gift of lending lucidity, interest and even charm to the most abstruse financial technicalities, but he is an artist in Budgets, not a matter-of-fact business man. It is an ominous fact that, in less than a week after his appointment and the statement that his Income-Tax Bill might affect the *rentes*, these securities lost two points. There is apparent political stability, but the fortune of France is, on the contrary, more unstable than it has ever been, and M. Clémenceau may turn out to be only an extraordinary builder of card houses.

Let me note, before concluding this communication, that a violent campaign is being carried on against the American Insurance Companies, by means of arguments which are likely to bring the rest of American securities into discredit. The exodus of French capital, which I noticed in my last letter, is evidently responsible for this.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, November 26.

Races Cannot Mingle.

As we anticipated at the inception of the difficulty, a simple deadlock between National and municipal authorities has been the net result of Japan's protest against the exclusion of her children from the public schools of San Francisco. Secretary Metcalf's efforts on behalf of the Administration to induce the School Board to reconsider its determination have been unavailing, and it now seems likely that some force other than moral suasion will be required to make the local regulation conform to Japan's interpretation of the existing treaty. That the Mikado's Government considers the exclusion to be a violation of that agreement there can be no question; otherwise it would not have taken so serious a step in making formal remonstrance, which, if unheeded, would naturally be followed by a positive demand, which, in turn, must be granted or refused. Clearly, Japan regards this as a suitable time, and is willing, to make open issue, because, if her Government had wished merely to solve the problem without friction, it would have exercised in the first instance a quieter form of diplomacy. The technical situation, therefore, possesses poignant interest. The State Department has not disclosed the precise grounds upon which the protest was based; but we may safely assume from unofficial Japanese utterances that they are contained in Articles 1 and 14 of the treaty concluded in 1894. The latter states that:

... "The high contracting parties agree that in all that concerns commerce and navigation, any privilege, favor or immunity which either high contracting party has actually granted or may hereafter grant to the Government, ships, citizens or subjects of any other State shall be extended to the Government, ships, citizens or subjects of the other high contracting party, gratuitously, if the concession in favor of that other State shall have been gratuitous, and on the same or equivalent condi-

tions if the concession shall have been conditional; it being their intention that the trade and navigation of each country shall be placed, in all respects, by the other upon the footing of the most favored nation."

Mr. Tomesaburo Shimizu, one of Japan's numerous unofficial spokesmen residing in this country, places particular stress upon this paragraph and discourses at some length upon the dishonor involved in violating the *spirit* of a contract. We find no justification for his position. Indeed, the equal privileges guaranteed are so carefully restricted to "all that concerns commerce and navigation" that it might fairly be argued that it was the deliberate intent of the contracting parties to exclude all others from the agreement.

Article 1 is more applicable, providing, rather broadly than explicitly, that:

... "The citizens or subjects of each contracting party shall enjoy in the territories of the other the same privileges, liberties and rights, and shall be subject to no higher imposts or charges in these respects, than native citizens or subjects, or citizens or subjects of the most favored nation."

"If," declares Mr. Shimizu, "the School Board of San Francisco excluded all alien children, we might not care"—though it seems hardly a case of caring or not caring, but of actual prerogative—"but the prohibition is only for Mongolian children. Our children have the right as most favored nation, and they, of course, have the right to attend the schools with other white alien children, as well as American citizens." In other words, since Italian and British children are permitted to attend the schools, the same privilege must be accorded to the sons and daughters of Japanese. An easy solution would seem to lie in the restriction of attendance of all aliens to certain schools, but we fear that even this would not induce our prideful neighbors to cease from "caring," although we suspect they would not be seriously disturbed by our possible embroilment with other nations.

The real question is whether the action of the School Board of San Francisco constitutes an actual violation of the treaty. That Japan so construes it does not, of course, make it so; indeed, considering (1) that, as a matter of fact, there is no "exclusion" whatever, but only a segregation of schools for Mongolian children quite in line with other ordinary regulations within the recognized jurisdiction of local authorities, and (2)

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

that there is no explicit obligation to afford any means of education whatsoever, and (3) that, practically, we do furnish adequate and equal facilities, and (4) that no treaty ever did, or ever was supposed to, enforce personal contact and association with others upon the citizens of any nation or their children, and (5) that, even if there be a technical abridgment, it is not of liberty or rights but only of "privileges"—a word of very general meaning, never interpreted as absolutely all-embracing—of nothing more than such personal contact and association; in view, we say, of these acknowledged and pertinent facts, it seems to us that a very good case could be made for a counter-declaration that the school regulation does not constitute a violation worthy of objection by a really high contracting party.

We trust that the Administration, whose seeming tacit acceptance of the Japanese view has caused no little surprise and apprehension, will seriously consider this phase of the situation before attempting any measures savoring of coercion in dealing with the citizens of a sovereign State. Infinitely better than the adoption of such procedure would be a frank and manly avowal of practical inability, on the part of the National Administration, under our constitutional restriction, to enforce this particular provision without virtually engaging in civil war, accompanied by a proposal to modify the treaty to meet the necessities of a political condition.

Facts, even prejudices at times, must be reckoned with no less than theories, and one truth may as well be understood by our Eastern brethren first as last, namely, that, treaty or no treaty, the American people will never admit to full personal association a race, however worthy, which they regard as inherently so alien that attempt at commingling could only result in disastrous failure, to the infinite disadvantage, not only of those directly concerned, but of all others throughout the world.

TUESDAY, November 27.

Woman Suffrage in Colorado.

THE first thorough analysis of the results of woman suffrage in Colorado, although to our mind far from conclusive as indicative of general effects, is illuminating in several important respects. It is made by Mr. Lawrence Lewis, a close student of political conditions in Pueblo, the second largest city in the State, and apparently a wholly unprejudiced observer. The fa-

miliar prediction that women would not exercise the privilege is quickly and effectually disposed of by the simple fact that since 1894 they have cast never less than forty and sometimes more than forty-eight per cent. of the total number of votes polled in the entire State. To determine the character of the new political force, Mr. Lewis selected fourteen representative precincts and divided each into eight residence districts, ranging from that known as the best to the lowest containing the worst saloons and brothels. The actual registration figures, arranged for simple comparison, follow:

	Total vote.	Men.	Women.
Four best districts inhabited by the rich, well-to-do, artisans, small tradesmen, mechanics, clerks, superintendents, engineers, foremen, etc.....	1707	986	721
Four remaining districts comprising common laborers, Slavs, Italians and residents of cheap lodging-houses, brothels, saloons, etc.....	1222	785	437

The women voters registered from the respectable districts, therefore, exceeded those from the other half by 284 in actual number and constituted 42 per cent. of the total in their section, as contrasted with 35 per cent. in the other. The percentage of registered votes actually polled was slightly larger in the better neighborhoods, the widest difference appearing between the "best," which voted 77 per cent. of the registration against only 53 per cent. from the "lodging-house" community. This result surely has a bearing, at least, upon the stock assertion that respectable women will stay at home, and that only disreputable females under coercion will actually go to the polls.

Mr. Lewis observed little change for the better in the conduct of polling-places, although at those in the most turbulent precincts men, while continuing to "wear hats and use tobacco freely," do "possibly swear a little less," while in the best city precincts and a large majority of country precincts "the order is perfect." Bribery and corruption have been rife in all Colorado cities so long that the most enthusiastic reformers did not anticipate immediate extinction of these evils to result from enlargement of the franchise privilege, but Pueblo's latest municipal election "was regarded even by politicians as the most nearly honest election in years." Particularly encouraging was the prompt and effective manifestation of resentment against the lowest politicians who compelled prostitutes, grievously

against their will, to appear in public and vote. One "city detective" was convicted and sent to the penitentiary at once, another now awaits trial, and a former county clerk and several of his deputies are under indictment "on equally strong evidence of having supplied the brains and purse" for the hateful work.

It is not surprising, under such conditions, that this candid observer can perceive as yet no material improvement in the public conduct of officials, *but—*

"A very noteworthy change wrought by woman suffrage has been the raising of the requirement as to moral character, judged solely by their private lives, of men elected, especially to offices in our cities. Since the extension of the franchise to women, political parties have learned the inadvisability of nominating for public offices drunkards, notorious libertines, gamblers, liquor-dealers and men who engage in similar discredited occupations, *because the women almost always vote them down.*"

Of the capacity of women themselves as public officials no basis of judgment appears, since they have aspired to no control other than that of the schools, which they have practically held for years. Mr. Lewis testifies as follows:

"Ever since the extension of the franchise, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction has been a woman. This is the office of greatest importance ever held in Colorado by our new voters. Be it said further to the credit of the successive incumbents of this responsible position that theirs has been about the only one of Colorado's administrative departments, from chief executive down, the conduct of which in the past decade has always been above suspicion of rank favoritism, fraud or graft. Since 1894 the office of County Superintendent of Schools has been held continuously in a number of counties by women. Their service, generally speaking, has been so eminently correct and satisfactory that after each election the proportion of women has increased until at present they hold this office in thirty-four of the fifty-nine counties."

The conclusion of this competent observer bears out the assertion of those who rail at the non-appearance of the millennium in Colorado as an immediate effect of franchise expansion, but by rational minds, willing to accept progress in lieu of unattainable perfection, the results may fairly be considered not only encouraging, but, on the whole, satisfactory. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to pronounce them distinctly confirmatory of our original declaration of faith in the efficacy of woman suffrage, especially "in purifying the ballot and establishing and main-

taining lofty standards as to the qualifications required of candidates for public office."

WEDNESDAY, *November 28.*

The Sagacious Frivolity of Widows.

WE have never been able to understand why even the dour Jeremiah should have regarded widowhood as a just cause of reproach. Whatever may be their sentiments after the event, few women, while their husbands live, really wish to lose them, and, barring those who cultivate the habit of nagging or whining to their own great enjoyment, practically none can be held directly responsible for the demise of her partner. It was not uncommon, however, in the old days, to consider misfortune itself as deserving of censure, and it was in this cruelly harsh spirit, we assume, that the prophet spoke.

We doubt if he would find much cause for lamentation if alive and observant to-day. Surely no reproach now attaches to widowhood, and we question whether, in point of fact, it is any longer regarded as an affliction and not, in the general run, as a somewhat happy circumstance. True, the lot of a woman, especially a young woman, suddenly deprived of the presence of the man whom she has grown accustomed to see about the house, is still regarded as one of peculiar sadness; but it is indeed amazing to note the brevity of the time required to transform commiseration into congratulation, and even envy, on the part of her sisters. The primary cause of this attitude lies doubtless in the value attached to the acquirement of pecuniary independence and personal freedom, but unless we have misjudged the controlling forces of femininity, a most unlikely supposition, the enviousness is directly traceable to a suspicion that men are prone to consider widows more attractive than maidens or even married women of similar ages. One never hears of a sour young widow, and seldom of a gay old maid; the former is referred to invariably as "captivating," the latter usually as "crabbed," and it is needless to say which a man is asked to come to meet at teas, house-parties and like functions, where the masculine presence is most desired and with the greatest difficulty obtained.

It is an interesting fact, moreover, that the discrimination in favor of the widow finds ample justification, although it is probably accounted for by the difference between what is expected of her and of her unwedded sister. No responsibility as to

attractiveness rests upon the shoulders of an unalluring spinster, and, sensitive to this depressing fact, she soon ceases to practise the arts of pleasing and relies for attention upon cultivated personal satire, which quickly palls upon one seeking a more gracious form of amusement. The young widow, on the other hand, realizing that her shining qualities have been duly heralded, is constantly alive to the necessity of justifying her reputation for vivacity, sweetness of disposition, charm of manner or daring speech, as the case may be, and is induced by pride to exert her utmost endeavors to make herself agreeable. In this she profits from the American man's chivalry to women and fidelity to men, and is aided materially by the convention of polite society, which accords her a much wider range of topics than is permitted to her unfortunate rival, whose coquetry must be veiled by seeming innocence and becoming modesty.

Not that demure appearance and coy glances lack efficacy; far from it. Even beauty, "all powerful as it is," according to Montaigne, "has not wherewithal to make itself relished without the mediation of these little arts"; if spinsters had been endowed with a monopoly of such weapons the contest would be waged more evenly. Unfortunately for them, if not indeed for all of us, these qualities are common to all women, and are so susceptible of sedulous cultivation by constant practice that the maiden's shyness of manner is fully counterbalanced by the greater adeptness of the widow in the exercise of flitting obliquity by eyelashes tinged to meet the requirements of harmonious expression.

Indefinite continuance in the intermediate state, which we have seen to be far from unhappy, would be contrary to feminine nature and distinctly unwise, as tending towards what might seem to have the effect of a professional condition, such, for example, as inevitably withers interest in a lady who has buried more than two husbands; but in the present state of our civilization, in view of the considerations herein set forth simply, yet to our mind conclusively, we unhesitatingly advise preliminary marriage with one carefully selected with a view to his early demise, to be followed by an interim of joyous widowhood before definitely and finally engaging in matrimony as a permanent vocation likely to induce the placidity of rational existence.

THURSDAY, November 29.

Modern Educational Methods.

THE latest and cleverest of recent English essayists, himself the son of an archbishop and the master of a college, is distressed by the inadequacy of educational methods of the present day. Tennyson's famous indictment of Cambridge—

“Because you do profess to teach,
And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart,”

excites him, and he becomes the prey of melancholy. “We are,” he feels and says, “too professional; we concern ourselves with methods and details; we swallow blindly the elaborate tradition under which we have ourselves been educated; we continue to respect the erudite mind, and to decry the appreciative spirit as amateurish and dilettante.”

Such words from an authoritative source gratify the dreamer incapable of incorporating into concrete expression his admirable vagaries, and make pleasing reading for all, but once subjected to the test of ordinary analysis they are quickly resolved into mere evidence of “fine writing,” indicative of a woful lack of comprehension. Despite the pretty phrasing, there is really no good reason for ceasing to respect the erudite mind or to decry the flabby and unwholesome “appreciative spirit,” whose most recent symbol in England was the sunflower protruding offensively from the buttonhole of erotical genius. To this day, we cannot doubt, Eton exudes information if not knowledge, and paves the way for the acquirement of wisdom. Tennyson's plaint may be dismissed unresentfully as the cry of a poet; but from a competent student of human progress, such as Mr. Benson unquestionably is, we have a right to expect finer discrimination. The difficulty to which both allude lies not in the trammels of method or professionalism or regard for tradition, but in refusal or inability to differentiate in conscience between that which is good and that which is bad. The wisdom they reprobate is that of the serpent, celebrated in adage and heedlessly accepted as possessing Scriptural authority, although Solomon plainly condemned it, by inference, the Saviour in no sense endorsed it when He enjoined mere ordinary caution upon the apostles about to go forth “as sheep among wolves,” and God Himself at the very beginning of creation cursed its source.

The difference between the wisdom urged upon mankind by

all divine, and indeed by any respectable human, authority, unless we accord to Niccolo Machiavelli a position not commonly conceded to him, and that disparaged by the poet and the essayist, is as wide as the gulf between praiseworthy sagacity and detestable shrewdness. The heart requires nourishment, to be sure; so does the liver; but the business of teachers is to feed and discipline the mind, having a care only not to impair the normal strengthening of the body nor to check the natural broadening of sympathies. When they bewail the restrictions imposed upon their profession by ages of experience, they indulge in talk not merely idle but distinctly harmful, tending only to induce in the youthful mind excuse for slothfulness.

Fie upon such modern philosophy! In haste we return to the ancients. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and let the schoolmaster stick to his task, leaving to the hardy Saxon heart the privilege it has ever enjoyed of acquiring spirituality in proportion to its needs and its capacity.

FRIDAY, November 30.

Save the Children and the Nation.

"One million seven hundred thousand children, practically uneducated, are toiling over here, and growing up, darkened, massed and dangerous, into the American future."

Such is the summary of one phase of present industrial and social conditions in this country set down in his latest book by that friendly, yet perspicacious and fearless, student and fore-caster, Mr. H. G. Wells. It is, we fear, a fact as terrifying as the indictment is terrible. If the evil were segregated, demand might be made upon local pride and communal sentiment with reasonable expectation of responsive remedy; but, sad to say, this is not the case. In Massachusetts—"there she is; behold her!"—are "little naked boys packing cloth into bleaching-vats in a bath of chemicals that bleaches their little bodies like the bodies of lepers"; in the South, there are "six times as many children at work as there were twenty years ago, and each year more little ones are brought in from the fields and hills to live in the degrading atmosphere of the mill towns"; in Pennsylvania, "children of ten and eleven stoop over the chute, and pick out slate and other impurities from the coal, as it passes them, for ten or eleven hours a day"; in Illinois, they stand "ankle-deep in blood, cleaning intestines and trimming meat"; altogether,

the children between the ages of five and fourteen forced to toil in factories, mines, and slaughter-houses comprise nearly one-sixth of our entire population. Surely no cause of wonder or criticism can be found in the fact that our conservative critic finds himself impelled by duty "to note this as affecting the future; these working children cannot be learning to read—though they will presently be having votes; they cannot grow up fit to bear arms, to be, in any sense but a vile, computing sweater's sense, men; so miserably they will avenge themselves by supplying the stuff for vice, for crime, for yet more criminal and political manipulations."

To gaze upon such a picture is not pleasant; but is it not well that we be compelled by foreign judgment to behold it, that we may seek the remedy? Where, then, is the remedy to be found? Recently, in a speech made to a Young Men's Christian Association in Indiana, one of the few men in public life whose aims are creative, or at the least remedial, declared his faith in the efficacy of a method which he was about to propose. In response to an inquiry respecting it, he writes to us as follows:

"It is necessary to have a national law on this subject. It has become clear that it is quite out of the question to expect any effective cure of this evil from the States. Of course, we cannot pass any valid law prohibiting child labor in factories and mines—that is the province of the States. But we have undoubted constitutional power to pass a law providing that carriers of interstate commerce shall not transport or accept for transportation the products of factories and mines employing children under the age of fourteen years; that the interstate carrier shall require of the factory or mine owner an affidavit, in form prescribed by the Department of Commerce and Labor, that such factory or mine does not employ child labor, such affidavit to be filed every six months, etc., etc.

"Of course, this would not reach goods sent through jobbers and would not entirely correct the evil, but it will largely do so. It will affect most—I should say four-fifths—of the great factories and mines that are engaged in this indefensible practice. Above all else, it is a beginning; also, it is the only way by which we can reach this evil by a national statute."

The Senator to whom we refer—Mr. Beveridge of Indiana—adds that he will introduce a bill to this effect immediately upon the reconvening of the Congress; and for that measure he asks in advance the support of public journals and good citizens. For ourselves, we confess to a distinct dislike of the method

proposed, as savoring of the hateful new general policy of circumventing fundamental restrictions, and exercising concentrated authority in undisguised disregard of the spirit of the Constitution; but if, in fact, no other than this evasive way should be found, and the question should resolve itself, from necessity, into a plain choice between the moral, mental and physical stultification of millions of children and a theory of government, all other considerations would weigh as a feather against the demands of common humanity.

SATURDAY, *December 1.*

Broader Aspects of Esperanto.

THERE is no need, we feel sure, to direct the attention of our readers particularly to the truly eloquent and inspiring address, published in this *REVIEW*, of Doctor Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto. When the official definition of the new language was under discussion at Boulogne, the proposal that the purpose of hastening the coming of universal peace should be embodied in the creed was rejected by Doctor Zamenhof, upon the ground that progress would be retarded by permitting seeming dictation of motives to supersede mere suggestion of means, but the earnest words spoken at Geneva clearly show how close to his heart is the idea. Why for even an instant he should have hesitated to make the appeal we cannot surmise. It is an indubitable fact that, from the earliest times, among primitive beings and savage tribes, to the present days of comparative enlightenment, practically all strife has arisen from a determination of one part of the race to force the acceptance by another of an unfamiliar language, a strange religion or both. Wars without number have resulted from the mere difficulty of reaching an understanding through a mutually intelligible means of communication. Even as late as the past century, as frankly conceded at the recent celebration of the American Board of Foreign Missions, ignorance in men of different races of one another's true beliefs and inability to make comprehensible exposition have constituted the chief stumbling-blocks in the path of religious progression.

Two years ago, or more, the far-seeing Pope Pius X testified his appreciation of this vital condition by conferring his benediction upon all Esperantists and their cause and, during the recent Congress, he authorized the celebration of a Mass in Esperanto in a church of Geneva. On the same Sunday services

in Esperanto were conducted in a Protestant church, affording, wrote the Frenchman René de Saussure, "a very uncommon spectacle—the simultaneous Catholic Mass and Protestant services, in the same language, enabling the people to choose between the preaching of an English clergyman and a Spanish priest." And after the services, in the parks and on the quays of Geneva, "all fraternized cordially, forgetting for a little while all of those things which under ordinary circumstances would have set them apart. In more than one spot I saw happy groups made up of priests and free-thinkers, of socialists and military men. All these people chatted gayly together, as though suddenly aware of the fact that, before being priests or socialists or soldiers, they were men. And I said to myself as I looked at them, surely these few days passed together must result in a great lesson in tolerance of all for all." Viewing these impressive indications and having in mind that the thousand enthusiastic members of the conference represented twenty-eight distinct nationalities from Iceland to Peru, M. Boirac, the famous French educator, declared, "The consequences of Esperanto, so far as concerns the future progress of humanity, will be hardly less important than those that followed the invention of printing."

We would not underrate the broader aspects of the invention of a universal language; indeed, as we have briefly hinted and as appears, though gradually, in Doctor Zamenhof's utterances, they well deserve the most serious consideration; but first must be established its practicability for ordinary commercial usage, assured, we believe, by the ease of acquirement, "owing," as the "Spectator" remarks, "to the irreducible minimum of grammar and the simplicity of its vocabulary." The truth of this claim will receive demonstration in an early number of this REVIEW, which will contain a primer in Esperanto for beginners.

MONDAY, December 3.

Why Girls are Uninteresting.

FROM a mass of denials, more vehement than convincing, of our recent assertion of the superiority of the American boy over the American girl, it is refreshing to turn to the following communication which we have received from an exceptionally intelligent and keenly observant American woman:

"If our American Girl is a bore, as you have chronicled, if she is, at times, somewhat self-conscious and lacking in aspiration, the fault

must surely lie, not with her, but with the controlling generation. Control is very much out of fashion nowadays. We have grown to believe that real virtue depends upon freedom, and that individuality must come by exercising choice. The great point is that the intelligence comes into the world naked and unadorned, and we must offer it ideals to choose among.

"It may be the outgrowth of the very false impression that girls are *born* better than boys, but, for that or some better reason, we are incomparably more lax in our training of girls than in our training of boys. Fortunately the fashion of ill health for girls, which obtained forty or fifty years ago, has entirely passed; doubtless that generation was paying the fine of the two or three generations who had lived in city houses, climbing stairs and sewing on machines as their chief exercise. The main remedy for the delicacy of young girls being discovered to be fresh air and wholesome exercise, the tradition of enfeebled health promptly died out.

"We have now a sturdy and athletic, an independent and courageous, pleasure-seeker upon our hands. Her schooling and her home training are all too often casual and intermittent. If she goes to a fashionable finishing-school, she learns how to enter and leave a room, how to dress her hair and modulate her voice, but these are at best minor accomplishments for an immortal soul. If she goes to college, she too often learns to look upon intellectual attainment as an end in itself and as a solution of the problem of existence. Finally, she submits to the unspeakable degradation of being put upon the marriage market. She comes home from her school or her college and is deliberately decked out in fine clothes and extravagant trappings, and with whatever subtlety the intention be veiled, she is offered for marriage.

"Perhaps, when one looks at the superficiality of the method of education, it is not altogether a surprise that the young girl is not profoundly attractive. The boy is educated and trained for life; to earn his own living, to be a force amongst men, to use his life. The young girl is offered accomplishments and clothes, in order that she may capture a husband and live, in idleness, upon his work. When we train our girls to noble occupations, when we teach them that they must be a controlling force in life, when we shame them out of superficialities and idleness, and laugh them out of the college-bred absurdity that intellect is the controlling force of life, we shall have an American girl who is just as interesting and just as attractive as the American boy. Girls are as eager as boys for ideals; so eager, in fact, that we have grown somewhat slothful in supplying them."

With this diagnosis of causes, in the main, we agree. That an increase of responsibilities, demanding both absorption and application of ideals, would be beneficial not only to young women themselves but to all humankind there can be no question. Therefore, endow them in common with their brothers with the right

of direct influence in the conduct of the affairs of their country, and rear them in such a way as to inculcate in their minds a realizing sense of the obligations they are about to assume.

TUESDAY, *December 4.*

The Old-time Home.

IT was a beautiful thing,—a home in the olden days we can just remember. A place where order and peace reigned; a little space shut off from shadows and illusions; a place where all the bed-linen was scented with dried lavender sewed up in tiny silk bags, and where the cooking was impeccable. It was not a bad profession either, that of being housewife and house-mother; arduous and full of minute cares and day-long claims it was, and yet there are few joys greater than that of building a peaceful refuge for one man and growing-ground for his children. Nor was it necessarily so narrowing a vocation as the present generation is apt to think. It takes wide reading, much thinking, definitely impelled activities to make ideal the surroundings of a child. We were recently approached on the subject of a new Socialistic colony, where all the families are to eat together, where all the children are to be handed over to trained caretakers, to be fed, taught, disciplined and watched over, day and night. "And what is the mother to do?" we asked. "She will be free for her chosen duties, public or private, whatever they be." But we had chanced to overhear a boy say that day to his mother, "There is one thing we oughtn't to miss ever, and that's an hour or two alone together every day!" And we wondered what self-chosen duties that mother would prefer to that daily hour or two alone, bespoken by a twelve-year-old son.

WEDNESDAY, *December 5.*

Day Dreams are the Better.

OF the two we prefer dreams by day; they are under surer control than those by night, are almost invariably more agreeable, yield finally to an awakening far less rude, and are, in consequence, infinitely more restful and beneficial. Not that even in the profoundest sleep, when, according to the scientists, there is total lapse of mentation, guidance is wholly unattainable; both theory and practice testify to the contrary, although no way has yet been found of tracing the cause from the effect. Why, for example, does speaking in a low, monotonous tone close to the ear of a sleeper induce him to dream of shipwrecks, drowning

and the like? Is there a tone in the voice analogous to and sympathetic with the unceasing moaning of the waves of the sea? or, is the mere general relationship existing between various phases of melancholy responsible? Science as yet offers no solution beyond the curious suggestion that practically all dreams are attributable to the effect of external sounds upon the brain. Pierre Eyquem attached so much importance to this theory that he made a practical application of it in the development of his dull-witted son's genius. For an hour each morning before the boy's awakening, he played soft music in the adjoining room. What part this performed in the making of that marvellous mind cannot, of course, be determined, but there seems to be substantial reason for the belief that some effects resulted, even though, assuredly, the tranquillity one would naturally anticipate was not one of them.

The creator of Peter Ibbetson tacitly admitted the predominant effect of sound, but was so thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of combined mental and physical condition that he set down with audacious precision a primary rule to this effect: "You must always sleep on your back, with your arms above your head, your hands clasped under it, and your feet crossed, the right one over the left, unless you are left-handed; and you must never for a moment cease thinking of where you want to be in your dream till you are asleep and get there, and you must never forget in your dream where and what you are when awake. You must join the dream on to reality." This method is easy, and may have served well the Duchess in her vividly imaginative flights through prison walls and miles of space, but alas! there is a nervous defect in the modern temperament which renders the process worse than unavailing.

We return, then, to the initial assertion of the superior advantages of dreams by day arising chiefly from the greater ease with which they may be regulated. And surely no greater boon has been conferred upon humankind. Take out of life those blissful drowsing moments when the youthful orator has foreseen himself holding a multitude in the hollow of his hand, moving them to laughter or tears at will, or even by the sheer power of his eloquence compelling a jury to free the confessed murderer; deprive the country girl, trudging her way to school, of the vision of an entire court, including both of their gracious Majesties,

bowing before her loveliness; bar even the wretched player of golf from conjuring before the eye of his mind a perfect game, stroke by stroke, made with such grace, power and precision as to be regarded by a thousand onlookers as truly marvellous; rob a statesman of his mental picture of countless generations reverently holding his memory as that of the greatest of the great; steal from the composer the anticipation of slipping shyly from his high chair while the great house resounds with fitting applause of the most impelling opera ever written; take from the girl in the choir the weekly vision between hymns of the ultimate triumph of voice and beauty; and what is left but husks of life? To actual achievement, and to even dreary realism their due; but not less appropriate to the reverie of life than to the sleep of death is the exclamation of the poet,

“What dreams may come”—

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—VIII.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated in 1906.*] In those early days duelling suddenly became a fashion in the new Territory of Nevada, and by 1864 (1864.) everybody was anxious to have a chance in the new sport, mainly for the reason that he was not able to thoroughly respect himself so long as he had not killed or crippled somebody in a duel or been killed or crippled in one himself.

At that time I had been serving as city editor on Mr. Goodman's Virginia City "Enterprise" for a matter of two years. I was twenty-nine years old. I was ambitious in several ways, but

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VOL. CLXXXIII.—NO. 605. 77

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I had entirely escaped the seductions of that particular craze. I had had no desire to fight a duel; I had no intention of provoking one. I did not feel respectable, but I got a certain amount of satisfaction out of feeling safe. I was ashamed of myself; the rest of the staff were ashamed of me—but I got along well enough. I had always been accustomed to feeling ashamed of myself, for one thing or another, so there was no novelty for me in the situation. I bore it very well. Plunkett was on the staff; R. M. Daggett was on the staff. These had tried to get into duels, but for the present had failed, and were waiting. Goodman was the only one of us who had done anything to shed credit upon the paper. The rival paper was the Virginia "Union." Its editor for a little while was Tom Fitch, called the "silver-tongued orator of Wisconsin"—that was where he came from. He tuned up his oratory in the editorial columns of the "Union," and Mr. Goodman invited him out and modified him with a bullet. I remember the joy of the staff when Goodman's challenge was accepted by Fitch. We ran late that night, and made much of Joe Goodman. He was only twenty-four years old; he lacked the wisdom which a person has at twenty-nine, and he was as glad of being *it* as I was that I wasn't. He chose Major Graves for his second (that name is not right, but it's close enough; I don't remember the Major's name). Graves came over to instruct Joe in the duelling art. He had been a Major under Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," and had fought all through that remarkable man's filibustering campaign in Central America. That fact gauges the Major. To say that a man was a Major under Walker, and came out of that struggle ennobled by Walker's praise, is to say that the Major was not merely a brave man but that he was brave to the very utmost limit of that word. All of Walker's men were like that. I knew the Gillis family intimately. The father made the campaign under Walker, and with him one son. They were in the memorable Plaza fight, and stood it out to the last against overwhelming odds, as did also all of the Walker men. The son was killed at the father's side. The father received a bullet through the eye. The old man—for he was an old man at the time—wore spectacles, and the bullet and one of the glasses went into his skull and remained there. There were some other sons: Steve, George, and Jim, very young chaps—the merest lads—

who wanted to be in the Walker expedition, for they had their father's dauntless spirit. But Walker wouldn't have them; he said it was a serious expedition, and no place for children.

The Major was a majestic creature, with a most stately and dignified and impressive military bearing, and he was by nature and training courteous, polite, graceful, winning; and he had that quality which I think I have encountered in only one other man—Bob Howland—a mysterious quality which resides in the eye; and when that eye is turned upon an individual or a squad, in warning, that is enough. The man that has that eye doesn't need to go armed; he can move upon an armed desperado and quell him and take him prisoner without saying a single word. I saw Bob Howland do that, once—a slender, good-natured, amiable, gentle, kindly little skeleton of a man, with a sweet blue eye that would win your heart when it smiled upon you, or turn cold and freeze it, according to the nature of the occasion.

The Major stood Joe up straight; stood Steve Gillis up fifteen paces away; made Joe turn right side towards Steve, cock his navy six-shooter—that prodigious weapon—and hold it straight down against his leg; told him that *that* was the correct position for the gun—that the position ordinarily in use at Virginia City (that is to say, the gun straight up in the air, then brought slowly down to your man) was all wrong. At the word "*One*," you must raise the gun slowly and steadily to the place on the other man's body that you desire to convince. Then, after a pause, "*two, three—fire—Stop!*" At the word "*stop*," you may fire—but not earlier. You may give yourself as much time as you please *after* that word. Then, when you fire, you may advance and go on firing at your leisure and pleasure, if you can get any pleasure out of it. And, in the meantime, the other man, if he has been properly instructed and is alive to his privileges, is advancing on *you*, and firing—and it is always likely that more or less trouble will result.

Naturally, when Joe's revolver had risen to a level it was pointing at Steve's breast, but the Major said "No, that is not wise. Take all the risks of getting murdered yourself, but don't run any risk of murdering the other man. If you survive a duel you want to survive it in such a way that the memory of it will not linger along with you through the rest of your life and interfere with your sleep. Aim at your man's leg; not at the

knee, not above the knee; for those are dangerous spots. Aim below the knee; cripple him, but leave the rest of him to his mother."

By grace of these truly wise and excellent instructions, Joe tumbled Fitch down next morning with a bullet through his lower leg, which furnished him a permanent limp. And Joe lost nothing but a lock of hair, which he could spare better than he could now. For when I saw him here in New York a year ago, his crop was gone; he had nothing much left but a fringe, with a dome rising above.

About a year later I got *my* chance. But I was not hunting for it. Goodman went off to San Francisco for a week's holiday, and left me to be chief editor. I had supposed that that was an easy berth, there being nothing to do but write one editorial per day; but I was disappointed in that superstition. I couldn't find anything to write an article about, the first day. Then it occurred to me that inasmuch as it was the 22nd of April, 1864, the next morning would be the three-hundredth anniversary (1864.) of Shakespeare's birthday—and what better theme could I want than that? I got the Cyclopædia and examined it, and found out who Shakespeare was and what he had done, and I borrowed all that and laid it before a community that couldn't have been better prepared for instruction about Shakespeare than if they had been prepared by art. There wasn't enough of what Shakespeare had done to make an editorial of the necessary length, but I filled it out with what he hadn't done—which in many respects was more important and striking and readable than the handsomest things he had really accomplished. But next day I was in trouble again. There were no more Shakespeares to work up. There was nothing in past history, or in the world's future possibilities, to make an editorial out of, suitable to that community; so there was but one theme left. That theme was Mr. Laird, proprietor of the Virginia "Union." *His* editor had gone off to San Francisco too, and Laird was trying his hand at editing. I woke up Mr. Laird with some courtesies of the kind that were fashionable among newspaper editors in that region, and he came back at me the next day in a most vitriolic way. He was hurt by something I had said about him—some little thing—I don't remember what it was now—probably called him a horse-thief, or one of those little phrases customarily used to

describe another editor. They were no doubt just, and accurate, but Laird was a very sensitive creature, and he didn't like it. So we expected a challenge from Mr. Laird, because according to the rules—according to the etiquette of duelling as reconstructed and reorganized and improved by the duellists of that region—whenever you said a thing about another person that he didn't like, it wasn't sufficient for him to talk back in the same offensive spirit: etiquette required him to send a challenge; so we waited for a challenge—waited all day. It didn't come. And as the day wore along, hour after hour, and no challenge came, the boys grew depressed. They lost heart. But I was cheerful; I felt better and better all the time. They couldn't understand it, but *I* could understand it. It was my *make* that enabled me to be cheerful when other people were despondent. So then it became necessary for us to waive etiquette and challenge Mr. Laird. When we reached that decision, they began to cheer up, but I began to lose some of my animation. However, in enterprises of this kind you are in the hands of your friends; there is nothing for you to do but to abide by what they consider to be the best course. Daggett wrote a challenge for me, for Daggett had the language—the right language—the convincing language—and I lacked it. Daggett poured out a stream of unsavory epithets upon Mr. Laird, charged with a vigor and venom of a strength calculated to persuade him; and Steve Gillis, my second, carried the challenge and came back to wait for the return. It didn't come. The boys were exasperated, but I kept my temper. Steve carried another challenge, hotter than the other, and we waited again. Nothing came of it. I began to feel quite comfortable. I began to take an interest in the challenges myself. I had not felt any before; but it seemed to me that I was accumulating a great and valuable reputation at no expense, and my delight in this grew and grew, as challenge after challenge was declined, until by midnight I was beginning to think that there was nothing in the world so much to be desired as a chance to fight a duel. So I hurried Daggett up; made him keep on sending challenge after challenge. Oh, well, I overdid it; Laird accepted. I might have known that that would happen—Laird was a man you couldn't depend on.

The boys were jubilant beyond expression. They helped me make my will, which was another discomfort—and I already had

enough. Then they took me home. I didn't sleep any—didn't want to sleep. I had plenty of things to think about, and less than four hours to do it in—because five o'clock was the hour appointed for the tragedy, and I should have to use up one hour—beginning at four—in practising with the revolver and finding out which end of it to level at the adversary. At four we went down into a little gorge, about a mile from town, and borrowed a barn door for a mark—borrowed it of a man who was over in California on a visit—and we set the barn door up and stood a fence-rail up against the middle of it, to represent Mr. Laird. But the rail was no proper representative of him, for he was longer than a rail and thinner. Nothing would ever fetch him but a line shot, and then as like as not he would split the bullet—the worst material for duelling purposes that could be imagined. I began on the rail. I couldn't hit the rail; then I tried the barn door; but I couldn't hit the barn door. There was nobody in danger except stragglers around on the flanks of that mark. I was thoroughly discouraged, and I didn't cheer up any when we presently heard pistol-shots over in the next little ravine. I knew what that was—that was Laird's gang out practising him. They would hear my shots, and of course they would come up over the ridge to see what kind of a record I was making—see what their chances were against me. Well, I hadn't any record; and I knew that if Laird came over that ridge and saw my barn door without a scratch on it, he would be as anxious to fight as I was—or as I had been at midnight, before that disastrous acceptance came.

Now just at this moment, a little bird, no bigger than a sparrow, flew along by and lit on a sage-bush about thirty yards away. Steve whipped out his revolver and shot its head off. Oh, he was a marksman—much better than I was. We ran down there to pick up the bird, and just then, sure enough, Mr. Laird and his people came over the ridge, and they joined us. And when Laird's second saw that bird, with its head shot off, he lost color, he faded, and you could see that he was interested. He said:

“Who did that?”

Before I could answer, Steve spoke up and said quite calmly, and in a matter-of-fact way,

“Clemens did it.”

The second said, "Why, that is wonderful. How far off was that bird?"

Steve said, "Oh, not far—about thirty yards."

The second said, "Well, that is astonishing shooting. How often can he do that?"

Steve said languidly, "Oh, about four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I didn't say anything. The second said, "Why, that is *amazing* shooting; I supposed he couldn't hit a church."

He was supposing very sagaciously, but I didn't say anything. Well, they said good morning. The second took Mr. Laird home, a little tottery on his legs, and Laird sent back a note in his own hand declining to fight a duel with me on any terms whatever.

Well, my life was saved—saved by that accident. I don't know what the bird thought about that interposition of Providence, but I felt very, very comfortable over it—satisfied and content. Now, we found out, later, that Laird had *hit* his mark four times out of six, right along. If the duel had come off, he would have so filled my skin with bullet-holes that it wouldn't have held my principles.

By breakfast-time the news was all over town that I had sent a challenge and Steve Gillis had carried it. Now that would entitle us to two years apiece in the penitentiary, according to the brand-new law. Judge North sent us no message as coming from himself, but a message *came* from a close friend of his. He said it would be a good idea for us to leave the territory by the first stage-coach. This would sail next morning, at four o'clock—and in the meantime we would be searched for, but not with avidity; and if we were in the Territory after that stage-coach left, we would be the first victims of the new law. Judge North was anxious to have some object-lessons for that law, and he would absolutely keep us in the prison the full two years.

Well, it seemed to me that our society was no longer desirable in Nevada; so we stayed in our quarters and observed proper caution all day—except that once Steve went over to the hotel to attend to another customer of mine. That was a Mr. Cutler. You see Laird was not the only person whom I had tried to reform during my occupancy of the editorial chair. I had looked around and selected several other people, and delivered a new zest of life into them through warm criticism and disapproval

—so that when I laid down my editorial pen I had four horse-whippings and two duels owing to me. We didn't care for the horse-whippings; there was no glory in them; they were not worth the trouble of collecting. But honor required that some notice should be taken of that other duel. Mr. Cutler had come up from Carson City, and had sent a man over with a challenge from the hotel. Steve went over to pacify him. Steve weighed only ninety-five pounds, but it was well known throughout the territory that with his fists he could whip anybody that walked on two legs, let his weight and science be what they might. Steve was a Gillis, and when a Gillis confronted a man and had a proposition to make, the proposition always contained business. When Cutler found that Steve was my second he cooled down; he became calm and rational, and was ready to listen. Steve gave him fifteen minutes to get out of the hotel, and half an hour to get out of town or there would be results. So *that* duel went off successfully, because Mr. Cutler immediately left for Carson a convinced and reformed man.

I have never had anything to do with duels since. I thoroughly disapprove of duels. I consider them unwise, and I know they are dangerous. Also, sinful. If a man should challenge me now, I would go to that man and take him kindly and forgivingly by the hand and lead him to a quiet retired spot, and *kill* him.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

AMERICAN SCHOOLS AND JAPANESE PUPILS.

BY C. W. FULTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON.

THE principal, if not the sole, cause that has led up to the exclusion of Japanese from the public schools of San Francisco provided for white children is the fact that those seeking admission to these schools were very largely adults, who, because they were beginners, necessarily entered the primary grades and were in consequence brought into intimate association with the young white children of those grades. The serious objections to such a condition are manifest. Hence the Japanese were relegated to the schools originally designed and established for Chinese. It is not improbable that the authorities experienced less embarrassment in reaching a determination to exclude the Japanese from association with the whites in the public schools than they would have suffered had circumstances seemed to make it expedient for them to take similar action regarding any one of the European races; for it must be admitted that, while the Japanese in the aggregate, as a nation, are admired for their wonderful pluck, energy and marvellous progress of late years, the individual Japanese, as we see and know him on the Pacific Coast, is not a favorite with our people. It is the old anti-Chinese spirit revived, directed against the Japanese coolie class, and intensified by certain objectionable traits of character in the Japanese which are not found in the Chinaman. Still, were it not for the fact that adult Japanese largely flocked to the primary grades of the schools attended by white children, the order of exclusion would probably never have been demanded by any considerable number of people. For over a quarter of a century Chinese children have attended the Oregon public schools, without protest on the part of any of our citizens to my knowledge. I am very certain, however, that should adult Chinamen or Japanese seek admis-

sion to the primary grades, very numerous and emphatic protests would be heard. I cannot believe the result would be otherwise in any community.

In addition to adequate facilities provided for them in special schools in conjunction with Chinese, there are numerous private schools in every part of the country which the Japanese can attend, and there has never been any objection to admitting them to our colleges and universities. It must, therefore, be apparent that no really just cause for complaint exists. In truth, the action of the San Francisco authorities would be a matter of little moment or concern to the general public but for the protest of the Japanese Government. The issue between a few Japanese residents of California and the School Board of San Francisco was thereby elevated to the dignity of a grave international question; and some are now so pessimistic as to predict the possibility, even probability, of war as the outcome. Such a result is impossible and such predictions are absurd.

The question will be taken up, considered and determined in that spirit of frankness and sincerity which the cordial relations existing between the two nations insure. The determination will be just and honorable to both. The United States Government will not seek to avoid any obligation it has actually assumed.

Whatever misunderstanding exists is doubtless due to the absence on the part of the Government of Japan of a clear comprehension of our somewhat complex governmental system. It is probably not understood by them that the establishment and maintenance of our public schools, and the direction and control thereof, are matters committed to, and wholly within the jurisdiction of, the local State governments, and that the Federal Government contributes nothing towards their support and is in no wise responsible for the manner in which they are conducted.

The public school is an important element in the social life of every American community. The system is provided by the State, and each community establishes and maintains its own schools thereunder. Can the Federal Government, in the exercise of the treaty-making power which is vested in it exclusively, invade the, at least otherwise, exclusive power of a State to control and regulate its school system? The question is one of great importance. I shall not attempt here to discuss it fully. Under our system, the States do not derive their

powers from the General Government. On the contrary, it is expressly stated in the Federal Constitution that all powers not therein delegated to the United States, or prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States respectively. The power to provide a system of education is not delegated to the General Government nor prohibited to the States. It would appear, therefore, to be one of the powers reserved to the latter.

It is contended, however, that a public treaty is the supreme law of the land, and that, when any of its provisions conflict with a statute or constitution of a State, the stipulations of the treaty must prevail. That is true only on the assumption that the provisions of the treaty are such as the United States Government may, under the Constitution of the United States, authoritatively assent to. Can the Federal Government by treaty stipulations annul or modify State statutes that it could not by legislation constitutionally disturb? That it may do so in some cases must, I think, be conceded. For instance, it has been held to be within the power of the United States to remove by treaty the disability of aliens to inherit real estates within the several States. In *Geofroy vs. Riggs* (133 U. S., 266), Mr. Justice Field said:

"The treaty power, as expressed in the Constitution, is in terms unlimited, except by those restraints which are found in that instrument against the action of the Government or of its departments, and those arising from the nature of the Government itself and of that of the States. It does not extend so far as to authorize what the Constitution forbids, or a change in the character of the Government or in that of one of the States. But, with these exceptions, there is no limit to the questions which can be adjusted touching any matter which is properly the subject of negotiations with a foreign country."

It has been held, however, that "an attempt on the part of the United States, by compact with a foreign Government, to qualify the right of suffrage in a State, prescribe the times and mode of elections or to restrain the power of taxation under State authority, would transcend the limits of the treaty-making power and be entirely void" (*Pierce vs. State*, 13 N. H., 576). Will it be contended that the United States may, by treaty, confer on alien residents of a State the right to vote? Some States permit certain alien residents to exercise the elective franchise. Will it be contended that, under the "most-favored nation" clause, inserted in most treaties, all resident aliens in such States may

lawfully demand that right? If, by treaty, the Federal Government may confer on alien parents the right to send their children to the public schools of a State, why may it not by the same instrument secure to the parents the right to vote at school elections? Why not secure to them the right to official position under the State governments? Undoubtedly, by treaty, all rights necessary to the enjoyment of life and liberty, the acquisition, enjoyment and disposal of property may be guaranteed; but, clearly, the police of the several States is not a subject-matter to which the treaty-making power extends. Hence, the power to conduct its schools in its own way, to prescribe the qualifications necessary to admission thereto and to exclude all persons whose admittance would, in its judgment, prove detrimental to the public welfare, must, I think, be held to be a power vested exclusively in each of the States, respectively, and one which the Federal Government cannot, even by treaty, invade or annul. Happily, the treaty between the United States and Japan does not in terms propose any such invasion, and cannot, in my judgment, by any reasonable construction be made to imply any such purpose.

C. W. FULTON.

THE RÔLE OF AUSTRIA IN EUROPEAN POLICY.

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE retirement of Count Goluchowski from the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria, which he had held for nearly twelve years, may mark the beginning of a new epoch in the policy of that Empire. I intend no disrespect for the sentiment of Hungarians in omitting the name of their country from the title of this article. Moreover, in that great and interesting state, whose name ever reminds us that it was the eastern bulwark against the barbarians, national must play a subordinate part to dynastic policy, although the latter has necessarily to be moulded and modified by the law of state safety. The policy of the peoples of the most conglomerate country in Europe has been and must continue to be mainly the policy of the House of Hapsburg. What that policy is, and what are the means available to enforce it, do not seem to have entered sufficiently into the calculations, based exclusively on national aspirations and grievances, of those writers with whom the coming disintegration of Austria-Hungary is the favorite bogey. The present is not an inappropriate time for placing before the reader some views very different from those generally expressed by persons who are too fond of pronouncing a requiem over the dominion of the hereditary representatives of Charlemagne. It is, indeed, none too soon to correct the hastily formed opinions which represent that Austria has become an expiring entity and influence, at the very moment when the key to the European situation is to be found in Vienna, and when Austria will probably exercise the deciding vote in the next European *bouleversement*.

Forty years have now elapsed since Austria, attacked on two sides, resigned, after a brief but not inglorious struggle, the first

place in Germany to her old rival Prussia. The question whether that resignation was final and beyond reconsideration has lost none of its interest because it has remained in abeyance for over a generation. In referring to the epoch that is now closing, it is sufficient to record the fact that the blow to Austria's premier-ship was due to the grave error of Napoleon III, who, by philandering with impossible schemes of aggrandizement in the Netherlands, made himself the tool of Prussian policy, of which he was himself marked out to be the next victim. Some writers have said that Austria repeated in 1870 the French blunder of 1866; but Austria's hands were tied by the military conventions Prussia concluded in 1868 with the South German States, who engaged to support their old enemy. To have entered upon a war with them, her ancient allies, her undoubted sympathizers not less now than then, would have been fratricidal on the part of Austria. She had no choice but to stand aloof, to feign, if she did not feel, sympathy with her recent conqueror, and to accept for a time all the consequences of Prussia's double triumph. Among those consequences not the most agreeable was a fixed subordinate place in the political partnership, known as the Triple Alliance, with the two states that had despoiled her.

During this long period of self-effacement Austria has been ruled by a monarch who is endowed with the qualities that grace adversity, and lend to misfortune the redeeming touch of dignity. The most suspicious chief of the Berlin Foreign Office would never have imputed to the Emperor Francis Joseph any ambitious counter-scheming, or sinister longing to redress the hitherto unequal balance of fortune; nor could any likely successor to Kaunitz or Beust be detected among the Directors of the Ministerium on the Ballhaus platz, who might be classed under the uniform designation of "men of buckram." They may be supposed to have taken to heart Count Beust's phrase after Sedan, "*Il n'y a plus d'Europe*," and made it their motto. It may be admitted that no other policy save that of temporizing and waiting on events would have been prudent, or even possible, for Austria after the overthrow of France in 1870. To have attempted the adventurous policy of competing with Prussia on the old lines would only have been to play the game of Russia and to facilitate the attainment of the Pan-German programme. Austrian opposition to Prussia would also have kept Italy firmly

attached to the northern Power, which would have purchased her allegiance by concessions in the Trentino and on the Adriatic. Austria's policy during these last thirty-six years, whether by some instinctive astuteness or happy accident, has thus been the best that could possibly have been followed, while Time has been fighting her battle in a manner that no one yet seems to perceive.

The course of events has freed Austria from all apprehension on the side of Russia, whilst at the same time Hungary has shaken off that antipathy (not unmixed with horror born of the events of 1849) to the Russians which was the uppermost passion of the nation. The Prussian sympathies of the Magyars, which were much talked about and somewhat paraded in the time of Julius Andrassy, have also vanished. In their place has sprung up an anti-German feeling, beside which the old hatred of Russia seems insignificant. Skilfully utilized, that sentiment may yet save the Hapsburg dynasty, as it did in the time of Maria Theresa, and avert the Prussianizing of Austria already predicted by the Pan-Germans.

But the change on the western frontier has not been less remarkable than on the eastern. For some years past Italy has been reverting to the natural union with France, and moving away more rapidly than could have been anticipated from the artificial arrangement with North and South Germany. Of course, the most apparent indication of this tendency is the so-called feud with Austria about the Trentino, and certainly Berlin journalists do not neglect any opportunity of magnifying this trouble; but the most obvious is not always the most important; and cabinets sometimes shape their course by other agencies than those of popular passion. What has to be noted is that Italy is being alienated from Prussia. In any trial of strength between Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, there would be no probability of Italy's joining Prussia as she did on the last memorable occasion. Berlin could not offer the old bribes, or at least only in diminished form, while Italian statesmen cannot but reflect that a Pan-Germania planted on the Adriatic would aggravate the existing situation, and double-lock a door which is at present only partially closed. They may well exclaim, when closer bonds are proposed with Prussia, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" Leaving aside Austro-Italian controversies, which are not very serious, and which are treated with calmness by their respective

statesmen, the fact remains that Austria, freed from anxiety on the east, has no reason to anticipate attack from the west whenever she may decide to make her effort to assert the complete independence of her policy, which has for so long been the mere reflection of that devised at and dictated from Berlin.

The moment for making this manifestation cannot be far distant. Austria, freed of the Netherlands and the Italian duchies, has no cause of quarrel with France. The Triple Alliance was to give her security against Russia, and in her confiding trust Austria believed that it did give her security under every circumstance, until Bismarck startled her with the revelation of his Insurance Treaty with Russia. The course of events has now rendered any guarantee of security against Russia no longer necessary. Hence it follows that Austria derives no more advantage than Italy out of the Triple Alliance. It might be objected that the Germans of central Europe may yet have to combine against future dangers from various quarters, but then Austria is not exclusively German. The shouldering up of the Germans in the Dual Monarchy means the shouldering out of the non-Germans, and the voluntary abdication of Austria's separate and legitimate policy follows as a matter of course. As the House of Hapsburg is very far from being *in extremis*, and is indeed likely to display an unsuspected staying power, it is clear that Austrian policy can never be exclusively and rigidly German, according to those who dream in the couplets of "*Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?*" The scares created at Berlin have failed to widen the breach between Austria and Italy; the demonstrations of a few students and irredentists have not prevented the statesmen of the two countries from realizing that the *status quo* has great advantages for both, and that it would be folly to create complications in the Balkan peninsula or elsewhere. Italy has practically recovered her freedom of action, and there is little doubt that very shortly Austria will show that she holds the same view about herself. She will resent being any longer a shadow or a satellite; the "men of buckram," who were very useful for a mere show during a period of *recueillement*, will be superseded by men of action who can look to all points of the horizon, and guide the bark of state into what may be termed the main current of European policy and sentiment. When they seek to do this, they cannot avoid being struck by the resemblance between the Euro-

pean situation of to-day and that in 1756 on the eve of the Seven Years' War. There is, of course, one material difference. The resources of England are no longer available for Prussia.

If the time is not far off for a revision and recasting of Austria's external policy, the present moment is not a whit too soon to ask for the display of calmer judgment and more reticence on the part of outside observers in discussing the internal affairs of the Dual Empire. The Hungarians, are a brave, emotional people, who are not to be governed by the methods that Berlin applies to the Herreros; but their political sagacity in detecting that now or never is the time to make a stand against the irruption of Pan-Germanism south of the Erz-Gebirge will no longer be seriously disputed. While some people within the Austrian dominions have been saying that the Hungarian demand for the use of their language in the army is treasonable—and it is most instructive to watch how the press of Berlin and the papers of Vienna subsidized by Berlin descanted on that theme, until their readers must have grown weary and pined for novelty—a great many more people there have perceived that Hungary is giving Austria a political lesson of the very deepest significance, and one, moreover, which she is already taking to heart. What is that lesson? It is that a rigidly German policy on the lines laid down at Berlin is not a policy that Austria can or must long pursue. Hungary is telling her elder sister, in no uncertain terms, that the time has arrived when this misfitting garment should be laid aside. A worthy and wise Austrian policy should never be shaped on models supplied from Berlin, and Austrians and Hungarians are not likely to fly at each other's throats because the gentle Germans suggest that dragonades are the remedy for what they are pleased to call Hungarian "disaffection." This disaffection is nothing more than the first open manifestation of the growing resentment at the patronage that Prussia and the Hohenzollerns have long extended over Austria and the Hapsburgs.

But, it may be asked, what about the terrible agitation and commotion going on in Hungary, as described by so many correspondents at Vienna and Buda - Pesth? Scarcely a newspaper exists that does not put this problem constantly before its readers. Is not a fratricidal struggle imminent in Hungary, and will not the long-anticipated disruption of the Dual Empire follow on

"the disappearance of the Emperor Francis Joseph"? The question is not merely asked; it is answered in the same breath with an unqualified affirmative. These commentators omit to take into their reckoning the undeniable fact that what is called by some the excessive loyalty of the Emperor Francis Joseph to his Prussian partner is one of the chief irritating causes that lie at the root of the recent demonstrations by the Hungarian people, which are in a way the proof of their political intelligence. This being so, it follows that "the disappearance of the Emperor Francis Joseph"—which implies no disparagement of that great and good man, but is used here merely as a quotation from the obtrusive and offensive requiems on the Hapsburg dynasty already referred to—would not entail the serious consequences alleged, provided that his successor adopted the counter-policy of that embodied in the Triple Alliance. The present Emperor is to be regarded as struggling, out of pure loyalty, against any change in Austrian policy. But the fates are inexorable, the hour-glass telling off the period during which Austria was compelled to be tied to the train of her ancient rival has almost run down, and no timidity can avail to keep that Empire much longer under the trammels of German policy, which is antipathetic to so many Austrian interests, and even incompatible with her existence as a Great Power. What Austria has to fear is not the display of vivacity and energy by any of her component races, but the enervating influence and asphyxiating pressure of her false friend on the Spree.

Still, the situation renders it desirable that something should be done to satisfy the Hungarians that no attempt will be made to Germanize their country, and to convince them that the House of Hapsburg still relies on their loyalty as one of the chief props of its power and stability. If this is quickly done, the response will come in the same sure tones as were heard in 1742 to the appeal of Maria Theresa. But the people who describe the Hungarians as unreasonable, and who call them the Irish of the Dual Empire, are asserting that the Emperor can make no further concessions, and that he must now stand firm, which in their minds means the adoption of German methods. If those who hold these opinions were the only mentors of the Hofburg, things beyond the Leitha might be painted in dark colors; but those who declare that the Emperor Francis Joseph has exhausted his

patience or his forbearance towards any of his subjects cannot have read the story of his long and sad life with any care. If he thought them entirely in the wrong, his correction would still be one of paternal gentleness; if reflection has made him see that they are not wholly wrong, because the deeper cause of a disturbed national instinct lies at the root of what might at first be deemed trivial grievances, then we may be sure that the concession will be proportionate with the chastened judgment of a large-souled man.

Austria's need for the moment is not merely a new policy but new men. The talents that are useful for a period of inaction, when to "mark time" is the wisest course, are not those that will achieve success when important decisions have to be made, and fortitude and the courage that takes one's fate in both hands are the qualities needed. The Emperor Francis Joseph is showing, by his acceptance of Count Goluchowski's resignation, that he feels the need of new advisers, chiefly because of the deep-rooted repugnance in one part of his dominions to the foreign policy of the Empire. If a different turn were given to that policy, it is almost certain that many current apprehensions would be allayed, and that alone would entail a diminution in the agitation and excitement of which so much is being said and written. The pure Austrians have for years had little or nothing to do with the higher direction of affairs, which have been left mainly in the hands of Poles, Czechs and Slavs. The Hungarians also have not had their due share in the direction of the Imperial policy in external affairs. Yet there are good reasons for thinking that the Kaunitz of the twentieth century will spring from their ranks.

Before the inspired statesman who will nationalize Austrian policy and purge it of its spurious Teutonism is likely to reveal himself, the work for which he is wanted must become more or less defined and apparent. What is needed in Austria is some rallying-cry to which all its federated nationalities will respond. This will arise when some common peril that can only be met by closer union and a serried front presents itself. The first step in the right direction, however, will have been taken when something has been done to satisfy the Hungarians that no attempt is being or will be made to Germanize them. Even with regard to the language question in the army, some *via media*

might easily be found. Military efficiency must be the main object with Hungarians as with Austrians, but some concessions are quite within the range of practical politics. For instance, the Hungarian regiments could be taught the phrases of command, which are of a very limited number, between twenty and thirty sentences altogether, in German as well as in Hungarian, and allowed to use their own tongue on their own soil. Even then the Austro-Hungarian army would not be the only bilingual force in Europe. The Flemish regiments in Belgium are commanded in their own language and the Walloon in French. However excessive the Hungarian agitation may appear at a distance, it is clear that the ultra-Germanism of some of the Emperor's advisers has led him sometimes to sanction too uncompromising a rejection of Hungarian requests, which might have been granted to a partial extent, and at the same time deprived of half their mischief, if indeed there were anything mischievous in them at all. The unqualified denial of such requests in the first place, followed by minatory articles in the pro-Berlin Vienna press, led many Hungarians to attach sinister importance to the report this summer that the Emperor William was anxious to play at their expense the same part that Russia had played in 1849.

Although Austria has never swerved in her adherence to the Triple Alliance, and the absolute fidelity with which she supported Prussia at Algeciras is still quite fresh in the memory, there have been indications for some time that she was making collateral arrangements of considerable importance on her own account. During the last six or seven years her diplomacy has been most active at St. Petersburg, where an excellent understanding with Russia on all points has been arrived at, and its value has been enormously increased by the fact that it has not been regarded with either suspicion or dislike in Hungary. People have made the Prussian diplomatist, like the Prussian drill-sergeant, a kind of brass god, but they are really both very clumsy persons, and at Buda-Pesth a juster view has been taken of the true value of the Austro-Russian *entente* than has prevailed at Berlin. The creator of this friendly understanding, which precludes a quarrel in either Poland or the Balkans, was Baron von Aehrenthal, and he is now at the head of Austria's foreign department as Count Goluchowski's successor. He is, therefore, the originator and executant of the first piece of origi-

nal statesmanship in Austria's foreign policy since Count Beust, and it will be very surprising if he does not endeavor to crown his work by further successes in quarters which would readily respond to any Austrian advances. An *entente* with Russia might easily be supplemented by assurances which would satisfy Italy that there is no desire or intention of offering provocation to her somewhat oversensitive feelings. Austria and Italy are partners in an alliance which is nominally pacific and non-aggressive. With England and France there is not the smallest difference to ruffle the temper, or cloud the sky, and cordial friendship may be said either to exist or to be obtainable for the asking. An Austrian statesman who surveys the international situation calmly and without prejudice will see in all these circumstances ground for confidence and even complacency. The day when Austria might have been coerced into doing what she did not wish and ought not to do has passed by. If her statesmen realize the significance of what is happening in Europe and show themselves equal to their task, they will before long make their country respected by all, while they will have the satisfaction of seeing it menaced by none, because they will have ranged themselves on the side of Europe, which the triumph of Prussia in 1866 and 1870 effaced, as Count Beust said, but fortunately only for a generation.

The rôle of Austria in Europe should be a moderating one; but as long as her political action was known to depend solely on the wishes of Berlin, it was, quite unintentionally, we may admit, but still none the less positively, an inflammatory influence, for the Prussian Government, while it felt sure of Austrian cooperation, has often thought of defying the rest of Europe and trying to establish its hegemony down to the English Channel. Many North Germans, indeed, consider that Prussian policy has committed its most serious blunder in allowing the favorable moment for confirming the 1870 triumph to pass away unutilized. Although only a few months have elapsed since Algeciras, which marked the apogee in the friendly relations between Austria and Prussia, the confidence felt at Berlin as to the absolute subserviency of Austria to its wishes and orders is shaken, and the appointment of Baron von Aehrenthal will further diminish it. It is beginning to be realized there that Austrian devotion and self-sacrifice was a personal offering on the altar of blighted

hopes and harsh experience by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and not the full and unchanging surrender of their interests and ideals by the Austro-Hungarian peoples to their old antagonist. The next phase in the evolution of Austrian policy *vis à vis* to its powerful neighbor will be when Berlin finds itself compelled to listen to counsels of moderation from Vienna.

And thus there will be a fresh exemplification, in the very heart of old Europe, of the truth of the aphorism that the whirligig of time brings its own revenges. The Austria that was trampled on forty years ago, and that has played ever since a timid and retiring part in the great game of world politics, is once more coming to the front. It will, perhaps, not be very long before Vienna is again as conspicuous a centre of European diplomacy as it was in the days of Metternich. The objects of its statesmen will long continue to be pacific, because their country has need of consolidation; but they would be more than human if, remembering all the past, they did not feel a peculiar satisfaction in the knowledge that the course of events had placed in their hands the means of curbing the arrogance of Prussia.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE UNITED STATES CAN ENFORCE ITS LAW.

BY ANTI-FEDERALIST.

IN view of recent threatened assaults upon the sovereignty of the States it seems to the writer of this article to be well to explain that he is opposed to them, and that he regards them as proposed violations of the fundamental law of the country. The excuse for this intrusion of his personal views is that the following argument is in behalf of a stronger and a farther-reaching enforcement of the true Federal power than has yet been undertaken by any President except Grover Cleveland. It is not because the Federal Government ought to usurp the customary and usual functions of the States that, in this contention, it is to be urged to force its rightful power within States and within and against their local and municipal agencies. To intrude with the Federal power into a State, or into the States, is bad; it is quite as bad, and much meaner, to decline to enforce the Federal power, the acknowledged and unassailable power of the United States, because of fear of a popular prejudice that may find expression in the popular vote. It is true, indeed, that this declination of right may be due to ignorance, just as encroachments upon the States may be due to incapacity to comprehend the nature and the value of our dual form of government. Whosoever would make this defence is welcome to his plea. The true statement of the respective powers of the two elements of this government is made in the following sentence of Cooley's "Principles of Constitutional Law":

"In American constitutional law a peculiar system is established; the powers of sovereignty being classified, and some of them apportioned to the Government of the United States for its exercise, while others are left with the States. Under this apportionment, the nation is

possessed of supreme, absolute and uncontrollable power, in respect to certain subjects throughout all the States, while the States have the like unqualified power, within their respective limits, in respect to other subjects."

This doctrine has been held and applied in many cases by the Supreme Court since its earliest days; and, in some of these cases, it was early necessary to lay down the rule that, in exercising its rightful power, the Federal Government can know nothing of State lines. Acting within its jurisdiction, it is "supreme, absolute and uncontrollable." Within the State itself, and notwithstanding the State, it possesses the coercive power to carry out its lawful commands, to defend its citizens, to protect its majesty, and to enforce against State or local opposition rights which are its own or which it has constitutionally granted to others, citizens or foreigners, individuals or nations.

The Supreme Court has established this doctrine, which, as announced by the judges, is as much part of the Federal Constitution as if it had been written there in unmistakable terms. If the power which belongs by right to the United States has not been exercised, if wrong has been suffered in consequence of the failure of the Federal Government to exert acknowledged power, if shifty evasions have been resorted to in order to avoid legal responsibility, the dereliction of duty is chargeable to the political departments of the Government, to the legislative and executive departments. The judicial department has done its full duty, and doubtless is ready again to do it whenever the occasion may arise.

The particular subject now under consideration relates to the power of the Federal Government to enforce the provisions of one of its treaties against a State or local government. This treaty is that of 1894 with Japan. The Japanese Government, if we are to accept the uncontradicted statements of the newspapers, through its Ambassador at Washington, asserts that the treaty has been violated by the so-called exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of San Francisco. It is doubtful if such a contention could be justly maintained; for, while the treaty gives to Japanese in this country all of certain "privileges, liberties and rights" enjoyed by native citizens, or by citizens or subjects "of the most-favored nation," it does not follow that this particular grant by the nation carries the right

to attend the same State schools as are open to native and foreign white children. For the purposes of the argument, however, this issue may be considered as of no avail by reason of the admissions of the Federal Government. For some unexplained reason it has been deemed wise at Washington to admit the truth and justice of the Japanese representations. Therefore, in a nutshell, the case is this: The United States, by the treaty of 1894, agreed that the children of Japanese residing in this country should have the same right to attend the public schools as is enjoyed by the children of white natives; that this includes the right to attend the public schools of a State, therefore of the State of California; that it is, furthermore, a grant of the right that Japanese children may attend the same schools as those which white children lawfully and habitually attend; that, contrary to this promise of the treaty, the Board of Education of the city of San Francisco issued an order excluding Japanese children from schools which they had the right to attend; that thus a treaty of the United States has been violated by the Board of Education of San Francisco. The Japanese Government looks to the United States to repair the wrong, and possibly to make amends, and to punish the offenders. The attitude of the Government of the United States has been, at the best, one of uncertainty. It has asserted, at the most, that it does not know whether it possesses the power to prevent a breach of its own treaty by its own citizens, even when those citizens are members of a governing, or political, body. It is not the first time that the issue has arisen.

Since the power to make treaties has been given to the United States and denied to the States, and since the Federal Constitution has made a treaty the "supreme law of the land," one of two conclusions must follow: either the Government may compel obedience to its treaties, and punish disobedience; or, so far as its foreign relations are concerned, it is impotent. But so far as the law alone can make the Government powerful, this Government is far from being thus impotent. In the case of *Ware vs. Hylton*, and in many other cases, it has been decided by the Supreme Court that a law of a State must yield to the "supreme law of the land," whether that supreme law be expressed in a provision of the Constitution, or in a statute passed by Congress, or in a treaty. This doctrine was laid down, by both

Congress and the States, with reference to the duty of the States to carry out certain provisions of the treaty of peace of 1783 with Great Britain. The action of the States was, at first, not unlike the present action of San Francisco. They did not propose to abide by the agreement that the debts due to British debtors should be paid. In some instances they pretended, or asserted, that their conduct in reviving old confiscation laws, or in enforcing existing statutes, was impelled by the failure of the English Government to keep its agreement to vacate certain ports which it continued to hold. This was an impudent assumption on the part of the States of the right to take an action which, if it were to be taken at all, was wholly and solely within the discretion and power of the United States. And yet, even in making this unwarranted assumption, the States and Congress agreed that the treaty superseded all States' laws antagonistic to it. In Rhode Island, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, the courts held this doctrine. Under the law of Maryland, one who owed a debt to a British subject was compelled by law to pay it into the State Treasury. In an action for debt brought under the treaty, the court held that the treaty repealed this State law, not only for the future, but for the past. It was decreed that the defendant debtor should pay the debt to the British creditor, notwithstanding his previous payment into the State Treasury. In the State of New York, the Legislature undertook to revive an old law concerning the renting of land under military order during the British occupation of the city. In a suit to recover rent, the treaty of peace was pleaded, and the court held that the treaty prevailed in opposition to the law of the State. In Georgia, a judge charged the Grand Jury that the Constitution, the laws and the treaties of the United States were paramount over the State constitutions and laws, while another judge of the same State held that the treaty of peace repealed an act of the State.

Early in the nineteenth century the question reached the Supreme Court, a number of cases springing out of complications of title due to the change of ownership of Florida from Spain to the United States. In *Ware vs. Hylton*, Justice Chase, writing the opinion of the Court, said that a treaty is "paramount and controlling to all State laws and even to State constitutions wheresoever they interfere or disagree." In *Foster vs. Neilson*, a leading case, it was decided by the Supreme Court that a law

of the United States, *i. e.*, a statute of Congress, must yield to a treaty of subsequent date. Chief-Justice Marshall, who delivered the court's opinion in this case, said:

"Our Constitution declares a treaty to be the law of the land. It is, consequently, to be regarded in courts of justice as equivalent to an act of the legislature, whenever it operates of itself without the aid of any legislative provision."

Ten years before, in 1819, the Chief Justice, in *McCulloch vs. Maryland*, had said:

"The Government of the United States, though limited in its powers, is supreme; and its laws, when made in pursuance of the Constitution, form the supreme law of the land, 'anything in the constitution or the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'"

In one respect the treaty-making power enjoys a distinction which the law-making power does not possess: it may accomplish by treaty what Congress may not do by statute because the Constitution has not granted the power to the law-making branch of the Government. Congress, for example, cannot enact a law permitting aliens to own land within a State, notwithstanding the laws of the State; indeed, it may not enact any law controlling, directing or limiting in any way the right to hold land within a State. A treaty, however, may give to aliens the right, as heirs or devisees, to sell land within a State and to take the proceeds. Under the State law, lands owned by an alien, who had died possessed of them, would escheat to the State. A treaty thus defeating the laws of the State has been sustained, and made effective, by the Supreme Court of the United States. The case of *Hauenstein vs. Lynham*, decided by the Supreme Court in 1879, arose out of such a state of facts as has been set forth. Samuel Hauenstein, a native of Switzerland, died in Richmond, Virginia, possessed of lands, without heirs who were citizens of this country. The State escheator took steps to obtain the land, but the Swiss heirs of Hauenstein, aliens, claimed the right to sell the land and to take the proceeds under a treaty between the United States and Switzerland made in 1850. This treaty gave to citizens of Switzerland the right to the proceeds of a sale, notwithstanding the law of Virginia, under which the State was entitled to the land. The court upheld the treaty against the

State. The regularity of the treaty being sustained, Justice Swayne, speaking for the court, quoted the decision in *Ware vs. Hylton*, as follows:

"There can be no limitation on the power of the people of the United States. By their authority the State constitutions were made, and by their authority the Constitution of the United States was established; and they had the power to change or abolish the State constitutions or to make them yield to the General Government and to treaties made by their authority. A treaty cannot be *the supreme law of the land*, that is, of all the United States, if any act of a State legislature can stand in its way. If the constitution of a State (which is the fundamental law of the State and paramount to its legislature) must give way to a treaty and fall before it, can it be questioned whether the less power, an act of the State legislature, must not be prostrate? It is the declared will of the people of the United States that every treaty made by the authority of the United States shall be superior to the constitution and laws of any individual State, and their will alone is to decide. If a law of a State, contrary to a treaty, is not void, but voidable only, by a repeal or nullification by a State legislature, this certain consequence follows—that the will of a small part of the United States may control or defeat the will of the whole."

Since 1796, when the case of *Ware vs. Hylton* was decided, the Supreme Court has entertained no doubt as to the power of the United States to enforce its "supreme law." Why should there be any doubt anywhere? There is no power but that of the United States to deal for this nation with foreign nations, as Justice Gray said, in *Fong Yue Ting vs. United States*:

"The United States are a sovereign and independent nation, and are vested by the Constitution with the entire control of international relations, and with all the powers of government necessary to maintain that control and to make it effective. The only Government of this country which other nations recognize or treat with is the Government of the Union; and the only American flag known throughout the world is the flag of the United States."

Many times the doctrine laid down in 1796 has been stated by the Supreme Court. In 1819, in *McCulloch vs. Maryland*, Chief-Justice Marshall declared it as, in 1816, Justice Story had stated it in *Martin vs. Hunter's Lessee*. In the latter case, Justice Story asserted that the "courts of the United States can without question revise the proceedings of the executive and legislative authorities of the States."

It is well-recognized doctrine that Federal laws which are constitutional, *i. e.*, made "in pursuance" of the Constitution, and "all treaties made . . . under the authority of the United States" have the force of the Constitution itself, and any State statute, or any provision of a State constitution, which is repugnant to the Federal Constitution, or to a Federal statute, or to a Federal treaty, is void. This means that any act of a State authority, executive or legislative, or any order of a local board, as in this Japanese controversy, which is contrary to a "supreme law of the land"—Constitution, statute or treaty—may be declared void by the courts of the United States.

Under the decisions of the Supreme Court, then, a State cannot make a law, or perform an act—nor can any of its local governing bodies, of course—which is repugnant to a provision of the Federal Constitution, or to one of its statutes, or to one of its treaties, without being guilty of a violation of the supreme Federal law. If an individual be sued under such an act in a civil action, he may plead that the State law is repugnant to the Federal Constitution or statute or treaty. If the State court decides against this plea, the injured party may appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. If the State seek to punish him for an offence against this same law, in a criminal action, the accused may obtain his release on *habeas corpus* on the ground that the State law under which he is prosecuted is contrary to the supreme Federal law. The case under consideration arises from the action of the Board of Education of San Francisco. This action is admitted by the United States authorities to be repugnant to a treaty between the United States and Japan, and is, therefore, an offence against the supreme law of the land. It seems to be generally admitted, at least it is the general impression, and it has been asserted by several Secretaries of State, that the United States cannot enforce this supreme law against a State, or a city, or any local power, nor can it punish the members of a mob who have been guilty of a crime, of murder, for example, thus offending against the "supreme law" of the United States.

If this position be well taken, it involves a confession of such impotence on the part of the United States as deprives the country of the right to assert itself to be a "World Power." Indeed, if this contention be sound, the Federal Government is

a second-rate domestic power. If it be true, why need the States take notice of the judgments of its courts, or of the statutes of its Congress, or of the Federal Constitution itself? Let us suppose, for example, that the defendant in a civil action brought and pursued in a State's courts, pleads that the State law under which he is sued violates the obligation of a contract, a kind of law which a State is prohibited from passing by the Constitution of the United States. Notwithstanding his plea, he is defeated by the highest tribunal of the State, his constitutional contention being decided against him. Declaring that the State has deprived him of a right which is his under the Federal Constitution, the United States Supreme Court gives him a writ of error, removes the case to its jurisdiction, and decides that his contention is well founded; that the law of the State is void because it violates the obligation of a contract, and is, therefore, repugnant to the Constitution. Let us assume that the State ignores the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States; that an execution issues on the judgment of the State court; and that the alleged debtor's property is seized and sold, notwithstanding the decision of the United States Supreme Court. Cannot the United States protect its citizen effectually? Having declared that he shall not be pursued under the State law, is the United States Government so impotent that it is unable to protect him against the assumed illegal act of the State, or of any officer or board of officers within the State? If an accused is convicted and sentenced under a law which he declares to be an *ex post facto* law, a law which the Federal Constitution forbids a State to enact, and if, on application to the United States courts for a writ of *habeas corpus*, the Supreme Court decides that he is right, may the State authorities nevertheless execute him with impunity? Is there no power in the United States to take from the State jailer or the State executioner the victim whom its own courts have declared innocent of the crime with which he has been charged?

Are not these assumptions fair illustrations of the case of the offenders against the "supreme law of the land," formulated in the treaty with Japan? Just as the State authorities might refuse to obey the Federal law as announced by the Supreme Court, so the Board of Education of San Francisco refuses to obey the law as set forth in the treaty. In either case, we have disobe-

dience by local authorities to the law of the United States. In the instances which have been mentioned, the Government and the country would insist upon obedience to the law, and the State authorities who nullified the law would be considered to be rebels. It has been settled by war that a State may not nullify a legislative act of the Federal Government; and if a State may not do this, it may not nullify a treaty. There is no difference in degree between a statute and a treaty, between the two kinds of the supreme law.

As Chief-Justice Marshall said, a treaty is equivalent to a statute, and it has been decided by the Supreme Court more than once that they are of like effect; that a treaty may be repealed by a subsequent statute, and a statute may be repealed by a subsequent treaty.

Each, when it is operative, is the effective supreme law of the land.

There is, indeed, no such impotence in law as has been admitted by the political power. For some reason not entirely clear, although a shrewd conjecture may be made, it has been assumed that the United States cannot enforce its law against the hostile action of a State. It may be the policy of politics to take this view; it may be for the interests of a party to contend that the United States cannot compel the observance of its laws and treaties, and cannot punish those who offend against them. But the judges have not argued thus, nor have all Presidents acted on such a policy of timidity. In 1894 the Chicago rioters, under the lead of Eugene V. Debs, violated the law of the United States by interfering with the passage of the mails and obstructing interstate commerce. Mr. Cleveland and Attorney-General Olney had already "intruded" into California for the purpose of defending in the United States courts the power and rights of the Federal Government. Now the Attorney-General directed the United States Marshal to employ additional deputies in aid of the Federal power which was attacked within the State of Illinois. He also employed special counsel to aid the United States District Attorney.

Mr. Cleveland has explained that his own and Mr. Olney's theory was that "under the Constitution and laws, these subjects [carrying the mails and interstate commerce] were

in the exclusive care of the United States, and that for their protection the Federal courts were competent, under general principles of law, to intervene by injunction." The President had determined to enforce the "supreme law of the land" within the geographical boundaries of the State of Illinois against the protests of the Governor of the State. The situation becoming desperate, and it being apparent that the decrees of the courts could not be enforced by the civil power of the Marshal, it was determined to employ the military for the purpose of preventing further violation of the law of the United States. Troops were sent to Chicago.

President Cleveland issued a proclamation containing the following clause:

"Whereas, for the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States and protecting its property and removing obstructions to the United States mails in the State, the President has employed a part of the military forces of the United States."

Subsequently, in answer to a protest from Governor Altgeld, Mr. Cleveland said:

"Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the Constitution and the laws of the United States, upon the demand of the Post-office Department that obstructions of the mails should be removed, and upon the representation of the judicial officers of the United States that process of the Federal courts could not be executed through the ordinary means."

Debs and others were arrested by the Federal authorities and charged with contempt in refusing obedience to the writs of injunction issued by the United States court. Debs was convicted and was sentenced to prison. He applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The application was denied by the Supreme Court, Justice Brewer delivering an opinion which should be read by all who believe that the Government of the United States is so impotent that it cannot enforce its laws against the opposition of State and local authorities.

Is the United States Government dependent upon the States for the enforcement of its laws? Is it even dependent upon its own courts? Said Justice Brewer:

"There is no such impotency in the National Government. The entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers; and the security of all rights entrusted by the Constitution to its care. The strong arm

of the National Government may be put forth to brush away all obstructions to the freedom of interstate commerce, or the transportation of the mails. If the emergency arises, the army of the nation, and all its militia, are at the service of the nation to compel obedience to its laws."

And if, as the court argued, the Federal Government may thus employ its physical power, it may certainly seek its end, the enforcement of its laws, including its treaties, by application to its courts.

"The General Government," said the court in the case of *Martin vs. Hunter's Lessee*, "must cease to exist whenever it loses the power of protecting itself in the exercise of its constitutional powers."

There is no uncertain ring in the voice of the judges; but there has been great and significant timidity in the attitude of the politicians.

When, in 1891, Mr. James G. Blaine declared to the Italian Government that the United States Government could not punish the New Orleans murderers of Italian subjects, he was probably right.

This was not, however, because there was no power to do so in the Federal Government; it was because Congress had not enacted a law for the punishment of crimes against treaty rights. Some treaties, like some laws, do not operate of themselves for lack of a sanction. Under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, however, it is plain that Congress has the power to enact a law providing for the punishment of all who offend against the provisions of its treaties. In the present case, no legislation is needed for the pressing emergency. It is equally clear from the decisions already cited that the United States courts, on the application of Government, may enjoin the Board of Education of San Francisco from carrying out its order against the Japanese.

If the members of the Board of Education refuse to obey the injunction, they may be adjudged in contempt and may be imprisoned; if there should be forcible resistance to the United States authorities by the local mob or government, or by the State itself, the Federal Government may compel obedience to the orders and judgments of its courts by the employment of all of its physical power.

The law of the case is so clear that the conclusion cannot be

escaped that the political authorities must be conscious of the rights and powers of the Federal Government.

Why do not the political powers do their duty, then?

Why does not Congress legislate?

Why does not the Executive act?

Why is there no appeal to the courts whose just and patriotic views have been so often declared?

Why does not the Federal Government, which seeks to usurp the power of the States over their own citizens, enforce its own laws, protect its own honor, and thus escape from the ridicule that has lately been poured out upon it? Is there such potent cause of national dishonor in the labor vote of the Pacific coast? Judging from Mr. Roosevelt's message he is inclined to think that there is not.

ANTI-FEDERALIST.

THE FICTION OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

IF you come late to the literature of a given author, and then like it very much, you are tempted to offer, as a sort of reparation for earlier misgiving or neglect, the tribute of overpraise. I do not mind warning the reader at the outset that this is somewhat my case with the books of the very clever woman who had the caprice of calling herself "John Oliver Hobbes," as if that could long deceive, but who was really Mrs. Pearl Richards Craigie. She called her books, with a like willingness to mystify, by such names as "The Vineyard," "The Flute of Pan," "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham," "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Soul Hunters," "The Dream and the Business" and "A Serious Wooing." There are others, as, for instance, "The School for Saints," which I have not read and apparently cannot, even in my regret for having read so tardily those named, which I have named in the order of my reading rather than of their writing. The talent which we may have our reserves about calling distinguished, but which is certainly uncommon, has now won definite recognition through the change with which the judgments of the present end, and the judgments of the future begin. While "The Dream and the Business" was still running its course as a serial, the news came that the author had ceased to live. If she had lived she might have written much more, and done greater things, but the things that she did showed waxing not waning power to the sudden close, and criticism has the consolation of dealing with the proofs rather than the promises of her talent. It has also the advantage of dealing frankly with some personal aspects of her authorship, as it could not if she were yet living. If she were yet living, you might hesitate to recognize the quality of her Americanism, for she was always an

American in the disguise of an English spectator of life, as she was always a woman's soul in the disguise of a man's name.

In some such manner she was always a Protestant, though she had put on Roman Catholicism, not for art's sake, but for conscience' sake, and yet not more convincingly than she had assumed the other phases. From time to time she paid her duty to the faith which she held in sincerity, but the temperament of her fiction was Protestant, Puritan; and, whether she held her hand or not, she never imparted to her fiction that relish of Romanism which, rightly or wrongly, is distasteful to the Protestant palate. She did not preach the doctrine to which she adhered, unless perhaps in the novel I have not been able to read. She did not try, as so many literary converts do, to convert her readers, and she therefore continued to interest them, if she did not always edify them. She did not always try to convert even her characters; if they were Protestants they were suffered to remain Protestants in most cases, against the open preference of the characters who were Catholics.

Her nationality was as wisely held in check. This was, no doubt, easier because her nationality was native to her, not only because she was born here, but because she was of an American origin so intense that it could hardly have been bred out in several lives. Those who have read her father's extraordinary autobiographical notes of English facts will know how commercial, how business, how advertising, this Americanism was in her immediate ancestry, and may be the more surprised that nothing of it all shows in her books. With her Puritan instincts, she does not take any such homiletic or didactic attitude toward the often lurid London life with which she has to do, as George Eliot was apt to take toward the too well-born or the too good-looking, and she does not cloy the reader with titles as a middle-class spectator might have been expected to do. Her lords and ladies are often no worse than their social inferiors, and sometimes they are better, morally and spiritually. Nothing of our national advantage is taken of the English who people her scene; not a fellow countryman or fellow countrywoman is introduced for their disparagement and still less for their defeat.

In her disguise of a man's name, she is not betrayed by that learnedness in wickedness which women affect in their satires of the world. Satirist she certainly is; but it is with the modera-

tion and mercy of a man, at least for the men. She does not "lash" this or that person of her dramas, or if she ever does it is some heroine or anti-heroine who ought to be "lashed." In a few cases she allows these unworthy ones to be comic, to be amusing in their badness, but not often, as if she knew how dangerous a wicked woman is when she is comic, when she is amusing. Now and then she permits herself to make such women ridiculous, to make them disgusting, as with Nannie Cloots in "The Dream and the Business," but that is another thing. Generally she holds her hand, and lets them contrive their own disgrace, contenting herself with putting them in such light as will show them for what they are.

On the other hand, her heroines, her good women, are no such artificial beings as a woman, not deceived as to the nature of men, might have been expected to make them. They are apt to have just that measure of fallibility which keeps virtue on terms with charm. None of them are quite captivating; the author is too honest for such inventions; if she is not very strenuous about their being lifelike, apparently she has known too much of women to paint them personally irresistible, any more than to portray them morally perfect. There is here and there a young girl, like the heroine in "The Vineyard," who is equal to her fate when it is hard, and worthy of it when it is kind; but she is so by no miracle of the author's; she simply obeys a principle of character, and seems to work herself out by inherent strength, unweakened by an environment which has not been ennobling. Upon the whole, she seems the best, as she seems the most natural, female figure which Mrs. Craigie has drawn. Others, which the author has apparently toiled over much more carefully, much more insistently, have failed of like convincingness. The Italian girl in "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham," fails, first and last, to convince; she is never for a moment so "good" as the "bad" wife of the man who loved her and ought to have married her. In "The Flute of Pan," the Continental princess who marries the English lord, though she is so conscientiously studied in her imperfection, is not so charmingly lifelike as her cousin who is suffered to be amusingly wicked. In "The Dream and the Business," none of the women has the grace of a nature clearly divined, and then left to itself, like that of the young girl in "The Vineyard."

If I do not call these people by their names, it must be the fault of a memory breaking down under the multitude of its fictitious acquaintance. It is not for the want of reality in the characters, which, however imperfectly realized in their motives and actions, still do not lack the final stamp of personality. They are not convertible; they are not the same people repeated under different names; they are quite distinguished from one another; but they take a certain unreality from their circumstance. You could not confidently say that the author was not at home in county society, or in court circles, or among Nonconformist or æsthetic people, or Bohemians pure and simple, or aristocrats, but she seems an outsider with them all. Dr. Firmalden, the austere dissenter in "The Dream and the Business," is very well guessed, like many other very different characters; but he does not belong to his time and place. Perhaps if I knew his place better, I should not say this; but after the devastating effects of agnosticism, he affects me as belated, as a survival of extinct species and conditions. His son, reverting from this world to that other world, scarcely persuades you more; but his daughter, loving into æstheticism, and marrying into fashion, is somehow more credible. Yet neither of these is improbable in their natures; the worst you can say is that they would not happen in just the way they do.

It is, in fact, a very curious world that the author opens to you, a world not quite unlike the world you know by experience or hearsay, and yet apparently so much of her own discovery as to be almost quite her own. The effect is traceable to causes which the reader may say I imagine, if he will, and yet which I shall not think imaginary. Mrs. Craigie began to write at the time when the dispute about realism and romanticism was at the height of its fury, especially among those who knew nothing about it, and who probably now know less, because of the ex-plantations. The critics chose Baal or chose Jahveh, according to their hearts rather than their heads, and they thought that the authors over whom they disputed were choosing too. So they were choosing, but according to their natures, not according to their convictions; and often they were working out results mortifyingly foreign to their principles. Being of a very mixed nature, the very interesting, the very clever, woman whose work I am, I fear, rather vainly studying, attempted a blend of realism and

romanticism which was at any rate very novel. The attempt may not have been voluntary, and yet we must call it an attempt, in default of a more accurate word. She loved the look of life so much that she wished her creatures to be lifelike; if they were to be bad or good, ugly or beautiful, ignoble or noble, she felt that they could not do better than be lifelike. At the same time, she was so much in love with literature that she could not abandon its traditions; no one can who makes it. So she put her lifelike people into environments familiar to her from her favorite reading, or from her guesses or knowledges of the world where their like had their being. Over the entrance to this world of theirs—which was never the world they had come out of—at the openings of the chapters, that is to say, she put inscriptions from other authors, the farther fetched and the less immediately relevant the more valued. Sometimes the inscriptions were in prose, sometimes in verse, sometimes in English, sometimes in French, sometimes but rareliest in Italian; never, I think, in German. So far she indulged her literary, her romantic, her poetic, nature; and it was all very innocent and a little pathetic, because it was so unaffectedly affected. Within these densely lettered portals, for hardly less than three or four rather long legends ever sufficed, the more or less lifelike people you met were apt to behave pretty probably. At any rate, they rarely ceased to be lifelike or to be interesting; sometimes they were really charming, short of being captivating. At the worst, they wrote one another longish letters in italics. Sometimes they talked in epigrams; when they did not, the author talked in epigrams; but less and less, so that in her last book hardly any one, not even the author, talks in epigrams.

I suspect it was the epigrams which largely made the books' way with the public they won. It was never the largest public, and never quite the best; but it was very constant and very enthusiastic. In proportion to its smallness it felt itself very select. It believed that it was learning, or rather recognizing the world in the books—a bad, brilliant, noble, beautiful, self-devoted and epigrammatic world. Shall I own that it was Mrs. Craigie's public, as I saw it or heard it, which kept me so long from Mrs. Craigie's books? When at last I made my way to the books, I liked them so much more than I could have hoped that I thought myself bound to warn the reader against my liking.

In the first place they are rather brief, the stories, and are on the American plan, as that used to be, rather than the English plan. Largely we learned form, in the days when we wished to have form, from the French, who, since nobody invents anything, must have learned it from some other people. Mrs. Craigie's books are shapely, and this not because of a prevalence of plot, as that cheap thing is commonly understood, but because of its absence. You are interested in her people for what they are and not what they have done to them. What they are is, in the later books, expressed for them in their own words and actions, which follow from their strongly imagined characters or natures. These are not, as in her earlier stories, at once declared by the author, so that she is not bound, in a hard and fast allegiance, to her postulates, but come out in their reciprocal relations. Preferably they are the characters and natures of young people in love, sometimes with other people's wives or husbands, but oftenest with one another in their unwedded freedom. This is the more creditable to them because in that English world to which they are attributed, but which is probably not the only English world, to be in love with some one else's wife or husband is so much expected that nobody is surprised. However, whether the lovers are unmarried or married, there is a great deal said from their suggestion as well as for their instruction, about love. All the other passions, all the other interests, are subordinate to this passion, this interest. Possibly that is one of the things which give an effect of unreality to the circumstances of people who were themselves sufficiently real. The circumstances of real people, people of our personal acquaintance, are such as to include the care of property or the earning more or less genteelly, of a livelihood; they mostly all have some business or other, and are almost never preoccupied with the passion or interest of love. In proportion as the author is a great or a trained artist, their business is shown or intimated, and the relation of their love to the rest of their life is ascertained. With the growth of fiction, an enlargement of the heart has followed, so that in most novels the organ affected usurps apparently the whole physique; hands, feet, legs, arms, head, stomach even, are absorbed into it. Mrs. Craigie's uncommon praise is that, if she suffers her lovers a preoccupation with love, she suffers it far short of the worst excesses; and she compensates the reader with the society of specta-

tors who are almost always more like the witnesses of such affairs in the world where he lives. In "A Serious Wooing," for instance, there is a group of brothers, sisters, mothers, uncles and aunts about the heroine whose reality, or whose simple, undramatic depravity and selfishness are so nicely, so amusingly studied that the reader is almost consoled for the heroine's aberrations from the normal family egoism. She goes off from two successive husbands with a rich, brilliant, devoted "Socialist," and lives with him in a free union which is apparently without regrets or penalties of any kind, sharing his activity in the "movement" upon terms unknown to Socialism outside of novelists or the imagination of capitalists. He is, in fact, so very unlike the Socialists who vote for candidates and seek to legislate their reforms, after the manner of other political partisans, as to be at the iron bidding of a secret authority which sends him hither and thither upon errands violently disruptive of the status, quite as if he were a dynamite-bearing anarchist.

The author is not to be solely blamed for this crimson ideal of Socialism, which is much that of American statesmen, and it ought not to affect the reader's faith in the rest of her world. Few have taken the pains, or had the wish, to know what Socialists are really like, but almost every one has desired the acquaintance of lords and ladies, princes and princesses, and even exiled queens, and these Mrs. Craigie lets us meet, or at least look upon, in figures that do not overtax credulity. Her lords and ladies are divided and environed like the rest of the English aristocracy, and are not too bad, and especially not too good, for belief. Her royalties are of foreign extraction, and are presently living out of their principalities, which are to be found in that mystical region where Mr. Anthony Hope first divined them in our time. They had been discovered in oriental regions long before by Mademoiselle Scudéry, and the other writers of French heroical romances, but he found them somewhat nearer than that Persia of the mind, in the remoter parts of Germany, or say Transylvania; and it is to his map that Mrs. Craigie has gone for their dominions. This does not show want of invention in her, but only a willingness to profit by the modern conveniences of fiction. At heart, she was probably an impassioned romanticist, but writing in a day when every novelist of artistic sense was obliged to own some allegiance to reality, she tempered her nature to the limits of the

heroical novel in its least impossible form, and atoned for her transgressions by the fidelity to life which many of her minor studies show.

One and all her people belong to a sophisticated world, whether they are like or unlike, perhaps because she deals with a world to which she was not born, and could fix only in its most superficial aspects, which are always sophistications. But they are not tedious sophistications, and they are not improbable. Shocking or amusing, they seem extremely good guesses, and the worse the natures or characters are, the better the guesses. Of course the women are better guessed than the men, and such degenerates as that neurotic girl, the anti-heroine, in "*The Vineyard*," and that bad wife in "*The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham*," are almost the author's highest achievements, perhaps because they are the most reimagined from facts. For once, it might have been well to realize such types unsparingly; at any rate she has so realized them.

In her joint qualities of original Presbyterian and final Catholic, the author has presented what seems the unpuritanized nature of the English world better than almost any one else. She has always lived in this world, but she had inherited the incapability of being of it which is the birthright of us disinherited children of it; and when she had once felt the fact that it has a social rather than a personal sense of right and wrong, she won another advantageous point of view by escaping to an authority under which the sense of right and wrong is religious and in the keeping of unquestionable agents. It was a very curious equipment for a novelist, and possibly in her inherited and acquired spiritual make-up the elements were fatal to the artistic balance which she obviously wants. One is almost persuaded at times that she could have been the great artist she was not, if she had not been hindered by causes which we must call conscientious. But her conscience was without puritanic provincialism; it was the Puritan conscience reconscenced at Rome. It did not oblige her to punish transgression; it did not always suffer her to do so; among problem-novelists (for in a sort she belonged to that class) she stands almost alone in letting the representation of the case suffice, and leaving the rest to the reader's experience. She is a moralist, but of the new kind, though she is no more unique in that kind than she is in her kind of novelist.

Certainly she is an uncommon kind of novelist, and among those who have preferred to interest by character rather than incident, she has a place quite definitely her own: a place in which she will hardly be molested. In England she had a more ample public than in America; possibly because the number of English people who have the taste for olives is larger than the number of American people who have it. They must have noticed something strange in the flavor of her mind, something exotic, something that if it was not French was certainly not English; and which they could not know, as we could, for American. Even of us, not many could know it; perhaps her history could alone make us sure of her quality. But she had elements of popularity which insured her prosperity, her high acceptance with the public that likes olives, and with the less limited public that likes to have it thought it likes them, though it really prefers baked beans, with fifty-seven different kinds of pickles, such as it gets in the fiction canned at the rate of thirty thousand a day. With this simple-hearted mass, as well as with her more sophisticated following, epigrams go a very long way, especially epigrams about love, and, as I have intimated, there is almost no end to the epigrams about love in Mrs. Craigie's stories, especially in the earlier and poorer ones.

What would have been the effect with her talent if she had been aware of addressing a more critical public on either shore of the sea, it would not be useful to ask now, as far as she is concerned. You may say that it would have made her more and more regardful of form, both in the whole and in parts; but as it is she is conspicuous for form in the Anglo-American mass of literary journeymen and journeywomen; here she shines an artist among artisans. But being born of and to her conditions, her instinct was first to interest; to give her readers "easy things to understand" in the guise of hard sayings; to pique, but not to pique too much, the unwholesome curiosities; to lead the horny-footed plebeian generation over the purple paths of aristocratic closes; and to touch with pathos the merited or unmerited sufferings of well-born or high-placed people. I can think of none of her books in which the struggle of life has the great rôle, or in which persons who earn an honest or dishonest living are the protagonists. The situations are therefore the situations of genteel comedy or of refined melodrama, and the persons are artificial, though they

are none the less real for being artificial; every one knows plenty of real artificial people. One follows their fortunes eagerly; the author arranges for that; but what she does not arrange for is a throe of undying sympathy for the best or the worst of them, no matter what hurt happens to them.

This is easily perceptible in the last work of her talent, "The Dream and the Business," which has the material, and almost the moral, dimensions of a great novel. Its range of character is large, and the characters are all probably and distinctly imagined; yet they do not move the heart, though their experiences are appealing. It does not matter that the early conventions of the John Oliver Hobbes romance are kept amidst the new evidences of power, that there are the mottoes in prose and verse, and English and French, to the chapters, that there are long and short letters in italics, that there are discourses about love, and epigrams, though rather fewer epigrams, on many subjects. All that would not matter if the real people were in a real world, or were worthy of their joys and sorrows.

I could not say why they are not, for the author seems a person of the sincerest purpose in her work, and is as unaffected in her mind as in her style, which must have been very simple and clear not to have demanded immediate comment. Whatever her pose is, and no one who writes is without a pose, it is not addressed to the love of a difficult or bizarre literary manner. She means to take and keep your interest, no more by her fashion of presenting her people, than by the invention of startling intrigues. It is in a way most respectful and self-respectful work; if it appeals to our weaknesses they are our higher weaknesses, our refinement upon nature; and the author parts with nothing of her dignity in making the appeal. What is to be said frankly and fully concerning her performance, first and last, is that, though here and there it is like the performance of this or that other, it is on the whole one of the most original literary performances of our Anglo-American day. Whether it is on the major or minor scale is another thing; I am afraid it is on the minor scale. Mrs. Craigie had the strength to be herself, but she had not the fortune to fashion others in her likeness; and she founded no school, or even formed a small class.

This, indeed, is not against her. Some of the greatest, like Hawthorne, left no school; some of the less than greatest, like

Dickens, were reverberated from every side. That is a matter of imitableness, and not originative power. How long Mrs. Craigie will be remembered, now that we shall have no more new books to remind us of her, is dependent upon a definition of the term. She cannot be forgotten in any study of her time. Whether her shapely and clever and brilliant books will continue to be read, I should not venture to guess, even. Whose books will continue to be read?

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE MEDICO-ECONOMIC ASPECT OF THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.

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MUCH has been, and is being, written about the social, racial and economic aspect of the immigration question. The purely medical aspect has received a share of attention, but much more can be said from this point of view.

In all its aspects, the immigration question is one of the most serious problems confronting the people of the United States to-day. Its various phases are closely intermingled and correlated. The question of individual health is dependent upon racial characteristics, and, in a wider sense, the social and economic effects are dependent upon both. The character of our population has changed so rapidly that we are but just awakening to find a stupendous evil confronting us. We must at once face the situation, realize the serious nature of the disease that threatens our national life and boldly apply the knife. Active measures must be taken to save the country from this threatening peril.

A New York school-teacher recently tried to get from her class some intelligent answers to questions regarding important facts in United States history. Vainly she labored. At last, in a moment of inspiration and desperation, she asked, "Where is Ellis Island?" Instantly, every hand in the room went up, and the light of intelligence gleamed from every pair of eyes,—the answer was as one voice. In speaking afterwards of the incident, the teacher said in a spirit of mock gravity: "I am convinced that United States history will have to be revised. We have always looked with veneration upon Plymouth Rock; our future generations will know it only as a legend; their history begins with Ellis Island."

The early settlers of this country were not immigrants as we now apply the term. They were of hardy stock, full of determination, and, above all, they were home-seekers and home-makers. They became an integral part of their adopted land and were, in truth, nation-builders. The resources of the New World seemed unlimited, men were needed to develop them and an influx of settlers was encouraged. The vista of physical discomforts, hard labor and isolated lives attracted only the vigorous, alert and ambitious of the Old World, and held out no inducement to the weakling and degenerate.

Thus came into being this greatest of republics; and, with world-wide recognition of its prosperity and richness, we have been forced to recognize the change in the make-up of our population. The settler is no more. The immigrant is a reality. The alien no longer comes to our shores as an organizer and builder of the nation, but as an adventurer, eager to take advantage of a widely heralded national prosperity.

From the point of view of the cities the immigration question assumes its most serious aspect. As a result of their situation, the coast cities suffer the most. New York City may be taken as the most representative of its class. As a port of entry, it ranks first. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, 1,101,401 aliens were landed in this country; of this number 880,543, or eighty per cent., entered through the port of New York.

When the alien reaches New York, he is sent from the steamship direct to Ellis Island, the immigration station of the port of New York. There he takes his place in a line of his fellow passengers, and these in single file pass along a narrow, fenced-in passageway. A surgeon inspects them to ascertain if they have any mental abnormality; a few feet beyond him a second surgeon inspects them for physical defects; and still a third examines their eyelids for evidence of trachoma. If a surgeon detects any abnormal condition, the immigrant is termed "off the line" and is sent to a special place for a more extended examination later. These suspected cases are rigidly examined, and, in each instance where any deviation from the normal is discovered, the surgeon makes out a certificate of disability covering the facts in the case. The danger lies in the procedure after this, for each case is entitled to a hearing before a special board of inquiry.

An alien suffering from any of the affections classed as manda-

tory reasons for exclusion is readily disposed of, and is not a menace to our national health—with one exception, which deserves special attention and which will be mentioned later. The real danger is from the alien of poor physique, but no definite disease. If a citizen appears and offers either a verbal or written guarantee that the alien in question will not become a public charge, the latter is almost invariably admitted. It is needless to say that this guarantee is, in many instances, worthless; and the alien, by virtue of physical disability, soon becomes an inmate of some hospital or is otherwise cared for at the public expense. That this evil is real, and not imaginary, is plainly shown by the fact that, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, there were certified by the surgeons at Ellis Island 5,747 aliens having poor physique or some physical abnormality. Of this number 1,117 were deported. Minor physical defects are not included in the above numbers, for 26,424 such cases were certified in 1905, and these were not considered as of sufficient gravity to warrant exclusion.

The fact that aliens of poor physique are particularly suitable for deportation is well shown by the following extract from a circular letter of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, dated April 17th, 1905. It includes this official definition of "poor physique":

"A certificate of this nature implies that the alien concerned is afflicted with a body but illy adapted not only to the work necessary to earn his bread, but is also but poorly able to withstand the onset of disease. It means that he is undersized; poorly developed, with feeble heart action, arteries below the standard size; that he is physically degenerate, and, as such, not only unlikely to become a desirable citizen, but very likely to transmit his undesirable qualities to his offspring, should he, unfortunately for the country in which he is domiciled, have any.

"It is deemed proper to add that, of all causes for rejection, outside of those for dangerous contagious or loathsome disease, or for mental disease, that of 'poor physique' should receive the most weight; for, in admitting such aliens, not only do we increase the number of public charges by their inability to gain their bread through their physical inaptitude and their low resistance to disease, but we admit likewise progenitors to this country whose offspring will reproduce, often in an exaggerated degree, the physical degeneracy of their parents."

This is all only too true. We are adding this most undesirable class to our population, and the results are appallingly apparent.

The exception to the mandatory deportable cases mentioned above is that of alien wives of citizens of the United States. These women are admitted, no matter what their physical condition may be. Our natural humanitarian impulse may lead us to characterize this as perfectly proper and to regard any other course as little short of barbarous, yet it is a menace of vital importance.

Prescott Hall, in his able work on immigration, states pertinently that "recent discoveries in biology show that, in the long run, heredity is far more important than environment or education, for though the latter can develop it cannot create." The truth of this dictum cannot be gainsaid. The health of the adult alien not only is a factor of grave import as regards his immediate and personal relationship to the community in which he dwells, but it reacts with the most serious consequences upon the country at large. Not only are the illiterate, physically unfit immigrants, now coming to us in such vast hordes, a menace in themselves, but the greater evil lies in their offspring who, by inheritance and environment, perpetuate the poor physique and non-disease-resisting qualities of their progenitors.

Incidentally to the medical inspection of school-children in New York City, the pupils are now subjected to a complete and rigid physical examination. During the first three months of the present year, 23,733 children were examined and 17,362 were found to be suffering from some physical abnormality. Of this number of defectives 12,170, or 70.1 per cent., were of foreign birth. It is safe to assume that a large proportion of the remainder were of foreign parentage, for their names give satisfactory evidence of foreign extraction.

In 1905 the 88 children in one truant-school in Manhattan were examined. Of these, 77 were found to be physically defective, 74, or 96.1 per cent., of these latter being of foreign birth.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of foreign-born children in the public schools in New York; but, using the United States Census report of 1900 as a guide, it is probable that about 40 per cent. can be listed in that category. Disregarding the direct economic loss to the City involved in caring for these physically unfit children, the danger to the nation from the acquisition of such a type of weaklings stands out in bold proportions as a serious menace to the future well-being and vigor of our country. The Department of Health of New York City

is making most strenuous efforts to correct this evil by endeavoring to place these children under proper medical care, but the incoming tide threatens to overwhelm us with the magnitude and ceaseless oncoming of its flood.

Tuberculosis, that persistent, devastating plague, against whose inroads millions of money are being spent and the keenest forces of the medical profession and laity are making almost herculean efforts, furnishes an illustration of one of the many phases of this question.

In itself, it is a disease not directly inherited; but inherited poor physique, physical non-resistance, and unhygienic surroundings furnish a trio of predominant factors that predispose to it, and therefore it may be used to prove this point.

In 1902, there were in New York City 18,509 deaths from all causes; 5,724, or 30 per cent., of these deaths were due to consumption. Taking the number of deaths from tuberculosis during 1902 among residents of New York City between the ages of fifteen and forty-four years, and classifying them according to maternal parentage, we have the following results:

Native-born population.....	2,167,122
Deaths during the year from tuberculosis, native maternal parentage.....	637
Foreign-born population.....	1,270,080
Deaths during the year from tuberculosis, for- eign maternal parentage.....	5,087

Another instance may be quoted. An investigation of 500 consecutive deaths of infants from diarrhœal diseases, in New York City, showed that 125, or 25 per cent., were of native parentage, while 375, or 75 per cent., were of foreign parentage. And this condition exists, although the native population of New York City is 63.5 per cent. of the total.

In connection with this phase, let us face the fact that the native birth-rate is decreasing, while that of the foreign population is showing an active trend in the opposite direction. One fact alone from the Census Bulletin No. 22 shows this with remarkable vividness. It is stated that between 1890 and 1900 there was a decrease in children born of native mothers of 13 per 1,000, and an increase of 44 per 1,000 for foreign mothers. This, in itself, cannot be classed as alarming; but, considering the physical characteristics of our foreign-born parents, it sounds a note of warning which it would be foolish to disregard.

In the United States the results of the addition to our population are shown by the following facts: There are in the charitable and penal institutions of the country, including those maintained for the detention and treatment of the insane, 349,885 inmates. Of these, 11 per cent. are aliens and 17 per cent. naturalized foreign born, making a total of 28 per cent., although the number of foreign-born persons in the United States is only 14 per cent. Practically 33 per cent. of the insane in the United States are of foreign birth. The New York State Lunacy Commission, in March, 1904, reported that 60 per cent. of the insane patients in New York City were foreign born.

Keeping in mind the figures given by the last United States Census for New York City, let us consider the situation from another point of view. From 1885 to 1894, the total admissions to the hospitals for adults of New York City were 282,928. Of these 63.7 per cent. were of foreign birth. During 1905 there were admitted to seven of the largest hospitals of the City, 26,839 patients, of whom 12,550, or 46.6 per cent., were native born, and 14,289, or 53.4 per cent., were foreign born. Of the native born many were undoubtedly of foreign parentage. These hospitals practically all show an annual deficit in their operating expenses. Owing to the different methods of bookkeeping used, it is impossible to tell how large this deficit is. These institutions are all semi-private, and depend for their support upon the donations and bequests of the charitably inclined. Statistics of five of the hospitals for 1905 show that, of the total number of patients, 73.5 per cent. were treated free. The City pays to each of these hospitals a sum of money annually, based upon the number of free patients treated. Thus the burden of caring for the foreign-born patients is borne not only by voluntary donations of personal wealth, but by enforced contributions by the taxpayers at large.

The hospitals wholly supported by the City present even a greater problem, for the money is contributed wholly from City funds. In 1905, Bellevue and its Allied Hospitals treated a total of 35,199 patients; of these, 19,146, or 54.4 per cent., were foreign born. The appropriation for these hospitals for the year amounted to \$648,480.76, so that \$352,773.54 of this sum was directly spent for the care of sick persons of foreign birth.

The City and Metropolitan Hospitals treated 17,461 patients, of whom 10,533 were foreign born, a proportion of 60.3 per cent.

The total appropriation for the Department of Public Charities, under whose supervision these hospitals are maintained, was, for the year, \$2,027,490.16.

The maintenance of the cases of contagious diseases, transferred from Ellis Island direct to the Kingston Avenue Hospital of the Department of Health of New York City, cost the Government of the United States, during the year 1906 (up to December), \$84,340. This amount was nearly one-third of the total required for the expenses of the hospital. The figures given above do not take into account the various clinics and dispensaries of the City. None of these is self-supporting. Treatment is given only to those who are unable to employ a private physician, and the preponderance of foreign-born applicants for treatment over the native-born is enormous.

The Department of Health, from the nature of its work, directs the greater part of its attention to the crowded or tenement districts of the City. These districts are almost entirely inhabited by the foreign-born population. Ignorance, illiteracy and unhygienic methods of living render the people of these sections among the most frequent and persistent violators of the sections of the Sanitary Code. Disease, in all of its manifestations, is rampant in these areas, and the non-resisting physique of the people, coupled with overcrowding and uncleanness, fosters its spread.

The health of the City is in the care of, and is safeguarded by, the Department of Health. The cost to the City is large, and the greater proportion of the expense is incurred by reason of the foreign element in our population. Contagious diseases flourish in these areas. Proper isolation and restrictive measures are difficult of enforcement when pitted against ignorance and lax compliance with sanitary regulations.

The wide prevalence of trachoma in our public schools is undoubtedly due to our foreign population. In 1902, vigorous measures to eliminate this disease were instituted by the Department of Health. Of the children in the schools, 10 per cent. were found to be affected, and these children were, almost without exception, of foreign birth or parentage. More stringent regulations in reference to the importation of persons afflicted with this disease, and more careful examination at ports of entry, are now keeping from us the worst cases of this class. But the Depart-

ment of Health has been, and is, spending considerable sums of money to eradicate and control this strictly imported disease.

The greater part of the expense incurred by the Department of Health in examining school-children, and in caring for sick babies in the summer, is due to the large foreign element involved.

The Department of Health maintains a clinic for the treatment of communicable respiratory diseases. In 1904, out of 1,450 new cases of tuberculosis treated, 1,017, or 70.1 per cent., were of foreign birth. In 1905, 1,670 new cases were treated, including 1,064, or 63.7 per cent., of foreign birth. Of these latter, 65 gave a history of having had tuberculosis before coming to this country. The following table is of interest in this connection:

CASES TREATED IN TUBERCULOSIS CLINIC, JULY 1ST TO DECEMBER
31ST, 1905

Number cases pulmonary tuberculosis treated.....	767	
(a) Native-born	236	or 30.8%
(b) Foreign-born	531	or 69.2%
Foreign-born—(a) disease contracted before arrival in United States.....	27	or 5.1%
(b) Disease contracted within one year after ar- rival in United States.....	23	or 4.3%
Disease contracted from one to five years after ar- rival in United States.....	147	or 26.7%

What, then, is the remedy for this danger to our national body? Internal remedies are partially corrective, but not curative. Strive as we may, and with our best energies given to the task, we are failing to check its progress. Radical measures must be boldly applied, if we would perpetuate those virile and sturdy qualities which have placed us among the great nations of the earth.

From an economic point of view, the burden is fast becoming too heavy to be borne; from the standpoint of physical fitness, we are in danger of becoming a degenerate nation. It is too late to generalize; specific danger-signals are already before us. We must act. Decision is needed *now*. Let us briefly recapitulate the main points in our indictment and then plead our case and place it in the hands of the citizens of these United States as a jury to decide the result. The decision will be one of fundamental importance.

The indictment is that: 1. The present immigration law is inadequate to protect the country from the following classes of

undesirable aliens: (a) the illiterate; (b) the alien of poor physique; (c) those suffering from minor physical defects. 2. The method of enforcing the law is faulty, because of (a) a hurried and therefore necessarily superficial method of physical examination at the port of entry, (b) easy methods of appeal in cases certified as physically deficient by the examining surgeons, (c) acceptance of inadequate surety, oral or written, that the physically defective will not become public charges. 3. The results of the present law and its manner of enforcement are that (a) the ratio of foreign-born to native inmates of asylums and charitable institutions is in great excess of the normal ratio of the same class of inhabitants; (b) there is a preponderance of foreign-born inmates of the hospitals; (c) New York City is saddled with an excessive cost of maintenance of foreign-born patients in the City hospitals; (d) children of foreign birth and parentage suffer from poor vitality as a result of hereditary influences, thus striking at the very heart of our national being; (e) the present class of immigrants are of poor stock and physically unfit. Our argument on these lines has already been presented. What, then, is the remedy?

This must come through a process of evolution, meeting the evils as they unfold themselves. The following suggestions are not new, but they are imperative. The law should be so amended that it will provide (a) an educational test, (b) the requirement that every immigrant should have at least \$50, (c) inspection of all emigrants by American surgeons before embarkation, and perhaps some sort of certificate viséd, if possible, by the nearest American consul, (d) that a certificate of physical deficiency issued by an examining surgeon should be considered final reason for deportation, with no right of appeal except before a board of surgeons, and then only on the ground of an error in diagnosis. None of these suggestions is drastic except the last, yet that is the most important.

In conclusion, let us consider again the most important phase of this vital problem, as set forth in the annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1906, of the Hon. Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. In speaking of the citizens who give a guarantee that an alien certified for deportation will not become a charge on the public if allowed to land, he says:

"The very best that can be expected of any guarantor of this class is that he will keep his word and see to it that the alien, whose deportation he prevented by his pledges and assurances, does in fact obtain his living otherwise than at public expense. But is that all that concerns the public? Is that all that appeals to an intelligent populace? Surely not! On the contrary, it is only the veneering, as it were, of the whole matter at stake. What guarantee, pledge or bond, no matter how valid, will avail a community in the event of the bonded alien, who is certified as of 'poor physique,' 'feeble-minded' or other designated forms of physical or mental degeneracy, becoming a progenitor, and leaving to it a legacy of American-born imbeciles as a reward for the consideration shown in not deporting him or her, as the case may be?"

THOMAS DARLINGTON.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

BY ALICE HENRY.

WHILE suffragists and anti-suffragists are mostly compelled by the nature of the case to argue from either the logic or the sentiment of the position, and are continually driven to anticipate possible results, it may be of interest to the public in the United States to review the history of the movement in Australia, the country where the reform has been effected on by far the completest scale ever attempted or ever accomplished. A sketch of the Australian Constitution, an analysis of the causes that there led up to woman's enfranchisement, and an account of the methods successfully adopted there will show the points of resemblance and of difference between the movement in the United States and in Australia.

Up to the close of the nineteenth century, the seven colonies in the Australasian group were not only entirely independent of one another politically, but there was comparatively little co-operation between organized bodies and parties having similar aims in these different provinces. Even though railroad and steamship and telegraph were ever bringing the Colonies nearer together, distance, combined with the fact of distinct governments, seemed to make united action upon the part of any one set of people when scattered all over the continent at once difficult and futile. In common, therefore, with all other forms of political action, the propaganda for woman suffrage and the opposition thereto were carried on quite separately in the several colonies.

The experience of Victoria, however, as the colony in which the agitation was first started, may be taken as typical of what happened in all the others. The first legislative move was made in 1873, when the Hon. George Higinbotham, afterwards Chief

Justice of the Colony, introduced as an amendment to an electoral bill a clause which, if passed, would have conferred the franchise upon women upon the same terms as those on which it was then held by men. The amendment was, of course, rejected, and subsequent attempts of the same nature met with no better success. It was not till 1884 that agitation outside of the legislature was seriously attempted. In that year, the redoubtable Mrs. Dugdale, backed by Mrs. Lowe—who in earlier days had done pioneering of a rougher sort, having been the first white woman to settle in the far west of Queensland,—Mr. Higinbotham himself and others formed the first Australian woman-suffrage society. Slowly, as it seemed to them, but very speedily indeed as it may appear in the retrospect, public opinion was being educated; and, by the early nineties, a number of circumstances combined to give the movement a forward impulse. The first of these was the return to Victoria of Miss Annette Bear (afterwards Mrs. Bear-Crawford), who, during many years spent in England, had been associated with such women as Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Percy Bunting, Mrs. Sheldon Amos and other veteran workers in the cause. She brought with her plans for combining the efforts of scattered societies into a United Council. About this time, also, the Labor Party came into existence and soon began to make itself felt in politics. Few of its leaders at first realized what a menace to themselves and their interests was the unrepresented woman in industry. With the closer organization of the Victorian Labor Party, that negative position was abandoned, the subject of woman suffrage was raised out of theoretical fogs and supported consistently by the Party. Repeatedly was a woman-suffrage bill passed by the Lower House, and as invariably was it rejected by the Upper House, a curious fossilized product, composed of landowners, nominally elected on a high property qualification, but as a matter of fact rarely elected at all, so seldom had its members to risk their seats by any process so disagreeable as an election.

Meanwhile, in the other Colonies, matters were not standing still. The New Zealand suffragists had gained their object in 1893. The 1st of January, 1895, saw the South-Australian women dowered with the vote. Western-Australian women followed suit in 1899, the change there being, for political reasons, supported by the Conservatives,

Now entered a curiously complicating factor. On the first day of the new century, the five continental Colonies and Tasmania united into the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, on account largely of the fifteen hundred miles of rough sea which separated her from the others, standing apart. This meant a severing of all Australian legislation into two parts—national and state. National matters—including, for instance, tariffs, currency, mails, defence—were taken over by the newly constituted Federal Houses. State affairs were confined to such local interests as education, the care of children, crime, sanitation and agriculture. Under the new control, the women of South and Western Australia, because they had previously enjoyed the privilege of a state vote, automatically acquired the Federal vote. The women of the other Colonies (hereafter to be styled states), because they had had no voice in the management of state affairs, and for no other reason, were denied the privilege in relation to the larger national affairs. The Federal Parliament did not long leave matters in that unsatisfactory position. In its very first session, the Australian Parliament grafted on to the Act providing for its own future election a clause equalizing the political rights of men and women throughout the Commonwealth, giving to all adult women the right to vote for members of both Federal Houses. The ease with which this victory was won was due partly to the educative campaign that had for thirty years been carried on in all the states separately and in all the state houses from among the members of which the first Federal members were mostly drawn, and partly to the extremely broad and democratic basis of the Federal Constitution and the direct methods of election and representation prescribed. As it appears to me, the main point in which Australia differs politically from the United State lies here, in the more direct, and therefore more effective, mode of giving expression to the popular will.

This step on the part of the Federal Government facilitated the task of those who were struggling for state enfranchisement in New South Wales, Queensland and Tasmania. Even conscientious opponents recognized that to give to women a voice in national matters and to prevent them from sharing in the control of matters regarding which their knowledge was presumably both sounder and wider and their interest far more keen, would be a trifle inconsistent, not to say ludicrous. So, between 1902 and

1905, the state vote was conferred upon women in all these states. And now, alone among her sisters, it is the Victorian woman who, though she can express her views upon some obscure question of currency or patent rights, has no power to say whether or not Melbourne shall have a juvenile court.

In all probability, Australian women would not have had the ballot to-day if they had not concentrated all their forces upon the effort to secure it. It is sometimes difficult for a good woman to stop her ears when so many moral and industrial evils are crying for remedy, and to confine herself to urging so apparently remote and academic a remedy as the vote. But the argument there—and it has proved a sound one in this instance—was that the vote alone, when once secured, could bring about quickly, and with no waste of energy, reforms that otherwise must lag slow-footed behind legislation far less urgent and important. Consequently, because the women workers asked for this one thing and would be satisfied with nothing but this one thing, neither the energy of the women nor the interest of legislators and the public was dissipated and scattered.

Of all the plans tried in the campaign—petitioning, newspaper correspondence, public meetings and the persistent questioning in writing of candidates and legislators—the last seems to have been the only one that was worth the labor bestowed upon it. For years, every candidate for every office was questioned as to his views on this one subject. His answer, or the fact of his not answering, was filed; a careful record was kept of his subsequent speeches and votes, and he was called upon, politely but firmly, to explain any inconsistency between promise and performance.

If those Australian women who asked for the suffrage possessed one advantage over their American sisters in the comparative directness of electoral representation, they had another in the simplicity of the Constitution, both state and Federal. Even the Victorian women have had only two legislative bodies to convert, and no additional outside body of voters. No governor would veto a bill granting the franchise to women when passed by an absolute majority of both houses, nor has the Royal assent to a bill ever been denied under similar circumstances. Again, it told in their favor that the movement was never a fashionable one, the men and women who supported and labored for it having

been, with few exceptions, of the working classes, so that the question was presented to the average working-class elector unhampered by any misleading or suspicion-breeding disguise.

The use of the future tense, so freely resorted to in discussions on woman and the use she will make of the ballot as a reason why she should or should not have it, is in practice discounted. "Hope thou not much, and fear not thou at all" is a sentiment that may well be impressed both upon those who expect impossibilities and upon those who dread imaginary evils. Ardent Radicals and cautious Conservatives among us have alike learned that results, either as seen in legislation or as traceable in changes in the mental outlook of women themselves, are wholesomely gradual. It is well that it should be so, that women should but slowly assume their full political responsibilities.

As regards educative effects, those have been most strikingly seen among conservative women. These have organized and taken part in movements for legislative reform, sometimes on party lines, more often on non-party lines, to an extent unknown before. There are also many proofs that there is a good deal of family discussion of public questions, of an unquestionably educative tendency, now that the women of the family are no longer ciphers, but openly acknowledged citizens. But, while the family which has added a new stock of subjects to the interest of breakfast-table conversation is so common as to attract no notice, the family disintegrated by political differences has not yet been unearthed, even by the most obstinate legislative councillor. I have been present at many political meetings, and at several elections in more than one state, and I have exercised my own vote. I have never, upon one single occasion, had reason to wish myself or other women away. The meetings have improved in tone and in earnestness; and women have, with Tennyson's ideal wife, gained in breadth of view. The polling-booths are as respectable as the vestibule of a railroad depot or a theatre, and the process of voting is as simple as that of buying a ticket. The ordinary housewife votes during the slack hours when she would be out marketing, very likely, anyway, the baby—who was to be, so we were told, so hopelessly neglected when his mother took to politics—often accompanying her in his go-cart.

The argument that women will not vote is completely disproved by Australian experience. They not only vote, but they

vote in continually increasing numbers as time goes on, and they become educated up to a sense of their political responsibilities and all that these imply. Not all the states discriminate in their returns between men and women voters, but those that do show something like the following: In South Australia, at the last general election, 59 per cent. of the men on the rolls voted, and 42 per cent. of the women; in Western Australia, 49 per cent. of the men and 47 per cent. of the women voted; at the last Federal election, 56 per cent. of the men voted, and 40 per cent. of the women. None of the Australian states has yet reached the extraordinary record of New Zealand, where, in 1902, nearly 75 per cent. of the women electors recorded their votes, as against 76 per cent. of their brothers.

It is unnecessary to add that the conservative woman votes. Her husband or father and their newspaper take good care that the duty of doing so is well impressed upon her, even though abstractly they may all three disapprove of woman in politics, and have striven to avert her appearing in that arena as long as they possibly could.

In the legislative world, the trend of the laws whose passage has been brought about, or hastened, by the direct political action of women is very clear. These constitute, largely, measures to remove disabilities from women and improve the condition of children, particularly homeless or neglected children. It is probably true that very few measures can be named which cannot sooner or later be obtained in other countries by the old, slow, indirect methods; but it is quite certain that there is no other country which can point to such a series of reforms brought about in such a short time, with so little friction and with such a minimum expenditure of energy—energy thus left free to take up newer problems and fresh educational work. Among the measures that can be traced to woman suffrage within the last ten years are prematernity acts, acts raising the age of consent, family maintenance acts, and many acts improving children's conditions by extending juvenile courts, limiting hours of work, providing better inspection, forbidding sale to children of drink, drugs and doubtful literature.

A word as to some of the above. While no English-speaking country goes to the French extreme of forbidding inquiry as to the paternity of an illegitimate child, most of them make the

position as hard as possible for the mother by doing nothing for her in anticipation of the coming child's birth. A summons for maintenance of the child does not lie till after birth—that is, till after the time of worst trial, with its often awful collateral temptations to suicide and infanticide. Although, with a mockery of regard for the baby-life, the law indicts a girl-mother for concealment of birth, should she not make preparations for the expected event, it places in her hand no instrument through which she can obtain the means to so provide for the little one's coming. By these Australian acts, the father may be sued before the child is born, both for maintenance for the child and for the mother's expenses at the time. It is not that so many cases are brought forward, but the mere existence of a legal enactment makes it much easier for any friend of the girl's to obtain proper consideration for her from the man; and the influence of the law, too, is felt even more widely in its educative effect upon the sense of justice and the ethical standards of the community as a whole.

In Western Australia, again, where the women had pleaded for years for the raising of the age of consent, no improvement was possible till after the suffrage was granted to them, when the opinions of legislators on the subject of the protection of young girls underwent a remarkable and most sudden change.

In South Australia, where the women have been longest enfranchised, the care of neglected children is better understood, and the oversight of such children (under a state department) better controlled, than elsewhere. It was the first country in the world to have a legally constituted juvenile court. The New South Wales and Tasmania courts were among the first results of enfranchising women; while in Victoria (where alone the women do not possess the state franchise) a measure for establishing juvenile courts is still, after years of agitation, in the stage of a much-debated and very defective bill.

Any alteration in the relative industrial and economic status of men and women will be necessarily a slow process; but, in this connection, a noteworthy incident was the recent action of a Federal senator in introducing an amendment to the Public Service Act to equalize the rates of pay for men and women in the Federal Service. The significance of this fact is not that such a proposal was made, but that it emanated from such a quarter—not from an eager suffragist, but from an average politician, who

was thus giving the best possible proof that he was doing one of the things for which he had been sent into the House, attending to the interests of all his constituents, acknowledging in unconscious fashion that, as he in part owed his election to women, it was his duty to see that his electors were treated with even-handed justice. The principle has been already affirmed, and it only remains to be applied in practice.

That the welfare of the general community is subserved by the cooperation of women electors is seen by the adoption of some more general measures, such as laws dealing with the drink traffic, the gambling evil, and the sale of drugs (the importation of opium, for instance, except as specially prepared for medical purposes, being by Federal enactment entirely forbidden, throughout the Commonwealth). On all these points, the experience of Australia during the last ten years has been the same as that of New Zealand for thirteen years. The power of the best men in the community has been reinforced, and the hands of conscientious legislators strengthened by the addition of the woman's vote.

ALICE HENRY.

WOULD ENGLAND SIDE WITH JAPAN AGAINST THE UNITED STATES?

BY MAYO W. HAZELTINE.

THE cordial tenor of the reference made to Japan by Mr. Roosevelt in his recent annual message has allayed the irritation caused at Tokio by the relegation of Japanese children in San Francisco to schools attended only by Orientals, and has for the present put an end to the apprehension that we might find ourselves drifting into war with a people whom we have helped to elevate to the front rank of civilized nations.

Unfortunately, whole peoples, like individuals, have their moments of folly or of madness, and such moments are peculiarly apt to occur in the hour of elation justified by triumph over a formidable antagonist. Those Americans whose memories stretch back to the years immediately following Lee's surrender at Appomattox will recall the truculent attitude assumed soon thereafter by our Government toward France and Great Britain, an attitude which resulted in the early withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, and in the Treaty of Washington, by which Great Britain agreed to submit the "Alabama" claims to arbitration. It is not surprising that the Japanese should have evinced the same self-complacency and sensitive susceptibility to affront after their memorable victory over the colossal Russian Empire. We deem it, therefore, at least conceivable that the exasperation of his high-spirited subjects at the treatment of Japanese children in San Francisco might have compelled the Mikado to make a demand for reparation, to which we should have been unable to yield, and so we might have become involved in war without any deliberate intention of provoking hostilities on either side. Wars have often begun in that unpremeditated, accidental way, and so they will be begun hereafter, unless civilized nations shall agree

that no resort to force shall take place until at least six months after an attempt has been made by The Hague tribunal to effect a reconciliation.

I. While, however, most of the questions relating to the outcome of a war between Japan and the United States have become academic, there are two which retain vitality, and are likely to be discussed until conclusive answers are elicited. Had the treatment of Japanese children by the San Francisco School Board led to hostilities between the Mikado's Empire and the United States, would the text of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, concluded in 1905, have bound Great Britain to side with Japan against us? Secondly, admitting that the text of the treaty would have bound Great Britain to cooperation, would not the British people have compelled their Government to repudiate the compact?

As regards the former inquiry, there seems to be no doubt that it must be answered in the affirmative. It will be remembered that by the preceding treaty between Great Britain and Japan, the signatories agreed that each would assist the other should either be attacked by two or more great Powers. That treaty rendered impossible a repetition of the combination by which, in 1895, Russia, Germany and France compelled victorious Japan to restore to China the Liao-Tung peninsula and the strip of Manchurian seacoast connecting it with Corea. The present Anglo-Japanese Treaty, which was signed a little before the arrangement of the Peace of Portsmouth, but was not published until afterwards, went much further than its predecessor. It bound each of the signatories to aid the other, provided either should find itself engaged in war with even a single great Power.

This compact, of course, precluded any attempt of a reconstructed Russian navy to engage again in a contest with the Japanese fleet for ascendancy in Far-Eastern waters. On the other hand, it assured Great Britain against a Russian invasion of British India, for that is an enterprise which no Russian commander would undertake if he knew that, before he could cross the Himalayas, the Anglo-Indian army would be strengthened with a hundred thousand Japanese auxiliaries. That is to say, the Japanese now are under a treaty obligation to play the same part in India which the Hessians played on the British side during our Revolutionary war. That his country might be able

to rely on such assistance was, of course, the motive influencing Lord Lansdowne, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, to enter into a treaty, all the advantages of which would otherwise have accrued to Japan.

But, it may be asked, Was not the operation of the treaty limited to Central and Eastern Asia, or, in other words, to that part of the Asiatic Continent which lies east of the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates River? We answer, Yes. But, within the plain intent of the treaty, the Philippines are, geographically and strategically, as much a part of Eastern Asia as is the Japanese archipelago itself. Lord Lansdowne would not, of course, deny that he intended, by the Treaty of 1905, to bind his country to resist an invasion of the Japanese archipelago; how, then, can he escape the conclusion that he also bound England to cooperate in an invasion of the Philippines in the event of Japan's finding herself embroiled with the United States? The text of the treaty contains no clause excluding such a case from the purview of the compact, and Lord Lansdowne, as a far-sighted statesman, can hardly say that he took for granted that no such a case would occur.

As a matter of fact, if the conference at Portsmouth had not resulted in the conclusion of a peace, and if the Far-Eastern War had gone on for an indefinite period, until the Russians had tired out the Japanese, and compelled them to evacuate the Asiatic mainland, the latter, finding themselves confined thereafter to an empire exclusively insular, would have experienced an irresistible impulse to extend their dominion southward, and, as a preliminary step, would have felt themselves constrained to seize the Philippines. It is only because the outcome of the war with Russia has been to give Japan an unshakable foothold on the Asiatic mainland that her face is now turned definitely westward, and the Philippines have ceased to be for her an object of desire.

II. We deem it, then, indisputable that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1905 would have required Great Britain to place her fleets and armies at the disposal of the Japanese, had the latter made war on the United States in consequence of the San Francisco incident. A treaty obligation, however, is one thing; a compliance with it another. We come, therefore, to the question whether the people of Great Britain, aroused to the grave re-

sponsibilities imposed by the compact, would have permitted their Government to adhere to it. This second question we are inclined to answer in the negative. More than once in modern times has an English-speaking people forced its government to repudiate treaty obligations. In the reign of Charles II, that sovereign found himself for a time relieved by a French subsidy from the necessity of seeking supplies of money from Parliament. So exasperated, nevertheless, were the people of England at his agreement to join with Louis XIV in making war upon the Dutch, who, except the English, were the only maritime folk in Europe that then could claim to enjoy self-government, that he was ultimately forced to treat the compact as a dead letter. So, too, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, the members of the Federalist party, then preponderant in the United States, were so incensed at the French Republic, after the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, that they demanded a repudiation of the treaty obligations which we had contracted with France in 1778, and in such repudiation two Federalist Presidents practically concurred, although each recognized that, but for the assistance given us by France during our Revolutionary war, we could hardly have hoped to achieve independence of Great Britain.

Now, it is obvious that the British people to-day would have incomparably stronger reasons for refusing to make war on the United States, in pursuance of the alliance with Japan, than their forefathers had to denounce a treaty that bound them to make war upon Holland, or than the American Federalists had to treat as inoperative the French treaty during the closing years of the eighteenth century. It is true, doubtless, that the Japanese could render efficient service to the defenders of British India against a Russian invasion. Great Britain, however, would be exposed to an injury more vital than would be even the loss of her great Indian dependency, if, through facilitating a Japanese invasion of the Philippines, she were to provoke the United States to war. Undoubtedly, in such a contingency, we should make England pay the penalty for the damage suffered by us at the hands of Japan in the Pacific. We should invade Canada and cut off the grain-fields of British North America from communication with the Atlantic seaboard. With cruisers and with privateers we should do our best to prevent the grain-ships of Argen-

tina from reaching the British Isles. Above all, not an ounce of foodstuffs would be exported from the United States directly to Great Britain during the war, and effective measures would no doubt be taken to prevent such commodities from reaching the United Kingdom indirectly through neutrals.

Such a suspension of our export of food staples would, of course, prove a hardship to American producers, but it would mean starvation for the millions of toilers in British factories and mines. Even if we admit, what is sometimes disputed, that there exists at any given moment in the United Kingdom a stock of food sufficient to nourish the population for six weeks, it is patent that, soon after the expiration of that brief period, the bulk of the British people would be brought to their knees by famine. How long thereafter would the suffering millions permit the British Government to remain faithful to a treaty which imposed upon them such dreadful sacrifices? They would far rather let India go than purchase the retention of it at the cost of a war with the principal source of their food-supplies. The truth is that never again can England afford to face the consequences of a contest with the United States; and, if the present treaty with Japan binds the British Government to risk such an encounter, so much the worse for the treaty. All that we should ask of Great Britain would be that she should remain neutral in a conflict between Japan and the United States. We should not condescend to appeal for England's assistance, for we know that, with our immensely superior resources, we should go on fighting until we had brought the Mikado's Empire to a state of total exhaustion and paralysis.

It would have been better for all concerned if, while the present treaty between Great Britain and Japan was in course of negotiation, Lord Lansdowne had pointed out that, under no circumstances, would England consent to be drawn into a war with her chief food-purveyor, and that, consequently, the possible case of war between Japan and the United States must be expressly excluded from the operation of the treaty. At that time, the summer of 1905, the Tokio Government would have agreed to the insertion of such a clause, because it then was grateful for the tokens of sympathy received from the American people, and had no prevision of a quarrel with the United States.

MAYO W. HAZELTINE.

THE "COLOR LINE" IN THE ARMY.

BY CAPTAIN MATTHEW F. STEELE, U.S.A.

Is it not time to do away with the "color line" in the army of the United States? Sections 1,104 and 1,108 of the Revised Statutes require that "the enlisted men of two regiments of cavalry" and "two regiments of infantry shall be colored men." The Ninth and Tenth regiments of cavalry and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth of infantry are the four upon which the ban of color has been laid; by implication, colored men are, and always have been, excluded from the ranks of all the other regiments.

This law is to-day the only one upon the statute-books of the national Government which treats the negro citizens as a class apart—which sets up a "Jim Crow car" for them, as it were, and requires them to ride in it or in none. No more exclusive law can be found in the codes of Alabama or Mississippi. The law was passed in 1866, at a time when the negro and his welfare were occupying a large place in the thought of the nation's lawmakers. The country had just emerged from a terrible war of which the negro had been the main, if not the only real, cause. The purpose of the law, unquestionably, was to assure a civic right to the newly enfranchised citizen; its very enactment bespoke a fear in the minds of the lawmakers that the colored man, endowed by the Constitution with all the rights and privileges of the white man, would, nevertheless, be deprived of the privilege of entering the ranks of the regular army. The fear was a mere bogey then, and to-day it would be altogether forgotten but for this law which has kept it alive.

There are negro enlisted men in our navy, and also in the hospital corps, the commissary and the quartermaster's departments, and the ordnance corps of the army; but in the line of the army there are none save in the four regiments—two of infantry and

two of cavalry—set apart for them. From the ranks of the artillery they are as firmly barred as from the railway coaches of the whites in our Southern States. This limitation, however, is true only of the enlisted men; the law does not prescribe that the commissioned officers of those four regiments shall be “colored men,” and, therefore, does not by implication exclude colored men from the commissioned grades of other regiments and corps. There is, in fact, nothing in the law of the land to prevent a full-blooded Zulu from becoming the colonel of any one of our regiments, or the chief of any corps.

Of a truth, the law which places the mark of color on four of our regiments is out of date now, if it ever was timely. It is contrary to the spirit of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, and to the good sense of the twentieth century. There is no good reason why blacks or whites should be excluded by the law of the land from any troop, battery or company in the service. Recruiting officers should enlist the best men to be had, without distinction of color, and each man should be assigned to a regiment according to his choice and the best interests of the military service.

The law fixing the taint of color upon four regiments does them an injustice and an injury, and in so much does the military service an injustice and an injury. It is to-day, forty years after, a recognition by act of Congress of the national prejudice against the negro. The *morale* of a regiment depends much upon its traditions and upon the esteem in which it is held by the people. The praises of a few persons, no matter how high their station, do not counterbalance the feeling within a regiment that it is looked down upon by the people. Within the army itself there is no prejudice against the colored regiments. The fine work they have done is known and appreciated there, without any claim, however, that they have done better work than the white regiments. The quality of a regiment's work depends mainly upon the quality of its officers, and no better officers are to be found in the service than those of the colored regiments. The soldiers of the regular army, white and black, have always given a good account of themselves in campaign and battle. In a fight, the color of a man's face cuts no figure, so long as it be not pale.

While there is no prejudice against the colored regiments within the army, it cannot be denied that nothing is rarer in our

service than an officer who prefers or seeks assignment to a colored regiment. Why? Because, when an officer goes back to his home, he wants to be able to speak with pride of his regiment to his people, and he wants to hear them speak of it with respect and esteem; he knows such will not be the case if his regiment is colored. The prejudice against the negro regiment is found without the army. It is not confined to any particular section of the country. It is no more of the South than of the North. There is to-day a larger proportion of officers in the colored regiments from the South than from any other equal section of the country. Shipp and Smith, who laid down their lives heroically leading their colored troopers at San Juan, were both Southerners; and there are scores of other Southerners in the colored regiments emulating the splendid soldierly example left behind by those two men as a precious tradition in their regiment.

The prejudice against the negro and the negro regiment is national; it is as wide as our territory. There is, for instance, a cavalry post in Vermont; but no colored troop has ever been, or is likely ever to be, stationed there. The people of Vermont do not want them. New-Englanders have always peculiarly loved the negro, but they do not love him in their midst; they prefer him away in Georgia or Louisiana, whither they can send him their sympathy by mail.

A few years ago, a fine troop of the Ninth Cavalry was stationed at Fort Myer, across the way from the National Capital, as a reward for specially good service in an Indian campaign. Never a word of complaint was made against the behavior of this troop; yet it is well known that never again will a colored troop be ordered to that post for station. The people of Washington do not want them. It is a notorious fact in the army that the political clique which holds the Yellowstone Park, the great national pleasure-ground, in the hollow of its fist will never allow colored troops to be stationed in the park. They are afraid that their patrons, the American travellers, will resent being held to the regulations of the park by negro troopers.

Since the disturbance at Brownsville, the broad State of Texas is, no doubt, closed forever against the negro regiments. When orders were issued a couple of years ago, sending a squadron of colored cavalry to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, letters of protest are reported to have been sent to the War Department by promi-

nent persons of the adjacent town of Leavenworth. It has been proclaimed by the public press that negro troops must not be placed at the garrisons in the Southern States, and the Department has never yet ventured to station them in any of the Eastern or Middle-Western States.* The national prejudice has followed the flag across the Pacific Ocean. Five years ago, the colored regiments on duty in the Philippines were returned to the States at the demand of the Civil Governor of the Islands. No charge of misconduct was made against them; from a military point of view their service had been perfectly satisfactory.

Where, then, are the colored regiments going to serve hereafter? The ring of prejudice seems to be growing narrower all the while. Its geographical centre appears to be somewhere in the mountains of western Colorado at the present time; its circumference touches the Pacific shore in the west and reaches nearly to the Missouri River in the east. No protests have as yet been heard from Nevada or Idaho.

Truth to tell, our regiments should not be classified as white and colored. The legal stigma of color should be lifted from the four regiments upon which it rests; the legal restriction that compels the assignment of colored recruits to one of four regiments only should be removed. Sections 1,104 and 1,108 of the Revised Statutes ought to be repealed.

MATTHEW F. STEELE.

* A squadron of the Ninth Cavalry is at present stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and another at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY H. CABOT LODGE, GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, U.S.A., CHRISTIAN
BRINTON AND M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

"ORIGINAL NARRATIVES OF EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY."*

IF the original narratives, the sources of history, are to be published for the benefit of the general reader, success in the undertaking is wholly dependent upon the manner in which the material is selected and edited. If the antiquarian theory that one fact is as valuable as another because they are both facts, be adopted, the results of the publication of original sources would be copious and would remain unread except by those who would read them in any event. If, again, to the antiquarian theory be added as an inflexible guide the doctrine of the scientific historian, illustrated by Professor Bury, that literature and history have no connection, a popular publication of original sources becomes at once a contradiction in terms and a sheer waste of good paper and ink.

Fortunately Mr. Jameson, the general editor of this excellent series, and his associates in the preparation of this first volume, evidently reject the view that all facts are equally valuable, and hold to the old-fashioned belief that there is a connection between literature and history. In practice, certainly, they demonstrate by this volume that they do not accept the theory of the equal values of facts or believe that literature has nothing to do with history, because they know that no one would read history destitute of literary quality except people who like to read catalogues, and unread history would be, to borrow the words of an American humorist, as "barren as an un-kissed kiss."

* Original Narratives of Early American History. General editor, T. Franklin Jameson. "The Northmen, Columbus and Cabot," edited by Julius E. Olsen and Edward Gaylord Bourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

In this volume on "The Northmen, Columbus and Cabot," and as the prospectus indicates, in its successors, the selection could not be improved. Judging from this volume alone, it may also be said that nothing could be better than the editing. We have the best texts accompanied by brief but clear introductions, and explained by notes which are sufficient to guide and instruct and not sufficient to puzzle and encumber. In each case a short list of authorities is given which will direct those who wish to pursue their inquiries upon any one of the three subjects, in the way in which they should go, to find all the sources and the last words of modern research and antiquarian learning. The selection and editing could not, in fact, have been better done for the purpose which the editors had in view.

That purpose, as I understand it, was to give in popular form to the general reader, not to the historian or historical student engaged in research, the principal contemporary narratives upon which early American history rests. It is a wise plan. There is no better way to learn history than to read it in the words of the men who made it, or who watched it in the making. The great mass of original sources are unmeaning and wearisome to the general reader, and only become possible to him when the real historian has winnowed and coordinated them and brought forth from the confusion the ordered narrative, interpreted, touched with imagination and graced by the quality of style which will give it savor and put it safely into the literature of the time or of the world. But among the welter of original sources, great and small, there are some narratives or documents with a literary charm of their own, and which also have the human feeling which alone makes history real to those who read. Of such narratives is this volume made up.

For the voyages of the Northmen we have so much of the Sagas of Eric the Red, and of the Flat Island book as tell of the expeditions to Vinland. In those Sagas is contained practically all the evidence that exists of the Norse voyages to North America, south of Greenland. The supposed monuments or relics which were once believed in have all withered in the light of investigation. The armor found in Connecticut, upon which Longfellow based his poem, and which unfortunately perished in a fire, was found to resemble so closely in workmanship and form the similar armor discovered at Palenque in Mexico, as to leave no doubt that

it belonged to the highly civilized Indians of the South. The inscription on the Dighton Rock, now unhappily perishing, is obviously Indian picture-writing, and the Stone Tower at Newport is an equally obvious mill-tower of a familiar English type. The mounds and hollows at Cambridge may be anything, but they prove nothing. The fantastic fabric of Norse settlements and Norse cities, reared by various writers from Gravier to Professor Horsford, rest on nothing but the imagination of the various authors. Indeed, Professor Olsen goes so far as apparently to give his authority to the proposition that Leif and his successors went no farther south than Nova Scotia. Yet the Sagas certainly seem to indicate, not only by the presence of the wild grapes, but by the description of the coast-line, that the Northmen came as far as Rhode Island, and Cape Kiarlanes agrees with Cape Cod, in their accounts, far more nearly than with any other portion of the coast. The great fact, however, is that in the year 1000 the Norsemen came to North America and followed the coast far to the south of Greenland. In the Sagas one finds the great and daring story told, a story delightful to read and ponder. The Sagas are traditional, oral in the beginning, but founded on a solid basis of fact with a surprising care and conformity of detail in many cases. But, above all, they are poetic in their essence, with the freshness and force of primitive folk-tales. They give us the first glimpse of America as it flashed for a brief moment upon the vision of Europe, but they give much more in their picture of that wild and daring race who, sword in hand, fought their way from the North Sea to Constantinople, and crossed and recrossed the wild waters of the North Atlantic in open boats which to-day would hardly be thought safe out of sight of land.

The Columbus story is a far greater one than that of the Norsemen, issuing out of the gray mists for one shining moment only to return again with the clash of steel and the roar of waves sounding ever about them. The story of Columbus is one of enormous achievement, so vast in its results that it cannot be measured even now. That his deeds wrought a political and economic revolution, even now still incomplete, is but part of his significance. He changed the current of the thoughts of men, something accomplished by only very few of the greatest of human minds. Of him it can be said, after his first voyage:

“And lo! Creation widened in man’s view.”

Here in this volume we have the journal of that first voyage, and there are few things that have been written about the adventures of men better worth reading. The earliest entries as he fared across the Atlantic are little more than the notes for a ship's log, and yet we can feel the excitement even now palpitating in each day's brief record. Every bird they saw, every bit of floating weed, every cloud shape in the heavens, was scanned, and in them all the Admiral thought he read the sign of land. Never had any man sailed for such a prize, and as we read we feel the strain in every word. It is of no great consequence whether Guanahani was Watling's Island or some other. It is the great fact that the new world was then and there discovered, which concerns us all. And this journal, simple, clear, full of faith and generous hope, brings home that fact in a way that no retelling of the marvellous tale could ever accomplish. It is all so human, so convincing, and, as we read the very words of the great Admiral, it all seems so near.

Then came the great tragedy,—one of the most terrible in history. The man who gave a new world, not only to Castile and Leon, but to mankind, and who changed the world's history, was sent back to Spain in irons, the victim of plots and intrigues. Here we have the famous letter to Doña Juana de Torres in which he cries out against his wrongs and demands justice. Thus it begins:

"Though my complaint of the world is new its habit of ill-using is very ancient."

It is a sad sentence, and yet the wit and the melancholy philosophy of it make one feel as if literary quality was of value not only in history, but even in original sources. The letter is a bitter cry which sounds now across the centuries, and here and in the last journal of the fourth voyage, which follows, we get a vivid picture of the man. His profound faith, his trust in Heaven, his turning to the Bible for inspiration and finally his vision, the voice that spoke to him out of the darkness uplifting his spirit in the midst of his most dire misfortune, all is here set down. Nothing can make us understand the man like his own passionate words, and the man who discovered America is worth realization. If any one wishes to wrestle with the endless questions and controversies of the Columbian voyages, it is easy to plunge into the

countless books upon the subject. Meantime the general reader, little concerned with dates and identification of places, but profoundly interested in the fact of America's discovery, can find in these letters and journals the man himself, and live over with him the triumph, one of the greatest ever won, and the tragedy, one of the most piteous ever endured.

There are no Sagas, no journals or letters comparable to those of Columbus, which tell the story of the discovery of the Cabots. So the editors have turned very wisely from Acts of Parliaments, dry reports and modern controversies, to the letters from certain Italians to their masters in Milan and Venice, showing how the discovery of a new continent struck its contemporaries. Thus we get again the feeling of the time. It is only a brief, quite loose account from hearsay, of what had been found, but it brings us near to the event and makes it real. It is really not very vital to know whether John Cabot made his landfall in Labrador, Newfoundland or Cape Breton, although we are indebted to the patient learning of the scholars who have discussed and settled the question for us. But to all men the fact that, sailing in the service of the English King, John Cabot found North America and thus giving the title to England made it an English-speaking country, is of the deepest interest.

Here we find the story as men told it to each other and wondered over it from day to day just as the fifteenth century was dying. It makes us realize the event which is, after all, the best reason for reading any history. We read in these letters of the great discoverer attired in silk with vast honor paid him, and "these English running after him like mad people." He stands out a gallant figure, this daring sailor and Venetian citizen, with the wild Norse blood of his sea-faring Jersey ancestors coursing in his veins, as we catch here a glimpse of him in the streets of London. But that single glimpse, with his brave attire and the shouting crowd, brings the man near to us, and with the man a better understanding of the lasting work he wrought. After all there is nothing better than this that history can do for us, and very few histories can do it quite so well as an original narrative with all its errors and imperfections on its head, if we are only fortunate enough to possess one which has both literary quality and real human feeling.

H. CABOT LODGZ.

"LEW WALLACE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY."*

NOTHING I have read, except, perhaps, "Ben-Hur," has so filled my heart and mind and thrilled me as this autobiography of General Lew Wallace. He thus begins his last review: "Before distractions overtake me, I wish to say that I believe absolutely in the Christian conception of God. . . . The Jesus Christ in whom I believe was, in all stages of His life, a human being. His Divinity was the Spirit, and the Spirit was God." That was characteristic of the man in all relations of life.

Wallace was very young when his mother died, herself but twenty-seven. As he describes her, she had a large, loving Christian heart. She was greatly puzzled by the restless, wayward boy, and repressed his truancy by many rigorous expedients, such as tying him to a bedpost, dressing him in girl's clothing, and the like. His devotion to the ferryman, whose aid he became in crossing and recrossing the Wabash, at last began to relieve her intense anxiety about him. His strong, military father, a graduate of West Point, used the rod to obtain obedience; so did most of his teachers. After speaking most tenderly of his mother, respectfully of his father and doubtfully of his early teachers, Wallace writes with feeling:

"I simply plead for discrimination, for forbearance, for teaching, for sympathy. Whoso lays his hand heavily on a boy of spirit . . . is himself an offender in far greater degree than his victim. The school-master who cannot discriminate between pupils lacks the first essential to perfection in an honorable calling."

Again and again his heart cried out, "Mother, mother!" as it did when "the alabaster tinge was on her face," and she never again could respond to his call. I cannot help feeling that, had she lived, the Christian fellowship which she so much enjoyed would have been his in his early days, with its gentle discipline and moulding power, and given him in his youth a happier life.

His reference to that strong and abiding love which knitted him and his life-companion together is wonderful. Who could express it like Lew Wallace?

"The promises were in her face when next I saw her in plain daylight; and after all the trials of years, come and gone—now—the same promises are as bank-notes redeemed, and there is no need of them more. . . .

* "Lew Wallace: An Autobiography." New York: Harper & Brothers.

My temper has never been so hot she could not lay it. She has decided me in doubt, defended me against interruptions, saved me my time by the sacrifice of her own, cheered me when down at heart, lured me back to my tasks when the tempter would have whisked me away, held my hand in defeat and rejoiced with me in my triumphs. . . . Hers is a high nature, a composite of genius, common sense and all best womanly qualities."

Read the book to complete the story of a great earthly love which merges into the heavenly. The steady development of a great, manly, though wayward, soul needed just this sunshine of a true and steady, perennial loving-kindness.

Wallace never loses his sense of humor. It will crop out in his dealings with the most serious subjects and often in his official reports; for example, when drilling his regiment at Evansville: "The grumbling was loud, sometimes angry; *but it was met with a spell of stone-deafness.*"

The story of his career as a young lieutenant of nineteen years in the Mexican campaign of 1847 is a gem by itself. His conclusions regarding General Taylor differ from mine. I think he would have modified them had he seen more of the man, but perhaps not. From Wallace's standpoint, General Taylor was unnecessarily severe with the 1st Indiana, Wallace's regiment. Wallace thinks that the intelligent reader of history will wonder greatly at the injustice done to the 2nd Indiana,

"but at nothing so much as at the General commanding [General Zachary Taylor]. There may even come to him [the reader] a realization of the lamentable fact that a man may have been a successful General and popular President of the United States, yet lack the elements without which no man can be truly great—justice and truth."

Wallace calls me to account for not going, in my biography of Taylor, behind General Taylor's report of the battle of Buena Vista. And now after new evidence has come to me I am glad enough to modify my original statements. Surely the 2nd Indiana Regiment, though it broke to the rear, was not to be blamed for obeying the order of its Colonel (Bowles), so clearly and distinctly given, namely: "Cease firing and retreat." General Wallace's defence of the regiment is perfect. The regiment itself, by its losses and subsequent gallantry on the field of Buena Vista, deserves unqualified praise.

Having been a Democrat, "one of the straitest of the sect,"

his sudden and strong conviction of duty to the Old Flag after the firing upon it at Fort Sumter is characteristic of the manly man. He thought carefully and systematically; he kept analyzing like a clear-sighted judge; he reached definite conclusions and then put them into immediate action. It is delightful to follow him, first to the Adjutant-Generalship of Indiana, thence to a regiment; then comes a brigade under General Patterson on the border of Maryland and West Virginia. Here Wallace had the first meed of praise, a recognition which gave him the joy which he then coveted: "The Commanding General has the satisfaction to announce to the troops a second victory over the insurgents by a small party of Indiana volunteers under Colonel Wallace, the 20th inst. [June, 1861]." Not only Patterson but McClellan recognized him: "Dear General Wallace:—I congratulate you upon the gallant conduct of your regiment. Thank them (your men) and express to the [successful] party how highly I honor their heroic courage, etc." Schuyler Colfax added his mite: "The President [Lincoln] told me day before yesterday that Indiana had won nearly all the glory so far. . . . The President alluded especially to your splendid dash on Romney." But after our failure at Bull Run, the Indiana men, being on but three months' enlistment, returned home and were mustered out.

Wallace's favorite, the 11th Indiana, reenlisted and was taken by him, its Colonel, to St. Louis. Here he found General Frémont in command. At Frémont's headquarters he was received in such a humiliating style that he said to himself: "Well, Ben. McCulloch with his red men and white savages can't be coming here. This is a headquarters for politicians, not soldiers." So, using the telegraph, he sought and obtained an order to proceed to Paducah, Kentucky, and so he came under the immediate command of General Charles F. Smith. Wallace's sketch of Smith is fine:

"Tall, erect, broad-shouldered, a symmetrical figure in a well-fitting uniform. He held his head high; long white mustaches trailed below his chin, shading his lower face; perfect health left its morning colors on his cheeks, and his blue eyes, bright with invitation, negated the reputation he bore for sternness."

Albert Sidney Johnston was regarded as the ablest Confederate commander in the West; General Charles F. Smith, on the Union side at the time Wallace met him, was believed by the army to

be more than Albert Sidney's match. The lessons General Smith gave Colonel Wallace during his sojourn at Paducah he never forgot. His hearty conformity to them brought him promotion on September 3rd, 1861. It was there that General Wallace entertained General Grant and part of his staff. Grant then "had not even fought the battle of Belmont. . . . Grant drew his chair toward the grate and said, spreading his hands before the blaze and looking around: 'Well, this is cheerful!'" One of the many charges of too much hilarity grew out of Wallace's entertainment. Articles very dreadful against Grant and Smith were published broadcast. Wallace says:

"In self-defence I finally traced the offensive articles to a regimental chaplain, and induced him to resign. The General himself, I think, acquitted me of blame, but certain members of his staff were not so generous."

It is not very long now before we find Wallace in active work, first with a brigade cooperating with the "Belmont affair" successfully; then on and on up the Cumberland to Forts Heiman and Henry (February, 1862), in conjunction with the good Admiral Foote and his Naval Brigade. When Grant moves over to the Tennessee to attack Fort Donelson, Wallace, soon to command a division, is left behind at Fort Heiman; but sudden need brings him forward, and with a good division he does his best military work. His account of the part his brigade played in the last attack upon the Confederates under General Buckner is clear and graphic.

In the order of time, we come to the great battle of Pittsburg Landing. I will not even attempt to summarize General Wallace's completed story of the operations of Halleck, Grant and Buel at this engagement of two days, usually called the battle of Shiloh (April 6th and 7th, 1862). He is as careful and minute, often as dramatic, as Lord Roberts was in his description of the siege of Delhi. And, surely, it would be wrong to attach any blame to Wallace himself for not getting upon the bloody field the first day; it is pretty clear that he and his splendid division led in the hard-fought and successful struggle of the second day. Halleck's later course toward Wallace is like the persecution that General Stone received after Ball's Bluff. He relieved him from his division and constantly prevented him from getting a proper command; yet when a defender of the Ohio border was demanded

Governor Morton used his services, with a single regiment or brigade. When Cincinnati was threatened by Kirby Smith (Heth's Corps) in 1863, Wallace was put in charge of the great city, and promptly organized an army of successful defence. When Confederate Morgan and his troops raided Indiana, Wallace backed up every Union detachment, and with Governor Morton's help saved Indianapolis and the Confederate prisoners of war from capture. At last Mr. Lincoln, against General Halleck's protest, gave General Wallace the Middle Department, with his headquarters at Baltimore.

If one wants to study the work of a man who was a diplomatist, a general of resources, and a statesman, let him read carefully General Wallace's sketch of the Maryland plan and the battle of the Monocacy. It was a side-thrust to prevent General Early, with substantially two Army Corps, from marching into Washington (July, 1864). With an incredibly small force he met Early, and fought him so hard as to delay him at least twenty-four hours. This enabled Grant to get the 6th and 19th corps within the defences of the Capital. Then, of course, Washington, with its inhabitants and archives, was safe. Wallace had the credit from the President and Generals for this prompt and effective work.

To follow his diplomacy, that helped so largely to unite us in friendship with the Republic of Mexico—requiring perilous journeys to Texas and along its borders; to go with him as Governor of New Mexico, which he lifted so largely into proper civilization; to step with him over to Turkey, and see how by his large-heartedness he obtained the best things for us from the Sultan; will enable us to comprehend only a modicum of the public service he rendered to his country, to whose interests he was ever most devoted and loyal.

But, after all has been said, does not his unusual and permanent fame rest upon his literary works? He was a good and successful lawyer, but he did the law work, he says, as a bread-earner. He was a good public speaker, presenting his thoughts with clearness and beauty—but his heart was in his books. "The Fair God" caused me to review with care Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." "The Prince of India" startled me as a work of the imagination; but "Ben-Hur" is paramount; it is poetry, history, drama and devotion. It adds so much freshness to all

things it touches that it makes them new. It not only realizes the divine offices of the prophet, priest and king, but it vivifies the story of the Christ as nothing else has done outside the simple annals of the Gospels.

He told me on the Bosphorus the story of how he came to undertake "Ben-Hur"; substantially the same account is in this "Autobiography." No library or home in our land or any other land can afford to be without this book of extraordinary human interest and remarkable achievement. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

LELAND: SCHOLAR AND MYSTIC.*

AMONG those American men of letters who, toward the middle of the last century, undertook the discovery of Europe, Charles Godfrey Leland occupies a unique position. By turns German Bursch and Romany Rye, social lion in London and friend of Florentine Witches, writer of comic verse for "*Die Fliegende Blätter*" and lecturer before the Royal Institute, it is doubtful whether any of his compatriots became more closely identified with foreign life or more familiar with foreign tongues. Perhaps because of the very diversity of his achievement, Leland is less known and less clearly understood than he should be, and hence the recently published "Life" possesses particular claim to consideration.

It must be conceded at the outset that these absorbing volumes do not offer a uniformly analytical or judicial estimate of the picturesque and magnetic "Hans Breitmann." Based upon his uncompleted "Memoirs" and supplemented by numerous letters, the work is in essence the warmly affectionate and endearing tribute of niece to uncle. It is not that Mrs. Pennell permits personal loyalty or family considerations unduly to color her judgment, it is merely that she has been unable to escape the inherent appeal of her subject. Perhaps, after all, sympathetic biography is equally as valuable as scientific; in any case, it affords infinitely better reading.

Born in the famous "Dolly Madison house" on Chestnut Street, below Third, in the quiescent town of the Quaker, Leland represents the active rather than the passive principle of Penn-

* "Charles Godfrey Leland. A Biography." 2 vols. By Elizabeth R. Pennell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sylvania mysticism. Presumably endowed with the same spiritual heritage as those about him, he early became a restless, insatiate nomad, both actually and mentally. As a lad he was considered "peculiar," and small wonder, for by twelve he was learning French, Latin and Spanish, and at fifteen was translating Villon and rapidly mastering Provençal. At Princeton, his "*Mala Mater*," as he sadly called her, where "piety and mathematics" were rated higher than linguistic accomplishments, Leland naturally made an uneven though brilliant record. Throughout the entire course he read voraciously, not, he says, "for a purpose, but to gratify an intense passion." He delved deep into metaphysics and mediævalism as well as Voltaire, Tom Paine and other "exploded dangers." One week he was a Transcendentalist, the next a Puseyite, and always he was a curiously eager, inquisitive intellectual explorer. The very narrowness and rigidity of his surroundings seemed to act as an inspiration, a challenge.

The transition from Princeton to Heidelberg was precisely what the delicate, bookish youth needed. Knowing the language well enough on his arrival to be christened "Germanicus," he entered lustily into student life. In a memorable letter to William Tiffany, dated July 24th, 1846, he exclaims with gusto: "What times! What men! What tobacco! What beer! Here, in Heidelberg, I have seen divers duels—clash and smash! But, my dear man, you have no earthly conception *what* a people the Dutch are for *kneipen*. The way they do smoke and drink beer is atrocious!" And yet he was himself no mere onlooker, adding, not without a touch of pride: "In this matter I modestly hint that *I* am not *small*." Each letter during this period rings with joyous, wholesome reaction against the arid and constrained traditions of Philadelphia and Princeton. There were numerous excursions to near-by towns or dances at country fairs, where the "proud and vicious nobles" (the students) participated none too decorously in the pleasures of "the poor and happy" (the peasantry). At Heidelberg our somewhat full-blooded young mystic devoted himself, oddly, to chemistry, but later in Munich he took up the study of æsthetics, which subject he continued the succeeding year at the Sorbonne.

While Paris at first proved sharply to him how thoroughly Germanized he had become, it was not long before he was taking

his "*petit verre and café*" and joining gayly in the usual student balls and fêtes. That "extraordinary talent for getting into adventures" of which he often speaks by no means deserted him in the French capital, for the revolution soon broke about him in picturesque fury, and the big, striking American student did not fail to play his part with real, though conscious, bravery. In his own words he thus describes a day's campaigning:

"I turned out in the *Grande Révolution*, armed like a smuggler with dirk and pistols, saw some fusillades, helped build some barricades,—was *capitaine* at one nice little one in our Quartier, and distributed percussion caps and consolation to the heroic *canaille*, not to mention being at the plunder of the Tuileries."

He was not, however, a serious patriot, and did not wait to see affairs right themselves. His three years being over, he crossed the Channel to London and later sailed from Portsmouth, reaching home in the autumn of 1848.

His devoted biographer characterizes the next few years of Leland's life as being his period of storm and stress, and such they unquestionably proved. In order to appease the properties, he consented to read law, though he never practised, the claims of literature being more numerous and insistent than those of his clients. For a time he was in New York assisting Griswold on the "*Illustrated News*," returning later to Philadelphia as editor of "*Graham's Monthly*." Although pay was slender and uncertain, he worked unremittingly, contributing articles on an incredible range of subjects to the pages of the "*Knickerbocker*," the "*Continental*" and other long-since defunct publications. Though "*Meister Karl*" achieved a certain success, it was not until "*Hans Breitmann*" flashed into being that Leland became famous. It is quite true, as Mrs. Pennell reluctantly infers, that the younger generation does not read the "*Breitmann Ballads*"; yet, even so, it is refreshing to realize how hugely our fathers relished that delectable "mixture of beer and pure reason."

The welcome accorded "*Breitmann*" and the removal of financial pressure consequent upon the death of his father induced Leland to relinquish the position he then held on "*The Press*," and henceforth, save for a brief sojourn in Philadelphia during the early eighties, he passed the remainder of his days in England and on the Continent. Just as he had known every one of consequence in the world of letters, music and art at home, so

abroad he enjoyed the friendship of an equally distinguished circle. Always independent and outspoken, he was not one to be awed by the fetish of an exalted reputation. For Lowell, Holmes, Whitman, George Boker and others he professed the highest regard, but did not hesitate to fall foul of Emerson in the following not over-fastidious phraseology:

"Emerson dabbled with mysticism and paddled in metempsychosis, and shirked pantheism, as did Carlyle, while using it as a garment, and made beautifully talkee-talkee with free thought, and posed as a liberal mind, and exalted Goethe; but would have died of blushes and sunk into his boots before Greek fleshliness."

While the conventionally celebrated, such as Browning, Tennyson, Bulwer, Besant and the like flit through the latter portions of the book, Leland's lot was never wholly cast with them. What he loved most were the diverting by-paths of the mind; he much preferred the open road to a polished doorstep. Professor Palmer, the Orientalist, Francis Hindes Groome, the foremost Gypsy scholar of his day, and Borrow, then a grumpy reminiscence living respectably in Brompton Square, were the men he cared most about. There seemed always to have lurked in the heart of "the Rye," as Mrs. Pennell often calls him, a longing for Gypsy-land, and it was old Matty Cooper, chief of the Romanies, who first opened wide to him the gates of this alluring realm. Within a remarkably short time he mastered the language better than Borrow had ever done; and some time later had the distinction of discovering Shelta, the tinker's dialect, hitherto unknown to scholars. His interest never flagged; wherever he happened to be, he would seek out his dark-eyed friends and chat familiarly with them, singing their songs and telling them stories in their own strange tongue. An unquenchable thirst for the occult and the untrodden led him still further afield. He unveiled the secrets of Voodooism and Witchcraft, collected all manner of legends and folk-tales, and as a result left behind him some of the most curious and enchanting books in the language. Despite his undoubted erudition and phenomenal powers of assimilation, it cannot be claimed that Leland possessed an exact or scholarly mind. Physically imposing and pictorial, he was temperamentally a romanticist. Enthusiasm for the subject in hand often led him to commit grave errors. In his list of Shelta terms were several Gaelic words, and his Algonkin legends were not all simon-

pure Algonkin nor even simon-pure Indian. Though younger and better-equipped men rapidly took his place in the field of linguistics and mythology, he will, however, always rank as a stimulating precursor; an inspiring, even commanding figure. While this "Life" of Mrs. Pennell's gives him the proper setting and shows him in exact relation to his surroundings, it is to be regretted that he left no record of that quaint, sedate, social atmosphere of which he was really a product and to which he often referred with such charm and penetration. That he might have pictured Philadelphia with incomparable sympathy is amply proved by a letter written from the Bagni di Lucca in 1893, in which he says:

"I wish I had thought of it—I would have made more of old Philadelphia. Should I ever return there, I will put *all my heart* into a book on the subject and write it all in flowers, perfumes—reeds in the rivers—quaint old golden-brown evenings—the scent of buckwheatcakes baking in the early morning—magnolia fragrance mingled with roasting coffee—ghosts of bygone Cadwaladers and Whartons and memories of pretty Quaker girls in the sunset light on Arch Street."

He goes on to say that "there are not many living *now* who can do it," and he was right. Yet the home call was never quite strong enough. He died abroad still a seeker, and a wanderer, fascinated to the very last by the mysterious and the remote.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

"LINCOLN THE LAWYER."*

THE man who writes about Lincoln has the happy privilege of placing a bright spot on every page, if he will, by quoting a few of Lincoln's written or spoken words. It may well be one of the effects of this cause that American editors—to the envy of their English brothers—hold the theme of Lincoln as an ever-ready refuge in time of trouble. They have learned by repeated experience that there is no name in American history with which they can conjure so successfully. Year by year, even as the actual workings of Lincoln's mind and heart become more familiar, he takes more surely the place of a great mythic figure, typifying something characteristically American, embodying the work of destiny or Providence in supplying our ship of state with

* "Lincoln the Lawyer." By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: The Century Co.

the one helmsman who could have carried it safely through the worst storm it has had to weather. Has it not been much easier for him to take this place just because so many of his wisest words lent themselves extraordinarily to remembrance and quotation?

"Still with parable and with myth
Seasoning truth, like Them of old."

But the anecdotes were by no means all. Through his more serious utterances there often shone a sympathy and sagacity which seem destined to insure them a long future. The man you keep on quoting has a firm grip on immortality.

Look, for a specific instance, at the good fortune of him who would write of Lincoln as a lawyer. Here are Lincoln's own words of advice to lawyers:

"Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

The accepted ethics of the profession doubtless called for such a rebuke more generally fifty years ago than they do to-day. Yet the words are such, in spirit and substance, that Mr. Hill could hardly have gone wrong if he had taken them as a sort of text for his book, instead of giving them merely a casual place in his narrative. There was, however, no need of a definite text, which—at least in homiletics—often has its greatest use in keeping the preacher, when it succeeds, to a single line of thought. The consistency of Lincoln's legal career does this without calling for any special effort on the part of the biographer.

The study of Lincoln's life, from whatever angle it is viewed, derives its chief value from the light it throws upon his last four years. But for those years Lincoln, though still a notable figure, a characteristic product of American frontier conditions, would have been no more a national figure than many men who, frequently with less reason, have made prodigious names for themselves in their own regions. Just because he was called from the valleys and plains of our national life to its highest mountain-

top, everything in his earlier years becomes immensely significant. When Mr. Alonzo Rothschild wrote his "Lincoln, Master of Men," he took pains to show in his opening chapters how Lincoln's quality of mastery displayed itself in the backwoods, in love, law and local politics, in the Douglas debates. All this was the indispensable premise to his conclusions of mastery in the dealings with his cabinet and generals. What Mr. Rothschild did so well on a larger scale, Mr. Hill, pursuing a more strictly "popular" method, and specializing in Lincoln's professional career, has performed successfully within narrower limits.

With such a story as Mr. Hill has had to tell, his book might be defined as a lawyer's brief for a lawyer and the legal profession. The bit of advice to lawyers, already quoted, illuminates Lincoln's whole conception of the lawyer's function. He saw it as it was—or might be in its essence. Most of the teaching which experience gave him was of the fundamental sort. Contrast it with the training of the modern city lawyer. There was no course at a law school, no beginning at the foot of the ladder in a highly organized office, no gradual emerging into independence and authority. Instead, at the beginning, there were the haphazard studies, the informal proceedings of rural courts, the invaluable nearness to unsophisticated human nature. Even as the junior member of one firm and the senior member of another, Lincoln is seen taking his forward strides with an informality unimaginable in these more ordered days. What stands out from it all is a twofold wonder—that from such inchoate conditions an important lawyer was developed, and that our own more formal influences can produce anything of the sort.

What is more important than all the outward circumstances touching the Lawyer Lincoln is that inmost personal thing which made him Lincoln at all. In the study of his legal career, one expects to find him dealing with his work, his clients, the juries and the courts, in a perfectly direct human way. This expectation is fulfilled. If he had cared more for red tape, he would have chosen some other method of delivering mail outside the New Salem post-office, when he was in charge of it, than tucking letters in his hat, and handing them out as he happened to meet the persons for whom they were meant. Later in life he would have devised a better plan for codifying the mass of papers on his desk than that of writing on one package of them, "When you

can't find It anywhere else, look in this." The correspondence schools will not advise beginners in law or business to model themselves on Lincoln in every detail of office conduct. They will do well, however, if they can make their pupils realize, as Lincoln realized, the weightiest matters of the law. It is much to be able to write of a lawyer, or any one else, "that he never consented to do anything in a representative capacity which he would not countenance in himself as an individual." To match the spiritual directness from which such refusals sprang, there was an intellectual directness well illustrated in a passage quoted by Mr. Hill—a passage which throws a light of its own upon the merely educational value of mathematics:

"'In the course of my reading,' he told a friend years afterwards, 'I constantly came across the word "demonstrate." I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told me of *certain proof beyond the probability of doubt*, but I could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. I consulted all the books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said to myself, "Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not know what 'demonstrate' means," and so I worked until I could give any proposition of the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what "demonstrate" meant.'"

Both seeing and feeling as straight as Lincoln did, it was like him to define wealth as "simply a superfluity of things we don't need"; to abandon a guilty client; to advise lawyers against provoking litigation. This was not the way to immediate increase of legal practice; yet, besides being "good business" in the long run, it undoubtedly contributed much towards making him precisely what he became.

The final chapters of Mr. Hill's book show Lincoln in these last years applying to the great problems he had to solve the methods, mental and spiritual, of the wise and skilful lawyer. No one familiar with the qualities which the legal profession demands and generates in its best representatives needs to be told how much of Lincoln's strength in the Presidency resulted from that daily exercise which the practice of law had provided. It is the special virtue of Mr. Hill's book that it will bring home to many readers this important fact, and will help them to realize what a great man and a great profession may owe to each other.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

WORLD-POLITICS.

ST. PETERSBURG: WASHINGTON.

ST. PETERSBURG, *November, 1906.*

IMPERIAL Russia has entered upon the "slack-water" period of its existence, the interval between the high tide of its fortunes and the ebb. For the Tsardom in the sense of an absolute monarchy has ceased to exist, whereas practical constitutionalism has not yet taken its place, may not indeed take its place for years to come. On the one hand, the Emperor's power is limited, strictly if not narrowly; and, on the other hand, control by the nation has not yet taken parliamentary shape; therefore, as the domestic affairs of Russia can no longer be administered without the combination of those two factors, the subjects of Nicholas II are being governed under difficulties. Curious problems have arisen in consequence and are now exercising all the ingenuity of M. Stolypin's Cabinet, which may be figuratively said to be endeavoring to drive a troika through the barrier of an imperial ukase.

The deadlock was caused by a one-sided self-denying ordinance issued by the Tsar before the first Duma assembled. Desirous of convincing his subjects, once for all, that the promise of a change from absolutism to constitutionalism was no mere will-o'-the-wisp, as the oppositional parties maintained, but a genuine concession to be realized as soon as possible, the monarch solemnly declared that in future no permanent law should be enacted without the assent of the people's representatives assembled in the Duma. Badly worded, like many another generous undertaking given by Emperors and Kings, this assurance was open to several interpretations, one of which was certainly calculated to defeat the object to attain which it was volunteered. Suppose, for instance, the second and the third Duma are composed of extreme

parties, with whom the Tsar's ministers cannot work smoothly. What then? "Change the electoral law which results in the return of unpractical politicians," answer some people. But the feat is impossible. It should and would have been achieved last July, immediately after the dissolution of the first Duma, if the Government had felt itself authorized to meddle with the electoral law. But it did not. That law is one of the many matters which must remain as they are, unless the people's representatives after public discussion have consented to the proposed amendments. And that they will not do. Why should they destroy the ladder by which they rose and may again rise to power? Obviously, it is a "vicious circle": on the one hand, the Government may be unable to get together a legislative assembly willing to accept the present constitution and to work on the lines it traces; yet, on the other hand, it may not alter the electoral law in order to obtain a more businesslike legislature without the consent of the Deputies. And the Deputies will not agree to any proposal of the Cabinet. Clearly, that is a deadlock which could and should have been foreseen and prevented by those who formulated the Tsar's promise.

Again, Russian farmers are condemned by the operation of the same cause to suffer in patience the many hardships under which they have been fretting and chafing for generations. Now, for the second time in history, the Tsar's Government, awakened to a lively sense of its duty and its interest, is not merely willing but eager to make full amends for past neglect, and to pour the ichor of independence and enlightenment into the veins of the wasting peasantry; but its hands are tied, and tied by its own behest. Hence the world is treated to the unedifying spectacle of a Government and an Opposition, both professing the warmest interest in the material and moral well-being of the agricultural classes, yet each effectively hindering the other from redressing their grievances. What the "Cadets," or "Constitutional Democrats," virtually say is, that either they must be invested with power and allowed to legislate for the rural masses, or else there shall be no legislation for them at all. And as one of the remedies recommended by the Cadets is expropriation of the estates of the landed gentry, the Tsar, guided by his advisers, refused to put the power in their hands. In the last Duma, that party, without possessing a majority of Deputies, had the lead of

the house, being able at times to get together a plurality of votes; and it used this power to hinder all legislation in order to oblige the Tsar to alter the constitution, to consent to become a mere figurehead and to hand over the reins of government to its leaders. The experiment was a failure. But the Cadets have not modified their principles nor altered their tactics since then. On the contrary, they have, so to say, stiffened them very considerably by adopting in principle, at their recent conference at Helsingfors, passive resistance as one of their approved methods—that is to say, the refusal, by all their adherents in the nation, to pay taxes or supply military recruits. According to the laws of Russia, that refusal is tantamount to rebellion. Now, it is on the cards that these Cadets, who have already lost a large proportion of their supporters among the thinking and well-to-do people, may even with a much smaller minority than last time again get the control of the Duma. Ministers hope that this will not come to pass, but it is not by any means impossible. And, in this case, legislation would again be at a standstill and agricultural reforms must wait.

But the peasants will not wait. Once aroused from the torpor of ages, they cannot again be put to sleep. True, land is all they want for the moment—if possible, the free land promised by the Cadets, or, if that be a chimera, cheap land, and without delay. But, in order to still this land hunger which is driving many of them literally mad, they are ready to meddle in politics or to dabble in crime, to speak and vote with the republicans or to burn and kill with the anarchists. Moral laws would seem to have no restraining hold upon their will; indeed, unalloyed morality is perhaps wholly unknown to them. Such rudimentary grains of ethics as hitherto weighed with them were found combined with the ore either of religion or of politics, as part of their duty to God or their loyalty to the Tsar. Therefore, goaded by want and misery for which the present Government is responsible, and in sight of the promised land to which a Cadet Ministry undertakes to lead them, they would stick at nothing to reach the goal. This perhaps is the most serious danger with which the Russian Empire is menaced. Trade, industry, finances, the loyalty of the army and navy, the hegemony of the Russian over the Polish, Jewish, Lithuanian, Caucasian and other races, all depend upon the weal and good-will of the peasant. He is the

Atlas whose shoulders support the weight of the Tsardom; and, if he strikes work, all kinds of progress and development are arrested. The first institution to suffer would be the monarchy. Hence the zeal of the Tsar's Government to do tardy justice and hinder a catastrophe; hence, too, the desire of the extreme republican parties to checkmate the Government and to accelerate the catastrophe. The impossibility of making new laws without the Duma, or of convoking a reasonable Duma without new laws is consequently the barrier which the Monarchists have most redoubted.

But Stolypin bids fair to clear the obstacle. He is at this moment making a valiant attempt to drive his troika through the self-denying ordinance, without upsetting the three-in-hand or damaging the parchment barriers. The beginning has already been made, and by the time this article is in the hands of the readers of the REVIEW a series of remedial measures will have been promulgated by which the Premier hopes to score a victory and restore permanent peace to his country.

He will probably reap a large measure of success. But, whether a success or a failure, the scheme is highly ingenious. For, debarred in the absence of the Duma from making laws, he was driven to the interpretation of existing statutes and obliged to infuse all his reform schemes into these deductions. The Premier's ambitious plan, so far as one can discern it at this early stage, is to gain the allegiance of the peasants by giving them the ways and means of bettering indefinitely their material and moral condition; and, that done, to consolidate the power of the monarch and enable him to exercise to the fullest extent every right, every prerogative not expressly waived in the concessions accorded last October. The final upshot would be a strong constitutional monarchy, with the accent on the word "monarchy," but not parliamentary government.

Hitherto, serfdom in a modified form has continued to drag down the peasant class in Russia. The assertion may sound strange, but it is true. The husbandman and his heirs were bound to the soil by ties which the theory of the law allowed them to sever, but only under conditions that were always irksome and often practically impossible. The commune, or "Mir," which has aptly been described as "the crystallization of the powers of darkness," absorbed and wasted all that was best in the Russian

peasant, except where a transforming religious spirit took hold of and regenerated him. If he possessed land, it was conjointly with the community, which could and often did redistribute the holdings. Therefore, he was unable to sell it, and he could not with profit put any money or labor into it except what was requisite for the coming harvest. His children, if he had many, were still worse off; because, if the holdings were insufficient, they were forced to stay on it. If they wanted to enter the state service, to become teachers, to learn a trade, the obstacles to be surmounted were formidable. In a word, hitherto the peasant was the slave of his community, which fettered him so long as he remained in its service, keeping him from accumulating wealth or obtaining culture, and tightened its iron grip upon him whenever he sought to escape and seek his fortune in other walks of life. The rustic parents who want to send their boy to a city school or train him to become a merchant, a clerk, a salesman, must first induce the Mir to approve the scheme. Very often the Mir refuses until its consent is bought, and so long as there is money to be had, so long may the blackmail be levied. Over and over again have budding talents, incipient success in life, family happiness been thus wrecked by an arbitrary order of the Mir dragging back the promising lad to the village of darkness and misery. It was always in the power of the Mir to put a sudden end to the young man's studies, to arrest his success in trade, to bar forever his progress in a craft. It exercised unchallenged sway over old men and young; it allowed or forbade any member to quit the community; it delivered passports or withheld them at its own will and on its own money terms. It was nearly omnipotent. And now it is being struck powerless.

This emancipation of 100,000,000 peasants from the most intolerable yoke, spiritual and material, that ever galled them, will be the welcome results of the first measure adopted by Stolypin. To crown the work, from January next, joint responsibility for taxes and other imposts will be done away with, so that, if a farmer pays his taxes he need not, as hitherto, tremble to think that a number of his neighbors may spend the proceeds of their harvest in drink, leaving him and his thrifty fellow members liable for their debts. He will be answerable only for his own obligations, and consequently stimulated to self-reliance, self-help, self-culture.

But, to the Russian *mujik*, reform without additional land is almost meaningless. His psychology is such that even a Messiah who should come to disenthral him could not gain a hearing, unless he reinforced his miracles by allotments of land. And, if Beelzebub were to offer larger holdings, his chances of gaining the peasants' support would be very considerable. For this reason, the Cadets made their bid of "cheap" supplementary holdings, which their stump orators and secret missionaries interpreted as "gratuitous" farms, and, as the Tsar's supporters could not cap this offer, they were left far behind. M. Stolypin, however, would not be beaten by this manœuvre. He caused the Peasants' Bank to buy a large number of estates from several landowners, who parted with their possessions for moderate prices. The Emperor, seconding his efforts, disposed of many millions of acres of the so-called "appanage lands" and also of Crown estates, and now the Government has it in its power partially to still the craving of the peasants' hearts. The money needed for this reform is seemingly dispensed with, for the farmer who wishes to buy the land now to be allotted may get the requisite sum from the Peasants' Bank in the form of a mortgage at a low rate of interest, and if the new holding be situated far from the old one he can quit the commune, sell the land which he hitherto possessed in undesirable partnership with others, and then migrate to his new home.

Now, this newly granted freedom is the result, not of a new law, but of a new interpretation of an old one. For this reason it is uncommonly interesting. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the juridical fiction invented was this: The Government jurisconsults hold that, when the serfs were emancipated by Alexander II in 1861, the Mir was a voluntary association. And this contention is tenable. In theory, at all events, no one was forced to continue to be a member of it against his will. Hence, a peasant who disliked agricultural pursuits on these lines could ask the community to give him a strip of arable soil for himself, which he might till or sell as he listed. What the community might say or do is another story. That was the state of things in 1861. Thirty-two years later, the departure of a peasant from the community was made much more difficult, indeed almost impossible, until the entire redemption tax on the land should be paid up. It is to this last clause that the Government has

tached all the weight of the new measure. At the end of this year, thanks to a ukase of the Tsar, the land - redemption tax will no longer be levied; and then the intention of the lawgivers of 1861, that the Mir be a purely voluntary association, will again be the principle of peasant legislation, and all other statutes involved must, therefore, be construed in the light of that. Such is the general formula; the applications of it are very ingenious. Buying and selling land will be simplified; title deeds will be accepted which heretofore would have been scoffed at, public notaries are authorized to cut short legal formalities and are obliged to cut down prices in proportion.

Peasant proprietorship in Russia will be the outcome of that new and clever interpretation of an old law, and may involve the gain to the ranks of the Government's supporters of, say, sixty million tillers of the soil, and the return to normal life under much more favorable auspices than heretofore of eighty or ninety millions. Further, it may strengthen the loyalty of the army and navy, conduce to the improvement of trade, industry, finances, and generally contribute to save the country from the ruin that threatened it a few months ago. But all these desirable contingencies can, of course, be realized only if a number of other conditions are also favorable, or, at any rate, are not actively hostile. One of the minor, yet very important, consequences of peasant ownership will be the possibility of improving the farm. Under the old "interpretation" of the law, a man who had a strip of marshy land as part of his holding could not drain it; another who needed some kind of artificial irrigation could not procure it; a third who required guano or a mowing-machine or some other means of heightening the fertility of his soil could not obtain them. For if he himself had the means he would not invest them, because at the next redistribution his improved holding might be assigned to one of his neighbors. And if he wanted to raise the money, people would refuse to lend it for the same reason. Under the new dispensation this difficulty will vanish. It will be the owner's interest to put his savings into his farm; and, if he have none, it will be to his advantage to borrow capital. And, from the outset, the Peasants' Bank will be empowered to make advances to farmers for the purpose of ameliorating their holdings.

Such, in broad outline, is what may be termed the final eman-

ipation of the Russian peasant. As yet, the Government's most important declarations on the subject have not been published; but before this letter is in print they will have been incorporated in the Statute Book. It would be difficult to overrate their significance. The reform seems calculated to better enormously both the land and the people, and to bring about a new condition of things in which a thriving democracy may live and work side by side with a constitutional monarchy. The idea of the present Government probably is that the monarchy should be constitutionally limited, but only as it was limited when the first Romanoff donned the Monomachus cap, that is, by the will of the whole Russian nation, while it would also be morally narrowed and restricted by the Tsar's consideration for the welfare of the nation. That, and not parliamentary government, is the régime which the October Manifesto substituted for the old bureaucratic autocracy, and the present Cabinet is resolved to continue as it has begun, to embody in political institutions all the liberties there bestowed upon the nation, and to do everything possible to get them assimilated. But nothing more is to be given in the way of a free grant. Further liberties must be the outcome of steady development, of fruitful labor, of political maturity. Such is the plan of M. Stolypin's Cabinet.

The worst enemies of that ingenious project are not the Cadets, whose influence is on the wane. Indeed, from the first the members of that political faction were principally their own enemies. The most formidable marplots at present are the Social Democrats and Social Revolutionists, but only in the missionary moods. When they have recourse to the bullet and the bomb and the torch, they may destroy but they cannot transform. Thus, the daring raid on the money-bags of the Treasury on October 27th was largely successful as a means of replenishing the nearly empty coffers of the organization, but it engendered a feeling of intense bitterness on the part of the lower orders of St. Petersburg, whose sympathies had theretofore gravitated towards the revolutionists. Normal people who retain the faculties of thinking and working are sick of bloodshed and violence, and a wave of conservatism, the crest of which appears to be reactionary, is now passing over Muscovy. It is only as silent, secret organizers that the revolutionists are dangerous. When they propagate their subversive doctrines among peasants, bluejackets, soldiers; when

they write, print and disseminate leaflets, pamphlets, books; when they found sodalities, distribute money judiciously, thwart the efforts of the non-political elements of the population and, like Chinese torturers who hinder their prisoners from sleeping, keep the whole community in a state of continuous unrest and alarm, then indeed they are redoubtable.

In several parts of Russia the Social Democrats are exhorting the peasants not to heed the Vyborg Manifesto of the Duma, calling on them to refuse military recruits to the Tsar. "On the contrary," say the Socialists, "go with pleasure; don the soldier's uniform, and then get all your comrades to promise never to fire on the people, who are their brothers. That is your mission." They are flooding the Empire with tales, essays, proclamations, which are eagerly read by millions. It is hard to realize the vogue of this revolutionary literature and the guilelessness of the police and gendarmes who are deputed to stop it. Here in the capital, for instance, every house watchman, almost every policeman and soldier and servant, eagerly devour the badly printed booklets and pamphlets that are constantly passing from hand to hand.

Not only the army and the navy, but the University and grammar-school are now honeycombed with anarchism. It is often termed Socialism, but in last analysis it is Anarchism, pure and simple. And the new generation is saturated with it. This is probably the most alarming symptom of the national malady from which Russia is now suffering. For over two years the high schools, technical institutes, universities and colleges have been closed. The output of scholars, of graduates, of candidates for the learned professions has altogether ceased. The coming generation, in lieu of mental and moral training, is apprenticed to a guild which, in Russia at all events, repudiates culture and advocates violence. The consequences, when they manifest themselves, may be disastrous. Sooner or later the present generation of Russia must pass away and its place will be taken by the men who are now robbing, forging and bomb-throwing, instead of cultivating self-restraint and acquiring knowledge.

This year the conflict has again begun. It is but fair to say that the great majority of the students appear to be strongly in favor of attending lectures and leaving politics at the threshold of the University. They have said this in speeches and written it in letters to the newspapers. But the minority will not allow

the lectures to take place without concessions, and these concessions involve the negation of all government and are incompatible with scientific work. Thus they claim the right to convoke meetings whenever they like, and the professors have complied with the demand on condition that the public from outside is not brought in. But this condition the students reject. Further, the professors ask that the meetings shall not be held during lecture hours; but the students convoke them just then, take possession of the most spacious lecture-rooms and will not be dislodged. Again, the professors ask that revolutionary politics be excluded from the topics discussed. The students, however, pay no heed to the request, invite outsiders, fulminate against the Tsar and his Government, and proclaim a strike of several days to honor the memory of bombists who have been hung.

A practical American would put a speedy end to this childish trifling. One way would be to abolish once for all the student class, and to allow citizens with certain intellectual qualifications to attend lectures at certain hours under determined conditions. They might come, sit, listen and take notes, after which they would quit the building as individual citizens, not as members of a corporation, still less as units of a state within the state.

Possibly, for these problems, as for the agricultural difficulty, M. Stolypin may find a speedy and satisfactory solution.

WASHINGTON, *December, 1906.*

THE principal topic of discussion in the Federal capital during the last ten days has been, of course, the Annual Message sent to Congress on December 4th, by President Roosevelt, and particularly the position taken by him in favor of centralization, a position which was emphasized by Secretary Root in a speech made by him in New York, at a dinner of the Pennsylvania Society, and which, we hear, is presently to be reaffirmed by Mr. Roosevelt himself in a Special Message. The Messages of the Presidents afford no precedent for such an outspoken advocacy by the National Executive of an extreme Federalistic, or Hamiltonian, interpretation of the Constitution. Some shrewd observers, indeed, see in this feature of the Message conclusive proof that Mr. Roosevelt has no intention of permitting himself to be forced into acceptance of a nomination for the Presidency in 1908. Had he contemplated such a thing as possible, they suggest, he would not

have gone out of his way to excite the jealousy and misgiving of champions of State rights, who may be expected to control many delegations to the next Republican National Convention. However that may be, it is certain that his views concerning the extent to which the Federal Government should absorb functions hitherto exercised by the constituent States is disclosed with perfect frankness. For example, when he asks for a Federal income tax he practically demands an amendment of the Constitution, seeing that the U. S. Supreme Court in Mr. Cleveland's second Administration declared a tax of that kind unconstitutional. He goes on to recommend another amendment of the Constitution, which shall provide for a national divorce act. Then, again, he asks Congress to enact legislation which will enable the Federal Government to enforce the rights of aliens under treaties, irrespectively of State authority. If such legislation had been placed long ago upon the statute book, the lynching of subjects of the King of Italy in Louisiana would have been punished, and the relegation of Japanese to a particular public school in San Francisco would have been enjoined by a Federal Court, in the event that such relegation should be adjudged a violation of the treaty between the United States and Japan. Another step towards centralization is Mr. Roosevelt's request that Congress should authorize the creation of a permanent Federal Board of Arbitration, the function of which should be to investigate disputes between employers and employees. He does not ask, as yet, that the decisions of such a board should be compulsory, as they are in New Zealand, because he believes that they would exercise a decisive moral influence on the community, by disclosing the merits of the controversy.

The President's championship of centralization is not limited to the proposals above named, far-reaching as these are. He declares elsewhere in his Message that it must not be supposed that, with the passage of the Railway-rate bill, the Pure-food bill and the Packing-house Inspection bill, it will be possible to stop progress along the line of increasing the power of the National Government over the use of capital in interstate commerce. There will ultimately be need, he says, of enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission in several directions, so as to give that board a larger and more efficient control over the railroads. He is convinced, he tells Congress, that the best

way to avert what he deems the very undesirable move (made by Mr. W. J. Bryan) for the governmental ownership of railways, is to assure to the Government, on behalf of the people as a whole, such adequate control and regulation of the great interstate common carriers as will do away with the evils which have given rise to the agitation against them. He holds, in a word, that the Federal Government should not conduct the business of the nation, but that it should exercise such supervision as will insure the conducting of business in the interest of the nation.

The President does not name Mr. Hearst in his Message, but evidently aims at him in a remarkable passage, wherein he denounces demagogues. Discussing the relations of capital and labor, he points out that there are agitators who seek to incite a violent class hatred against all men of wealth. Such men seek, he says, to turn wise and proper movements for the better control of corporations, and for doing away with the abuses connected with wealth, into a campaign of hysterical excitement and falsehood, in which the aim is to inflame to madness the brutal passions of mankind. Mr. Roosevelt declares that the sinister demagogues and foolish visionaries who are always eager to undertake a campaign of destruction are in reality the worst enemies of the cause they profess to advocate, just as the purveyors of sensational slander in newspapers or magazines are the worst enemies of all men who are engaged in an honest effort to better what is bad in our social and governmental conditions. In the President's judgment, to preach hatred of the rich man as such, to carry on a campaign of slander and invective against him, to seek to mislead and inflame to madness honest men whose lives are hard, and who have not the kind of mental training that will permit them to appreciate the danger in the doctrines preached—all this is to commit a crime against the body politic, and to be false to every worthy principle and tradition of American national life. Mr. Roosevelt is convinced that our country's only hope of welfare and progress lies in a resolute and fearless, but sane and cool-headed, advance along the path marked out in the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. There must be, he insists, a stern refusal to be misled into following either the base creature who appeals and panders to the lowest instincts and passions, in order to arouse one set of Americans against their fellows, or that other creature, equally base but no baser, who, in

a spirit of greed, or to accumulate or add to an already huge fortune, seeks to exploit his fellow Americans, with callous disregard of their physical and spiritual well-being. From the viewpoint of the President, the man who debauches others in order to obtain for himself a high office stands on an evil equality of corruption with the man who debauches others for financial profit. Nothing, again, could be plainer than the allusion to Hearstism in the averment that the plain people who think, the men to whom American traditions are dear, who love their country and try to act decently by their neighbors, owe it to themselves to remember that the most damaging blow which can be dealt to popular government is to elect an unworthy and sinister agitator on a platform of violence and debauchery.

The President's reference to Cuba in his Message has put an end to the impression which, for a time, seems to have been current in Havana, that the provisional Government established by us in that island might be maintained for an indefinite period. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt explicitly limits to "a few months" the term during which the provisional Government will administer Cuban affairs. That government will come to an end as soon as a new general election shall have been held, and a new native Administration shall have been inaugurated in peaceful and orderly fashion. At the same time, Mr. Roosevelt warns the Cubans that they must not expect a periodical interposition by the United States for the purpose of restoring order. He adjures them solemnly to weigh their responsibilities, and see to it that, when their new Government is started, it shall run smoothly, free from flagrant denial of right on the one hand, and from insurrectionary disturbances on the other. They may do well to heed his admonition, for he tells them frankly that, if their elections become a farce, and the insurrectionary habit becomes confirmed in their island, it is absolutely out of the question that Cuba should retain independence.

In proposing that the Federal Government shall levy a graduated inheritance tax, the President does not lay himself open to the charge, which he incurs when advocating a Federal income tax, of protesting against the limitations of the Constitution, for the constitutionality of a Federal inheritance tax has been declared by the U. S. Supreme Court. Mr. Roosevelt holds that an inheritance tax should be levied by the Federal Government,

instead of by the States, because an attempt to impose such a tax in one particular State often results merely in driving the corporation or individual affected to some other State. There is, of course, nothing new about a Federal inheritance tax. Such an impost was first levied as long ago as 1797, when the framers of the Constitution were alive and conducting public affairs. That was a graduated tax, the rate being increased with the amount left to any individual. A similar tax was imposed in 1862, a minimum sum of one thousand dollars in personal property being exempted from taxation, while thereafter the tax became progressive, according to the remoteness of kin. Finally, during our war with Spain, the revenue act of June, 1898, provided for an inheritance tax on any sum exceeding the value of ten thousand dollars, the rate increasing in accordance with the amount left and with the legatee's remoteness of kin.

Conformably to the President's request, the treaty signed at Algeciras was ratified by the Senate in the week ending December 15th, but it was coupled with a resolution, which, in the minds of the other signatories, may cast considerable doubt on the completeness of the ratification. The treaty would not have been ratified without prolonged and strenuous resistance, had not the Senate previously adopted a resolution declaring that, in sanctioning the treaty, it had no purpose of departing from the traditional American foreign policy which forbids participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions entirely European in their scope. In other words, it is the commercial, and not the political, features of the treaty to which our Federal Senate makes the United States a party.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

THURSDAY, December 13.

Autocracy or Democracy?

WEDNESDAY, December 12th, 1906, will be recorded in history as the day upon which the most audacious Federal Administration the country has yet known announced a deliberate purpose to effect a complete revolution in the form of our Government that has maintained since the thirteen original States embodied their compact in the Constitution of the Union. On the evening of that day, the Secretary of State, the Honorable Elihu Root, addressing the Pennsylvania Society of the City of New York, administered a stinging rebuke to such commonwealths as, in the judgment of the President and himself, had in their legislation disregarded the interests of the whole people, warned them of the danger to their separate authorities which they had thereby incurred, and served upon them formal notice of the intention of the Administration to obtain new constructions of the Constitution which would vitiate the reliance they have hitherto placed upon that instrument as a safeguard of the rights explicitly reserved in Article X of the ratified amendments. It was a memorable and amazing declaration and fraught with possible consequences so momentous and far-reaching that its full import has not yet reached the comprehension of the people.

The thesis of the Secretary of State comprised three separate *dicta* in logical sequence: (1) A marking of the tendency towards absorption of complete authority by a centralized government; (2) Frank admission of further encroachments upon local powers in contemplation by the Administration; and (3) A positive threat to obtain from the highest judicial tribunal, "sooner or later," constructions of the Constitution that will "vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government."

Since Alexander Hamilton failed in his final desperate endeavor to deprive the people of what was then considered to be their

inherent right of local self-government, no statesman has ventured hitherto to propose the establishment of concentrated control similar in every practical effect to that which the masses of Russia are at this very day struggling to lift from their stricken land. That there may be no misapprehension of the definite and resolute purpose of the Administration, we present herewith the exact words of the Secretary of State relating to the three broad propositions:

The tendency:—

"It is plainly to be seen that the people of the country are coming to the conclusion that in certain important respects the local laws of the separate States, which were adequate for the due and just regulation and control of the business which was transacted and the activity which began and ended within the limits of the several States, are inadequate for the due and just control of the business and activities which extend throughout all the States, and that power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national Government.

"Sometimes by an assertion of the interstate commerce power, sometimes by an assertion of the taxing power, the national Government is taking up the performance of duties which under the changed conditions the separate States are no longer capable of adequately performing. The Federal anti-trust law, the anti-rebate law, the railroad-rate law, the meat-inspection law, the oleomargarine law, the pure-food law, are examples of the purpose of the people of the United States to do through the agency of the national Government the things which the separate State governments formerly did adequately, but no longer do adequately."

That the statutes specified have been enacted into law is undeniable. It is equally certain that those recently passed were driven through the legislative bodies under the whip and spur of the Federal Administration, which did not hesitate to exercise its full power of coercion and bribery through the distribution of patronage to enforce its will upon an obviously reluctant Congress. The disingenuous assertion that the enactment of such laws and the "gradual passing of control into the hands of the national Government" meet with the approval of the sober sense of the people is purely assumptive and finds no confirmation in the reduced Republican membership of the House of Representatives. It is, however, probably true that the fostering and encouragement to growth of a paternalistic spirit by an ebullient Administration have given rise to such a "tend-

ney" among unthinking persons. As to whether the drift is desirable, from the view-point of those who have in mind the future welfare of the country, the Secretary of State expresses no direct opinion. We may only surmise, therefore, whether the Administration's nourishing of such theories is justly attributable to earnest conviction or to mere pandering to mob opinion for the partisan or personal purpose of discomfiting a dangerous rival. Whatever the cause, we may admit the effect.

Further projects mooted:—

"The end is not yet. The process that interweaves the life and action of the people in every section of our country with the people in every other section continues and will continue with increasing force and effect: we are urging forward in a development of business and social life which tends more and more to the obliteration of State lines and the decrease of State power as compared with national power; the relations of the business over which the Federal Government is assuming control, of interstate transportation with State transportation, of interstate commerce with State commerce, are so intimate, and the separation of the two is so impracticable that the tendency is plainly toward the practical control of the national Government over both. New projects of national control are mooted; control of insurance, uniform divorce laws, child-labor laws and many others affecting matters formerly entirely within the cognizance of the State are proposed."

It is somewhat significant that the Secretary of State carefully refrained from fixing the responsibility for further projects of national regulation upon the people; the credit of instigation apparently is desired by an Administration which can perceive no diminution in the force of a tendency created by itself. The attitude is more manly and, if the assumption be correct, no less politic.

The threat:—

"It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the national Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure *sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government.*"

Constructions of the Constitution are made by the Supreme Court. The justices comprising that august tribunal, designed by the fathers to hold final authority exceeding that of either the Executive or the Congress, are named by the President. One member of the cabinet, in avowed sympathy with the "tendency" mooted by the Secretary of State, has just been designated; another,

it is well understood, awaits appointment as Chief Justice. A member of the great court nominated by the Chief Magistrate who voted against the contention of the Administration in a famous case was denounced as "disloyal." What are we to infer? That "constructions" of the Constitution "will be found, sooner or later," by justices of purely judicial temperament, bent solely upon correct interpretation, or by mere prejudiced puppets of the Executive arm of the Government? Having in mind the "constructive recess" of the Senate between the midnight ticks of the clock "found" by the present Secretary of State; not forgetting the subtle device by which the Administration, in flagrant violation of the treaty-making prerogative vested in the Senate achieved and still maintains its will in San Domingo; holding fast in recollection the virtual declaration of war by inciting insurrection against Colombia; still sadly recalling the denunciation, as "wickedly absurd," of the action of American parents in refusing to admit grown Mongolians into intimate association with their little children, and a threat to employ, if necessary "all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States" to enforce such hateful contact—are we justified in expecting that the "constructions" of the Constitution to be "found" will be precise interpretations, or must we apprehensively look forward to a succession of evasions and subversions?

"It is useless," declared the Secretary of State, "for the advocate of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States." This is worse than disingenuous; it is purely demagogic—the contemptible building of a man of straw. As the Secretary of State and his chief well know, nobody has inveighed against either the supremacy or application of "constitutional laws"; it is the adroit, avowed and to our mind, unpatriotic and almost treasonable challenge of our fundamental law that evokes condemnation. It is also "useless," according to the Secretary of State, to inveigh "against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control." Against *constitutional* extension of such authority? No. To *that* there is no objection. It is the admittedly *unconstitutional* extension that makes for apprehension; that is, admittedly unconstitutional until "constructions" shall be "found." When if ever, that sinister prophecy shall have come to pass, there will be no occasion to stand steadfastly for or inveigh against a Con

stitution that will have become as dead as the laws of Medes and Persians.

It is pitiful to feel compelled to speak truth that is bitter. We yield to none in appreciation of the excellent intentions, despite the calculating quality of his methods, of Theodore Roosevelt. We hailed him originally as the only apparent saviour of the country from the inordinate greed of his party as represented in and controlled by the Senate. In common, we believe, with a vast majority of his fellow citizens, we have regarded with patient tolerance his numberless impulsive indiscretions, even to the recent humiliating diplomatic episode and the ridiculous attempt to effect by quasi-imperial decree a change in established form of expression. Even his latest impatient demand for the privilege of regarding all officers of the army and navy in time of peace as in a class with his household servants and subject to dishonorable discharge without necessary trial or cause, but from caprice or personal disfavor, we took lightly because of the belief, which we still entertain, that even a benumbed Congress will not endow the President of a free people with a personal authority held by no king, emperor or tsar of any civilized nation. Until now it has seemed no more than a patriotic duty to overlook lapses and deficiencies which might, after all, prove to have been immaterial in connection with a zealous endeavor to achieve the greatest good for the greatest number.

Yet stronger has been our sense of admiration and appreciation of the Secretary of State—an unquestionably great man, whose splendid service has not had and now, in our judgment, never will have, full requital. Of all minds composing this restive Administration, his at least was reckoned calm; and yet, such apparently has been the effect of the glamour of almost royal honors rendered and accepted in foreign lands, supplemented by the impressions of regal splendor conveyed by the first of American Cæsars to visit in suitable state his outlying provinces, that from the very lips of that sagacious man we receive the pronouncement, insulting to a free people, of empire.

It is not a matter of the rights of States, in spite of the fact that the Union was and is no more than a compact for mutual protection and helpfulness of sovereign bodies politic; all recognize the indubitable fact that changing conditions require elastic

adjustment of governmental jurisdiction. The question confronting the American people, following the defiance hurled by the President and Secretary of State, is simply and solely whether the Constitution is indeed the bulwark of our liberties depicted by the great Chief Justice or a mere shuttlecock in the game of politics to be tossed back and forth by a new autocracy, itself surely doomed, in turn, to be engulfed in the yawning abyss of anarchy. It is the fate, not of an individual commonwealth, but of the Republic itself, that trembles in the balance.

FRIDAY, December 14.

A Christmas Plea for Vanity.

WE question whether Solomon actually wrote or dictated the words of the preacher; it seems far more likely that, in his old age, he let his moody spirit feed upon the shrewdly pessimistic philosophy of his courtiers, and himself became the editor of epigrammatic phrases most favored, if sardonic. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," is the expression, not of wisdom, but of folly—a weak admission of spiritual depression unworthy of a strong character or even a trained intellect. In other books comprising the Old Testament the word, subsequently translated into the Latin *vanitas* and now into the Esperanto *vaneco*, signified a heathen god or personification of vice; but, clearly, in Ecclesiastes it was used to represent mere emptiness, indicating the futility of endeavor, as, for example, Cooper poetically defined death as reducing all to the same views of the "vanity of life," and Poe mournfully bewailed

"—the hollow and high-sounding vanities
Of the populous Earth!"

As, of course, we all know, the accepted meaning of the word changed long ago; precisely when, we cannot tell, but certainly before the frankest of philosophers argued that it was less vain than immodest in a man to speak freely of himself. To-day our latest, revised and professedly up-to-date dictionaries define vanity as (1) "a feeling of shallow pride, especially as characteristic and demonstrative, and as manifesting an overweening desire to attract notice and gain admiration in a small way on slight grounds"; (2) "mental elation arising from a high opinion of one's own attainments or achievements, or from an overestimation of possessions more showy than valuable," and (3) "inordinate self-esteem." The third interpretation we reject as an encroach-

ment upon the prerogatives of egotism and conceit; the first and second we accept as exact in the modern sense, and from that viewpoint we insist that the trait has undergone serious misrepresentation.

Vanity, as we and our modern dictionaries comprehend it, is not displeasing in manifestation. King Solomon himself would not have resented a natural effort upon the part of a child "to attract notice and gain attention in a small way on slight grounds"; though wise, he was intensely human, as we could readily demonstrate from his autobiography, and he would have entered sympathetically into the spirit of the future woman joyously exhibiting her bows of pink and blue. Moreover, while of course only well-to-do as compared with our own modern billionaires or multi-millionaires, he nevertheless possessed much gold and silver, to say nothing of an aggregation of concubines difficult of acquirement in these hypercritical days, and could appreciate the naturalness of "mental elation arising from an overestimation of possessions." And so, despite the disparity in the possession of worldly goods, can we or any fitly constructed person. An exhibition of vanity on the part of one unduly rich is but normal and no more offensive than a similar manifestation by a happy child. Even having the power, to deprive either the one or the other of the harmless personal enjoyment arising therefrom would be a surly performance, incompatible with the spirit which should predominate during the celebration of Christ's mass.

Christmas week is the time of all the year when blessings from the heart fall most bountifully upon the vast majority of humankind who work to live. To those who have so much that the most shrewdly selected gift can but add to a hopeless surfeit it is a season of comparative bitterness. They are the ones, then, most immediately in need of sympathetic commiseration, and for them, on this eve of the celebration of the Nativity, we bespeak the kindly feeling of all good people and gentle tolerance of vanities inseparable from great possessions.

SATURDAY, *December 15.*

Where Stands England?

FAR be it from us to suggest that the English are stupid; we cheerily admit the validity of their own oft-repeated assertion that their notable success as a nation forbids the use in a truthful sense of such a characterization. But we must confess that there

do come times, at rare intervals, when we are puzzled by what seems to be on their part a certain lack of comprehension of realities. This is one of those times. We are informed that they are distressed at the moment by our apparently increasing indisposition to respond, with the enthusiasm which with a certain amount of complacency they feel a right to expect from impulsive natures, to their undisguised manifestations of true friendliness. Such an attitude on our part is to their minds inexplicable, especially in view of their adulatory regard for our Chief Magistrate, whose people they have come to consider we are, as the Germans are the Kaiser's.

In the circumstances, we suppose, it is but natural that they should attach exceptional importance to the personal equation and attribute the condition they deplore to comparatively inefficient representation in Washington. Hence the difficulty and delay, we are informed, in filling the post of Ambassador about to be vacated by Sir Mortimer Durand. Nobody can be found who meets the apparent requirements of our many-sided President. James Bryce was suggested; but alas! while unquestionably holding to an exceptional degree the good-will of our people, he is, after all, only a statesman and a scholar, and wholly unversed in the noble game of tennis practised so happily on the White House courts by the Ambassador from the French Republic. Lord Curzon, too, demonstrated extraordinary capacity as Governor-General of India, and is well and favorably known in this country, in a personal sense, as one of the few titled foreigners who have proven satisfactory husbands of American wives, but he cannot ride as far or shoot as straight as the clever representative of the Kaiser. Opinion now seems to be setting strongly in favor of Lord Desborough, "the strong man of Taplow," who has shot in India, Africa and the Rockies, has rowed across the English Channel, has swum the Niagara River, and throws a beautiful fly. It may happen that, in final consideration, a bar to his appointment will be found; but, in any case, solemnly declares a prominent English journal, "What we required when the retiring envoy was appointed and what we need now is a man as little like a professional diplomat as possible." Upon this assumption, the quest will proceed. If, finally, one shall be found capable of participating with our President in the strenuous joys of physical existence, great will be

our gratification; for, surely, none stands in severer need of constant relaxation than he.

Nevertheless, we cannot rid our mind of the thought that there are other considerations, to which now, in a spirit of helpful suggestion towards our cousins, we venture to advert. Despite the stern pronouncement of the President that the refusal of citizens of San Francisco to permit grown-up Mongolians to attend the same schools where their own little girls and boys are taught is "wickedly absurd," the incident is not yet closed, and a happy settlement of the difficulty seems no nearer. We by no means share the opinion freely expressed on the Continent that a cause so trifling may lead to warfare between Japan and the United States; and yet we cannot ignore the possibility of serious trouble arising from an accumulation of irritating, and perhaps unavoidable, circumstances in the future. In such a deplorable event, we are constrained to reflect what would be the attitude towards us of Great Britain. Japan is her ally for better or for worse, without apparent regard to right, wrong or expediency. The terms of the alliance are succinctly stated in the treaty executed by the two high contracting parties on August 12th, 1905, in these words:

"Article II.—Should either of the high contracting parties be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights or special interests, the other party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and both parties will conduct a war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with any power or powers involved in such war."

We may safely assume that, as a matter of practice if not of theory, Japan will never have occasion to resist an American invasion of its territorial rights, even though she should continue, as she has begun, to deliberately violate her pledge of an "open door" for trade in Manchuria. Whether or not such a claim as her Government sets up respecting the equal rights of her students in San Francisco comes within the purview of "special interests" is a question. Undoubtedly, that is the Japanese view, and we are deeply impressed by the fact that it is taken for granted by the eminent publicist whose authoritative judgment is expressed upon the pages of this REVIEW. True, Mr. Hazeltine surmises that the English people, for purely selfish reasons, would estop their Government from joining in such a war upon the United States, and he cites some precedents in support of his theory;

but the fact remains that, if brought face to face with the situation, Great Britain would be compelled to turn against us the full force of her great navy in response to a demand from Japan or flagrantly violate a solemn treaty obligation.

We readily admit that the assumption of an obligation so menacing to the United States was inadvertent on the part of the British Government. At the time of the execution of the treaty—during the Peace Conference at Portsmouth—the possibility of war between Japan and the United States was not within the range of contemplation, and the agreement was framed solely for the purpose of safeguarding mutual interests against Continental aggression. But it is idle now to maintain that such a contingency can be ignored. If, therefore, England would convince us of the sincerity of her professions of friendship, it is plainly evident that she should lose no time in rectifying an error, even though such error be justly attributed to inadvertence rather than to deliberation. It is not likely that Japan would be so obstinate as to refuse consent to an immediate modification of the treaty, excepting from the operation of the main provision her ally's chief source of food-supply. Whether or not His Majesty's Government, from the view-point of policy, shall consider it wise to make a diplomatic attempt to effect such a change is a question for them to decide; but there is no escape from the fact that, so long as the expressed obligation continues in force, England is, theoretically at least, in a position of willingness to be forced to make war upon the United States at the instigation of another Power. Obviously, continuance in that position is hopelessly incompatible with friendly professions, and, we say plainly, it will soon come to be regarded in this country as a wilful and serious menace to our security and welfare as a Nation.

Our earnest suggestion, therefore, to our brothers by race and lineage, towards whom, we beg to assure them, there now exist in this country only the most kindly feelings, is to turn for a moment from their search for a congenial companion for the President to the more imminent necessity of setting themselves right before the eyes of the American people.

MONDAY, *December 17.*

The Conquest of the Air.

It is eminently fitting that the conquest of the air, which now seems assured, should crown the achievements of this creative age.

None, if indeed all combined, of the wonderful inventions of the past century has wrought so many and so radical changes in the conditions of physical existence or is laden with such a variety of possibilities as this final mastery of the atmosphere. Long before the days of Darius Green there had appeared at intervals signs of success, only, however, to share the fate of the famous flying-machine itself; but now evidences of the solution of the physical problem that has most puzzled man from the beginning are convincing. Far more important than the guiding of balloons was the recent actual flight of Mr. Santos-Dumont's *aéroplane*, a motor air-ship buoyed by flat surfaces corresponding to the wings of a bird, for a distance of two hundred and thirty yards. Other inventors claim to have achieved more, but in private, while this experiment was in public, and the result, proving that a body heavier than the air itself could be forced through it by mechanical power, was conclusive; it remains only to lighten engines, strengthen other parts and generally perfect the machine.

But Mr. Santos-Dumont's success involved more than this mere demonstration; it chained public attention forthwith and brought forth money for experimentation and reward which had not hitherto been forthcoming. A Paris newspaper began by offering a prize of £4,000, which was increased by public subscription to £10,000, to the winner of an air-ship race from Paris to London in 1908; a London journal promptly offered £10,000 for the first flight from London to Manchester; other similar proposals have been made in both countries; and landowners have offered the free use of estates most suitable for experiment; so that Mr. Santos-Dumont's expectation that the prize for the London-Manchester flight will be won next year seems not unreasonable.

Accepting, as we must, the navigation of the air as a question only of time, what will happen when it becomes an accomplished fact? That the new system will possess some advantages over all existing means of transportation is obvious, having what might be termed plain sailing at times, and always immunity from the burdensome cost of road-beds, bridges and the like. In the matter of speed, too, it is well known that certain birds fly twice as rapidly as the fastest express train; why not the *aéroplane*, built upon the same principle? In respect to competition with

other methods of transportation, however, we opine that owners of securities of existing transportation companies need feel no apprehension. The street-car did not succumb to the elevated, the elevated to the subway, the horse to the motor, the telegraph to the telephone, nor the cable to the wireless. This growing world seems to require all facilities as rapidly as they can be supplied by the genius of man, and each addition, apparently, seems only to aid, rather than to cripple, the others, in consonance with the familiar saying of railway men that travel makes travel—that is, individual examples form a communal habit.

But what of regulations making for safety not only of passengers in the air, but of those over whose heads the air-ship must sail? In view of the difficulty experienced in the restraint of motor-cars on land, where at least they can be numbered, located and stopped, the employment of winged angels or demons as policeman would seem likely to be requisite to the maintenance of speed regulations in the sky and to the protection of the heads of people on the planet. Whether any considerable number of persons, any number, at least, of sufficient size to give commercial value to aëro-transportation, will ever utilize the method, is doubtful. It seems unnatural; apparently man was built to stand upon the ground. Strife against the force of gravity, therefore, may be regarded as contrary to the intention of the creating power; a fact which may account for the intense dislike and even fear of the majority of men and women on looking down from a great height. For this reason alone it is certain that the percentage of inhabitants of the earth who would now hazard a trip through the air is infinitesimally small. And yet a similar prejudice once prevailed against sailing on the seas; and those who climb steeples and work on high buildings seem to have demonstrated that even the distressing dizziness experienced by most of us yields readily to the potent influence of familiarity; so we really can tell very little about it, and, despite the example of the rapidity of the development, once begun, of steam and electricity, we question whether in many generations there will be reason for serious concern.

Nations are more immediately concerned than individuals. Visionary may have seemed—and, perhaps, may still seem—the anticipations of the poet, when, peering into the future far as human eye could see, in imagination he

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

But even now, in war, dirigible balloons are employed. True, the air battle-ship is not readily imagined; and yet—apart from possible engagements of aërial fleets—a very small navigable aëroplane could take aloft a sufficient amount of highly explosive material to demolish a small city like New York or London. Fortunately, however, British writers have already settled in their minds that a Berne Convention will precede the fighting air-ship and limit the scope of its work, but in just what manner the heavens will be patrolled for the capture of pirates has not yet been made clear. Perhaps the necessity will not arise.

TUESDAY, December 18.

Good Women a Majority.

"All women must be enfranchised or none, and the prospect is not alluring."—*The New York Times*.

ARE there more bad women than good women in the United States? We may safely assume that such is not the contention of this distinguished journal. The "unalluring prospect," more explicitly stated, would be found to rest upon the familiar assumption that bad women will vote and good women will not vote, and that, therefore, the net effect must be injurious. There lies before us a report of the results of an inquiry into this phase of the subject in the four suffrage States. Direct questions were addressed to the judges of the Supreme Courts and presidents of universities and colleges, and the summaries presented herewith rest upon the answers received:

Kansas.—"Although women do not have full suffrage in Kansas, they have voted in municipal elections since 1887 and in school elections ever since Kansas has been a State. So their forty-five years of experience is valuable. The votes of immoral women have not appreciably influenced elections in that State. Abandoned women do not care to vote, or register, or come in contact with good women at the polls. Consequently, they rarely register if left alone.

"There have been men, however, who attempted to make use of their ballots. In the early years of municipal woman suffrage in Kansas a candidate in a place of 8,000 population fancied that he could make his election sure by the support of the immoral women of the city, and he did secure it. He promised them protection and certain immunities, and won them to his support. As soon as the respectable women of the city

heard of it, they organized to defeat him, and it was not at all hard to do. That class of women have cut no figure in Kansas elections since that experience.

"In Leavenworth, a candidate for Mayor once had the hardihood to flaunt immoral women in a procession of carriages going to the polls, expecting thus to disgust decent women with the exercise, and so induce them to remain away from the polls. But these only came out the more and taught candidates that the votes of immoral women would drive support from those who sought success at the hands of the degraded class of women voters. Candidates are now extremely anxious to keep that sort of support out of sight, but it cannot be done because these women *must register*, and close watch is kept on the registration. It is very soon known if immoral women are preparing to vote in any considerable numbers."

Utah.—"In the larger centres of population in Utah immoral women have been made use of by the saloon element to try to influence the elections, but without any appreciable effect."

Idaho.—"A good many immoral women vote, probably a majority, and their votes are cast for that which is evil if an opportunity be afforded; but the system under which they are enabled to vote has such a beneficial influence upon politics that the effect of their ballots is lost. Immoral men and immoral women both vote, and the votes of both are bad. But the votes of moral women raise the average of character represented by the ballots cast. There are so many more good women than good men that the system is highly advantageous, notwithstanding the fact that immoral women cast ballots for bad candidates. A far greater proportion of good women than of good men can be relied upon to vote for the right on questions involving moral principles. In the flood of good ballots which this gives, the bad ones are submerged."

Wyoming.—"The Wyoming Secretary of State, in a letter, says that ninety per cent. of the women of Wyoming vote, and ex-Governor Warren, of Wyoming, adds: 'Our women nearly all vote; and since, in Wyoming as elsewhere, the majority of women are good and not bad, the results are good and not evil.'"

Several years ago a statement was published that the women of Colorado voted in large numbers, and that their vote was "noticeably more conscientious than that of men." It was signed by the Governor, Governor-elect, the two ex-Governors of Colorado, by the Chief Justice and all the judges of the Supreme Court, the Denver District Court, and the Court of Appeals; by the president of the State University, the president of the Colorado College, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Attorney-General, and all the Colorado Senators and Representatives in Congress, the Mayor of Denver, and a large number of prominent citizens, including eminent clergymen of

different denominations. The results of the past two years we summarized in the last number of this REVIEW. There remains to be added the testimony of Judge Lindsay of the famous Juvenile Court, who says:

"Woman suffrage in Colorado for over ten years has more than demonstrated its justice. No one would dare to propose its repeal; and, if left to the men of the State, any proposition to revoke the right bestowed upon women would be overwhelmingly defeated.

"Many good laws have been obtained in Colorado which would not have been secured but for the power and influence of women.

"At some of the elections in Denver frauds have been committed. Ninety-nine per cent. of these frauds were committed by men, without any connivance or assistance, direct or indirect, from women; but because one per cent. were committed by women, there are ignorant or careless-minded people in other States who actually argue that this is the reason for denying women the right to vote. If it were a just reason for denying suffrage to women, it would be ten times greater reason for denying it to men.

"People have no right to judge woman suffrage in Colorado by the election frauds in a few precincts, unless it would be to show why suffrage should be denied to men and restricted to women. As a matter of fact, the only blow for decency that counted in the last of a series of bad elections in Denver, was delivered by women voters; and the very important good that came out of an otherwise questionable election was the result of woman suffrage. The evil results of that election were in spite of woman suffrage; not because of it, but because of male suffrage; for had there been no men who voted at that election, and if the matter had been left entirely to women, not a corruptionist would have been elected."

Such we believe to be the facts. The reasons why prostitutes dislike to go to the polls in the broad light of day are sufficiently obvious; the last remaining pang of shame springs from contact with or proximity to chastity; it is, therefore, avoided at the polls as everywhere else. We now regard the carelessly repeated rumor of "failure of woman suffrage in Colorado" as refuted with sufficient authority to leave no room for doubt in any fair mind.

The fact that it is "in spite of, not because of," women voting that all results are not satisfactory is fully emphasized by Justice Lindsay's further statement that an effort to withdraw the franchise would be overwhelmingly defeated by men's votes alone. Is not this invariably the case? Has the privilege of voting once bestowed upon women ever been revoked?

WEDNESDAY, *December 19.*

Let Those Who Wed Put Asunder!

WE must regard the President's declaration that "the whole question of marriage and divorce should be relegated to the authority of the National Congress," not as a definitive official recommendation, but as a mere expression of personal opinion. Being "aware of the difficulty" of enacting a constitutional amendment, however generally desired, he must recognize that in this case the difficulty amounts to virtual impossibility. Theoretically, each State is satisfied with its laws relating to divorce as they now stand; and, practically, despite appreciation of the evils resulting from diversity of regulations, probably not one-fourth, and surely not the requisite three-fourths, of the States could be induced to relinquish authority to the Federal Congress. It is inconceivable, for example, that South Carolina, which prohibits divorcement entirely, or New York, which concedes but the one cause, infidelity, would blindly expunge the existing statutes in favor of others to be made by representatives of sister States holding quite different views. Nor, on the other hand, can we suppose that South Dakota would readily submit to the dictation of South Carolina or New York. It is idle, therefore, to discourse upon either the probable advantages or disadvantages of national legislation, and far more to the point to seek a remedy that may be practicable, even if only partial. One sensible suggestion has been made, to the effect that the real need "is not a general law providing what shall be the causes for an absolute divorce in all parts of the country, but the adoption by the several States of a general rule which shall prohibit the courts of the State from granting any divorce except in cases where the defendant is an actual resident of the State, or has been served with process within the territorial limits of the State." We are disposed to think that a simpler and more efficacious method would be the adoption of a general rule prescribing that only the State by whose authority two persons are wed shall thereafter put them asunder. The divorcement of a couple then by any State other than that wherein they were married would not be recognized in commonwealths subscribing to the rule, so that in practical effect an attempt on the part of one, two or half a dozen small States to maintain the present advantages of a *Gretna Green* would be futile.

ESPERANTO.

THE introductory lessons in Esperanto which we print in the following pages by arrangement with the British Esperanto Association, were compiled by Dr. J. C. O'Connor and other Fellows of the Association expressly for enquirers and beginners. They are by no means a compendium of the language, but nevertheless a person of average intelligence, whether or not he has ever studied foreign languages, will be enabled, by means of these lessons, to acquire a serviceable reading and speaking knowledge of that remarkable language, already described in this REVIEW.

In the present number we publish the first instalment of the lessons together with a vocabulary which will serve for these as well as for the subsequent primary lessons. Once the primary lessons have been mastered, we shall from time to time print other, more advanced lessons, embracing the grammatical and practical as well as the literary side of the language.

Many of our readers will no doubt address questions to us, which we shall aim to elucidate in these pages. We shall, moreover, present graded selections in the best Esperanto prose and verse from the classics of the various literatures as well as from modern writers. Our purpose, in short, will be to give our readers a thoroughgoing course in Esperanto.

The following hints will be found of service by the student: Wherever possible two or more persons should study together. Esperanto is meant to be a spoken language; by reading aloud (not shrinkingly, but distinctly) and by conversation, how elementary soever, the ear will get that training which is essential in the study of any living language. Once the first few grammatical rules are mastered, the student should proceed to the exercise following, read it aloud, and then translate it into English. If two or more study together, simple interrogative sentences can be formed with the interrogative particle *Cu* and answered either with the same words or, better still, with an additional word or phrase in order to enhance the interest. We do not recommend translating the student's English translations back into Esperanto for the present. Too early attempts may

confuse the student. Of course, many of our readers may be trained linguists, and therefore not in need of this advice. We need scarcely say that it is not to them these remarks are addressed.

ESPERANTO GRAMMAR.

The Alphabet consists of 28 letters, viz.:—

A	B	C	Ĉ	D	E	F
G	Ĝ	H	Ĥ	I	J	Ĵ
K	L	M	N	O	P	R
S	Ŝ	T	U	Ŭ	V	Z

With the exception of the following, these are pronounced as in English:—

c as <i>ts</i> in <i>its</i> .	ĉ as <i>ch</i> in <i>chat</i> .
g “ <i>g</i> “ <i>gag</i> .	ĝ “ <i>g</i> “ <i>gem</i> .
j “ <i>y</i> “ <i>yes</i> .	ĵ “ <i>s</i> “ <i>leisure</i> .
s “ <i>s</i> “ <i>basin</i> .	ĥ “ <i>ch</i> “ <i>loch</i> .
z “ <i>z</i> “ <i>zone</i> .	ŝ “ <i>sh</i> “ <i>show</i> .
a “ <i>a</i> “ <i>Pa</i> .	aŭ “ <i>ow</i> “ <i>now</i> .
e “ <i>e</i> “ <i>there</i> .	aj “ <i>y</i> “ <i>my</i> .
i “ <i>e</i> “ <i>me</i> .	oj “ <i>o y</i> “ <i>so young</i> .
o “ <i>o</i> “ <i>storm</i> .	ej “ <i>ay y</i> “ <i>say yes</i> .
u “ <i>oo</i> “ <i>too</i> .	uj “ <i>ue y</i> “ <i>blue yarn</i> .

Remember, Esperanto is strictly phonetic. One letter, one sound. No silent letters.

Tiu = tee-oo.

Iel = ee-ale.

Io = ee-oh.

Tute = too-tay.

Neniu = nay-nee-oo.

Traire = trah-ee-ray.

Accent.—The stress is always on the last syllable but one.

Compound words are formed as in English.

Antaŭ, before.

Vidi, to see.

Antaŭvidi, to foresee.

Vaporo, steam.

Ŝipo, ship.

Vaporŝipo, steamship.

International words, that is, words common to most European languages, are changed only in this, they are subject to the orthographic rules of the Language.

Anatomio, anatomy.

Analizo, analysis.

Mikrobo, microbe.

Mikrofono, microphone.

Naturo, nature.

Teatro, theatre.

SYNOPSIS OF GRAMMAR.

Nouns	end in	-o.
Adjectives	"	-a.
Plurals	"	-j.
Direct object	"	-n.
Adverbs (derived)	"	-e.
Infinitive mood.....	"	-i.
Present tense of verbs.....	"	-as.
Past tense of verbs.....	"	-is.
Future tense of verbs.....	"	-os.
Conditional mood	"	-us.
Imperative-subjunctive	"	-u.
Present participle (active).....	"	-anta.
Past participle "	"	-inta.
Future participle "	"	-onta.
Present participle (passive).....	"	-ata.
Past participle "	"	-ita.
Future participle "	"	-ota.

There are no exceptions and no irregular verbs.

Esperanto being a root-language, you can build up your own words by adding the above endings to a root. Thus:—

Labor', root word for "labor."

Labor-o, labour (noun).

Labor-a, laborious (adjective).

Labor-e, laboriously (adverb).

Labor-i, to labor (verb).

By adding the verbal endings (*as, is, os, etc.*) the process can be further extended.

Mi labor-as, I work, I do work.

Mi labor-is, I worked, I did work.

Mi labor-os, I shall (or, will) work.

Mi labor-us, I should (or would) work.

And by means of the Prefixes and Suffixes (see lessons) this process of word-building can be further extended easily and naturally.

Labor-ej-o, a workshop.

Labor-ist-o, a workman.

Labor-ist-in-o, a workwoman.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON I.

Article.—There is no indefinite article (a, an). *Frato*, a brother. *Onklo*, an uncle.

The definite article *la* (the) is invariable. *La patro*, the father. *La kuzoj*, the cousins.

Noun.—In the singular all nouns end in *-o*. In the plural they end in *-oj*. *Dom-o*, house. *Dom-oj*, houses.

Adjective.—In the singular adjectives end in *-a*. Plurals end in *-aj*.

Bon-a filo, a good son.

La riĉ-a nevo, the rich nephew.

La jun-aj nepoj, the young grandsons.

If the noun is plural (*-oj*) the adjective which qualifies it takes the sign (*-aj*) of the plural.

Verb.—The *infinitive* of verbs ends in *-i*. *Skrib-i*, to write. *Est-i*, to be. *Kant-i*, to sing.

The *present* tense of verbs ends in *-as*.

Li parol-as, he speaks (or, does speak).

Ŝi kant-as, she sings (or, is singing).

The *past* tense of verbs ends in *-is*.

La infano plor-is, the child wept (or, did weep).

Ni promenad-is, we walked (or, were walking).

Interrogation.—*Ĉu* denotes a question when no other interrogative word, such as *kie?* where? *kiam?* when? *kial?* why? etc., is used.

Ĉu la birdo kantas? Does the bird sing?

Ĉu Petro legis? Did (or, has) Peter read?

Ĉu li alvenis? Did he arrive?

Ĉu vi dancos? Will you dance?

Prefixes and Suffixes.—*Mal* (prefix) denotes opposites.

Varma, warm. *Mal-varma*, cold.

Fermi, to close. *Mal-fermi*, to open.

In (suffix) denotes feminines.

Patro, father. *Patr-in-o*, mother.

Edzo, husband. *Edz-in-o*, wife.

EXERCISE I.

La patro estas en¹ la ĝardeno² kaj³ la patrino estas en la ĉambro.⁴ Kie⁵ estas la patro? Ĉu estas la patrino en la ĝardeno? Ne,⁶ sinjoro,⁷ ŝi⁸ estas en la dormoĉambro.⁹ La filo¹⁰ estas juna. La filinoj estas maljunaj. La juna knabo¹¹ estas tre¹² atenta,¹³ sed¹⁴ la knabinoj estas malatentaj. Kiu¹⁵ kantis hieraŭ¹⁶ en la teatro?¹⁷ Mi¹⁸ ne scias,¹⁹ sinjorino. Tiu²⁰ domo estas bela,²¹ tiu ĉi²² domo ne estas bela kaj la domoj de mia²³ onklino estas malbelaj. La reĝo²⁴ estas saĝa²⁵ kaj prudenta.²⁶ La reĝino estas juna kaj bela. Iu²⁷ estas en la domo. Neniu²⁸ estas en la ĉambro. Ĉiu²⁹ estas en la ĝardeno. Ŝi estas riĉa. Si ne estas riĉa. Ĉu ŝi estas riĉa? Ĉu ŝi ne estas riĉa? Tiuj³⁰ homoj³¹ estas junaj, sed tiuj ĉi³² estas maljunaj. Kiam³³ ŝi skribis? Kial³⁴ li parolis? Kie estas la frato? Kiu estas en la ĉambro?

1 in. 2 garden. 3 and. 4 room. 5 where. 6 no, not. 7 Mr., sir. 8 she. 9 bedroom. 10 son. 11 boy. 12 very. 13 attentive. 14 but. 15 who. 16 yesterday. 17 theatre. 18 I. 19 to know. 20 that. 21 beautiful. 22 this. 23 my. 24 king. 25 wise. 26 sensible. 27 some one. 28 no one. 29 each. 30 those. 31 men. 32 these. 33 when. 34 why.

In these notes the infinitive of the verb is given.

Pri la Vojo¹:—Sinjoro, ĉu vi povas² direkti min al la stacidomo³? Jes, fraŭlino, prenu la duan straton⁴ maldekstren.⁵ Ĉu ĝi estas malproksime⁶? Ne, nur kelkajn⁷ paŝojn.⁸ Mi volas iri al la Muzeo, ĉu vi povas direkti min? Certe, ĉu vi volas piediri⁹ aŭ veturi omnibuse¹⁰? Volante rigardi¹¹ la butikojn,¹² mi preferas piediri. Ĉu vi konas¹³ S^{ron}. B. kiu loĝas¹⁴ ie¹⁵ sur tiu ĉi strato? Kiu¹⁶ estas lia numero? Ĉu vi konas bonan restoracion,¹⁷ ne tro¹⁸ karprezan¹⁹? Mi povas²⁰ rekomendi hotelon kie vi povas loĝi, ĝi estas tre bona kaj ne tro karpresa (dear).

1 the way, road. 2 can. 3 railway station. 4 street. 5 to the left. 6 far. 7 a few. 8 steps. 9 to go on foot. 10 by omnibus. 11 to look at. 12 shops. 13 to know. 14 to reside. 15 somewhere. 16 what. 17 restaurant. 18 too. 19 dear. 20 can.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON II.

Noun (Accusative).—The noun which is the direct object of a transitive verb adds *-n* to the singular and plural.

Johano havas libron, John has a book.

Mi perdis la florojn, I lost the flowers.

And when an adjective qualifies such a noun, it also takes this final *-n* (singular and plural).

Johano havas novan libron, John has a new book.

Mi perdis la novajn librojn, I lost the new books.

Adjectives are compared by *pli* (more, -er) for the Comparative and by *plej* (most, -est) for the Superlative.

Mi estas riĉa, vi estas pli riĉa, li estas la plej riĉa.

I am rich, you are richer, he is the richest.

Tiel—kiel, as—as. *Ol*, than. *Tre*, very.

Li estas tiel riĉa kiel vi, he is as rich as you.

Ŝi estas pli diligenta ol vi.

She is more diligent than you.

Vi estas tre brava, you are very brave.

Adverbs are formed by adding *-e* to the root.

Saĝ-e, wisely. *Rapid-e*, quickly. *Bon-e*, well.

Li agis saĝe, he acted wisely.

They are compared like adjectives.

Verb.—The *future* tense ends in *-os*.

Mi est-os, I shall be. *Li am-os*, he will love.

Ili aĉet-os la libron, they will buy the book.

Prefixes.—*Re* (prefix) denotes again, back.

Doni, to give. *Re-doni*, to give back.

Re-brili, to reflect.

Bo (prefix) denotes relatives by marriage.

Filo, son. *Bo-filo*, son-in-law.

Patro, father. *Bo-patro*, father-in-law.

Ge denotes persons of both sexes taken together.

Ge-filoj, son(s) and daughter(s).

Ge-cdzoj, husband and wife.

Ge-mastroj, master and mistress.

EXERCISE II.

Li¹ aĉetis novan ĉapelon.² Mi trovis³ belan libron sur la strato.⁴ Ili⁵ havas belajn florojn. Ĉu vi⁶ redonos la ĵurnalojn⁷ al la bofilo? Mi ne estas tute⁸ certa.⁹ Ĉu vi ricevis¹⁰ leteron¹¹ hodiaŭ¹²? Jes,¹³ mi ricevis leteron de mia bopatro kaj poŝtkartojn¹⁴ de miaj gefratoj. Kie loĝas¹⁵ viaj gepatroj? Ili loĝas en Londono, ili reiros¹⁶ al Parizo¹⁷ en la somero.¹⁸ Henriko estas atenta, Petro estas pli atenta sed Paŭlo estas la plej atenta el¹⁹ ĉiuj.²⁰ La soldatoj²¹ batalis²² brave²³ sed vane.²⁴ Li dormis²⁵ pace.²⁶ Vi legas tro²⁷ malrapide. Io²⁸ estas sur²⁹ la tablo. Li trovis ion en la valizo.³⁰ Kio³¹ estas sur la tablo? Estas³² nenio,³³ sinjoro. Kion vi trovis? Mi trovis nenion. Ĉu estas ĉio³⁴ preta³⁵? Ĉio estas tute preta. Kion vi perdis? Mi perdis nenion, sed li perdis ĉion. Ĉu vi aĉetos la libron? Ĉu vi ne aĉetos la librojn?

1 he. 2 hat. 3 to find. 4 street. 5 they. 6 you. 7 newspaper. 8 quite. 9 certain. 10 to receive. 11 letter. 12 to-day. 13 yes. 14 post card. 15 to reside. 16 to go back. 17 Paris. 18 summer. 19 (out) of. 20 all. 21 soldier. 22 fought. 23 bravely. 24 vainly. 25 to sleep. 26 peaceably. 27 too. 28 something. 29 on. 30 valise. 31 what (thing). 32 there is. 33 nothing. 34 everything. 35 ready.

Pri la Vojaĝo¹:—Lundon² lastan ni preparis por vojaĝi.³ La portisto⁴ forportis⁵ niajn pakaĵojn.⁶ Ni iris al la stacidomo piede. La vagonaro⁷ estis forironta je la naŭa horo, sed ĝi estis malfrua⁸ dek minutojn. Mi prenis mian bileton⁹ *por iro kaj reveno*.¹⁰ Mi metis¹¹ mian valizon en angulon,¹² kaj ĉar la vagonaro rapidege iris ni estis terure skuataj.¹³ Post traŭro de la tunelo, oni ĝuas¹⁴ belegan vidaĵon,¹⁵ sed oni iras tiel rapide ke la belaj pejzaĝoj¹⁶ ne estas videblaj. Fine ni alvenis¹⁷ en Londonon.

1^o journey. 2 Monday. 3 to travel. 4 the porter. 5 took away. 6 luggage. 7 train. 8 late. 9 ticket. 10 return. 11 to put. 12 corner. 13 to shake. 14 to enjoy. 15 prospect. 16 landscape. 17 to arrive.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON III.

Pronouns.—The personal pronouns are:—

Mi, I, *Li*, he, *Si*, she, *Gi*, it, *Ni*, we, *Vi*, you.

Ili, they, *Oni* (indefinite), one, they, we, people, it.

Si (reflexive), used for third person only.

Pronouns (accusative) take final *-n* like nouns.

Mi vidis lin, I saw him. *Si amas min*, she loves me.

Ni lavas nin, we wash ourselves.

Si-n, himself, herself, itself, themselves.

Li amas sîn, he loves himself. *Si amas sin*, she loves herself.

Ili amas sin, they love themselves.

“Possessive Pronouns” are formed by adding final *-a* to *mi*, *li*, *si*, etc., etc. They are real adjectives, and agree in number and case with the nouns they refer to.

Mia libro, my book. *Miaj libroj*, my books.

La libro estas mia, *nia*, *via*, etc.

The book is mine, ours, yours, etc.

Li havas mian libron—*miajn librojn* (accus.).

He has my book—my books.

Sia refers to the subject of the clause, whether principal or subordinate, in which it stands.

Johano trovis sian libron, John found his book.

(That is John’s own book), but,

Johano trovis lian libron, John found his book.

(Not John’s book, but someone’s else.)

Verb.—The *Conditional* mood ends in *-us*.

Se mi est-us riĉa, *mi est-us feliĉa*.

If I were rich, I should be happy.

The *Imperative* mood ends in *-u*.

Leg-u laŭte, read loudly. *Ne kur-u*, don’t run.

Suffixes.—*Ist* denotes occupation.

Dento, a tooth. *Dent-ist-o*, a dentist.

Ar denotes a collection of the thing named.

Vorto, a word. *Vort-ar-o*, a dictionary.

An denotes a member, an inhabitant, a partisan.

Vilaĝo, a village. *Vilaĝ-an-o*, a villager.

EXERCISE III.

Mi vidis¹ vin *hierau vespere*.² La juĝisto³ admonis⁴ la ŝteliston.⁵ La reĝo honoras⁶ ilin, ĉar ili estas tre bravaj. Li havas mian plumon,⁷ vian inkon⁸ kaj iliajn kovertajn.⁹ Iliaj domoj estas tre belaj. Tiu biciklo estas mia, tiu ĉi poŝhorloĝo¹⁰ estas via kaj tiuj ĉi cigaroj estas iliaj. La pentristo¹¹ skribis al la juvelisto.¹² Li alvenos¹³ *morgaŭ matene*.¹⁴ Estas altaj¹⁵ arboj¹⁶ en la arbaro. Lia ŝipo¹⁷ estas kun¹⁸ la ŝiparo. Estas multaj¹⁹ vortoj²⁰ en miaj novaj vortaroj. Si admiris *sin*, ŝi ankaŭ²¹ admiris ŝin. Ili lavis²² *sin* kaj *ilin* en la rivero. Li perdis *sian* vortaron kaj *lian* kraĵonon.²³ Skribu la leteron tuj.²⁴ Ne parolu al li. Legu laŭte. La grupanoj de nia grupo²⁵ estas diligentaĵoj. Li estas Parizano, kaj ili estas Londonanoj. Kiam²⁶ vi vidis lin? Mi neniam²⁷ vidis lin. Tiu knabo legas ĉiam.²⁸ Li alvenos morgaŭ matene, tiam²⁹ mi parolos kun li.

1 to see. 2 yesterday evening. 3 judge. 4 to warn. 5 thief. 6 to honor. 7 pen. 8 ink. 9 envelopes. 10 watch. 11 painter. 12 jeweller. 13 to arrive. 14 to-morrow morning. 15 high. 16 trees. 17 ship. 18 with. 19 many. 20 word. 21 also. 22 to wash. 23 pencil. 24 immediately. 25 group. 26 when. 27 never. 28 always. 29 then.

Pri la horo:—Kioma¹ horo estas, mi petas²? Ĝi estas tagmezo.³ Ĝi estas noktomezo precize.⁴ Ĉu vi scias⁵ la horon, sinjoro? Estas la dua. Malmultaj⁶ minutoj post la dua. Estas dek minutoj post⁷ la tria. Kvarono⁸ post la kvara. Duono⁹ post la sepa. Kiam li alvenis? Je tri kvaronoj post la deka. Kiam mi venos¹⁰ vin vidi¹¹? Je la tria. Ne pli malfrue¹² ol la tria. Ĉirkaŭ¹³ la tria. Inter¹⁴ la tria kaj la kvara. Venu ĉe la bato¹⁵ de la unua. Iom¹⁶ post la naŭa. Ĉu vi povas diri¹⁷ al mi kioma horo estas? Mi ne scias certe, mia poŝhorloĝo¹⁸ haltis.¹⁹

1 what. 2 to request. 3 midday. 4 precisely. 5 to know. 6 few. 7 after, past. 8 a quarter. 9 half. 10 to come. 11 to see. 12 late. 13 about. 14 between. 15 stroke. 16 a little. 17 to tell. 18 watch. 19 to stop.

ESPERANTO-ENGLISH VOCABULARY.

A.

aĉeti, to buy.
adiaŭ, adieu.
admoni, to warn, to exhort.
aero, air.
afero, affair, matter.
agi, to act.
aĝo, age.
akra, sharp.
akvo, water.
al, to, towards.
alia, other.
alkonduki, to bring, to lead.
almenaŭ, at least.
almozo, alms.
alporti to bring, to carry...to.
alta, high.
alveni, to arrive.
ambaŭ, both.
ami, to love.
amiko, friend.
analizi, to analyze.
angla, English.
angulo, a corner.
ankaŭ, also.
ankoraŭ, still, yet.
antaŭ, before.
apenaŭ, hardly, scarcely.
arbo, tree.
ataki, to attack.
atenta, attentive.
aŭ, or.

aŭ...aŭ, either...or.
aŭskulti, to listen.
aŭtuno, autumn.
avo, grandfather.

B.

babili, to chatter, prattle.
baldaŭ, soon.
bastono, stick.
batali, to fight.
bedaŭri, to be sorry for.
bela, beautiful, fine.
bezoni, to want, need.
biblioteko, library.
biciklo, bicycle.
biero, beer.
bileto, ticket.
blanka, white.
blinda, blind.
bona, good.
boto, boot.
botelo, bottle.
bovo, ox.
bovaĵo, beef.
brili, to shine (intrans.).
brosi, to brush.
bruli, to burn (intrans.).
bruna, brown.
brusto, breast, bosom.
brustvesto, bodice.
*butik*o, shop.

C. ĉ.

ĉambro, room.
ĉapelo, hat, bonnet.
ĉar, because, since.
ĉarma, charming.
ĉe, at, with.
ĉemizo, shirt, chemise.
ĉeno, chain.
certa, certain.
ĉesi, to cease.
ĉevalo, horse.
ĉia, every (kind of).
ĉial, for every reason.
ĉiam, always.
ĉie, everywhere.
ĉiel, in every way.
ĉies, everyone's.
cigaro, cigar.
ĉio, everything.
ĉiom, all (quantity).
ĉirkaŭ, about, around.
ĉiu, each, every one.
ĉu, sign of interrogation.

D.

danci, to dance.
danki, to thank.
dato, date.
datreveno, anniversary.
daŭri, to continue.
de, of, by, from.
defendi, to defend.
dekstra, right (opp. to left).
demandi, to ask a question.
demeti, to take off.
densa, dense.
dento, tooth.
devi, must, ought.
deziri, to desire, wish.

dimanĉo, Sunday.
Dio, God.
direkti, to direct.
diri, to say.
disdoni, to distribute.
diveni, to guess.
domo, house.
doni, to give.
dormi, to sleep.
drapo, cloth.
dum, during, whilst.

E.

eble, perhaps, possibly.
ekspozicio, exhibition.
ekster, outside.
eliri, to go out.
en, in, into.
endivio, endive.
enpaki, to pack up.
envio, envy.
episkopo, bishop.
erari, to err.
esperi, to hope.
esti, to be.

F.

fali, to fall.
fari, to do, make.
feliĉa, happy.
femuro, thigh.
fermi, to close.
fiera, proud.
filo, son.
fini, to finish (trans.).
fingringo, thimble.
fîŝo, fish.
flanko, side.
floro, flower.
foje, times (as, 3 times, etc.).

for, away, away from.
formeti, to put away.
forgesi, to forget.
forporti, to carry away.
forta, strong.
frapi, to knock, strike.
frato, brother.
fraŭlo, single man, bachelor.
frua, early.
fumi, to smoke.
funto, pound (weight or sterling).
futo, foot (measure).

G. Ĝ.

gado, codfish.
gajni, to gain.
ganto, glove.
ĝardeno, garden.
ĝentila, polite, courteous.
ĝis, till, until, up to.
glaso, glass, tumbler.
grado, degree, grade.
granda, great, large.
grava, grave, serious.
ĝui, to enjoy, have the use of.

H.

hajlo, hail.
halti, to stop, halt.
havi, to have.
hieraŭ, yesterday.
hodiaŭ, to-day.
homo, man, human being.
honori, to honor.
horo, hour.
horloĝo, watch, clock.

hotelo, hotel.
hundo, dog.

I.

ia, some kind of.
ial, for some reason.
iam, some time, ever.
ie, anywhere, somewhere.
iel, in some way.
ies, someone's, anybody's.
infano, child.
inter, among, between.
io, something.
iom, a little, somewhat.
iri, to go.
iu, some one.

J. Ĵ.

jako, jacket.
jaro, year.
jen estas, here is, here are.
jes, yes.
ĵeti, to throw.
juĝi, to judge.
juna, young.
jupo, skirt.
ĵurnalo, newspaper.
ĵus, just now.
juvelo, jewel.

K.

kafo, coffee.
kalkulo, bill, a/c.
kampo, field.
kandelo, candle.
kanti, to sing.
karto, card.
kastelo, castle.
kato, cat.

kelka, some, a few.
kelnero, waiter.
kesto, coffer, chest.
kia, what sort of.
kial, why.
kiam, when.
kie, where.
kiel, how.
kies, whose.
kio, what (thing).
kiom, how many, much.
kiu, who, what.
klara, clear, distinct.
knabo, boy.
kolumo, collar.
kombilo, comb.
komercisto, merchant.
koni, to know.
kontraŭ, against.
korbo, basket.
kosti, to cost.
kotleto, cutlet.
koverto, envelope.
kovri, to cover.
krajono, pencil.
kredi, to believe.
krimo, crime.
kuiri, to cook.
kukaĵo, pastry.
kuri, run.
kuraci, to cure.
kurso, course, class.
kuzo, cousin.
kvankam, although.
kvazaŭ, as if.

L.

labori, to work.
lakto, milk.
larĝa, wide.

lasi, to leave, let.
lasta, last.
latuko, lettuce.
laŭ, according to.
laŭdi, to praise.
laŭta, loud.
lavi, to wash.
leono, lion.
letero, letter, epistle.
libro, book.
lito, bed.
litotuko, bed-sheet.
loĝi, to dwell.
longa, long.

M.

magistrato magistrate.
manĝi, to eat.
manumo, cuff.
mastro, master.
mateno, morning.
matura, ripe.
meleagro, turkey.
mendi, to order goods, etc.
mensogi, to tell lies.
meti, to put.
minuto, minute.
monato, month.
mono, money.
morgaŭ, to-morrow.
morti, to die.
movi, to move (trans.).
multa, many.

N.

naski, to give birth to.
ne, no, not.
nebulo, fog, mist.
neĝo, snow.

nek, neither.
nenia, none, no kind of.
nenial, for no reason.
neniam, never.
nenie, nowhere.
neniel, by no means.
nenies, no one's.
nenio, nothing.
neniu, no one.
nepo, grandson.
nevo, nephew.
nigra, black.
nokto, night.
noktomezo, midnight.
nordo, north.
nova, new.
nubo, cloud.
numero, number (No.).
nun, now.
nur, only.

O.

objekto, object, thing.
oficejo, office.
ofte, often.
okazi, to happen, to occur.
ol, than.
ombrelo, umbrella.
ondo, wave.
onklo, uncle.
ordinara, ordinary.

P.

paca, peaceful.
pafi, to fire (a gun).
pagi, to pay.
paki, to pack.
pano, bread.
pantoflo, slipper.
pantalono, trousers.

paro, pair, brace.
paroli, to speak.
paŝo, step.
patro, father.
pejzaĝo, landscape.
penco, penny.
pensi, to think.
pentri, to paint.
per, by, with, by means of.
perdi, to lose.
peti, to request.
pezi, to weigh (intrans.).
pie, foot.
piro, pear.
plej, most.
pli, more.
plori, to weep.
plumo, pen, feather.
pluvo, rain.
polico, police.
pomo, apple.
por, for, in order to.
pordo, door.
porti, to bear, carry.
poŝo, pocket.
post, after, behind.
poŝto, post (letters, etc.).
prava, right.
precipe, chiefly.
premio, reward, prize.
preni, to take.
preskaŭ, almost.
preter, beyond, past.
pri, about, concerning.
printempo, spring.
pro, for, because of.
proksima, near.
promeni, to take a walk.
prudenta, reasoning.
puni, to punish.

puro, lace.
pur, clean.

R.

rabi to rob.
raknti, to relate, tell.
razi to shave.
reĝ, king.
rego, state.
resti, to remain.
resracio, restaurant.
riĉ, rich.
ricni, to receive.
rid to laugh.
rigrdi, to look at.
rob, robe, gown.
roxi, to roast.

S. S.

ŝaj, sheep.
sav, wise.
ŝavi, to seem, appear.
sai, to jump.
saa, healthy.
sap, soap.
seif.
se, but.
sci, to know.
seundo, second (time).
sevi, to follow.
ŝdo, brace (trousers).
sevi, to sow.
sedi, to send.
servisto, servant.
ŝingo, shilling.
sijoro, Mr., Sir.
ŝiko, ham.
ŝio, ship.
scribi, to write.
shi, to shake.

ŝlosi, to lock.
sola, alone.
soldato, soldier.
somero, summer.
ŝpari, to spare.
spiri, to breathe.
stacidomo, railway station.
ŝteli, to steal.
strato, street.
ŝtrumpo, stocking.
sub, under.
sufiĉa, sufficient.
ŝuo, shoe.
supo, soup.
sur, on.

T.

tablo, table.
tamen, however, but.
tapiŝo, carpet.
taso, cup.
teatro, theatre.
teo, tea.
terura, terrible.
tia, such a (kind of).
tial, therefore.
tiam, then.
tie, there.
tiel, thus.
ties, that one's.
timi, to fear.
tio, that (rel. pron.).
tio ĉi, this (rel. pron.).
tiom, as much, as many.
tiu, that (demon. adj.).
tiu ĉi, this (demon. adj.).
tondri, to thunder.
tranĉi, to cut.
trankvila, calm.
tre, very.

tro, too, too much.
trovi, to find.
truto, trout.
tualetto, toilet.
tuj, immediately.
tunelo, tunnel.
turo, tower.
tute, quite, entirely.

U.

urbo, city.
utila, useful.
uzi, to use.

V.

vagono, railway carriage.
valizo, valise.
vana, vain.
varma, warm.
veni, to come.

venki, to vanquish.
vento, wind.
vera, true.
versî, to pour.
vespero, evening.
vesti, to dress.
veŝto, vest, waistcoat.
vetero, weather.
viando, meat, viand.
vidi, to see.
vilaĝo, village.
vino, wine.
vintro, winter.
viziti, to visit.
vojo, way, road.
vojaĝi, to travel.
voli, to be willing.
vorto, word.

Z.

zono, belt.
zorgi, to care for.



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